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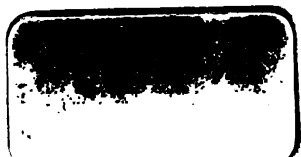
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THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1866.



"I NEVER WANTED ARTICLES ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS HALF SO MUCH AS ARTICLES ON COMMON
SUBJECTS, WRITTEN WITH A DECIDEDLY RELIGIOUS TONE."—*Dr. Arnold.*

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THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1866.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS.

"I NEVER WANTED ARTICLES ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS HALF SO MUCH AS ARTICLES
ON COMMON SUBJECTS, WRITTEN WITH A DECIDEDLY RELIGIOUS TONE."

Dr. Arnold.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—For by such title you will surely allow me to address you, since I desire to commence my pleasant work as Editor, with a perfect understanding between my readers and myself, holding always the belief that bonds of friendship should exist 'twixt the readers and the Editor of any magazine, albeit they may never meet in this world "face to face." For the present, too, I lay aside the literary "we," that I may speak to you more simply and more plainly in my proper person.

We have long been associated in the pages of that widely-read and well-beloved weekly paper, the *Christian World*; we are now to try a new career, to set forth with many old friends, and with many new ones, on what may prove, we trust, a very prosperous and lengthy journey; and, if the present venture prove but half as happy as that which was inaugurated in April, 1857, we shall have abundant cause to thank God and rejoice, for the event we celebrate on this auspicious day,—the birth-day of the CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE!

Some of you may say, "surely there are too many serials in the world already!" Precisely! there *are* too many! but not too many of a pure and high-toned Christian spirit! Of such, although their number is not small, there are too *few*. It is of little use to decry the objectionable popular literature of the day, if something better, yet quite as palatable, be not provided! Would you blame a man for drinking from a spring that filtered through a grave-yard, if there were no other waters near his dwelling? Such draughts, our chemists tell us, are charged with noxious gases, as they well may be, yet are they sparkling to the eye,—enticing, though most deadly. And what is the man to do if he and his are thirsty, *very* thirsty, and there be no pure, life-giving wells at hand? If in spring you do not sow the good red wheat,

the "bearded barley," or the wholesome swede, you will find not empty fields at harvest-time, but crops of weeds that scatter forth *their* seed upon the winds, to cover all the ground another season! If you will not plant the rose, you will surely have the dock and nettle; if you scorn the lily-bulb, the thistle may usurp her place; if you will not train the gay convolvulus, you may have to rue the presence of the creeping nightshade! "Nature abhors a vacuum," therefore let us fill her with the best we have, and, by God's blessing, dispossess the evil! We, therefore,—the proprietors of this magazine, its contributors, and the Editor—offer no excuse for its appearance. We are only doing that which must be done,—doing *our part* in furnishing the wholesome, strengthening, mental aliment the world demands.

Nothing will be admitted to the pages of this magazine that is not of a Christian tone: all its articles will be, we trust, "seasoned with salt!"—the salt of Christian principle and Christian hope! We need not say that science, art, the history of nations, the common daily task, our youthful loves, our struggles with the busy world, our temporal successes, and our failures, our joys and sorrows, and our losses, should bear the impress of the higher life, that all should teach or comfort, warn or influence, God's blessing being over all,—because we know full well that life itself, in all its seemings, all its routine, all its trivialities, should be Religion! Sermons, hymns, and pious memoirs do not show us *all* the picture, for man's life is many-sided.

And, with such thoughts within my heart, I quoted at the head of this address, the words of the great Arnold—his expression, whose *last* written words were these: "O Lord, may I join with all thy people in heaven and on earth, in offering up my prayers to Thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and in saying,—'Glory be to Thy most holy name for ever and ever.'"

We shall endeavour, in the pages of this magazine, to give pleasant, profitable reading to the old, and middle-aged, and young, to rich and poor, to workers in the bustling world, and to dwellers in their quiet homes: we shall seek to edify, instruct, and interest, in every department of this our new-born serial.

Familiar papers on scientific subjects will appear from time to time. Missionary records, fresh and highly interesting, never will be wanting; tales by various eminent authors will be contributed, and during the present year we propose a series of "Memoranda of the Months," giving much valuable information respecting the name, the associations, and the remarkable events which characterise the current months of the year.

As a "Family Visitor," we have reason to believe it will be heartily welcomed, for one of its departments is to include information on those subjects which contribute so largely to domestic happiness and personal comfort. I purpose myself to devote a page or two monthly to the consideration of housewifely duties. Surely it is the Christian duty of a Christian woman to order her household decently, *comfortably*, and as elegantly as rank and station warrant. This page I dedicate especially to the *Elder Daughters* of my country.

And now I, and all those who are associated with me in this work, commend it to Almighty God; we ask for it His blessing and His favour:

we ask that our new magazine may, indeed, be worthy of its name. We commend it also to you, our friends and fellow-helpers, who will do your best, as many of you have distinctly pledged yourselves, to circulate it everywhere, from north to south, from east to west, over all the land, and in many other lands across the sea.

Wishing you all happiness at this sacred festive season, and all prosperity throughout the coming year, I beg to subscribe myself, dear friends,
Your faithful Editor,

EMMA JANE WORBOISE.

December 15th, 1885.

THE FORTUNES OF CYRIL DENHAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

I must begin by premising that I am in no wise the heroine of my story. Indeed, I shall sometimes drop the first person altogether, and narrate the experiences I wish to record, in the usual fashion of tale-writers, who are supposed to be everywhere, see all that passes, hear all that is spoken, and themselves keep silence, till a fitting period arrives.

Still, I suppose, I ought to say a few words at starting, about myself; since the reader will naturally desire to know something about one, who was, though in a very minor degree, an actor in the varied scenes which will be described in these pages. My name is Janet Anstruther; I am Scotch born, an orphan, of good family, and comfortable property. I have no near relations living, neither can I boast of many cousins, in the second, third, or even fourth degree; and yet I have many friends, who stand, and have stood to me, for long years in the place of closest kindred: and God has been merciful to the solitary one, giving her a place in many hearts, and in many dear home-circles, and weaving for her many sweet and precious ties, which they can best appreciate, who, but for His kind Providence, would be alone and friendless in the world.

I lost my mother when I was too young to know what such a loss implies: my father, a military officer,

died in India, shortly after his arrival in that country; and I, his only child and sole heiress of his fortune, which was ample, but not at all immense, was left to the guardianship of Sir John Ashburner, of Forest Range, situate about seven miles from the ancient and far-famed city of Southchester, in Southamshire. Sir John Ashburner was my father's friend, the friend and loved companion of his youth; though, in later years, all personal intercourse was unavoidably suspended. He was also one of the very few distant relatives whom I possessed; if indeed consanguinity so slight, and so remote can be said to constitute a kinship,—I scarcely think it can! My mother was an Ashburner, and, I believe, her father and his father were only second cousins; still the name, written in many of her books, and marked on some old remnants of her maiden *trousseau*, seemed always to connect me in something stronger far than ties of friendship with the family at Forest Range. Also, my mother was Sir John Ashburner's early love; but she preferred another suitor,—the gallant Captain Henry Anstruther. This circumstance, however, doubtless inclined my guardian to regard me more tenderly than might otherwise have been the case. I was eleven years old when I went to live at Forest Range,—the happy, peaceful home of my girlhood, youth, and riper womanhood: in Sir John I found a second father, in his wife a second

mother; I really never knew the pains and cares of orphanage.

My guardian was the very kindest man I ever knew; a quietly but deeply-religious person, he was thoroughly conscientious, most considerate, and benevolent almost to a fault. He had his faults, or rather his weaknesses, as you will see; but in spite of all and everything, you instinctively honoured him for his *truth*, his breadth of view, and his singularly frank, ingenuous nature. He was an excellent landlord, a model squire; he loved good farming, and always took the chair at our county agricultural meetings; he was, besides, an excellent shot, though not enthusiastic as a sportsman. Indeed, he was wont to say strange things about the Game Laws, that would have made a less kindly, less genial man most thoroughly unpopular among the landed gentry of the neighbourhood; as it was, he often got a sly side-thrust, sometimes a sneer from those who mocked at his tenderness to the poachers. If as a magistrate, he was obliged to enforce the law, he was sure to do some private kindness to the offender, or to help his family. But, for all that, he brought down his bird in the shooting season, and liked to do it too; he was, besides, a fisherman of note:

"No lily-handed Baronet he,—
A great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize oxen, and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons, and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none."

In politics, I should say he was a Liberal,—a *very* Liberal-Conservative.

Lady Ashburner, whose character will hereafter more particularly unfold itself, I shall not describe. With but little demonstration of affection, she and I loved each other well; we were both rather reserved, both naturally thoughtful, and we suited excellently. She was generally as calm and sweetly serious, as her husband was enthusiastic, outspoken, and impulsive; and I have always found it easier to write my

thoughts, or to analyse my feelings, than to pour them forth in a torrent of expression. From my twelfth to my eighteenth year, I was continually at school; at first at Southam, the busy sea-port town, six miles from Forest Range; then in London, and finally in Germany; but my home was always with these good, kind friends, my second parents; and when my education was completed, I lived at Forest Range entirely, as if I were indeed a daughter of the house.

But Sir John and Lady Ashburner were not childless; one only girl had been born to them just before I became their inmate. Year after year, they had hoped to have a son to bear his father's name and honours, till, at length, they gave up hoping, even wishing, I believe; and concentrated all their wealth of love and tenderness on this only daughter,—their Elizabeth.

A more beautiful girl than Elizabeth Ashburner never trod the breezy downs and the rich vales of our beloved Southamshire. I wish I could describe her; but, alas! I am neither poet nor painter. She was seventeen when my story begins,—just eleven years my junior. She had been at school for the last three years, for her prudent mother, and even her adoring father had to come unwillingly to the conclusion, that, in her case, home education would not be successful. She was placed accordingly with the excellent and gifted ladies who had formerly received me as a pupil in their very select and home-like establishment at Kensington, where she remained, till, at her earnest request, she was permitted, on attaining her seventeenth birthday, to return as "finished."

So when the Christmas holidays were over, we kept our pet at home, on the understanding that she was not to be introduced, in the full sense of the word, for yet another year, and that she was still to study, and take lessons in languages and music. At her own request, a celebrated master was engaged to give her superior instruction in painting and perspective; for drawing was her passion, and

her love for Art had shown itself at a very early period. Also she was expected to read with her mother or myself for an hour every morning.

I said I could not describe Elizabeth, but I should like to try. I want you to have some idea of her rare, exceeding beauty. Picture to yourself then, a maiden, not strikingly tall, but yet above the middle height, of faultless figure, easy carriage, naturally graceful in action, as well as in repose; a complexion such as is rarely seen in these degenerate days,—so pure, so clear, so exquisite in its fresh flowery tints; star-like eyes, soft, lustrous, and dark, with smooth white lids, and silken fringes sweeping the rich roses of the well-curved cheek; a perfect little mouth, with “crimson-threaded lips,” and pearly teeth: and then the face itself,—so beautiful an oval; and the swan-like throat; and the proud young head, set with such queenly grace upon that slender shaft of neck and falling shoulders. She had a wonderful profusion of dark auburn hair, that in shadow might have passed for black, but, in the sunshine seemed interwoven with threads of gleaming gold. She did not wear it in curls, but in long glossy folds, and coils, and plaits, that well became her regal style of beauty; and the perfect moulding of her hands and arms and feet filled up the measure of her singularly unblemished loveliness.

Oh, wondrous, glorious,—yet oft-times fatal dower of beauty; a gift that wins so much and keeps so little; that brings with it promise radiant and full, that fades away too often in the grey sad twilight of an early evening! But if I begin to moralize, I shall give you some idea of what came to pass in later days, and that, for the present, I have determined to avoid.

I need not tell you what a darling she was! Father and mother both, as was to be expected, loved her passionately, absorbingly; and she became my pet as soon as ever I settled down at Forest Range. And now, though she was taller than myself, more self-possessed, far cleverer, and the daughter of the

house, I clung to the old custom of petting and coaxing, and caring for her—my beautiful and loving cousin, as I always called her. It seemed as if she were still a child to be caressed, and tended, and watched with anxious, loving glances. Perhaps we were all to blame in not leaving her more to her own resources; she was naturally so clinging, so relying, that we ought to have taken serious thought on the best way of strengthening the fascinating, but insidious weakness that we all perceived, and only deprecated. We ought to have tried to teach her to stand alone, to train her to habits, that under God's blessing, would have implanted more firmness, more stability to her plastic, and somewhat sentimental character. From her earliest childhood we knew her to be capricious, and we said she was “impulsive.” God, who sees us both now, knows that I sadly blame myself, that I, who at one time had so much influence over her, did not seek more earnestly, even at the price of incurring her displeasure, to teach her to control the unregulated, flashing impulses, that often took us by surprise, and gave us pain. Her tears flowed easily, and were quickly dried; yet, when anything occurred to deeply wound her feelings, highly sensitive, she would abandon herself to paroxysms of despair, to passionate distress, to profound and long-continued melancholy!

I remember when she was about nine years old, how, one day, she lay down to die, in an agony of grief, refusing to be comforted, because her own pet kitten was reported missing: and then, when, by the efforts of the whole staff of domestics, and all the villagers, and the proclamation of an exorbitant reward, the little white pussy, after two days' absence, was restored, how very cold a welcome she received from her fickle little mistress, because, in the meantime, her too indulgent father had brought her home a pair of love-birds in a gilded cage! Sir John and I alone witnessed this specimen of juvenile inconstancy; and he looked earnestly at his lovely little daughter as she stood by her new favourites, all ab-

sorbed in their soft coo and tender gestures, while I regaled the discarded plaything with a ration of new milk and bread. He regarded her for several minutes in silence; then turning away, he took the purring kitten on his knee, and, while he stroked her glossy, snowy fur, he said in a low voice to me, "Janet, Pussy's mistress will break hearts some day!"

It is so long ago, that I cannot clearly recollect, but I think that I did not fully comprehend him; I made some commonplace reply, which he did not hear, for he went on, as if speaking to himself,—“Yes, yes, changeable as the winds, unstable as water! Pray God, my darling may never break her own heart.”

And so it was, all through the years that lay between that day, and the time when I began my story. Her desires were always uncontrollable, and her joy at their gratification, or her grief at their disappointment was unbounded, and generally transitory. She commenced every undertaking with a spirit and energy that would have conquered all before her, had there been anything like a corresponding manifestation of patience and perseverance,—which there never was. Everything was relinquished as suddenly, and as unceremoniously as it was taken up; and but for her mother's firmness, her whole life, at home, at least, up to this period of her leaving school, would have been one patchwork-medley of attempts and failures.

We were very quiet people at Forest Range; we did not love the gaieties of the fashionable world, and we did love, perhaps too absorbingly, the quiet pleasures of our happy home. Still, a proper amount of visiting was kept up with the surrounding county families, and also with some families at Southchester, and one or two at Southam: for the Ashburners, though particular, were not exclusive; and they numbered among their intimates several persons whose rank was in their worth, whose wealth was chiefly intellectual. But there was one person living at Southchester, or rather at St. Croix,

a mile or so beyond the city-gates, who was something more than visitor, or guest, or common friend. This was Cyril Denham, with whose fortunes you are to be, I hope, so deeply interested. He was generally supposed to be related to the Ashburners of Forest Range; and connexion by marriage assuredly there was. The Denhams were the relics of a once haughty, ancient, county-family; for generations their possessions had been noiselessly ebbing away; and now, nothing remained to them of all their wide and fair estates, save a grim old mansion, sinking, like the fortunes of its owners, to gradual decay, and shut up in a great walled garden, in the sombrest portion of the quiet, almost solemn district of St. Croix.

Mrs. Denham lived alone with her youngest son in this wide, dreary house, that even the summer sunshine could not brighten. She was a grim old lady, contemplative, ascetic, saturnine, holding peculiar religious views, which it would have pleased her to enforce on every member of the human family. As it was, she made herself eminently disagreeable, and doomed all persons who presumed to differ from her, to perdition, her only daughter and her sons among the rest. I could have forgiven her for everything but her harshness towards Cyril, and her fearful habit of misquoting Scripture; not saying the wrong words, but applying them as He who gave the Blessed Book of Life, in all His teaching, all His dealings with the world, never did apply them, never meant them to be understood. Mr. Denham had departed this life long before the time of which I write, and his relict still wore the most unpromising "widow's weeds." Oh, what depths of rusty crape, what heavy bombazine, what rolls of crimped white muslin round the austere face, that always seemed to look rebuke at some one's vanities and sins! Poor Cyril! what a life his would have been, if he had not known the way to Forest Range, and taken it as often as he dared. The eldest son, Edward Denham, the reputed head of the family, had

married Sir John Ashburner's only sister; she had died after a brief and, some said, far from happy union. Her young, bright life extinguished,—so her brother said,—in the deepening gloom that gathered round the Denhams. Her husband had married again, his new wife being a lady of political connexions, and he had received some diplomatic appointment which kept him a constant resident at Vienna. He wrote home very rarely, and seemed to have freed himself from all family solitudes, as well as from any share in the melancholy fortunes of his kindred. He openly relinquished his position as eldest son, to his second brother, Augustine, who, however, did not care to accept the onerous distinction; he went to India, where he gained some wealth and rank, and married an heiress, who was understood to have great store of *rupees*, and to be of doubtful parentage,—half-caste, to make the best of it. Augustine Denham became so thoroughly Indianised, that he never thought about his relatives at home, and for some years his native city scarcely knew whether he was dead or living. The third son, Gregory, had invested his scanty patrimony in commercial enterprise, and he was as thoroughly lost to his family, as his elder brothers were. His home was in Peru; and it was current in Southchester that he was the owner of innumerable gold-mines, and lived half way up the Andes, and rode about the country on a *vicuna*, or alpaca-sheep.

He might have lived on the topmost peak of Chimborazo, or ruled the ancient City of the Sun, or been elected Inca, for all they really knew about him. Gregory Denham was little more than an authenticated myth. Then came a daughter, the only one, living in Dublin, and married to a Mr. Erskine. She always chose to consider the Ashburners as relations, and visited them at certain intervals. She had yellow hair, a skin of dazzling fairness, smooth as ivory, and cold, blue, glittering eyes. I never liked her, though she was Cyril's sister; and I am pretty sure that Lady Ashburner always experi-

enced a sense of satisfaction, a quiet, unexpressed relief, when Mrs. Erskine took herself away from Forest Range. As to Cyril, I shall not describe him in a preliminary chapter; you will know enough about him if you read this story to the end.

CHAPTER II.

AGNES CRAVEN.

"What is the matter, Elizabeth? asked Lady Ashburner of her daughter, who was ranging the spacious drawing-room with the air of a thoroughly unsettled person. It was a clear, cold, February evening, and the lamps were lighted. Lady Ashburner was bending over her embroidery frame; I was knitting,—my favourite fancy-work, be it understood. Elizabeth was certainly taking "the constitutional," which she had neglected in the sunny, bright forenoon; pausing now and then to run over an air, with one hand on the piano-forte, or striking a few chords on my harp, or peering out behind the curtains into the deepening darkness of the early evening. She turned from the window to answer her mother's question.

"Nothing in the world, Mamma, only I am fidgetty."

"Then, my dear, I wish you would compose yourself; you are disturbing Janet, and you make me positively nervous. Is it the anticipation of our guest's arrivals, that disturbs your equanimity?"

"I suppose it is, Mamma. To tell truth, I wish she were not coming. Papa says she is very clever: now I do dislike clever women! they are generally so pedantic, so satirical. Does Miss Craven wear blue spectacles, Mamma?"

"My dear, Miss Craven is too young to be very learned. I should say she was sensible and well-informed, probably accomplished to a certain extent; and I fancy she has literary tastes; she has been abroad, too, and has seen the world. I have no doubt you will find her an agreeable companion."

"For all that, I wish she were not going to be our guest just yet, I am quite content with your companionship and Janet's; don't try to talk me over, please, Mamma, you cannot reconcile me to the change."

"Very well, my dear; then, of course, I shall not try. But we must not call Miss Craven our guest. This house is now her only home, and I hope we shall be able to make her very happy. You are so near her own age, that, in spite of all your declarations, I look to you to help us."

"Mamma, tell me all about Miss Craven; it will pass the time away. I will sit here at your feet,—no, I shall not burn my face,—I shall bring the banner-screen round,—so! Now, then, how old do you say she is; and have you ever seen her?"

"She is past nineteen, nearly twenty, I believe."

"How old!" pouted Elizabeth, "I hoped she was eighteen! People at twenty get so rational."

"Do they?" I hope your own case may not prove a solitary exception to the rule. But to reply to your second question. I saw Miss Craven once, some years ago, when Papa and I were travelling in the north. She was a quiet, shy little thing, with no pretensions to beauty, but reported to possess more than ordinary talent. Indeed, I remember, whenever she was present during our conversations, how beaming with intelligence were her soft grey eyes; and though she never spoke unless addressed, I fancied that she understood nearly all that was going on, and formed her own opinions accordingly."

"There, Janet, you hear! I knew she was shockingly sagacious; I dare say she likes a knotty argument, and knows all about Divinity, and can quote 'the Fathers,' whatever, or whoever they may be! 'Oh *Misericordia!*' as the girls used to say at school. I only hope she will not expect me to interest myself in the abstruse sciences, or to read her musty tomes, or to learn to write hexameters. But go on, Mamma: how came Papa to be her guardian?"

"Her father, you know, was the

rector of a scattered country parish in Westmoreland; and he and your Papa were dear friends in their school and college days. Both were Rugbæans, both were Oriel men! Mr. Craven married early; I knew nothing of his wife, save that she was very beautiful, that he loved her passionately, and that she was the collateral member of a noble house, and was never forgiven by her friends, for marrying an obscure clergyman, with small private fortune, no patronage, and an unambitious nature. Their displeasure, however, never seriously affected her or her husband; she had no parents, and was at liberty to please herself; she inherited some considerable property, which, joined to Mr. Craven's private means and his preferment, made out a very comfortable income for country-folk, whose pleasures were all strictly intellectual, or poetically Arcadian. Mr. Craven always spoke of his brief married life as a period of blessedness past all description. 'It was all,' he said, 'one sweet long summer-day, without a cloud!' But the night came prematurely: Mrs. Craven died, leaving this only child, an infant of a few months old. From that hour Mr. Craven was an altered man; he never looked up again, as people say; he secluded himself from all society, appearing in public only, when imperatively summoned forth by the duties of his profession. He seemed immersed in abstruse study, and I believe he wrote a poem, which was never published. Some part of every day he spent in the church, mourning over the grave of his lost wife. Finally, when his little girl was about twelve years of age, his health, which had been gradually declining, entirely gave way; he became very ill, and he knew, without the doctor's opinion, that his days were numbered—he seemed very glad to die."

"Poor man! I do not wonder at it!"

"It was then he sent for ever Papa, to help him in the arrangement of his temporal affairs. He regretted at the last, the wasted time and intellect, the neglected opportu-

nities; he called himself an unprofitable servant, and cumberer of the ground: and he used to say, 'I have not served my Master: I have been an idler in the vineyard that I vowed myself to till; the Lord have mercy on me, for His dear Son's sake.' Every evening, while his strength sufficed, he visited the grave he soon would share; till, at last, there came an evening, when he could not leave his room; and when the next evening came, he was at rest. A few hours before he died, he wrote with trembling hand, in his pocket book, a sort of confession, declaring his repentance, and mourning deeply for the wasted powers that had worn themselves away in profitless research, undisciplined regret, vague aspiration, and dreamy reverie. The last words were, 'If God would give me back these misused years, I would spend them in earnest toil, in faithful service, in being spent for Him to whom I owe my time, my talents, myself,—all I am, and all I have.'

"But, Mamma, there was something most beautiful, most touching, in his devotion to his wife's memory!" said Elizabeth, warmly.

"My dear," replied Lady Ashburner, "that which is selfish, however fair in seeming, is not truly beautiful. Had poor Mr. Craven fulfilled his duties among his own parishioners, had he endeavoured to train the heart and mind of his little daughter, or had he given the world the benefit of his extensive learning, and really powerful genius, there would have been infinitely more to admire, more to reverence in his conduct. There is nothing in good, honest labour incompatible with faithful, tender devotion to the memory of the dead. In doing God's work, the sorely wounded spirit finds its best and sweetest consolation. There is no beauty, no sublimity, no real poetry in self-absorption."

"But, Mamma, you will allow that such an enduring, ever present, unconquerable grief, invests the mourner with a peculiar interest?"

"A very fictitious, unhealthy interest, my daughter. Grief should

sanctify, ennoble,—not debase the mind."

"Debase! oh, Mamma dear, that is too severe!"

"That which does not fulfil the ends for which it was created, must necessarily be debased. God has placed us here to glorify Himself, and that we cannot do by shutting ourselves up with our sorrow, year after year, closing our hearts to all the great interests of life, doing no work in the world; dreaming away in useless, vain regret the precious hours that glide away so fast."

"Well, Mamma! I never can like those people, who seem cheerful under any circumstances; people who part with old friends, and feelings, and associations, as calmly as they lay aside a worn-out garment. It seems to me, that one great sorrow must for ever place the sufferer apart from other men,—that he can never, never, be the same again."

"He never can!" returned Lady Ashburner, gravely. "Elizabeth, there are few hearts on which the shadow of the past does not rest; but it is mercifully ordered by the Father of all good, that time shall heal the wounds which once seemed mortal. The scars always remain, and a shrinking sensitiveness always lingers, where the anguish was once so keen. But the best earthly remedy for a bitter sorrow, is the quiet, earnest pursuance of those duties which God has given us to fulfil; and then the thought, that after the heat and burden of the day, there is the even-tide of rest!"

"And the time of restitution?" said Elizabeth, half musingly, half-interrogatively.

"Yes, in the world to come, we shall find all we parted with here in such sadness and brokenness of heart. God will keep our treasures for us. He—

'Keeps a niche
In Heaven, to hold our idols: and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their
white,
I know we shall behold them raised complete, [fied].
The dust swept from their beauty,—glorified.
New Memmons singing in the great God-light!'

And not only will the precious things long-buried out of sight be given back again; but God will provide for us such joy, such bliss, as now we cannot realize, even in our sweetest, highest flight of heavenly contemplation!"

And Lady Ashburner sat still, gazing into the fire, and thinking of "the days that were no more." The great shadow that must come to all in turn, fell upon her young life, in all its spring-time gladness, in all the sparkling brightness of its morning hours. But she was a happy wife and mother now, though the memory of the past still lingered sadly but sweetly about her path, like the ethereal fragrance that lingers in the secret place, where a costly perfume once has been.

The words of King Lemuel are a perfect portraiture of Lady Ashburner's gentle, dignified matronhood. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil all the days of his life. Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

"But, Mamma," resumed Elizabeth, "if Mr. Craven was as talented as you say, how is it he never obtained any better preferment?"

"That also was the result of his morbid indulgence in extreme seclusion. A valuable living, in the vicinity of a large town in Yorkshire or Southern Lancashire, I forget which, was offered to him; but he shrank from a position which must have broken up his long-formed habits of retirement; he must have roused himself to some extent, and gone forth among his people, who were of another sort than those over whom he, so far, had been supposed to hold a pastoral oversight. In the busy manufacturing district to which Providence seemed to call him, there was work to do, which could not be ignored; it would have taken all his time, his energies, his sympathies; and these he could not, would not render; therefore he stayed at Hydale."

"Still he had a private fortune to leave his daughter? Papa was saying the Hydale living brought in next to nothing?"

"A very inconsiderable sum for one in Mr. Craven's rank of life; but he had, as I said before, a small inherited income; his wife also had a little money, so that Agnes, though by no means an heiress, will have sufficient for a gentlewoman's independency."

"And she is Papa's ward, and yet I never knew it till a little while ago!"

"Because until then, your Papa never considered himself Miss Craven's guardian. She was naturally left under the immediate protection of her aunt, her father's only sister, who had kept his house, and taken care of Agnes, after Mrs. Craven's death. It was only in case of her decease, or second marriage, which none of us anticipated, that Papa was to claim Miss Craven as his charge. We never expected till about six weeks ago, that the personal guardianship would be other than a name. Of course Papa took good care of her money."

"Then now, she will live entirely with us?"

"Entirely, for the present; but in little more than twelve months she will be of age, and then she may reside where she pleases. Probably, however, Forest Range will be her home, until she marries."

"Is she engaged, Mamma?"

"I cannot tell. I should imagine not, or Papa would know about it."

"And she leaves her aunt altogether? and she has been with her so long?"

"Mrs. Ainslie has married a person so objectionable in every point of view, that it is quite impossible for Agnes to remain with her."

"Mrs. Ainslie must be a foolish person. How I do hate second marriages! I don't believe in them; do you, Mamma?"

"Generally, *no*! But there cannot be a rule; a second marriage may be,—nay, I have known it so,—far happier than the first. The undisciplined will of youth sometimes rushes at the most terrible mistakes.

There can be no wretchedness equal to that of a really ill-assorted marriage. But you, Elizabeth, cannot judge of the expediency of second unions, when you have had no experience of a first attachment."

Miss Ashburner coloured a little: "I don't know, Mamma. I can judge a little, I am sure; I can understand Mr. Craven dying slowly of a broken heart, but I cannot understand any one forming fresh ties, beginning a new life, as it were. Oh! it is altogether horrible! The first love must be the best, the only one; don't you believe *that*, Mamma, now?"

"I believe that, if everybody were compelled to marry the person they call their *first love*, there would be much more wretchedness than now there is. My dear, God is wiser than we are, and will not give us the first thing we hold out our childish hands to grasp, if it be not for our good."

"Mamma, Mamma!" and Elizabeth's tone was thoroughly impatient, and she beat her pretty foot against the fender, till the fire-irons made a rattle, "You would take away all the poetry and beauty out of life."

"No, indeed, my dear, only the jingling rhyme, the sentimental sonnet, the painted gay illusion, that is not Beauty's self, but a mere hectic phantom, fading as we gaze. True poetry and true beauty are immortal; not so their counterfeits!"

"How can one ever tell the real from the counterfeit?"

"The *True* is a revelation from God Himself, and bears always in some degree His image and His superscription; the False is of the earth, earthy; it seeks its own rewards: the present is its all: it is a servant of the world, of mammon,—*not of God*."

"We live in an awfully prosaic age," said Miss Ashburner, sighing; "all the pretty tales are taken out of History, even poetry must be instructive. Whatever comes before the world, must stand the test of its '*Cui bono*!' Utilitarianism governs all! Cupid can't fly, because of the bags of gold, and the marriage settlements he carries always with him. He may as well cut off his

wings at once, and go by railway, in a first-class carriage, with an insurance ticket; it would be far more consistent. And here is Mamma,—actually Mamma, who almost worships Papa, turning infidel on the subject of '*first love*!'"

We were both amused at Elizabeth's fierce oratory, her Mamma especially. Lady Ashburner only said, "You will understand me better some day, Elizabeth. What you young people take to be first love, is often only earliest fancy, girlish or boyish passion. True love must be grounded on the rock of reverence and full esteem. True love does not wildly and defiantly grasp its idol; it is content to trust, to wait *God's time*."

"Oh, Mamma, I hear the carriage!"

And truly there was a tramp of horses' feet, and the grating of wheels on the gravelled-ring below, and then a bustle in the hall, a stir of luggage and of servants, and Sir John's clear, cheery voice, asking for "My Lady." My Lady had already gone forth to meet her husband's ward, and was even then greeting her in right maternal fashion. Elizabeth stood still, absently sorting the colours in her mother's wool-basket; she had scarcely yet accustomed herself to the duties and position of Miss Ashburner. In earlier days I had acted as the elder daughter; but now I felt that the time had arrived for me to give place to Elizabeth: she was the daughter of the house, and, as such, must take her stand. She was unusually shy and nervous, thus awaiting the advent of Miss Craven.

Lady Ashburner came in, leading her new inmate by the hand:—"My love, you shall go to your room when you are a little warmer; sit down by the fire, and let Elizabeth unfasten some of these wraps. You will have a companion, you perceive, of nearly your own age; she has been longing for a sister, ever since she found out that other little girls had sisters to play with and quarrel with, as the case might be. You can practise and read together, and take your walks and rides, when Janet

and I are too lazy to go beyond the garden."

Then followed the introduction to myself. Afterwards, Elizabeth drew near, and presented her hand with a blush, and a kindly smile on her lovely face that made her look infinitely charming. Agnes Craven told me afterwards that she had never, in all her life seen, or even imagined so perfectly beautiful and attractive a girl. Her manner was so winning, her voice so sweet, and as the shyness wore away, her smile so frank, her face so radiantly fair, that the heart of the solitary orphan was instinctively drawn towards her new-found promised friend.

Miss Craven herself was not so tall as Elizabeth; she was slender, and pale, and had a delicate appearance. Her expression was good, sweet, thoughtful, and ingenuous, but rather grave for one so youthful. She looked, however, older than she was: I, knowing nothing of her age, should certainly have taken her for twenty-three or four. Decidedly she inherited none of the beauty for which her mother had been famed; but she had magnificent hair, profuse, black as jet, and glossy as rich satin, and she wore it in a fashion, then peculiar to herself, braided smoothly, or at least as smoothly as its rippling nature would allow, upon her forehead, and gathered together at the back in one thick mass of long and drooping curls. She had strange eyes too,—large, clear, and soft, of that peculiar grey that sometimes seems so dark, and sometimes deepest azure—eyes that seemed to see far beyond the range of actual vision—eyes that haunted you with their depth and dreamy contemplation, half serene, half sad, but altogether wonderful. And but for these marvellous grey eyes, the luxuriant raven tresses, and a certain power and sweetness in the general contour, Agnes Craven might have been considered—*plain*! And yet, when introduced to her, I do not think I thought her so; and no one who ever knew her intimately thought her otherwise than lovely.

In a quiet tone, and in few words,

Agnes responded to Elizabeth Ashburner's cordial greeting, and so the two girls met!

A pretty bedchamber and dressing-room, near to those occupied by Miss Ashburner and myself had been prepared for our new inmate. Lady Ashburner herself had superintended every arrangement. She had been so anxious that all about should wear an aspect of home comfort, and look bright and pleasant, to cheer and soothe the heart of the orphan, who had just left her girlhood's home, and the only kinswoman she had ever known.

"And this, my dear, is your own private domain," said Lady Ashburner, as she led Miss Craven to the pretty dressing-room, or rather *boudoir*, that looked so warm and snug, and was so elegantly furnished. Here you are sole mistress, and can make whatever alterations you may choose; here, too, is your bedroom, and you are quite near Elizabeth and Janet. Here you may retire, whenever you wish to leave the social circle; here is your very own couch, and your own especial lounging-chair, and your private piano, and your bookcase which is to contain your library when it is unpacked; and here is a charming little table for fire-side studies in the winter, or for pleasant readings by the open window in the summer-time. We shall do all we can, my dear child, to make you happy; and I hope, very soon, you will feel as if Forest Range had been your home, as long as it has been Elizabeth's. Something was glistening in Miss Craven's thoughtful eyes. She did not answer, but she clasped very tightly the hand that was holding hers, and a grateful, happy smile stole over her pale features. I thought she seemed very tired and anxious to be left alone.

Lady Ashburner probably thought so too; for after stirring the fire, and giving a glance round the room to ascertain that nothing was wanting, she said, "But now, my dear, you are tired, and we are very inconsiderately detaining you from the toilet, which is always so refreshing after a journey. Would you like to

come down to dinner, or shall I send you a tray up here?"

"Thank you, Lady Ashburner, I shall be quite able to join you when the dinner bell rings. I am not so very much tired considering the distance I have travelled since early morning."

"You have not come all the way from Crackenthorpe, surely?"

"Oh, no! I left Crackenthorpe two days ago, and went no further than Lancaster; then I came on as far as Warrington yesterday, whence I started this morning, as early as eight o'clock. Are we far from Southchester?"

"No; we are only seven miles from the cathedral."

"Do you often go there?"

"Not very often. We know the cathedral so thoroughly. If we have friends staying with us, we generally take them to visit it. It is, indeed, one of the fairest and noblest of our cathedrals, and the service is beautifully performed. Have you ever seen it?"

"No; I know more about St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Mark's at Venice, and the Duomo of Milan, than of English cathedrals."

"Then we shall immediately remedy that deficiency in your education. Now you will excuse us; dinner will be ready in half-an-hour; we are late this evening, for we are old-fashioned people at Forest Range, and ordinarily dine at five o'clock. But if we expect any one from town, or if Sir John goes up, as he sometimes does, and returns to dinner, it is exceedingly awkward, for no train stops at Fairchurch, our nearest station, between 3.45 and 6.15."

When I entered my own room, I found Elizabeth there; she was standing before the glass, wreathing up her long, beautiful coils of hair, which had a habit of falling down, simply because she would never allow her maid sufficient time to fasten them securely. She turned round when I came in, and in her own impetuous way, and speaking hurriedly, as was her wont, when she had been waiting to say anything, exclaimed, "Janet! after all, I shall like her!

She is not pretty, she is not stylish; but she looks *good*!"

"I think so, too, and intellectual also."

"Her intellectuality is the worst part of it; I do so dread learned ladies. I dare say she knows Latin and Greek, and geometry, and all the *ologies*."

"She must, indeed, be a prodigy, if she knows half of them. Perhaps, being a clergyman's daughter and his only child, she may know something of the dead languages; let us hope she will not ask for potatoes in Hebrew or Sanscrit!"

"Now, you are laughing at me:—but, Janet,—I *do* hate blue-stockings!"

"Because your own have not the least cerulean tint! Somebody,—I forget her name, [perhaps it was Mrs. Hannah More, perhaps it was Miss Stodart,—said, that it did not matter how blue a woman's stockings were, provided her petticoats were long enough to cover them."

"Mrs. Hannah More was a horror! As for Miss Stodart, I wish she had never been born; they made me read her 'Every-day Duties,' at Kensington. Oh, how often I wished she had never thought it one of her duties to write a book. Then, that most miserable Mrs. Ellis, expecting all sorts of things from 'The Women of England!' I can't help it, Janet, I hate all women-writers."

"You are very fond of Miss Austen's novels. You read yourself nearly blind over 'Mansfield Park.'"

"That's quite another thing; it is the female authors, who give you *good advice*, that I detest. Mrs. Blissett used to say, 'Now, my dear, let me give you a little advice.' I wanted a smelling-bottle and some camphor-julep immediately. Mrs. Blissett wrote a book herself once, you know, all full of wise saws and sage remarks, and pages of the best advice!"

"Well, but I do not think Miss Craven has ever written a book."

"I hope not, indeed! Still, I fancy I shall like her. At first I thought it would be an intolerable nuisance to have anyone staying

were always; one of ourselves, you know; but she does not look satirical, and though she has an air of goodness about her, she does not look *goody*! You know I always distinguish between people being good,—and goody. Do you like Miss Craven?"

"I like what I have seen of her; which is literally nothing."

Elizabeth was leaving the room, when she suddenly turned back.—
"Janet, do you know Cyril Denham is coming back next week?"

"So soon! I thought he was to make a longer stay?"

"So soon, Janet! Why, he has been away more than six weeks."

"I thought it had not been so long; but time passes quickly."

"I wonder what he will think of Miss Craven!"

"Indeed, I cannot say. Come here, Elizabeth, your hair is falling down again, and the dinner-bell will ring directly."

CHAPTER III.

THE DIARY.

At this period of her life, and for some years afterwards, Miss Craven kept a diary; and I am permitted to avail myself of its pages from time to time, as it may seem expedient, for the elucidation of various events, which followed in course, after her domestication with us at Forest Range.

March 1st.—I have been in my new home just a week; and I think, when I am reconciled to the changes which have wrought such havoc with my old associations and accustomed habits, I may like it very well. Let me consider the persons with whom I am now placed, amongst whom I am to go in and out, to eat, drink, sleep, and all the rest of it, for an indefinite period,—for fifteen months at least, if I live so long,—for next May twelvemonths, I shall be of age, and my own mistress in everything.

Forest Range is a very bonnie place; the grounds are beautiful even now; what will they be in sum-

mer? To day, I found whole hosts of snowdrops, growing as if they were wild, among the moss under the trees in the Wilderness; and under the south wall were multitudes of violets, lovely scented violets, white and purple, peeping out from their large green cordate leaves. The conservatories are magnificent; in another month they will be gorgeous with azaleas, acacias, and cinerarias. Gardening is evidently one of my guardian's special hobbies, and I think the passion is shared fully by his wife and daughter, and by Miss Anstruther likewise. I shall be quite content to catch the horticultural fever. Hitherto I have cared chiefly about the wildlings of the woods and fields; it will be very nice to learn something of garden and greenhouse botany. Miss Anstruther seems to know all about the flowers. I am to constitute myself her pupil, and, in return, I am to teach her what I know about our common British Flora.

My guardian is the most *fatherly* man I ever met with; he is a sort of king in this locality; of course he is *squire* and lord of the manor, and magistrate and guardian of the poor, as well as of Janet Anstruther and Agnes Craven; and churchwarden and chairman of half-a-dozen boards, and all sorts of things besides. And everybody seems to love him, and joyfully accept his rule, as well they may, for if half I hear be true, his kindness is unbounded. I am sure he is a really good and noble man.

Lady Ashburner is what I call "a sweet woman." And yet, when I come to think of it, such a term is scarcely adequate; she is "*sweet*," decidedly, and—something more. That grave, quiet face of hers, so rarely lighted by a smile, is never gloomy, never otherwise than peacefully serene. She has a history, I am very sure; it *must* be one re-dounding to her praise and honour; she gives me the idea of a person who has practised self-repression in her earlier years; of one who has attained to perfect calm, after being tempest-tossed, and almost wrecked in life's first passage on the stormy seas of this wild, changeful world.

Yes! I am sure she has sorrowed, and struggled, and gained the victory; she has fought her way among the breakers; and now she is in port, and anchored on a peaceful, happy shore. Who was her pilot, I wonder, through that weary voyage,—religion, or philosophy? There is a singular repose in her manner, a rare tranquillity that seems to speak of rest,—rest after toil, and grief, and much perplexity.

As for her daughter, she does not know what self-repression means; she is all one glow of bright enthusiasm,—impulse,—passion! Hers is a loving, tender, clinging nature, highly sensitive, and most demonstrative; she is clever, too, in an aimless, idle sort of way. I like to hear her talk; and, Oh, how I like to look at her,—the beautiful, graceful, radiant creature! I had never conceived of beauty so unblemished; her's is absolutely perfect. She looks like one, who is—

"rose-lined from the cold,
And meant merely to hold,
Life's pure pleasures, manifold."

A rare and matchless flower, a bright-plumed bird, down-sweeping from the skies! Such are the images that come before me, when I gaze upon her sweet, resplendent loveliness. We are friends already, and I think she likes me well. A day or two after my arrival, she asked me if I read *Greek*. To which I answered, "No, I do not even know the letters; a few Greek roots dug out by Mr. Butter for his Spelling Book, are all my stock."

Then, said Miss Ashburner, "Are you a Latin scholar!" I really thought she was putting me through my paces. I told her, "No, it takes a man, and more years of a man's life than I have lived, to make a Latin scholar."

"But," she pressed, "You have learnt Latin?"

"Yes," I replied, "I began to learn it when I was a little child. I read Virgil with the clergyman at Hydale, who succeeded my father in the living. I just keep it up; I shall never try to go on any further."

"Oh!" she said, "I am glad. I

was so afraid you would be the most learned woman in the parish. I don't see the use of poring over books."

"Not of poring. But books generally, *good* books!—think what we should be without them?"

"Oh, of course, books are indispensable. But do you ever read stories?"

"Certainly, sometimes. I read a downright good one, whenever I can get it. I don't care for the mass of novels; but I thoroughly enjoy those that are high-toned, pure and artistically written."

"Ah! we shall get on together. I was so afraid you were that overwhelming, most anomalous creature, a *femme-savante*. Now, I am a dunce; that is why I am so frightened at the clever ones of my own sex."

"I think you are unjust towards yourself. You do not talk like a veritable dunce!"

"But I am one, notwithstanding. Of course, I have read heaps of histories, and learned geography, and bits and scraps of *ologies*. And I attended lectures on astrology,—no, astronomy, I mean; they are not the same, I think; and chemistry, and I studied Mrs. Somerville's Physical something, I forget what, now; but it did not seem to have a particle of sense in it, or else I lacked the sense to find it out. And Mrs. Blissett made us elder girls write essays: the last I had to write was about "Moral Culture;" and I began by saying that it behoved us all, under every circumstance, and at all times and places, to cultivate our morals. And there I came to a full stop; for I had not a notion how to set about such cultivation, or how it could be done by any one. If it had been about the cultivation of orchids now, or seedling strawberries, I could have made something of it; but one can't put one's morals into a forcing house."

"They would not thrive, I fancy, if one could; they are of hardy growth, and they need the frosts of winter, and the keen east-winds of spring, quite as much as the warm sunshine of the summer days."

"Ah! I knew you were clever," said Miss Ashburner, reproachfully, "that is what is called,—oh, what is it?—*moralizing!* Dear me, perhaps that is the way to cultivate your morals!"

"Very far from it," I answered, and was going on to say something wise about the difference between mere speech and action, when she stopped me, and begged me not "to talk *philosophy!*" Yet, I am sure she is not "a dunce" by any means, and though I can believe she may be very wayward, perhaps even *trying* now and then, I am sure that I shall love her. Yesterday, we had a charming gallop across the Fairchurch Downs. My guardian mounted me as well as I could wish. Our own wild roads and nearly pathless moors have made me a very fearless rider. Miss Ashburner has an excellent seat, and was delighted to find out I liked equestrian exercise. Miss Anstruther is not a good horse-woman; she prefers a ramble, or the pony-carriage. About Miss Anstruther I have little to observe. She is only eight-and-twenty, her cousin tells me: I thought she must be thirty-five! In the grave serenity of her face and manner she is not unlike Lady Ashburner, but there is no relationship I am told, and she is only cousin to Sir John by courtesy. I like this quiet, secluded life at Forest Range; but I believe we shall have some visitors ere long; and when the weather mends, we are to drive to Southchester to make some calls. There is a Mrs. Denham, who is often mentioned, and she has a son named Cyril. I wonder what these Denhams will be like. Heigho! when I get to such an idle point as wondering, it is time I ceased to write. I will shut you up my diary for to-day.

March 2nd.—Now, my diary, let me tell you all about to-day. You are the only bosom-friend I have, dear diary, and you keep all my secrets,—that is, you would keep them if I had any to confide to you. Some day, perhaps, I shall have my secrets, "be respected like the lave," as Jenny's mother says, in "The Cotter's Saturday night." And then,

diary,—then I will tell you all about it, oh, you silent, faithful friend!

This morning we were going a ride, Elizabeth and I, over the chalk-downs that swell so finely round about us here. They, in some measure, not fully, mind my diary, reconcile me to the loss of mountains and of moors, and of steep fellsides. But it began to rain, and so we staid in-doors, and I took down my crotchet-work, and spent the time till luncheon in the breakfast-room. Lady Ashburner was not there; but Miss Anstruther was busy fitting sewing for the children at the village school, which is under her especial supervision; she goes there nearly every day, and a class of elder girls comes up to her on Sunday afternoons for Bible-teaching. Elizabeth was practising.

Miss Ashburner does not care very much for music, but she takes lessons still, and has to get them ready, as she assures me, to her great annoyance. Her forte is painting; she is a real artist. She had been scampering over the keys, and sometimes counting audibly, for about an hour, when Lady Ashburner came in, in search of something in the cabinet. While she was searching a drawer, she said in her usual quiet way, "Elizabeth, Cyril Denham is come home!"

Miss Ashburner ceased her playing, and twirled herself round upon the music-stool: "Oh, Mamma, is he really? When did he come? How do you know? When will he ride over to Forest Range?"

"I will answer your questions in order, my dear,—he really *is* come. He returned to St. Croix last night. I know the fact, because he has written me a note, which James, the Southam carrier has brought; and he will dine with us to-morrow, and stay all night as usual."

"I wonder if Mrs. Denham is glad to have her son again?"

"I should think she is; mothers generally welcome their children home after a period of absence."

"Ah! but Mrs. Denham is not like anybody else."

"My dear, we will not fall into

discussion about Mrs. Denham,—you do not like her."

"No, indeed," said Elizabeth, with emphasis, "if I had such a mother."

"I trust you would obey her?"

"I fear I should not, Mamma. I should be a very naughty girl!"

"What have you been practising so long?"

"Oh, these 'Wild Flower Quadrilles,' and that charming little waltz that Cyril brought me."

"You waste your time, Elizabeth; you will not know your lesson for Rosaldi, when he comes on Friday."

"I should not know it, Mamma, if he were not coming till Friday six months. It is a horrible thing of an overture; I cannot even count it. And as for fingers,—I am confident it was written for creatures with superfluous digital extremities. It wants at least ten fingers on each hand, not to speak of thumbs, which ought to be much longer than any I have seen."

Lady Ashburner having found what she sought, went back again to the great conservatory, where she and her husband were occupied with the head gardener. Elizabeth did not resume her practising, she yawned, and flung herself upon the couch, declaring that practising was most fatiguing exercise, especially to persons of lymphatic temperament.

"Which you are not, Elizabeth!" said Janet Anstruther, pausing in her task.

"Oh, yes, I am, Janet. As I grow older, I shall say, like Tennyson's 'Lotus-eater,' 'There is no joy but calm.'"

"You may say that now," returned Miss Anstruther, "for it is true. But the 'calm' of the Lotus-eater was stupor, not real calm, which is as compatible with labour as with rest."

"Oh, now she is talking metaphysics!" said Elizabeth, imploringly. "Let us speak of something else: I want to tell Agnes about Mrs. Denham."

"No!" said Miss Anstruther, "you ought to leave her to form her own opinion."

"Well, I will,—that is, if I can."

I should think Sally Hawkes is singing a *Pean* to celebrate the return of Cyril."

"Who is Sally Hawkes," I ventured to inquire.

"Mrs. Denham's companion, who looks after the servants, gives out the stores, sees to Cyril's socks and buttons, reads aloud huge tomes of musty, fusty old divinity, copies sermons, and makes herself generally useful. As Cyril is the only lively thing about the house, she must have been qualifying for a cloister, while he was away. He is always kind to her, poor little soul!"

"Who is she, though,—a poor relation?"

"Oh, no! I know nothing of her antecedents; though; she came to live with Mrs. Denham about nine years ago, when Mrs. Erskine married. Somebody wanted to marry Sally once,—a respectable tradesman, who lives in Southchester."

"And was she not matrimonially inclined?"

"Oh, yes. But Mrs. Denham would not hear of it; she sent the tradesman off about his business, and shut up Sally in the house. And Sally cried herself very nearly blind, and has never since read small print by candlelight, without her glasses. Mamma was very wroth, but it did not do a bit of good; no one ever can or could do anything with Mrs. Denham."

"How does she get on with her son?"

"Oh, she keeps him under, as if he were a child. He is very patient. I should run away."

"Where would you run to?"

"To the antipodes,—to anywhere,—go out for a governess,—take in washing and clear starching,—marry the baker,—or the milkman!"

I have no doubt Miss Ashburner would do something desperate if her life were not a smooth one; but the idea of her getting her own living seems positively senseless. I am anxious to see this Cyril Denham, about whom I have heard a great deal. Janet says, scarcely anybody understands him, his mother least of all. She says, too, he loves poetry, and is enthusiastically fond

of books. I can see she likes him. Well, I suppose I shall see plenty of him, since he evidently comes here pretty often, and is quite at

home. When he and I have met, I will tell you all about him, oh, my diary!

(*To be continued.*)

BOOKS: NEW AND OLD.

"Productive was the world
In many things, but most in books."—POLLOCK.

THE celebrated Fontenelle is reported to have said, that if he had his hands full of truths he would only open one finger at a time. This is not the rule by which most authors are now governed. Both hands are opened at once, and information on every conceivable subject, and in every kind of dress, is lavishly scattered broadcast. When Goldsmith, after much labour, had composed ten lines of poetry, he rose from his desk, exclaiming, "This is no bad morning's work." The reading public now demand men with greater versatility of genius—men of quick thought and lively imagination, who, gifted with fluency, can rapidly develop what the mind conceives—men who, from very slender materials, can dash off a sparkling "leader" or an impressive tale. "We remember," says one, "being on business in a printing-office where a genius of this order, who dealt in extreme novels, sat, as was his wont, correcting proofs, when the printer informed him that the concluding chapter of his second volume was some pages short. 'What is the last of it about?' said the novelist, still correcting. 'Lord Lionel going out with his wolf-dog,' replied the printer. 'Ha! that's a good subject; bring me some paper,' and, to our astonishment, he filled the required pages with Lord Lionel's wolf-dog. To the best of our recollection two pages and a half were occupied with its ears, and one and three-quarters exactly with its tail, and almost five were devoted to the courage, sagacity, and faithfulness of the 'noble quadruped.'" From the pens of such ready writers come many of the volumes of great primer, English, pica, or small pica, which issue from the esta-

blishments of the publishers as fast as the compositors can "set up," the pressmen can "pull," and the binders can "stitch," "letter," and "block." These men, who are easily inspired for their work, are the fathers of most of the immense family of magazines and pamphlets brought into existence every month; whilst the daily and weekly newspapers, which find a place in every household, from John o' Groat's to Land's-end, would soon finish their course if their writers could not yoke capricious genius to unfriendly themes, and tax the mind under unfavourable circumstances. Of course there still exist disciples of Fontenelle, whose names we honour, and whose works we prize—men of deep feeling and high intellectual calibre—who, as brave champions of truth and powerful engines for usefulness, now and then throw out to the world a remarkable book, like a shot from an Armstrong gun. But these unquestionably are in the minority. The men who are ever giving their best thoughts to their generation, and always working at express speed, are beyond computation. Indeed, it cannot be decided which class of men is the more numerous, the readers or the authors.

How strikingly does this state of things contrast with the condition of our ancestors of the middle ages. Printing not being invented, and reading and writing being rare accomplishments, the principal medium of communication was the wandering minstrel, who went up and down the country reciting or singing ballads. The few books in existence were exceedingly costly, and consequently inaccessible to the million. It is no great matter of surprise that the

ability to read was confined almost entirely to the ecclesiastical corporations. Old Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, wrote a Latin treatise on "The Love of Books," which, in 1344, he put into the hands of the clergy, for whom alone he avowed he had written it. In that work are the following words, showing that he scorned the idea of there being any other class than the clergy able to read. "Laymen," says he, "to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upwards, or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books." Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," gives a copy of one of the statutes of St. Mary's College, Oxford, in the reign of Henry VI., which very plainly suggests the great inconveniences to which students must have been subjected by the scarcity of books. The statute ran as follows:—"Let no scholar occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at the most, so that others may not be hindered from the use of the same." The learned of those days wished to multiply books, but they were restrained and discouraged by the difficulties besetting their course. The only method by which they could increase the volumes was cumbrous, dilatory, and expensive. The Ecclesiastics provided "Scriptorium," or writing-rooms in connection with the abbeys, where boys were engaged in copying. The Monks also spent many hours each day in their cells transcribing portions of the Bible. But oh! it was a blessed day in 1474, when William Caxton set up his printing press in the Almonry at Westminster, and undertook the combined duties of author, printer, and publisher. From the time he produced his first specimen of English typography, books increased in number and size. Instead of general merchants continuing to be the dealers in literature, bookselling became a distinct branch of business, and certain spots of the metropolis were specially known to the educated because of the book depôts. Roger North, in his life of

Dr. John North, refers to booksellers in the reign of Charles II., and says, "Little Britain was a plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors, and men went thither as to a market. This drew a mighty trade, the rather because the shops were spacious, and the learned gladly resorted to them, where they seldom failed to meet with agreeable conversation; and the booksellers themselves were knowing and conversible men, with whom, for the sake of bookish knowledge, the greatest wits were pleased to converse." In the year 1664 no less than 460 pamphlets were published in Little Britain. St. Paul's Churchyard was at that time famous for its book-shops. In Pepys' diary, under date 30th November, 1660, we read, "In Paul's Churchyard I bought the play of Henry IV.;" and again, under date February 10th, 1662, "To Paul's Churchyard, and there I met with Dr. Fuller's 'England's Worthies,' the first time that I ever saw it." Paternoster Row, in those days, was inhabited by mercers, haberdashers, linendrapers, and seamstresses. The *élite* of London flocked thither to purchase their gay costume. There Pepys tells us that he bought in 1660, "moyre for a morning waistcoat," and in 1662 "satin for a petticoat for his wife." About 1700 things changed. The booksellers removed to "The Row," and since that time that narrow, gloomy, inconvenient street has been the centre of the publishing trade. Beyond doubt the reader is acquainted with the place. Perhaps he has been there on the day the new magazines are "ready." If not, and his nerves will allow, we respectfully advise him to go on such a morning, as spectator of the prevailing excitement. He will see what would have startled Samuel Pepys and his literary companions out of their steady-going yet fashionable habits. He will see young men and boys, tall and short, stout and thin, with bags over their shoulders and order-books in their hands, hurrying hither and thither to collect the required stock. Let the reader accompany one of the

lads into Messrs. Kent and Co.'s, compress himself into the narrowest compass possible—for he will find it densely crowded—and look and listen. The counter is besieged by a noisy, restless, impatient throng, who are being supplied as quickly as the agile bodies and business tact of the young men behind the counter will allow. As the lads name the publications by abbreviated titles, and call for them in voices by no means musical, the stranger will be often amused. The following is a fair specimen of what we heard the other day :—"I say, let's have two 'Good Words' and twenty 'Truth-seekers.'" "Here, I've been waiting for a dozen 'Daughters of Mary,'" cries another. "Where's the 'British Workman' ; have you put in the 'Sunshine' ?" "Am I to stay here all the blessed week for fifty 'Golden Hours' ?" "Now then, pack up fifteen 'Trumpets,' thirty 'Last Vials,' with sixty 'Bands of Hope'—look alive !"

This is certainly very unlike what formerly prevailed when there were no printed books, or when the publishing shops were the quiet rendezvous of the literati and bibliomaniacs. But who would prefer the days of old ? Who would, if he could, transfer himself to those times when books were dear and periodicals scarce ? Then the people perished from lack of knowledge. To a large extent the words of Thomas Bartholine may be employed, "Justice was dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness." But now, says the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, "the poor man's son can learn as much at home, as, a hundred years ago, a gentleman would learn by journeying the world over ; for while there are some advantages in going into the world, it is the poor man's privilege to have the world come to see him."

Over the prevalence of reading habits every well-wisher of society cannot but rejoice. Therein we have unmistakable evidence of social progress. He who reads good books will find the sphere of his sym-

pathies enlarged, the faculties of the mind elevated, the delusion of the senses dwarfed, the entire nature refined, and himself elevated in the scale of being. Hence we desire to see an abundance of wholesome mental pabulum. We wish the multitudes, who hunger for knowledge with avidity enough to devour any kind of work that comes within their reach, to have a plenary supply of that which is salutary. It cannot be concealed that much which issues from the press is fit only for the flames. Now and then a person is summoned before a magistrate and fined, for giving to the public meat in an unfit state for consumption. If a similar supervision were exercised in the book-market, what a surprising clearance would take place ! Works are sold which lower the standard of virtue, diminish the love of truth, corrupt the imagination, develop the basest passions of the heart, and unfit for the daily duties of the life calling. The greater, therefore, is the claim on us to furnish pure literature with an unsparing hand—to dispel the darkness by a plenitude of light—to stay the pestilential effect of that which is impure by a copious shower of unadulterated truth. We wish men to drink of the purest fountains ; to commune with the best company ; to enjoy intercourse with superior minds ; and become heirs of the priceless fruits of their diligent research and painful experience. We want men to be constantly surrounded by "the masters that instruct without rods and ferules—without hard words and anger." We know that the masses cannot purchase bulky folios, cannot subscribe to encyclopædias, cannot generally find time to peruse long and elaborate treatises, and yet they *will* read. Let them, then, be presented with information in a convenient compass, in an attractive form, and at a reasonable price. Truly these desiderata have been realised in many of the publications now widely circulated. We therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. It is with no idea of superseding such serials that this magazine sees the

light. There is room for many, many more periodicals of an elevating tone. Readers are daily increasing in number, and we do not believe that the birth of one publication must be attended by the demise of another, or that the success of one must be necessarily secured at the cost of another. The words of Manton, though nearly two centuries old, are deserving notice here. "There is no end of books, and yet we seem to need more every day; there was such a darkness brought in by the fall, as will not thoroughly be dispelled till we come to Heaven, where the sun shineth without either cloud or night; for the present all should contribute their help according to the rate and measure of their abilities. Some can hold up a candle, others a torch, but all are useful. The press is an excellent means to scatter knowledge, were it not so often abused. All complain there is enough written, and think that now there should be a stop. Indeed, it were well if in this scribbling age there were some restraint; useless pamphlets are grown almost as great a mischief as the erroneous and profane. Yet 'tis not good to shut the door upon industry and diligence. There is yet room left to discover more (above all that has been said) of the wisdom of God, and the riches of His grace in the gospel; yea, more of the stratagems of Satan, and the deceitfulness of man's heart. Means need to be increased every day to weaken

sin, and strengthen trust, and quicken us to holiness. Fundamentals are the same in all ages, but the constant necessities of the Church and private Christians will continually enforce a further explication; as the arts and sleights of besieging and battering increase, so doth skill in fortification. If we have no other benefit by the multitude of books that are written, we have this benefit, an opportunity to observe the various workings of the same Spirit about the same truths; and, indeed, the speculation is neither *idle nor unfruitful*."

Bidding a hearty "God speed" to all kindred publications, we launch our barque, looking for the Pilot of the Galilean Lake to be our guide. We hope to convey to many a household a "Quiver," from which "Good Words" may be chosen for life's struggles; a "Christian Treasury," with which many a "Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home" may be pleasantly passed. Our resolution is to preserve it ever an "Evangelical Magazine," that it may be a "Christian Witness" wherever it meets a friend; and we earnestly pray that many may find it "The Homilist" to counsel in perplexity, "The Rainbow" to encourage in the tearful hour of doubt, and "Sunshine" to cheer in the winter of sorrow. It is not too much to hope that each monthly number will merit Milton's description of a "good book," "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose, to a life beyond life."

FAITH.

Near to a precipice's frowning verge,
A noble, fearless boy
Stood, gazing proudly on the ocean surge;
His frequent, fond employ.
For danger in its ever-varying forms
He felt contempt not small;
He thought of icebergs, quicksands, rocks,
and storms,
And longed to brave them all!
Just where to halt and ponder he had
pleased,
The cliff the beach o'erhung;
His footing failed—he fell—a bough he
seized;
And thus in mid-air swung.

Hope nearly fled; his folly he bewailed;
Death seemed at hand to be;
When suddenly a voice his ears assailed—
"Let go, and trust in me!
I'm able, willing, and can save thee now;
Repress thy heart's alarms!"
With joy he heard—believed—let go the
bough,
And fell in friendly arms.

The contrite soul, at threatening death
aghast,
With such a child-like "faith,"
At Jesus' voice, quits hold of "works," to cast
Her life on *what He saith*.

CARACTACUS.

ON THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS, AND ITS INFLUENCE FOR GOOD; A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land,
 Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
 In which we feel the pressure of a hand—
 One touch of fire, and all the rest is mystery."—LONGFELLOW.

AMIDST the almost infinite variety of thoughts and imaginations that throng incessantly the ever-active brain, what is so powerful, and at the same time so mysterious in its workings as association? Whether its advent be pleasurable or the

reverse, so imperceptible is sometimes its entrance into the mind that we find it impossible to trace either the circumstances or the emotions that have given rise to it: it comes we know not whence, and departs we know not wherefore.

"And slight withal may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
 Aside for ever. It may be a sound,
 A tone of music, summer, eve, or spring,
 A flower, the wind, the ocean."

And not less singular than its entry are occasionally the effects of association. Not always transient and fleeting in its visitations, instances have been known when the impressions left on the mind by association, have been so powerful as materially to colour, and under some circumstances, even to change the current of the whole after-tide of life. And if this delightful faculty be thus paramount in the sway it exercises over the mind, then how all-important is it that our associations be with what is right and pure, and that nothing tending to lessen or degrade the character, be cherished or even allowed an entrance there.

Probably thoughts of this kind occupied the Apostle's mind when he exhorted those in whose spiritual welfare especially he was so deeply interested, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." Full well he knew the salutary influence the cherishing of such thoughts must, with God's blessing, have upon the mind and conversation, the daily walk of life.

How it enhances the enjoyment which the indulgence of this faculty

confers on its possessor (and all are not alike thus blessed), to reflect that it emanates directly from God! "Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." It argues nothing against this theory that this gift is frequently perverted, for of which of our Heavenly Father's bestowments can it be said that this is not the case; indeed, so common has the misappropriation of blessings become that their abuse has in many instances passed into a recognised, though melancholy fact.

Turn we now our thoughts to those that are distant from us, but not therefore far from our God: for "*in His hand are all the corners of the earth.*" What a fund of consolation is comprised in those few simple words! Sabbath after sabbath as they fall upon the ear, losing nothing of their deep meaning by the frequency of their repetition, do they not drop like healing balm on the fond hearts that yearn for the dear ones afar? And where amongst earth's families shall we now find any, of which one member at least, who can claim kith and kindred, has not crossed the sea to seek in distant climes something which appeared to be unattainable at home? There may be family

circles which are yet unbroken, but if these exist, they form only the exception, division and separation are the rule; under these circumstances, how great a source of comfort is it to feel that *all*, how widely soever they may be scattered over the "wide wide world," are equally under the supervision, and share equally the regard of *One* kind beneficent Parent; and "in *His* hands are all the corners of the earth!"

It may be that where the lot of those we love is cast, there is a dearth of religious and intellectual privileges; this is a great and serious drawback, let none think or speak lightly of such a position as of little consequence. And yet, the actual paucity of present advantages in these respects, may cause the mind to dwell more fondly, and the memory to recall more vividly, those bygone times, when all was so different at home. And this retrospection is very advantageous, how much so, none can tell but those who have personally experienced its influence; the sentiments and doctrines we imbibed from loved, and perchance lost ones, in days long past, sometimes come back, in seasons of mental dearth, with a vigour and distinctness that astonishes even ourselves. The precepts that have so long lain dormant in the heart, without apparently producing any result, may nevertheless *not* have been inactive. The good seed, sown broadcast, may not be lost; indeed, Scripture assures us that it cannot be; for what saith our God, "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it."

And in how many instances have we seen this promise verified? Look at the well-known case of the Rev. John Newton. Depraved, abandoned, given up to every vicious propensity that long habit had almost confirmed into second nature; fulfilling in himself the fearful description given by the Apostle, and "working all uncleanness with

greediness;" a slave, too, in a foreign land, and under the lash of a harsh task-master, pursuing with oaths and imprecations his daily routine of labour, the severity of which wrung his every sinew! Can a position be even imagined more utterly lost and degraded than apparently was his? And yet, even in this deep misery, the omniscient eye of God was upon him, and from the seemingly unfathomable abyss of eternal wretchedness on whose brink he tottered, the powerful hand of God snatched him as "a brand from the burning."

Do we ask what mighty machinery was set in motion to effect this wonderful escape? Simply this—a thought of his childhood's home flashed like a sunbeam athwart his darkened mind, (he says to himself it was the first time for years that such an idea had presented itself to him,) the thought gained strength from the very contrast of his then present condition; with memory's eye he saw again his cottage home in the peaceful village afar; he saw his gentle mother, and heard her loving tones; and it was the remembrance of that mother's care, and of the time when, an innocent child, he knelt at her feet and lisped out the simple prayer she taught him, that most strongly and vividly affected him now; and the savage criminal was softened and overcome—the hardened sinner wept!

Oh! those salutary tears—like heaven's refreshing dew shed on the parched and thirsty ground, fell the drops from those burning eyelids; not for long, long years had that hard heart been thus relieved, and in a paroxysm of uncontrollable emotion he threw himself on the ground and *prayed!* words perhaps passed not the lips so long unused to form themselves to prayer, but He who reads the heart needed them not—the sinner prayed, and the healing balm of consolation was not long withheld.

By-and-by came the re-action; remorse seized him, terror and doubts assailed him, conscience bitterly accused him, even reason asked, Can it be *possible* that so vile

a wretch can be reclaimed? He shuddered as he acknowledged that humanly speaking, the thing was impossible. Still he did not despair—he remembered having once heard, as in a long-forgotten dream, “What is impossible with man is possible with God,” and again and again he wept and prayed.

His hateful tasks became doubly hateful to him, but he performed them with diligence and alacrity. What though stripes and abuse were his only recompense, he heeded them not, his mind was set on higher things; and all the energy of his character—and it was great—was now bent on delivering himself from the debasing thralldom in which he was held, and from the degraded companions with whom he was still compelled to associate.

At length deliverance came; we need not narrate the facts, they are well known; and yet better known is his subsequent career, his life-long labour of love to win souls to Christ; for he felt that *time*, nay, that *eternity* would be too short for him to give full vent to the gratitude that swelled his heart, and which he cherished by his every act.

We have ourselves worshipped in the sanctuary where once he taught; association was busy then, and with the mind's eye we beheld the aged pastor, as with tearful earnestness he exhorted his flock to choose the narrow way that leadeth to life eternal. He never disguised, never sought to palliate, the crimes that had disfigured his earlier career; the memory of that fearful period was indelibly fixed in his mind, and proved a powerful incentive to the faithful and unwearied discharge of his duty. How graphically would he paint the horrors of his captivity; with what intense thankfulness would he expatiate on the amazing love of God to lost and ruined sinners, as displayed in his own miraculous rescue from that state, and in his further appointment to be the herald of mercy to others!

We have lingered long with our venerable friend, but it seems almost impossible to touch lightly on his

wonderful history; and surely if angels are represented as rejoicing together over one sinner that repenteth, we may be permitted to add our humble meed of praise to theirs, for the amazing mercy accorded to him.

Speaking of the astonishing power and force of Association brings to remembrance an anecdote related by Bourrienne, the secretary and faithful biographer of Napoleon Buonaparte. Flushed with recent victories, and projecting future conquests, the then apparent arbiter of Europe's destiny, pondered on the means by which his most impracticable schemes were to be accomplished. With him, generally speaking, *to will* was to do; and overlooking all intervening obstacles as unworthy of a moment's consideration when opposed to his iron will, he fixed his eagle gaze on the far-off object of his insatiable desires, and with that tenacity of purpose which formed so remarkable an element in his most remarkable character, and which frequently induced him to look upon a project when planned in the same light as if it were already accomplished, determined to pursue unswervingly the path he had marked out for himself, and for those thousands to whom his will was law—while these lofty projects floated through that ever active brain, suddenly there arose upon the evening air the distant chime of village bells. Insensible as he had been a moment before to all surrounding objects, and heedless of the fate of nations; no sooner did that sweet melody fall upon his ear, now swelling distinctly, and again almost lost, as the fitful breeze swept onward, bearing the soft music on its wings, than the conqueror was subdued, the stoic melted. They were the village bells of Brienne, beneath the peaceful shade of whose college, the man now hardened by contact with the stern realities of his feverish life, had passed the happy years of frank, fearless, confiding boyhood! Well might he say—

"O, those were pleasant days!
Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!
I had not buried then so many hopes!
I had not buried then so many friends!
I've turned my back on what was then before me;
And the bright faces of my young companions
Are saddened like my own, or are no more."

In a moment the vast gulf between that joyous period of comparative innocence and the crime-stained present that surrounded him, was overleaped; the hero's wreath, the victor's crown, were forgotten! Once more he was the happy schoolboy. In imagination he joined again the athletic sports of his young companions, or, reclining on the river's brink, gazed listlessly into the placid current as it flowed idly by, while day-dreams, such dreams as youth delights to encourage, flitted through the mind.

Those gay companions, too, where were they now? Of the many he knew nothing, but of the few he liked—the one he loved—the memory clung to him still; and he sighed as he compared their quiet though honourable paths through life, with his own brilliant but erratic course. They were as the planets, shedding a wild but steady radiance around their separate spheres; he, the magnificent comet, the gaze and the terror of nations!

For a brief, brief period, war, glory, conquest and fame, were but meaningless words, and burying his face in his hands, the stern, uncompromising soldier threw himself on the wayside bank and wept unrestrainedly.

Ah! could that mood have been prolonged, could the emotion that now shook that iron frame have been rendered less evanescent, how different might have been the fate of Europe—and his own!

"*L'expérience du monde brise le cœur, ou le bronze.*"

Perhaps there are few circumstances where the association of ideas is more strongly felt than by a company of emigrants quitting their native shores. When a few days, or at most weeks have passed; when the grief of parting with

But on what *might* have been it is useless now to speculate. The chimes ceased, the emotion passed, the soldier dashed from his eyes the unwonted tears, resumed his usual bearing, linked again the chain of thought that had been so suddenly broken, and soon all traces of the quick, warm feelings that had cast a transiently healthful glow over that cold, hard nature had vanished! And then came War and its results, and then the final catastrophe!

It is curious to observe how association alike predominates for awhile over two minds so completely dissimilar as those of the two remarkable men to whom we have alluded; though with the one it was merely a passing emotion which, though strongly felt at the time, left no effects behind; while with the other it assumed the character of deep, heartfelt conviction, and was, in fact, the turning-point of his career. They had, perhaps, but one trait in common—excessive energy and untiring perseverance in pursuing the path which either adopted—those paths how different! and the goals to which they led how far apart!

It is a singular coincidence, too, that the retrospective gaze was in both cases fixed on the period of youth, the beautiful spring-time of life's year, before the heart had grown callous, or the feelings were blunted by intercourse with the hard, uncompromising world. Ah! how sadly true are those words of Champfort's—

friends has lulled itself into quietude, when the bustle of departure has subsided into that weary monotony so trying alike to mind and body, then comes forth association in all its power; then

"All dear recollections
Pressed in the heart like flowers within a book,"

arouse themselves and start into new and vigorous existence. Circumstances trivial themselves, acquire deep interest from the very isolation of those who recall them to mind. Kindly words, and yet kinder deeds, affectionate advice, friendly warnings, are all, as it were, personified, and urge their claim to grateful remembrance: nor do they often urge it in vain. For as "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," so we almost conscientiously make it a point to cast into oblivion those petty differences of opinion, which once, it may be, slightly ruffled the surface of life's current. Old thoughts, old feelings come back, and even if conflicting circumstances have caused temporary estrangement between relatives,

yet all this is forgotten, and we remember only the patient love that bore so long with our waywardness, the untiring zeal that ever maintained our cause, and shrunk not from incurring personal blame in honest efforts to see us, the absent, righted. All this, and more, much more than this, comes gushing forth when once memory's flood-gates are unbarred, and the full tide of recollection comes rushing onwards.

But there are particular seasons during a voyage when home associations are more vividly than ever called into play, and first amongst these must rank the recurring Sabbaths. At home the voyagers have, perchance, agreed with good George Herbert, to

"Sundays observe, and think when the bells do chime
'Tis angels' music."

Now no chime of Sabbath bells attracts their ear, the only music is the wild, unceasing melody of winds and waves, and these attune the mind to devotion.

We have been told by those who have experienced it, that a Sabbath on the ocean seems to be a period peculiarly adapted to the development of religious feeling, and that they never joined with deeper

emotion in the Liturgy of the Established Church, so beautiful in its comprehensive simplicity, than upon such occasions.

Then with what intense affection do they picture the family group at home, similarly occupied, and feel sure that themselves are remembered before the Throne of Grace by those dear friends.

"A stately ship speeds o'er the mighty main,
Oh! many a league from our own happy land;
Yet from its heart ascends the choral strain;
For there its little isolated band,
Amid the ocean desert's awful roar,
Praise Him whose love links shore to distant shore."

The missionary, too, how dear to him are the memories of a former time, when he diligently pursued those studies that should one day qualify him for the arduous career to which he aspired; and cheered by the self-denying love of a mother, or a sister, or perhaps of one dearer still, joined with them in prayerfully seeking the influence of that blessed spirit which is never denied to those who ask aright, and without which assistance labour and study are alike in vain.

Behold him now!—long years have passed since the period to which we have adverted, and though

he has not yet attained the meridian of life, his hair is prematurely grey, and his brow furrowed by the incessant wear and tear both of body and of mind, by which those long years have been characterized; yet still undismayed he struggles on, while at distant intervals his dimmed eye brightens with somewhat of its former fire, when "kind letters that reveal the heart's deep history" reach him in his desolate abode, and tell him that the one whose remembrance is so loved—so cherished—is fond and faithful still, and that she beguiles the weary hours of absence by pondering on

the blessings attached to the fulfilment of his sacred mission, and reminds him who has said, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings—that publisheth peace!" Thus does she nerve him to fresh efforts; and both alike gathering strength from retrospective meditation, look onward, and trustfully wait.

And we ourselves, how are we affected by this precious faculty of *association*, whose sway seems all but universal, though all do not possess it in an equal degree? Truly with us its influence is potent, and, we would hope, not entirely unproductive.

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, though they sleep in dust."

It may be that we possess a written record of some of the thoughts, the feelings, the imaginations, that influenced us *then*; how strangely does its reperusal affect us *now*! We can scarcely recognize our very

We look back on "the sunny days of childhood," such at least they appear to us to have been, as we review them by the reflected light of advancing years, and gratefully recognize the beneficent care that shielded us from the dangers, and awakened us to the blessings that then surrounded our heedless and wandering footsteps. How fondly memory dwells on the recollection of the venerable friends, who then poured into our perhaps unwilling ears the precepts of piety and virtue, that should be our guide through the critical period of impetuous youth; yes—

selves as having penned those lines, so fully are we aware how differently many circumstances there recorded would strike us at present, and yet does the sight of them inspire a melancholy pleasure.

"Strange, as when vaguely through the autumn haze,
Loom the pale scenes last view'd in summer skies,
Out from the mist the thoughts of sunny days
And golden youth arise.

Were ye, in truth, my thoughts?—along the years
Flies back the wondering and incredulous mind,
In the still archives of lost hopes and fears
Your date and tale to find."

But why should all our associations be *retrospective*, why may not at least some of them be *anticipatory*, and look onward into the future, dim and indistinct though the prospect may be? To us, to all, a period is approaching richer in association than any other—this solemn festival of Christmas! What heart bounds not at its very mention? The voyager, the emigrant, the missionary, those who inhabit the ends of the earth, as well as those who remain upon the broad sea, have, with ourselves, a common interest here. What consolation to the separated now to recollect that "in His hand are all the corners of the earth."

Personally we may be denied the heartfelt gratification of receiving into our home-circle on that auspicious day, the dear ones whose dwelling-place is afar; but the circle is only extended, not actually broken, and in thought we may join them, and feel sure that we too are fondly remembered by them, as, perchance, 'neath cloudless skies, and surrounded by the luxuriant vegetation, and brilliant flowers of a southern summer, they religiously observe the Christmas festivities hallowed by home associations. While pondering on "thought's sweet communion," can we not realize to ourselves these lines:—

"When at Mercy's footstool bending,
Thou hast felt a secret glow;
Faith and hope to Heaven ascending,
Love still lingering below—

Say, has ne'er the thought impressed thee,
That thy friend might *feel* thy prayer?
Or the wish at least possessed thee,
He could then thy feeling share?

Yes—world-wide extend the blessed effects of the joyful event we as on this day commemorate; and world-wide should be, and is, its gladsome celebration. Ever gratefully be it

remembered by all the scattered members of the one great family, that on this day was proclaimed by angelic choirs

“Mercy to man, glad tidings to despair!”

Mercy, such as untaught man could never have deemed possible, even the deliverance from eternal death and everlasting misery of the unborn myriads who should rise, age after age, to people earth's expanse, when those who heard the first announcement of the “glad tidings” that told of the Saviour's birth, should have gone to their rest.

When our blessed Saviour's sojourn on earth drew near its close, and, encompassed by His sorrowing disciples He exhorted and comforted those from whom He was so soon to part, with what intense affection did He commend them to His Father's care. Listen to His parting prayer:—“Father, I will that they also, whom Thou has given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which I had with thee before the world was; for Thou loved'st me before the foundation of the world.”

What may we learn from these mysterious words? Surely this—that from the moment our blessed Redeemer assumed the human form, through all His mortal career, His fearful sufferings, His deep humiliation, the Saviour had been essentially the same glorious Being to whom angels and archangels had from eternity paid homage. Joyfully the celestial intelligences recognised the fact, and their rapture increased as each step of His weary pilgrimage on earth pointed out yet more clearly the illimitable comprehensiveness of His merciful errand, the winning souls to glory; then was fulfilled the first part of the angelic anthem “Glory to God in the highest!”

Well indeed might “peace on earth” form part of the angels' song. Peace, such as the world can neither

give nor take away, they were aware would be the portion of all those of Adam's race who would give ear to the gracious message that blessed Infant, whose birth they announced, had left His heavenly home to propagate. “Good will to fallen man,” such as their highest imaginings had not dared to anticipate, was blended in the love-fraught theme. And surely the rescuing by Christ of the fallen human race from the dominion of the Evil One, and the opening to them anew the gates of immortality; surely these were subjects calculated to promote increased joy even in heaven.

Those seraphic beings probably knew from divine intuition, that for every sinner saved fresh glory would accrue to their most Holy Head; that each ransomed soul would be as a gem in the Mediator's diadem, and that the voices of the redeemed ones who should be admitted to the celestial courts through Messiah's expiatory sacrifice of Himself, would swell the heavenly chorus—“Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!” and therefore with rapturous voice they sang “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.”

Before closing we would once again advert to the joyous re-unions that so generally characterize this festive season. Many families whose members are separated by circumstances throughout the entire year, are liberated now; and thronging homewards as to the grand centre of attraction, rest not till once more they re-assemble beneath the paternal roof. Then what joyful recognitions! what out-gushings of affection! Too short is the day for saying half the fond spirit prompts.

and far into the night extend those reciprocal unfoldings of the soul's deepest emotions.

Not only should families meet, but we would fain hope that even the "waifs and strays" of society, those who own no kindred on this side the grave, would on this day find some friendly hand extended to greet them, some kindly voice to bid them welcome to the hospitable board.

How pleasant too, the renewing of olden ties! when attached friends, long separated, meet again, and together share the warm welcome which the spirit of the season

prompts. And even when discord and estrangement have unhappily crept in, what period so fitting to resolve on forgetting former grievances, and on renewing the amenities and charities of life, as this, the birthday of the Prince of Peace?

Then, indeed, shall Christmas prove a blessed season, when in the true spirit of its glorious Founder we celebrate His natal day by shewing charity in feeling as well as in action, and by disseminating kindness and good-will to all around us.

FIDELIA.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THE winter's snow lay on the fields, the trees were gaunt and bare,
An aged woman mused alone in a quaint old rocking chair,
The embers of a dying fire lay scattered on the grate,
And the pale lips of the withered one kept muttering "*Too late.*"

"I was but ten years old that day, a winter's day like this,
And I took, as if it were my due, my father's birthday kiss;
I pouted ere the day was gone, that my present was not grand,
And I threw a gloom upon our home, and our little playful band.

"My mother shed some tears that night when we had finished play,
Oh, foolish that I did not climb to kiss them all away!
I wondered and felt sorrowful, but forgot it in my dreams.
Was it sixty years ago to-day? But yesterday it seems.

"She died a few weeks after that. I was not there to see,
But they said she left some loving words and gentle looks for me;
Oh, mother will there come a day when I shall cease to yearn
That for one little hour at least thy spirit might return?

"I might have soothed her aching brow, I might have saved her feet
Some weary steps about the house, some journeys through the street,
I never need have given her pain, nor dimmed her dear dark eyes—
Oh, that she would forgive me though she spoke it from the skies.

"And Harry went away to sea; I might have kept him here:
We quarrelled; and I saw him go, and never shed a tear.
But how my heart has ached since then for a brother's look and tone!
How dreary is a wintry night while sitting here alone!

"I might have hushed the stinging word, and stayed the angry breath;
I think he hated me that day; and he has met his death;
And never sent a little word of love to cheer my heart.
But then, my brother, it was I who caused thee to depart.

"Then Charlie came. How good he was, how beautiful and brave!
I think of all he said to me beside the sad sea wave,
I had some holy thoughts that day; they ebbed as did the tide—
I should have lived a better life with Charlie at my side.

"A stranger came across my path, a stranger grim and cold,
But he told me I was beautiful, and he bought me with his gold;
I never loved the stern dark man, though I gave to him my hand,
And frowned,—till Charlie went away to a far and foreign land.

"Ah! Charlie! Charlie! He had grief, but I have had the most;
The memories of that olden time throng round me like a host;
What weary days, what dreary nights came in those after years!
But I could not wash the wrong away with all my bitter tears.

"And yet my husband loved me, and I might have blessed his life;
But I made it dark with vexing care, and over-full of strife.
I wronged him with the others, and I sorrow for him yet,—
'Tis sad to be so weary, and unable to forget.

"No little children kissed my face, or stroked my changing hair;
I think I should have sinned the less through listening to their prayer;
That joy was not for such as I—I might have trained them ill;
I've been complaining all my life, and now I should be still.

"But what a wasted life it is! Though I might have made it grand
With love, and kindness and worth, with tender heart and hand;
With sacrifice of self and pride, and lowliness of heart,
I might have lived a better life and done a better part.

"Too late, too late! I am very old, and nigh to death to-day;
I cannot plant a single flower in all my dreary way,
And not a single sunbeam falls upon the darkened scene.
My heart is sad and sorrowful for what I might have been."

The winter's snow lay on the fields, the trees were gaunt and bare,
As the aged woman mused thus in that old rocking chair;
But she looked toward the open door with fear and with surprise,
As an old man came toward her with the summer in his eyes.

"What! not forgotten, Charlie, though the snows of many years
Have fallen on our bowing heads, and filled our eyes with tears!
But waste not now the moments few that lie the grave between,
In murmurings and repinings over what might once have been.

"There is a love so deep, so true, and so unlike to ours,
It washes all our sins away, it falls in cleansing showers,
It is a love that can forgive, a guiding, strengthening love,
That lifts us from our wasted lives to a perfect life above."

The winter's snow lay on the fields, the trees were gaunt and bare;
But the aged woman no more mused in that old rocking chair,—
Her hand was in another hand as wrinkled as her own,
And a light was in her dying eyes, and a joy was in her tone.

"It was the sweetest lesson I have learned amid my strife:
The love that Jesus can forgive even a wasted life.
I would that all who weep as I, over what might have been,
Could know what I have known to-day and see what I have seen."

The winter's snow lay on the fields, the trees were gaunt and bare;
But the aged, sinning, suffering one no longer sorrowed there;
Only a grave old man went forth, to linger for a day—
Until the angels also came to carry him away.

—From a forthcoming new volume of *Poems*, by MARIANNE FAIRBANKS.

UP THE THAMES TO OXFORD.

BY FELIX REMEX.

A SHORT time ago I proposed to row up the Thames to Oxford by myself, or with the help of any friend who might feel disposed for a day's pulling. I thought that the progress against stream would be much preferable to the run down; and although my progress might be slow, the points of the river would be more impressed on my mind.

Our starting-place was Putney; and a friend agreed to give his assistance for the first day, but being detained in the city, we had to work hard in order to keep the tide up to Teddington, so we did not stop at any objects of interest. However, we had time and breath enough to notice the house of the late Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, famed for his love of the water, and who, on one occasion, actually heard some depositions read to him as he was swimming in mid-Thames. Nor did we forget to admire the pretty church at Chiswick, where lie the mortal remains of William Hogarth. But as this part of the Thames is so well known, nothing need be said about it here. The first four and a half miles, are the course over which the Oxford and Cambridge crews row their annual race, and the excitement which that event causes is never to be forgotten by those who have once witnessed it. It is the event of the river. Some six miles from Putney we come to Kew Bridge, and then up to Richmond is a very pleasant and pretty reach. Kew Gardens on the Surrey side, and well-wooded islands (or eyots, pronounced aits) on the other side, give a sort of earnest of what we may expect further up the river. Syon House is rather teasing to a tired oarsman, inasmuch as you row all round it, and from different points see all its four sides. But it is not a place to be despised, and quite worthy of the Duke of Northumberland.

The Thames at Richmond does not present itself in so attractive a point of view when you are on it as it does when seen from the ter-

race on the hill, but, on the other hand, from the water you get good and near views of many interesting houses. The Duke of Buccleuch's, situated on the Surrey side, a little above Richmond Bridge, is well-admired for its beauty, and hated by all bargemen, owing to the fact that the towing-path is stopped by its grounds, and horses and men have to go round the back of the house and then make fast the towing-rope from the other end of the grounds. This is the only instance I know on the Thames where private grounds interfere with the public towing-path, and it is a public nuisance, for which, I believe, we are indebted to that "merrie monarch," Charles II. A little higher up, on the other side, is Orleans House, the residence of the Duc d'Aumale; and opposite is Ham House, famous as the abode of the Duchess of Lauderdale, and the meeting-place of the famous Cabal in opposition to Clarendon.

We must pass by the Eel Pie Island, and only take a passing look at the gimcrack building now erected on the site of Pope's Villa. On Strawberry Hill above is Horace Walpole's celebrated house, now occupied by Frances Countess Waldegrave, daughter of the great English singer, Braham. When I saw it some dozen years ago, it was sadly out of order, but lately, I learn, it has been renovated and restored. We now pass by many pleasant houses, and come to our first lock at Teddington. Having been hard pressed all the way from Putney, some twelve miles, we put in below the lock, and take rest and refreshment. After an hour's delay (during which time we punished the cold beef rather severely) we start again, and getting through Teddington Lock, find ourselves on a pleasant and open part of the river. Just above the lock is a house covered with a splendid wisteria, which is greatly admired by all passers-by during the time it is in flower. Eight miles from Richmond Brid

we come to Kingston Bridge. It is a curious fact, that nearly all the bridges over the Thames are eight miles apart. Kingston presents few features of interest from the river so we do not delay, but prepare to pull steadily against the stream, which is now rather sharp against us up to Moulsey.

The river gets more attractive as we pass Ditton; the excellencies of the Swan Inn have been versified by Theodore Hook, and some twenty years ago were well tested by a large circle of London literary men. Lord St. Leonard's house here is celebrated for the beauty of its lawn; but we are now nearing Hampton Court Palace, which cannot be looked upon without interest, although we may not stop to look at Raphael's Cartoons, Charles II.'s beauties, or the very interesting historical paintings and portraits which adorn its walls. Still we can see the British public enjoying themselves, and can hear the merry laugh of children playing, which makes us feel thankful that such a palace and such gardens are open to the public freely and gratuitously. At Moulsey we see the Hampton race-course, and on the Middlesex side, Garrick's Villa, once the property and favourite residence of the great master of the histrionic art.

Before getting to Sunbury, on the Middlesex bank, is a pleasant little cottage, at present occupied by the Rev. J. C. M. Bellow; but at Sunbury Lock we must stop, as experiments in the artificial breeding of fish are being carried on here under the superintendence of Mr. Ponder. We found a very civil attendant, who told us that he had 20,000 young salmon, as many trout, and 2,000 char under his charge, which would very shortly be ready to go into the open river. May the experiment prove successful! If Mr. Ponder and Dr. Frank Buckland cannot succeed at present, certainly they are on the right way.

We now began to think of stopping for the night, and the prospect of dinner gave a little spirit to our rowing. The curious long double bridge at Walton was soon reached,

and the splendid spur of the hill of Oatlands Park was above us. Coray Stakes, where Julius Cæsar is said to have crossed the Thames, is only marked by a couple of trees, but it has been a rare and very troublesome nut for antiquarians to crack.

After Haterford we see the house of W. S. Lindsay, Esq., at Shepperton, which boasts of the handsomest lawn on the river. The church adjoining was at one time in the occupation of Grocyn, the friend of Erasmus, who often visited him here. But we stop for the night, and soon find comfortable quarters at the Anchor Inn.

In the morning a bathe of course, and then a little stroll, so we go to Oatlands to look at the famous grotto, built at a cost of £40,000, and only used once, and the cemetery of the Duchess of York's pet dogs and monkeys. We counted between sixty and seventy tombstones to the departed darlings, and some ornamented with poetical epitaphs. Then through Oatlands Park to Walton Church, where we all try on the scold's bridle, admire the *chef d'œuvre* of Roubiliac, the monument to Viscount Shannon, nor do we pass without notice the curious brass to John Selwyn, who killed a stag at the feet of Queen Elizabeth after leaping from his horse on to the stag's back; the grave of John Lily, the astrologer, and last, but not least, the grave of Dr. Maginn, which we regretted to find unmarked and unnoticed in the pathway of the churchyard. It was not easy for us to find it, and even now, the site is not very certain.

We return to Shepperton along the towing-path, but, before starting, let me call the attention of the disciples of Izaak Walton to the advantages which this part of the river offers to anglers. The water is well preserved, the fishermen are all civil and up to their work, while the inns are clean and good. The distance from the station keeps much of these deeps free from casual Cockney visitors. What with good sport and lovely scenery, he must be a very discontented man who cannot enjoy a fine day on Walton deeps.

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELD.

[We have been asked to take "a Glance at the Mission Field." A noble work : and yet so wide in its range, so diversified in its area, and so teeming in its incident, that to do full justice to it would tire an eagle's wing, a prophet's gaze, and an evangelist's pen. A few broken glimpses of that wide and wondrous scene are all that we can now attempt.]

It is eighty years ago ; and we enter a shoemaker's shop in the little village of Moulton, in Northamptonshire. Strictly speaking he is a cobbler, as he would tell you, for he is not a first-rate workman, and is not, therefore, so often entrusted with the charge of making shoes as of mending them. Withal he is the pastor of the little Baptist Chapel in the village. But the flock, like its shepherd, is poor, and can raise a salary of only £11 a-year ; so the pastor must betake himself to some other means of supplementing his narrow stipend. He accordingly falls back upon the trade to which, when a lad, he had been apprenticed ; and once a fortnight the neighbours see him with his wallet of boots and shoes upon his shoulder, trudging off eight or ten miles to Northampton, and returning home with a fresh store of leather for future use.

We enter the shop, and soon we find that our friend the shoemaker has taste for literature as well as leather ; for on the wall hangs a large map made of a number of pieces of paper pasted together, on which he has drawn with a pen a place for every nation of the known world, and has entered sundry figures and memoranda relative to the numbers and religion of the people. For that lowly man, in that obscure village, is oppressed by a grand and sacred conviction that lies heavily on his heart and conscience. It is strange that so humble a man should have it—but he has it ; and he accounts it as a very burden of the Lord. His idea is—a novel one in those days—that the Christian Church ought to labour directly and anxiously for the conversion of the heathen.

He has mentioned it to private friends, and also at several meetings of ministers, but at that time the

lethargy of the Churches was profound. "Was there a shield or spear seen among the thousands in Israel?" No. And the most venerable of his hearers declared his scheme to be wild and impracticable. "Young man," exclaimed Mr. Ryland, senior, "sit down ; when God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine." Even Mr. Fuller was startled by the novelty and magnitude of the proposal ; and subsequently described his feelings as resembling those of the doubter of Israel : "If the Lord should make windows in heaven, might such a thing be?" But the unbelief of others did not efface the convictions of his heart ; and he "would converse with us one by one," says his biographer, "till he had made some impression upon us." That humble shoe-making village pastor was William Carey, scholar and missionary, and virtual founder of the Baptist Missionary Society.

At length his earnest words prevailed. On the 2nd of October, 1792, a meeting was held at Kettering for prayer, counsel, and action. There were only twelve or thirteen present, and they were without funds or influence or experience of the mode of either originating or carrying on such a work ; yet with noble daring they resolved to embark upon an enterprise which contemplated nothing less than the conversion of the heathen world ; and in faith and love they gathered up the first offerings by means of which they were to give effect to their resolution. The total amount was £13 2s. 6d. ; but it was a collection to which those who stand nearest the throne would have gloried in aiding, and it was the harbinger of millions of gold that have since been devoted upon the altar of God to the cause of modern Christian missions.

"A Glance at the Mission Field."

C

We call to mind the condition in which Christian Missions were at the commencement of the present century—without, we believe, a single convert. Dr. Carey and his brethren were occupying Serampore. Two little bands of missionaries had started for the South Sea Isles. A few others were endeavouring to teach the truths of the Gospel to the slaves of the West Indies. Two or three more had gone to Caffreland. But as yet, the nets of these “fishers of men” had “caught nothing.”

Yet from that memorable day on which William Carey took ship in the Crown Princessa Maria, and set sail from the Downs, other hearts have mused upon the miseries of heathenism and upon the healing grace of the Gospel until they have been constrained to ask: “How shall they hear without a preacher?” “And how shall they preach,” the Church has exclaimed, “except they be sent?” And they were sent—many of the flower and chivalry of our Christian youth—a saintly and a sainted host, “not counting their life dear unto them, so that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.”

These men have not all been of one type. When the Lord of the harvest “gave gifts to men,” there were “diversities” among them. “We do not ask Dean Alford,” says Mr. Mullens, “to go into St. Giles’s. We do not expect the Marian of St. Giles’s to preach in the Britannia Theatre, or to sit in the Professor’s Chair.” The same order of gifts are not needed for the Bechuanas of South Africa as are necessary for the literary work of China; and the pastoral labours of the South Sea Isles may be efficiently discharged by those who could not confute the philosophic sophistries and subtleties of the Brahmin.

But how goodly a retinue do we behold in the line of that apostolical succession! Schwartz, “the patriarch of kindness and peace, whose influence more than once arrested ar, whom idolatrous princes re-

vered when living and wept when dead.” And Vanderkemp, “schooled in philology and science,” and yet, with meekest spirit, stooping to the wants of the lowliest. And Henry Martyn, who laid aside the honours and emoluments of English scholarship, and went forth to encounter the scorn of the learned of heathendom, to feed “his solitary lamp while translating Scripture and controversial tracts into the languages of Hindostan and Persia; unguided and uncheered by fellow and friend,” and labouring on, till at last he was laid low in that plague-smitten and undistinguished grave. And Brainerd, who lived his useful missionary life, and then ended his days at the Pilgrim-fathers’ resting-place—Northampton. And Morrison, the stripling, who went forth undaunted to face the colossal powers of idolatry in their strongest fortresses, backed by 300,000,000 of adherents; who, with wondrous toil and patience, mastered the most difficult and yet most spoken of living tongues; his tomb, “the pilgrim haunt of the linguist and the scholar, the missionary and the convert.” And Carey, vanquishing indifference and unbelief at home, and encountering the most formidable enemies abroad; “only a cobbler” in his youth, and yet speaking, in his riper years, perhaps as many languages as the “cloven tongues of fire represented—to be remembered and blessed long as Ganges rolls!”* And Smith of Demerara—an ambassador in bonds, consigned to a felon’s doom in a pestilential dungeon; but who, while no footfall was heard, and no bolt grated in its socket, nor door creaked on its hinge, passed away from bonds and death. And Williams, whose gentle blood stained the waves of Erromanga; and many more “whose names are—in the Book of Life.”

In that goodly host there are, of those who lived the missionary’s life, and died the missionary’s death, “of honourable women not a few.” “The wives of Ward and Marshman and Judson, well divide their fame. Newell, Wilson, Altrecht, Stallybrass,

* Richard Winter Hamilton.

Clough, Ellis, Coultart, Harvard, Jowett, Kilham, Loveless, are names inspiring as odes, and storied as chronicles. Their urns stand high and alone. And when the truth of courage and magnanimity shall be righteously adjudged, then shall these sufferers for Christ and for His cause, take their place above the rude and boisterous spirits who make war their trade, and carnage their delight." And there are other names of the great and the good who are still in the field, which might be here recorded; but, as it has been nobly said: "sacrifice for heroes is reserved till after sunset!"

"A glance at the Mission Field."

We turn for a moment to Africa. Nor can we do so without recalling the time when her sable son, Simon, called Niger, bore the cross for Him whom the cross was soon to bear, and rendered a service to win the privilege of which martyrs would have dared to die a hundred deaths. Africa! that land which, wherever a vaunting civilization had touched, it cursed; but where Christianity had come, it had rolled the curse away: a land made tributary to slavery; a land where so-called merchant-princes turned men into merchandise, and enriched the coffers of Englishmen with the price of blood. There the Moravians first came to bless, and though their mission was discontinued for a season, it was renewed before any other began. There the Church Missionary Society took Sierra Leone, the new-founded asylum of the freed negro, under its pious care. There the Wesleyan and the London Societies have witnessed the triumphs of the Cross. And there those two warriors—Baren and Africaner—once the terror of the region, who had not seen each other since they fought three days by the Orange River—met in peace, both "converted, and become as little children." lions changed to lambs; met with looks of recognition, forgiveness, and love; met with mutual supplications and thanksgivings, and many tears—a scene that "would defy the painter and mock the bard." And Ethiopia shall yet

stretch out her manacled and bleeding hands unto God.

We glance at the isles of the Pacific. "What a glorious voyage will that be," exclaimed an elegant essayist, "and heaven grant that it may not be distant, when pious men shall fasten the Cross on the prows of their vessels, and triumphantly enter the havens of the Pacific Isles, announcing the good tidings of peace, joy, and immortality." Six years had not elapsed when that hope was realised, and a vessel bearing the doctrine of the Cross, ploughed that ocean.

We turn to Polynesia, and how interesting are the results that have been achieved. When Mr. Ellis landed in the island of Hawaii, there was not a single convert; now there are 80,000 people, the entire population of the group, worshipping God on the Sabbath, listening to the Word of Life from the lips of several hundreds of native pastors, and forming churches that number not fewer than 25,000 communicants. And all this in the lifetime of an individual. Nor are they content merely with supporting the ordinances of the Gospel among themselves. They are sending their missionaries forth to the regions beyond that are still in darkness, and such progress has been made that it is intended in future that only a few, at any rate, of the American missionaries shall remain in the Sandwich Isles; and these not as pastors, and scarcely as missionaries, but as overseers, and advisers, and friends of the native churches, "to aid them in difficulties; to explain to them the Word of God; to raise them to a higher degree of Christian civilization; and, especially, that they may devote their talents, their wisdom, and their experience to the training of an efficient native ministry."

We glance at India: a land of thirty nations, and 200,000,000 and more of God's people; a land that was studded with stately cities when our fathers were only painted savages; a land where outward polish has done its best, and inward pollution has done its worst; a land of dream-

ing mysticism and of iron superstition. But though our missionaries have been few and far between; though there are still hundreds of towns as large as Brighton that have been hitherto uninstructed in the Gospel; though there are towns as large as Birmingham without a solitary herald of the Cross; though there is but one missionary to 400,000 heathens; yet missionary enterprise in India has not been without result. In 1812, Dr. Judson and his brethren were ejected from India by the British authorities. But they found a home in the dominions of the heathen king of Burmah; and now there are 100,000 Karens assembling Sabbath by Sabbath for Christian worship, supporting their native pastors, and sending missionaries into the mountains and jungles of their own land.

Little more than fifty years ago Buchanan wrote that there were not ten righteous men in Calcutta; that the only recognition of the Sabbath was the waving of flags at the military stations; that to have closed a house of business would have been looked upon as unusual; and that the Europeans in India were almost all of profligate life. But now the Sabbath is observed; many an officer emulates the "centurion of the Italian band" in his Christian devotion and activity; many a regiment has its praying company; many a prodigal, who had wandered from his father's house, has been reclaimed and become a preacher of the faith that he once destroyed; while, as a practical testimony to the worth of the instrumentality employed, the Europeans of India contribute not less than £35,000 for missionary purposes.

Instead, as formerly, of hostility to education being universal, there are now more than 60,000 sons of natives in avowedly Christian schools; instead of female education being rejected as an absurdity, it is sanctioned and practised; instead of the conversion of India to Christianity being regarded by Europeans as illusive, it is now declared to be but a work of time; instead of twenty missionaries in all India, there are now 541, besides native teachers;

and instead of 25,000 native Christians, timid and discouraged, there are now 125,000, many of whom have lost caste, and station, and wealth that they might "win Christ and be found in Him."

"Even India herself," says one who knows her well, "poor erring India, after her long wandering, her fearful system of superstition, her slavery of opinions, her multitude of vices, her awful ignorance and degradation, shall be brought safe home to Christ. From the lofty range of the Himalaya, crowned with the stainless snow, and clothed with redundant forests of soft feathery pines; from the towering crags, where the pure crystal air, wafted from icy caverns, breathes life and vigour into the weary invalid; across the heated plains, where for ages the hand of violence has stained the earth with blood; over countless fields cultivated by a teeming population of precious souls, whose willing hand shall cover the smiling soil with richest harvest of waving corn; over mighty cities filled with the beautiful products of ingenious skill; over cities now marked by the lofty towers of Hindoo temples, the gilded pagodas of Gaudama, the marble mosques and jewelled palaces of Mahommedan kings, down to the very verge of the land, where the dark Ghauts, clad in dense jungle, yet lightened by silver water-falls, overshadow the sand fields of Christianized Tinnevely and the green slopes of Travancore, with their glorious forests of waving palms;—over all these noble provinces, rich in material wealth, but richer far in their priceless heritage of immortal souls, the Redeemer shall extend His mighty march of love. Joy, righteousness, and peace shall spring wherever He treads. Gorgeous in its tropic beauty, but lovelier far in the rich adornments of His jewellery and grace, the land shall pass under His perfect sway. All wrongs redressed, all sins forgiven; saved from destructive errors, the multitude of its immortal nations, with hymns and jubilee, shall bend before His feet; the crowns of every city,

every province, shall be clustered on the Saviour's brow; and, in spite of the crimes of ages, his children brought home at last, the Redeemer shall behold the work of his bleeding cross accomplished: "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

But our space is gone. We may not even glance at Madagascar, with its memories of martyrdom and its monumental sanctuaries; or at the West India Isles, where, despite a recent local outbreak, there have been wondrous spiritual triumphs among a people who, not long ago, were bought and sold in the market; or at the labours of the Moravian Brethren in Greenland; or at China, where Christian hospitals are now planted in the capital of the Celestials; or at a hundred spots where now may be heard the hum of Christian civilization, and the hymn of Christian worship; where workshops and farms are thickening round their

schools and sanctuaries; and where the occupations of civilized men are carried on with vigour and success "hand in hand with Christian duties, by tens of thousands, whose fathers, and often themselves, were lately naked and houseless, and possessionless barbarians."

It is enough that that Gospel which won its first missionary triumphs over the obstinacy of the Jew, and the statuesque elegance of Greek philosophy, and the voluptuous rites of Isis, and the magnificent paganism of Rome; that that same spirit of power that broke through the crust of superstition and sin that had gathered in the dreary middle ages, and blazed out into the glorious Reformation; that that same power still wins its onward way meekly as the gentle love of Him from whom it springs—mightily as an army with banners.

But on this theme we shall have more to say anon.

MYRA'S CHRISTMAS SACRIFICE, AND HOW IT INCREASED THE DOCTOR'S PRACTICE.

IN THE DOCTOR'S KITCHEN.

DR. Hope's "Buttons," was a youth entirely destitute of manners, indeed, he was what must be called a very vulgar boy. The only thing for which he entertained a decent amount of respect was his livery jacket. Certainly, it was a somewhat uncomfortable garment, as it did not own the quality of growing with its wearer, and was rather short and tight in the sleeves; but then, as he himself observed, "you see, mother, it looks so;" and, on the strength of its "looking so," Todgers wore it with as much pride and as little comfort as can be imagined.

No one ever had a greater regard for the dignity of the cloth than he had for his uniform, and he was determined others should agree with him.

Crampton was not a large town, and its inhabitants were divided into two factions, each member of either

loving those of the opposite party with an affection equalling that of the Montagues and Capulets. However this questionable state of affairs served some end, for the excitement of the various dissensions just saved the brains of the good people of Crampton from stagnating. One party owned allegiance to the family at the Hall, the Vinson's; these talked of birth and pedigree; and the other to Mrs. Sansome, the widow of a retired wine merchant, and the energetic leader of the opposition. But the Sansomites consoled themselves with the reflection that length of purse compensated for short pedigrees, steadfastly ignored the existence of the Herald's Office, and never, by any chance, opened a "Court Guide."

Such was the position of affairs when Dr. Hope came to settle at Crampton; each party had its own medical adviser, and were not likely to patronise a young beginner, so

the little practice he had, lay amongst the poorer classes ; and as they were guilty of obstinately persisting in having illnesses that required the administration of quinine, or iodide of potassium, and as he was just as obstinate in supplying their wants as far as possible, it was no wonder that his pocket grew light, whilst his heart considerably increased in weight. What right had people who lived or rather existed on eighteen shillings a-week, with a large small family, to want tonics ? Mist. Cath. agreeably coloured with Bole Armenia, and occasional doses of rhubarb and magnesia were surely all they *could* expect ! But then the poor are so fearfully exacting ; and Dr. Hope certainly encouraged them in their selfishness, for he actually sent his last bottle of port to Mrs. Waters' little boy, and contentedly ate his walnuts without wine ; could there be a greater amount of absurdity ?

But to return to Todgers ; who, on the morning of this particular Christmas Eve on which our story commences, was busily cleaning knives in the small back kitchen. The venerated jacket hung on the plate-rack, and Todgers himself, tied up in a large apron, rubbed bath-brick and knives with praiseworthy energy ; and finally his mental excitement found vent in a muttered soliloquy. " Well, this here's a right down go ; what we're to have for dinner to-morrow is more than I can tell ; it strikes me pretty forcibly that there aint much of the needful in master's pocket at this very identical moment ; else he'd never walk about as if there were no sich thing as Christmas ; which in my humble opinion aint Christian-like. Here's old rumbustious ! "

" Now then, are those knives done ? "

" No, they aint. "

" Well, just you make haste then. Oh, dear, it's enough to drive one mad ; " and Jane, the solitary maid, plumped down in a chair.

" What's the row now ? " inquired Todgers, wiping a knife on his apron.

" What's that to you ? " asked Jane, sharply, " mind your own

business, and don't go interfering with your betters. "

With these words she started up to fetch a small saucepan, and dusted it with scrupulous care.

" You're a sweet temper, quite sugary, " said Todgers in an undertone, as she turned her back to him ; " If I had a mortal enemy as was a-going to marry yer, I wouldn't be " a just cause or impediment. " After a pause, in which he rubbed away ferociously, he continued, " So Missis is a going to have *aigs* for dinner again ; if she goes on like this, she'll be hatched into a cherubim ; wish her goodness was confectionary ; p'raps then it 'ud make Jane less like a sparrer-awk, a clawing every blessed thing she comes a-nigh. "

IN THE DOCTOR'S DRAWING ROOM.

And now we are going to make the uncomfortable confession that having chosen Dr. Hope for a hero, we are, whilst taking the necessary mental survey of his surroundings and antecedents, most heartily ashamed of him, and strongly inclined to destroy the pen that has written his name, tear up the MS. that bears it and consign his memory to oblivion. But on second thoughts we come to the conclusion that the morals of the present day are proof against such an example, and as it has been clearly proved that marrying on three hundred a-year is next door to an impossibility, and shows an insane desire to sacrifice one's earthly comfort, we continue :—

After having " walked the hospitals, " with an undue amount of attention to suffering humanity, and a pitiable disregard of " larking, " he obtained a situation as assistant to a Dr. Clark, who had a practice slightly in advance of his brains. Philip actually devoted himself heart and soul to his profession, finally obtaining the reward of industry, by being allowed to put " Dr. " before his name.

At a cabinet council, consisting of Dr. and Mrs. Clarke, and a couple of antiquated aunts, it was unanimously agreed that Philip was " a

rising young man," that "Clark and Hope" would be an agreeable union of names, and that Miss Malvina Clark could not do better than render her father's prospective partner happy for life. To do the young lady justice *she* was willing to be all obedience; but Philip was obstinately blind, deaf to hints or innuendoes, and positively had the folly to fall in love with Myra Ollston the—the *governess!* When this came to the knowledge of "the powers that be," it was suddenly discovered that the children required an instructress "well-up" in some "*ology*," of which Myra was ignorant; and Dr. Clark found some one else to take Philip's place. So Philip set up for himself in Crampton, took the portionless orphan for his wife, and as they were silly enough to love one another very dearly, and Philip had much of the "Derring-do" in his composition, they were inclined to look on the sunny-side of life.

They had been married nearly a year, and still fees were few and far between; both had an old-fashioned horror of debt; the weekly bills had been paid, and Myra found herself on that Christmas-eve the possessor of a solitary half-sovereign and a few shillings. There would be no more money until the new year; not much then. What could she do? The young wife's heart sank below zero, as she sat with one hand over her eyes, a few quiet tears trickling through her fingers as she remembered that the residue of Philip's savings, that had remained after furnishing their pretty home, was quite exhausted. And Myra, for want of a human confidant, poured her sorrows into the ear of her little petted dog.

"Prinny, did you see how pale your poor master looked this morning? Don't you wish, dear little doggie, that you and I could do something to help him. It is so hard to be able to do nothing but love him, and he is so generous and thoughtful that he will not complain for fear of paining me, but last night he murmured in his sleep, 'My poor Myra, doomed to such a life;' as if any life with him would not be bet-

ter than the greatest luxury without him, my dear noble Philip."

The recitative was interrupted by a knock at the door, and Jane entered, carrying a small tray, on which was spread a very frugal meal, consisting of a couple of boiled eggs and a plate of bread-and-butter; it was spread with great care, and Jane enquired,—

"Shall I put some coal on, Ma'am?"

"No, thank you, Jane, it is not very cold."

This statement was scarcely the truth; but that scuttle of coals must last the day, and Philip was so fond of seeing a bright fire when he came home cold and tired of an evening. So Myra contented herself with the tiniest possible blaze, and piled on the coals in a lavish manner when it was near the time for his return.

When she had finished her repast, she walked to the window. Leaning her head against the cold glass, wondering if God would help them,—for poor Myra had not been trained religiously, unconsciously her glance wandered to Sansome House, and she began picturing to herself the superabundance to be found therein. It was not by any means a picturesque building, was totally devoid of any claim to architectural beauty, for old Nicholas Sansome, since deceased, had it built after his own ideas, and the consequence was that it turned out as square, solid, and substantial as himself.

Sansome House was but a short distance from the Dr.'s; and as Myra stood watching it, a carriage reached the door, and the portly form of Mrs. Sansome (we can find no other term so expressive) rolled out.

"What a funny little round thing she is," said Myra to herself, "how queer she would look in my lace shawl. Ah!"

That was a very suggestive exclamation, and in order to make it so to others, we must go back a little in our story. When Myra first came to live among the Cramptonites, Mrs. Sansome had called upon her and was so curious as to what the young bride had worn on the grand occasion, that the latter goodnatured-

ly displayed all her wedding finery for the old lady's edification.

"La! dear, how *delicious!*" she exclaimed, as a white shawl of Madeira lace was held up before her, "*do* put it on, and let me see how it looks."

So the delicate fabric was thrown round the tall graceful form, and the spectator's delight increased tenfold.

"Well now, do tell where you got it, and how much it cost."

"It was brought as a present from abroad."

"Well, anyhow, it's the sweetest thing I ever saw, and, if ever you get tired of it, bring it to me, we shan't quarrel about the price."

It was this incident that Myra remembered when she uttered that all-important—"Ah!" and with a lightened heart went hastily to her own room. She opened a large drawer, and seating herself behind it, gazed earnestly at the contents.

"Poor cousin Walter, I wonder what he would think if he knew I was going to sell his gift. What pleasure he had in seeing me wear it. How he laughed when he said that, 'As I had acted the part of a spider and caught a fly, he had brought me a cobweb to keep it in.' But still he would not blame me now, I think."

A quarter of an hour later, and Myra was on her way to Sansome House, a small parcel containing the much valued shawl in her hand.

"Well now, really child, I didn't expect to see you, but I am very glad you're come; let me give you some lunch."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Sansome, I have dined; and have only a few minutes to spare."

"Dined? Why, I met the Doctor going to Ripley as I came back."

"Yes, but I had dinner alone to-day."

"Do you like that best?"

"No! but it suits me better."

The old lady's small black eyes looked keenly at her, but she made no remark.

"The truth is, Mrs. Sansome, I have come to ask you if you will purchase my lace shawl."

"Of course I will, and be very

glad to have it too, if you are tired of it."

"It is not that exactly, but business is not very good just now, and I want the money; I have not the slightest idea of its value, so you must decide the price."

"Well, dear, I am not much of a judge; you must tell me if you think I am cheating you." And she put four five-pound notes into Myra's hands.

"Oh! Mrs. Sansome, this is a great deal too much!"

"Nonsense, child, you say you don't know anything about it; so hold your tongue, and I shan't wish you a merry Christmas yet, because I shall see you again."

Twenty pounds seemed an almost inexhaustible mine of wealth, and Myra fairly ran home, and dashed into the kitchen, with a face, as Todgers afterwards declared, "a-laughin' all over."

"Jane, I want you to come out with me; make haste, your master will be home by five, and it's three now; I have so many places to go to."

Jane was noted for unquestioning obedience; and in a very short time was ready to accompany her mistress, not, however, without a parting admonition to Todgers—"Just you keep that stew simmering, see what you'll get if you let it boil."

THE DOCTOR HIMSELF.

Step out, Philip Hope, step out, you are going home, man; home, through the short December twilight and crisp frosty air, through the well-lighted streets, with their noisy groups, all bent on the Christmas marketing, many of whom stop to say, "a merry Christmas to ye, Doctor!" Smile that frank open smile of yours, as you return their greetings; the wish is not a mockery. Don't linger to look at those silks, she does not want them; nor cast such a longing look at that jeweller's window. Step out, Philip Hope, step out, and remember,—

"When most thou fearest,
God is nearest."

Rat-tat-tat, went the Doctor's knocker; and hop, skip, and jump, went the doctor's wife to open the door for her liege lord.

"You dear old darling!" she exclaimed, emerging from an embrace that was, to say the least of it, impressive, "how good of you to be so punctual; and what a dreadful frog you are; let me hang up that coat for you; why your fingers are quite numb.—I will undo your comforter."

Philip having been safely pulled out of his wrappings, was led in triumph to the dining-room. The fire leaped and crackled in the grate, and Myra's own hands had set the dinner-table, so we need not say that it was faultlessly arranged.

"There, Dr. Hope, take your seat, say your grace, and be thankful for—stewed steak."

There was no need to enforce the command; on this point Philip was a sensible man, and considered stewed steak *a la Myra*, as food for the gods. The table was laid for two, but Myra's part of the work was little more than pretence, though being an arch-deceiver, whenever the Doctor looked at her, she was in the act of raising the fork to her mouth; and he, being very hungry, and not more keen-sighted than the generality of his sex, failed to discover the deception.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked, after dinner was over, as his gaze rested thoughtfully upon her.

"Thinking what a pretty little wife I have."

"Well, is that a new discovery? I fancied you had no small idea of my charms three years ago."

"Ah! three years ago; yes, I did love you very dearly then, scarcely so much as I do now; though yet sometimes I think it was wrong to,—"

"To what?"

"To marry you, love, when my income was so uncertain."

"Philip, dear, do you think I have ever regretted it?"

"My bonnie birdie, no! but I have penetration enough to see through many of your little artifices.

Do you think I have forgotten what a dainty little lady you used to be in your bright silks and laces?"

"There now, you will make me scold myself again, as I have often done lately, for having spent so much of my salary on myself, and it was such an unusually high one."

"You did not spend one penny more than I should like to spend on you. What will you think, Myra, when you know that this morning I was positively afraid to ask you how much money you had left? I knew it must be very little; but did not dare to learn the truth. This afternoon Bartlett unexpectedly paid me two pounds. I was sorely tempted to buy you something for a Christmas present; it seems so long since I gave you anything. But then I was sure you would want it in the house. Oh, Myra, I have done my best, darling, and worked hard; but a cloud seems hanging over me."

Myra put her arms round his neck and forcibly drawing his head from the sofa-pillow where he had buried it, made him look her in the face.

"Philip, love! do I look unhappy? We are not overburdened with worldly wealth just now; but we have youth and health and each other. Are not those greater blessings than all else? and, Philip, we have always God, our Father,—God to trust in."

"But Myra, dear—"

"But Philip, dearest, just let me alone, will you? Do you remember the day I came into the surgery and wanted to make those pills? When I was pounding the aloes, the horrid stuff flew about, and I could not get rid of the taste for an hour."

"That was because you did not take proper precautions, Mrs. Hope."

"Very likely, most sapient disciple of Esculapius, but *you* profit by *my* experience, and don't trouble about things you cannot understand."

"Well, answer me one question truly, Myra; have you all you want for to-morrow?"

"I thought so, but I should like a trifle more sunshine in your face."

"I shall always have sunshine whilst I have you," was the rejoinder.

THE DOCTOR'S VISITOR.

"Now, Anna, I'm going over to Dr. Hope's for an hour, but don't tell any of those youngsters where I am, or there'll be half-a-dozen of them coming to fetch me. They've worried me enough for one while; those boys alone, almost make me jump out of my old skin. Bless their dear hearts, though! it would be hard if they might not enjoy themselves at Christmas. Granny has a warm place in her heart still. Just listen to them!"

Jane was up to her eyes in business and her elbows in flour, and keeping a sharp watch on Todgers, who was stoning raisins, when a hasty double-knock startled them from their occupation.

"Who ever's that?" said Jane, "now then, Todgers are you going to keep the people waiting all night?"

To which inquiry that long-suffering youth replied,—

"If this innocent had a-lived in the time of Erod, I'm blest if he'd a raised his infantile voice against the old party's prosecutions. I've been jumped up and down, till it's a wonder I haven't a fit of indigestion!"

Philip looked surprised, and Myra trembled for the safety of her secret, when their unexpected visitor was announced. She came forward as rapidly as her draperies would allow; her smiling face and comfortable appearance making her the beau ideal of a Christmas guest.

"Good evening, my dear; you didn't expect to see me, did you? Don't be jealous, but I've come to talk to that husband of yours. Dr. Hope, if I could find a hand I'd offer it you, but Anna has wrapped me up so tightly,—if you *could* unfasten something, and give me a little more breath?"

The unfastening being achieved, not without some difficulty, the old lady's words flowed more freely, whilst her rosy face kept perpetually wishing everybody and everything, "The compliments of the season."

"I'm going to have this chair, Dr. Hope; you sit there, and you,

my dear, there; now I want you both to listen to what I am going to tell you. The children sometimes say, 'Grandma is very funny,' but I am an old woman, and you must put up with me.

"My dear husband loved Christmas; and, after God had been pleased to make him so prosperous, he used to say he should be unworthy of his trust if he did not strive to make others happier, at least that one day in the year. Now he has gone, I try to take his place. Well, this afternoon I went over to see some of my cottage friends at Ripley, and be sure that they had the means of keeping Christmas. In one house there was a man recovering from a long and tedious illness; and his wife, with tears in her eyes, told me of the attention given without hope of remuneration, that under God had saved his life; in another, a mother blessed the name of the man who had supplied her sick child with the delicacies her scanty means could not procure. Everywhere it was the same. As a Christian and as a gentleman, they praised their true-hearted benefactor, and I, too, learnt to love and respect his name,—the name of Philip Hope."

Here Myra slipped her hand into her husband's, and thought there never was such a nice old lady as Mrs. Sansome. The Doctor smoothed her brown hair as he said,—

"You are almost as bad as my little wife here; she thinks me, I very believe, a species of martyr-hero for simply doing my duty."

"My dear, were you ever fond of fairy tales?"

"Yes, very; once upon a time."

"So was I, and used to fancy how very nice it would be to have a fairy godmother to arrive just at the very proper moment, and bring me all I wanted. Well, it's no use fancying that now, for fairy godmothers never come to *old* ladies, you know; so I've come to the conclusion that the next best thing is to take the character myself. There now, don't laugh, and think me a very queer specimen! I haven't got a chariot drawn by dragons. Well, I must

make my story short. As I was riding home I wondered to myself if any one had done anything for the one who had done so much for others,—hush! not a word. Then I remembered how my poor dear Nicholas would have done *more* than wonder, and it seemed as if I could hear him saying, ‘Susan, my girl, try,’ as he used to do when I was in doubt.”

“My dear Mrs. Sansome, believe me I am grateful for your kind wishes; but there is nothing.”

“Don’t tell fibs, Dr. Hope, I am old enough to be your grandmother, and am not going to be cheated. I can understand your pride; but lay it aside for this one night, and let an old woman have her way. A few days ago Dr. Willis told me he intended to retire after Christmas, and should dispose,—I don’t know the exact term,—but you understand me. I thought at the time this would be a good opening for you, but,—forgive my plain speaking,—doubted your possession of the sum he expects; it is rather large; but then you know his connexion is a good one! Will you let me *lend* you the money? There,—I’m quite tired with such a long speech.”

Mrs. Sansome’s eyes were somewhat misty, but their owner certainly displayed a profound knowledge of human nature, as developed in Philip Hope, M.D., when laying her hand on his shoulder, she said, “*For your wife’s sake.*”

There were traces of a severe mental struggle on his features, as he rose and said,—

“Were I alone concerned, I do not think I could accept your generous offer; but there is another to consider, dearer than myself, so I dare not refuse; for her sake I *do* accept it, and in her name I thank you.”

“That’s a good boy, only don’t talk about thanks, before you know what is in store for you. Remember, you will be *my* doctor now, and you don’t know what a dreadfully tiresome patient I am; whenever there is a particularly miserable night, I am sure to be taken ill, and shall

drag you out of bed without mercy.”

“I’ll give you leave to try him!” said Myra, her face “a laughin’ all over.”

“Depend upon it, I will. Now it’s your turn to be plagued, so I’m going to let that small cat of yours out of the bag; it’s not a bit of use to look at me in that manner, my dear, for I don’t intend to encourage you in keeping secrets from your husband. Dr. Hope, what do you think of this wicked little wife of yours, when I tell you that whilst you were out this afternoon she actually brought me her lace shawl, the very one she was married in, which she *ought* to have prized so much!”

“Oh Mrs. Sansome, how can you?” said Myra, half-crying.

“How can I? Because it’s very clear to me that you require some one to look after you.”

“Myra, did you sell your lace shawl?”

“Yes, dear, but”—

The sentence remained unfinished, owing to the speaker being clasped suddenly in Philip’s arms, and informed that she was “an angel.” Where he learnt the fact that selling lace shawls was a proof of angelic nature, we are uninformed.

“There’s the clock striking seven!” exclaimed the old lady; “never mind, dearie, if I have teased you a little bit. I have brought back your shawl; it would be a sin to roll myself up in it. Only sometimes when you wear it, think of your ‘fairy godmother;’ had it not been for you, this visit would not have been made. I should have contented myself with sending you a hamper of game, or something of the kind. But my old heart warmed to you, when you came to make what I knew was a sacrifice, and made it so cheerfully, that I longed to do something to reward you. So now that is all settled, will you come to dinner with me to-morrow?—only a family party. Will you come, my dear?”

“Yes,” said Myra, smiling through a few glad tears.

“That’s right, we dine at four;

come early ; good-bye. I shall have such a scolding for being so long. Yes, I am quite warm enough, thank you. Where's Jacobs? Oh, there you are! Good-bye, *good-bye*, my dear."

And with these words of kindly farewell on her lips, she stood for a moment, the crimson light from the Doctor's coloured lamp falling on her wrinkled face and white hair. Then she turned, and trotted out into the darkness, the light of the lantern just serving to show the dim outline of her figure, whilst Philip and Myra stood watching her till she reached her own door; and her cheery voice was heard saying, "I'm safe, good night!" and we echo her words, and repeat, "Good night, God bless her."

Up the staircase, hand in hand, went husband and wife, back into the room where their Christmas-eve guest had lately stood, sanctifying with her gentle presence the home love had already made holy; and standing there whilst the fire glowed and crackled, and the scarlet holly-berries peeped down upon them from amongst their glossy leaves, they raised a heartfelt thanksgiving to Him from whom the blessing came.

Three years have passed since then; and Philip lives in a constantly widening circle of useful-

ness; but guineas are plentiful with him now. He could afford a great-coat every week were he so minded, and Myra has entirely renounced egg-dinners.

And God is praised and served in their happy prosperous home; for well they know that from the Giver of all good things their happiness and their prosperity proceeds. And they keep their Christmas-tide in singleness of heart, thanking Him with lips and life for all His goodness; but most of all, for the One great Gift that came to earth long centuries ago, when the shepherds sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will to man."

"Ay," says Philip, as they talk their mercies over, "without that one inestimable blessing, vain were all the rest."

And Myra answers,—“Vain, indeed! but that *One Blessing* sanctifies all others. Ah, I laughed and tried to be merry, when we were so poor—so very poor. Only think, I had but one half-sovereign left, and you had but two pounds; and there was rent, and servants' wages, and”—

“And God taught us to trust *Him*, dearest. Behind every cloud there 'is a silver lining,' and that light shines down to us, the sweet reflection of our *Father's* smile.”

NELLA RAYNES.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY THE EDITOR.

“And is the twilight closing fast?—
I hear the night-breeze wild;
And is the long week's work all done?”
“*Thy work is done, My child.*”

“Must I not rise at dawn of day?
The night-breeze swells so wild;
And must I not resume my toil?”
“*No! nevermore, My child.*”

“And may I sleep through all the dark?—
The wind to-night is wild;
And may I rest tired head and feet?”
“*Thou mayest rest, My child.*”

"And are the week-day cares gone by?

Still moan the breezes wild;
Have all my sorrows sped away?"

"All sped away, My child."

"And may I fold my feeble hands?

Hush! breezes sad and wild!
And may I close these wearied lids?"

"Yes! close thine eyes, My child."

"And shall I wake again, and hear,

Ah! not the night-breeze wild,
But Heaven's own psalm, full, deep, and calm?

"Heaven's endless psalm, My child."

"Oh! sweet this last night of the week!

The breeze sinks low and mild;
To fall asleep in Thy kind arms!"—

"Is passing sweet, My child."

"Oh! passing sweet these closing hours!

And sweet the night-breeze mild;
And the Sabbath-day that cometh fast!"

"The Eternal Day, My child."

"The night is gone,—clear breaks the dawn;

It rises soft and mild:
Dear Lord! I see Thee face to face!"

"Yes! face to face, My child!"

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTHS.

By THE EDITOR.

JANUARY.

"Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may;
For they were numb'd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Upon an huge great earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane flood.

SPENSER.

"Ah, bitter chill it was!

The owl, for his feathers, was a-cold.
The hare limed trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold."—KEATS.

"There's not a flower on all the hills, the frost is on the pane."—TANNYSON.

WE are so accustomed to regard *January* as the opening month of the year, that we almost forget the fact of there having been a time when it was otherwise. Yet, till within a comparatively recent period, the commencement of the year was subjected to no definite or universal

rule, but depended rather upon the caprice, custom, or prejudice of individual nations. The Athenians used to begin their year in June; the Macedonians in September; the Romans, first in March, and afterwards in January; the Persians on the 11th of August; the Mexicans

on the 23rd February; the Mahometans some time in July; astronomers generally at the vernal equinox.

In 1582, Pope Gregory XIII having undertaken the reformation of the calendar,—not before it was sorely needed,—ordained, that for the future, the first of January should be acknowledged by Christendom, as the first day of the year. France, Spain, and Portugal, as became faithful adherents of his Holiness, unhesitatingly obeyed, and in the same year, or as some say, in 1585, followed the example of their Transalpine neighbours.

The Protestant countries of Europe, however, just freed from the shackles of papal domination, and lately emerged from the gross darkness and ignorance of superstition, but by no means sufficiently enlightened and strengthened to reject the evil, and to appropriate the good, naturally viewed this purely scientific movement with a most suspicious eye; and long refusing to acknowledge any decree issuing from the suspected quarter, clung pertinaciously to their own system of computation, very much to the confusion of their national and social records, whether legal or historical.

Nevertheless we find that our British Solomon, King Jamie, of Gunpowder Plot, and anti-snuff and tobacco memory, had the sagacity to issue, A.D. 1600, a proclamation for the required alteration of New Year's Day throughout the realm of Scotland. But upon succeeding to the throne of his spirited kinswoman, Elizabeth, it does not appear that he attempted to enforce this mandate on his English subjects; for though the new chronology was gradually displacing the old for historical and religious purposes, all legal, and many literary documents continued to date the New Year from March 25th, till so late as 1752, when various wholesome emendations were effected, and the "Old Style" finally dismissed for the New, which provided for the overplus of time, not accounted for in the Julian year, and fixed the New Year's day *permanently* on the first of January.

Sweden conformed to "New Style" about the same time. Protestant Netherlands, the Lutheran Germans, and the Swiss had preceded England and Sweden by half a century. Some few years ago Russia still adhered to the ancient system of chronology.

Many of the months derive their names, as do the days of the week, from the heathen deities. January is undoubtedly indebted on this score to the Roman god *Janus*, who seems to have been a sort of patron saint of the good Numa Pompilius. Romulus gave only ten months to the year, March taking the priority; but Numa introduced January and February to the calendar, making the year to consist of twelve lunar months of twenty-nine and thirty days each alternately, making altogether an annual amount of 354 days.

This erroneous division continuing for more than 600 years, caused the most inextricable confusion, and after the battle of Pharsalia, B.C. 48, Julius Cæsar assisted by the Alexandrian astronomer Sosigenes, set about the rectification of the calendar, and ordered the year according to the course of the sun. In the year B.C. 44, the reformed system was introduced, and continued till the promulgation of the Gregorian calendar.

But to return to Janus. He is supposed by some persons to be identical with the patriarch Noah, an hypothesis by no means absurd, when we come to remember that nearly all the so-called divine and heroic personages of that long-faded, mythologic world, were magnified and distorted *realities*; not, as some have imagined, pure fictions, mere fanciful creations of an ignorant and superstitious people. Janus was represented with two or four faces,—the latter but seldom. The two faces looked in opposite directions; the one old, withered, and wrinkled, testifying his retrospective habits; the other youthful, bold, and animated, indicating his powers of prescience. It is his imputed attribute of being endowed with a knowledge of the past, and the future, which leads one to suppose that the Janus

of Numa Pompilius, may haply be a corrupt or monstrous tradition of the second father of mankind; for Noah must have stood, as it were, between two worlds,—the Past, which none save himself could ever reveal; and the Future, dim, shadowy, and mysterious, into which he was, perhaps, in some degree permitted to penetrate. Still, this must ever be mere matter of speculation, and though interesting as a subject of inquiry, is certainly of no ulterior importance.

To Janus the first day of the month was sacred, and it was celebrated with Bacchanalian feastings, exchange of gifts, good wishes, and compliments. So that probably our own pleasant fashion of making and receiving presents on New Year's Day, was derived from our British forefathers, who learned the custom from those naturalized Romans who settled in the island after its subjugation.

Our Parisian neighbours far exceed us in the beauty, costliness, and number of their New Year's gifts. From the royal family down to the humblest *grisette*, every one expects a present, and, if necessary, strains every nerve to make one. Immense quantities of *bon-bons*, and all kinds of sweetmeats are received and presented in wonderful variety and profusion. There are green peas, bunches of carrots, boots and shoes, lobsters and crabs, gridirons and frying-pans, and countless other things, all made of sugar, and coloured to imitate reality, and all hollow within to hold the *bon-bons*. In 1842, it was said that no less than £20,000 worth of sweetmeats were sold in Paris on New Year's Day. Jewellery is also presented; gloves, artificial flowers, laces, embroideries, and costliest knick-knackeries of every kind!

In England the custom is gradually falling into disuse; but there was a time when it was observed to the full by all ranks of people. On the first day of 1562, Queen Elizabeth went in great state to St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Dean made her a present of a richly-bound and illustrated prayer-book; but her Majesty fancied, or pretended to fancy

that the pictures had a popish tendency, and refused the gift, and, after the sermon, rated the poor Dean full soundly for his contempt of her proclamation against superstitious images and pictures. In 1575 the royal spinster received from her unfortunate cousin and prisoner, Mary Queen of Scots, a New Year's present of a very elegant head-dress, likewise a collar, cuffs, and other little pieces, *en suite*, which Elizabeth received amiably, though her ministers demurred at her acceptance of the same. Three months afterwards, when poor Mary again sent a little offering of her skill, Elizabeth accepted it with this remarkable message, "Tell the Queen of Scots that I am older than she is, and when people arrive at my age, they take all they can get with both hands, and only give away with their little finger!" Her Majesty was then in her 42nd or 43rd year.

Let us record some of the gifts which Elizabeth received on the first day of the year. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave her £40 *in money*; the peeresses gave rich gowns and petticoats, silk stockings, garters, looking-glasses, fans, and costly trinkets.

Mrs. Cropson gave "a night-coif of cambric, cut-work and spangles, with forehead cloth, and a night border {of cut-work edged with bone-lace;" the Court physician, a box of foreign sweetmeats; his wife, a cushion-cloth and a pillow-case of cambric wrought with black silk; the Court laundress, "three handkerchiefs of black Spanish work, edged with bone-lace of Venice gold, and four *tooth-cloths* of coarse Holland, wrought with black silk;" Sir Philip Sidney, "a cambric smock with sleeves and collar, wrought with black silk, and edged with small bone-lace of gold and silver, and a set of cuffs flourished and spangled with gold and silver;" Mrs. Carre, "one *sheet* of fine cambric worked all over with sundry fowls, beasts, and worms in divers colours;" Dr. Huick, "a pot of preserved ginger and orange-flowers; her apothecaries, a box of lozenges, a box of ginger candy, another of green ginger

and pots of other conserves; Mrs. Morgan, a box of cherries, and one of apricots; an Italian, two pictures; a cutler, a meat-knife having a fan-haft of bone with a conceit in it; and, finally, *the dustman!* "two bolts of cambrick." Dr. Drake remarks, that though Elizabeth made returns in plate and other articles, yet she took sufficient care that the balance should be in her own favour. We cannot help being afraid that the "good Queen Bess" was the least bit *greedy!* Only fancy a throng going up from the West-end and the City to Buckingham palace. His Grace of Canterbury at the head of the procession, the dustman at the tail, with such a miscellaneous collection of goods, to lay at the feet of our own liege-lady Queen Victoria! Certainly, we have improved since those oft-quoted "golden days;" which, all things considered, strike us as scarcely so auriferous as these of the nineteenth century.

The first of January stands also in the calendar of England, as well as in that of the Romish Church, as the Festival of the Circumcision. It is said to have been instituted towards the close of the fifth century, and not to have been an observance of the primitive Christian Church. It first appeared in the reformed English Liturgy in 1550. This day is also dedicated by Roman Catholicism to a *heap* of saints, all Irish, I believe; the mere enumeration of their names would be ridiculous. The second of January celebrates the sanctity and miracles of St. Macarius, a gentleman against whom the devil seems to have entertained a very contemptible spite, since, in the legend, he conducts himself like a foolish malicious schoolboy.

The sixth of the month is commonly called *Twelfth-day*, because it is the 12th day after Christmas; and also Old Christmas Day, a reminiscence of the old exploded Style. It figures in the Calendar, as "the Feast of the Epiphany, or the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles;"—the Gentiles being typified by the Wise Men or Magi, who came from the East with their offerings of gold,

and frankincense, and myrrh. The Romish Church has a tradition that these "wise men," were *kings!* and they have been accommodated with divers sets of names,—the best-known triad consists of Jaspar or Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar. The Empress Helena is said to have discovered their remains in the 4th century, and brought their bodies to Constantinople, from whence they were transferred to Milan in 1164, by the Emperor Frederic, and presented by him to the cathedral church of Cologne, where they are to this day regarded by the devotees of a superstitious creed with greatest veneration. Every one has heard of the "Three Kings of Cologne," and its *eleven thousand virgins!*

Though some persons conclude that the well-known observances of Twelfth-day are of heathen origin, I am more inclined to agree with those who assert that the old-fashioned custom of drawing for king and queen and other characters, sprang from the tradition of these so-called royal personages.

Formerly a *bean* was kneaded into the "Twelfth Cake," and the person to whose portion it fell became king or queen of the evening; and hence sprang the common French proverb, applied to any particularly fortunate person, "*Il a trouvé la fève au gâteau.*"—*Anglice*, "He has found the bean in the cake. The ancient Twelfth Cake seems to have been composed of flour, honey, ginger, and *pepper!* the maker thrusting in at random a small coin in the kneading. When baked, it was divided into as many parts as there were persons in the family, and each had his share. Portions of it were also assigned to Christ, the Virgin, and the three Magi, and were given in alms. In France, this observance of the Epiphany was called "*La Fête de Rois.*" But in 1792, revolutionary democracy changed its name to "*La Fête de Sans Culottes*"; the old feast was declared anti-civic, and any priest keeping it was deemed a royalist. The word *Epiphany* signifies *manifestation*, and is applied to this day, because Christ was,—as on this day,—manifested to the Gentiles

On this day, in 1781, the French made a sudden descent on St. Helier, the capital of Jersey, took the town, and made the Governor prisoner; but they were gallantly repulsed by Major Pearson, a brave young officer, who fell in the moment of victory.

The 21st of January was dedicated by the Romish Church to St. Agnes, a beautiful young virgin who perished in the Dioclesian persecution. On the *Eve* of St. Agnes, various superstitions were formerly practised by young females of all ranks. They must retire to bed supperless and silent, observing at the same time other mystic rites, and St. Agnes would appear to them in their dreams, and inform them to whom they would be married. Keats has immortalized "St. Agnes' Eve," in his beautiful poem of that name.

On the 21st of January, 1793, the unhappy Louis XVI of France was guillotined, in the 39th year of his age; and on the 30th, until a very recent period, the Established Church of this realm commemorated the violent death of King Charles the First, whom some call the Martyr, and some the Traitor. He was beheaded on the 30th of January, 1649, before the palace of Whitehall. "The Form of Prayer, with Fasting," is now discontinued by authority.

Septuagesima Sunday falls this year on the 28th of January; it cannot occur earlier than the 18th; it may be as late as the 22nd of February. It is always the ninth Sunday before Easter, which movable feast fixes all the others, before and afterwards, during the whole ecclesiastical year.

On the 19th of January, the sun enters the zodiacal sign "*Aquarius*, the Water-bearer," hence Spenser's allusion, doubtless:—

"Upon an huge great earth-pot steane he stood."

And now before closing these Memoranda of January, may we not inquire what is the teaching which some of them suggest? We often hear of "sermons in stones;" may we not then, on occasion, take for our text the heathen Janus, with his two faces, the one solemnly gazing

on the Past, the other contemplating the future.

Shall not we, too, standing on the threshold of the New Year, yet casting back a last fond lingering gaze upon the Old Year, stand still awhile, and hold converse with our own hearts concerning "the days that are no more?"

How shall we look upon the past? Not hopelessly, nor repiningly, nor sentimentally. But calmly, solemnly, yet cheerfully, and always *thankfully*. It may be that some who were with us on last New Year's Day, have passed away from earth; they will not see the pure cold snow melt from the lonely mountain-tops; they will not pluck the snowdrops from their sheltered nook; the wintry blast will rouse them never more, nor the first breathings of the spring awake their hearts to gladness! Such partings must be; but if the lost ones were the children of the Lord Jesus Christ; if they loved Him, who first loved them, and washed them from their sins in His own blood, *all is well!*

And our loss is their exceeding gain.

"the dead!
The *only* beautiful, that change no more,
the dwellers on the shore
Of Spring fulfilled!"

They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know things wrapt from us!

They also, who behold the King in His beauty, and serve him perfectly, and *see His face!*

So let us leave them; the precious dust, safe in angel's keeping till the Resurrection morning; the unbound spirit in the kingdom of eternal bliss. Only let us who remain, take heed lest we persist through unbelief, lest refusing to enter in by the only Way, the One appointed Door we fail to find "the rest which remaineth—for the people of God!"

So, let us give one long earnest gaze at the past that is fading from us even as we gaze, and beholding its sins, its sorrows, its weaknesses, and its mercies, which are more in number than we can ever know, turn to the dim and shadowy future, and steadfastly contemplating the long

vista of the unborn days, rejoice in hope, knowing that our Heavenly Father has all things at His disposal, and will "order" every step we take, and make all joy, all pain, all discipline work together for our good, if we love Him, and trust His faithfulness!

And in temporal matters shall we not be stronger and more diligent; patiently and diligently doing the work to which Providence has called us, for this also is the will of God.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Only be sure that you find that which is *lawful*; that which a Christian honourably may do, asking God's blessing as he rises every Monday morning to his six days' toil. If you *cannot* say, "God bless this work of mine, and aid me in its doing," it is no work for you, and must be relinquished at any cost.

So, labouring, waiting, trusting, hoping, we may rejoice with true gladness of heart over the New Year's birth, and with the poet say,—

"Oh, New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard,
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds
us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more
marred

Than any man's; who saith,
'Make straight paths for your feet;' and to
the oppress,—
'Come unto Me, and I will give you—
Rest!'

Yet hang some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,
And our hands strength to work while it
is day.

But if that way must slope
Tombward,—O, bring before our fading
eyes
The Lamp of life, the Hope that never
dies.

Friend! come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold out patient hands, each in his
place,

And trust thee to the end,
Knowing thou ledest onward to those
spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months,
nor years."

"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

Ah! a shadow dims the brightness
Of that bridal train,
Broods above the two low kneeling
In the hallowed fane;
O'er the hearts now bound together
In Life's holiest bond,
Rings there out a knell of parting
From the far Beyond.

For the vow so sweet, so holy,
Ends in words of pain;
Truest life-bond, but one brittle
Link is in the chain.
Clinging earth-love clasps it closely,
And with shrinking heart
Reads the frail link's solemn warning,
"Till Death us do part."

But a holy love doth hold it
As a blessed seal
To the precious vow that maketh
One through woe and weal;
Looking higher when a dear one
Passes on before,
Holier ties than earth have made them
One, for evermore.

Ay! for ever; Love is lasting
As the eternal years;
Death can only hide it from us
Till the Morn appears;
Not the heart-enclosed presence
Vanisheth away,
Not the spirit-bond is severed,
Only that of clay.

Why then mourn we o'er the closing
Of that solemn vow?
Be our life-song tenderer, sweeter,
For its cadence, low.
To that when the chords are breaking,
And the shadows throng,
It may melt into the music
Of Heaven's ceaseless song.

"Till Death us do part;" O warning
Mingling with our life!
Chastener of our earth-born pleasures,
Conqueror of strife.
Even as the pathway opens,
We may see its end!
Is it bright—or, is it gloomy?
Meet we foe, or, friend?

LUCINDA B.

THE PRIDE OF THE LATYMERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "FROM DAWN TO DARK IN ITALY," ETC.

I.

THE OWNER OF KYLE.

THERE was a grand entrance to Kyle. A baronial gateway, after the pattern of those erected long ago by Norman counts, as introductory to moated keep, and with primary reference to the probabilities of assault and battery from their neighbours; but very superfluously strong for its present position as entrance to a demesne in an inland Irish county. Admission was had through iron-studded doors, which the old man who filled the post of porter could barely push open. An acid-tempered retainer was he; partly from this ever-recurrent hardship about the weight of the gates, perchance from the dismal conformation of his residence in the baronial archway, which was lit only by certain slits high in the wall, each two inches wide, as befitted its era; and this mediæval construction bestowed three hours' twilight daily on the interior about noon.

But a very imposing effect had the baronial entrance, seen from a little distance—as imposing as the Latymer family itself,—until one came into closer neighbourhood. Then one saw that there was something of sham about even the solidity of the stone-work; and the iron-studded doors were worn at the base, and had been clumsily mended with patches of timber, the latest of which had not yet been painted to suit the rest. Likewise that the acid-tempered retainer, had on this cold November day, fenced off some of the atmospheric inclemency by stuffing rags into one of the eyelet-holes which wanted glass.

None of these discrepancies escaped the observation of a keen-looking gentleman driving up to the baronial entrance on an outside car, while his servant knocked for admittance with the huge knotted knob of iron that hung in the midst. Had he also noted the kindred discre-

pancies between pretension and reality in the Latymer family? He passed along an ill-kept avenue, where sheep and cattle pastured on the stubbly grass, and the trees had an ominous look of being thinned beyond the requirements of landscape gardening, and soon (much sooner than the magnitude of the baronial entrance would lead one to expect) came in sight of a long straggling white house, with some unfinished buildings at one end.

Also he came in sight of a young man walking rapidly in the same direction. The second glance told him that this foot-passenger was a clergyman,—slender, neatly dressed, with a handsome face looking out over his snowy neckerchief. "The new curate of the parish," thought Mr. Etough, who was himself an attorney, and wore his profession quite as distinctly on his personal appearance as did the Rev. Oriel Chetwynd.

Arriving at the hall-door some moments earlier than the curate, he saw no more of him; for Mr. Etough, having come by appointment, was ushered into the library, an apartment at one side of the vestibule, where sat the owner of Kyle. A tall military-looking man rose with expressions of courtesy from a table covered with papers tied and ticketed, and requested the attorney to be seated in a leathern arm-chair, the converse of his own, at the opposite side of the fire-place.

"Cold day, Mr. Etough. I have been so busy,"—glancing at the papers,—"that I was unable to get out, though I perceive that the afternoon is dry."

"Fine day over the stubbles, sir; thought I saw the smoke of Mr. Lancelot's gun near the pheasantry. Ah, sir, it's that sort of thing makes us town-bred folk envy you country gentlemen your territorial possessions!"

Mr. Etough rubbed his hands softly together as he glanced at the half-averted countenance of his patron,

who was looking steadfastly into the fire with folded palms, receiving the implied superiority as his due.

"You are good enough, sir, to say so; but now to business, Mr. Etough."

He arose quite majestically (nearly all Mr. Latymer's movements had somewhat of this air), and placed his hand on a formidable bundle of papers.

"You have come about this fresh mortgage?"

The real man of business produced from his black bag a set of documents about a fourth of the size of Mr. Latymer's, and ten times as much to the point; and, in his deferential way, stooping very much (as was his custom), and making considerable use of an eminently smooth forefinger, tipped with a filbert nail of perfect shape,—he laid down both law and fact for the benefit of the owner of Kyle. He might have taken lessons in deportment from that eminent master of the art Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, who, by dint of "boogie an' boogie," made his fortune.

But when the business was all done, and the inexperienced Mr. Latymer (despite his formidable array of documents) brought over to Mr. Etough's views, believing them his own, and he had deferentially sipped a glass of wine to the health and prosperity of his employer,—the humiliated curve disappeared from his shoulders, and the submissive shamle from his gait. These adornments were strictly professional,—a part of Mr. Etough's stock-in-trade.

And so he stood on the hall-door steps, waiting for what he called his "trap" to come round: a tolerably upright man on the whole, with the little black bag in his hands, in which he had (more than metaphorically) imprisoned that splendid-looking personage, the owner of Kyle, who stood beside him. Mr. Latymer had once been the handsomest man in his county; the boldest rider, the best shot. His boast (but he was too gentlemanly ever to boast) might have been that he tried nothing in which he did not excel. And still his appearance (like that of the family and the baronial entrance) was

truly imposing at first sight. A stature more than the common, a bearing of inflexible dignity, the courtliest manners,—these distinguished the owner of Kyle. But his grey hair clustered above a narrow brow, and covered a narrow brain; and his courtliness was the varnish upon a cold heart.

"I see you have suspended the works for the winter, Mr. Latymer," said the attorney, pointing to the unfinished wing of the house, which bore evidence of "magnificent intentions" at least. Did Mr. Etough know very well that the building had been lying thus for years—in fact, since the baronial gateway had been planned and executed as a beginning?

The slightest possible colour ascended to the face of the owner of Kyle as he said, "Oh, nothing has been done there for some time. It was for that I thought of—of the little matter I mentioned to you,"—which signified a loan. "A nice bit of horseflesh, Etough."

In the shafts of the attorney's car was a very elegant little brown mare, looking the thoroughbred at every point as she came prancing round from the stables, alive in all her inches.

"Well enough, well enough, Mr. Latymer; but nothing to your own. I don't forget Bayard, sir. But I'm free to confess it's my weakness,—rather absurd for a poor man, you'll say."

"Bayard!" The name of his favourite hunter lifted him over a large gulf of years—placed him amid his bright and prosperous youth again. He was an imaginative man; memories were with him very real things.

Back in his library, he mused awhile in his leathern arm-chair; then he drew from a shelf one of his favourite poets, and read something about "immortal youth," which is of all things the most mortal. Finally, he wrote something in a handsome, morocco-covered note-book. Here was what he wrote:—

"Walked aside from the hard dusty pathway of common life into the shaded world of Books; and

there met the undying spirits that for ever dwell in that glorified cosmos of intellect; from the Adam of a Lost Paradise, to the latest idol of the poet-soul. What glorious power has the literary student! he can wander in a life as various as the cloud-shapes that cover a summer heaven."

The pen paused; he read over what he had written, and was pleased—too much pleased, for the value of the effusion. He was in the habit of writing these sentimental sketches of his feelings, and had a remote intention that some day they should be found and published. Literature was an aspiration of his; he had already printed "*Faults in Shakespeare*," and was deep in researches that should issue in a work which he meditated naming "*Blemishes of Bacon*." The alliteration rather pleased his ear; and then, one stands on such a vantage-ground when spying out the shortcomings of greater men, whether in conduct or composition. Perhaps it is not the highest order of astronomical ability that concerns itself solely with spots on the sun.

His tied and ticketed papers had been left in wondrous confusion after the conference. Without touching a single document, Mr. Etough had contrived to scatter their order to the winds. And the owner of Kyle would probably spend a day or two in restoring the pristine dead-letter methodism, which he deemed to be a business of great importance, and was in fact "the hard dusty pathway of common life," whereof he had written anon.

II.

BERESFORD.

"The question is, my dear Berry, whether we shall visit these people at all," said Mrs. Latymer.

They were sitting in that lady's dressing-room, and were both engaged in some employment concerning a black silk gown,—which employment had a division of labour, thus: Mrs. Latymer gave directions

from her sofa, and her daughter Beresford worked them out.

"You see," continued that lady, lying in a contemplative attitude, "they are in a position altogether beneath us in some respects."

"Papa says that Mr. Charley was made a magistrate lately," said the girl, raising her intelligent face for a moment.

"That has long ceased to be any criterion of respectability, I regret to say," rejoined her mother. "Money seems to be the only thing required now-a-days; a butcher or a bagman can get to be a justice of the peace, if he just has enough of what Lancelot calls 'tin.'"

"And I think Lancelot would say he must have 'brass' likewise, mamma," said Beresford, quite gravely, as she quilled her silk.

"I believe there is no doubt that this Mr. Charley made all his money by a great drapery establishment in the North," continued Mrs. Latymer. "And I cannot see the propriety of mixing with such persons, and encouraging them to step out of their proper position. It was injudicious conduct like this which led to the first French Revolution, my dear, with all its dreadful excesses."

Her daughter looked up quickly, as if about to speak—perhaps to impugn the parental views of history; but again she bent her eyes on her work, saying nothing.

"I mean the confusion of ranks, Berry; it has never worked any good since the time of the Tower of Babel. Mr. Charley gave a sufficient proof of his plebeian education and habits the other day in a note he wrote your father, about some petty-sessions' business, when he actually spelled your father's name wrongly in the superscription. Papa was quite annoyed,—you know how particular he is about the family name."

"But, mamma, it was hard for Mr. Charley, a stranger in the neighbourhood, to know that we spell Latymer with 'y' instead of 'i.'"

"He might have inquired. There were fifty ways of his finding out. Every one in the county," said Mrs. Latymer, with a daring breadth of observation, knows that the 'i' marks

quite a different family,—one of later origin and less importance. Latymers with 'i's' are common enough; but the 'y' is our distinction, as the chief line in direct descent from the Saxons who fought under Harold. One would really think, Beresford," added the lady in a sudden testiness, "that you had never glanced at the genealogical tree in your father's library."

This parchment pedigree it would indeed have been difficult to overlook; and Mr. Etough, who was even then laying down the law in the aforesaid apartment with his inimitable first finger, and one of whose professional perfections it was to see everything within the range of vision, noticed that it was an amended and corrected edition of an older tree, containing fewer sprouts. Midway was a collateral shoot, ending in the glorious old Bishop of Worcester, who died in the fire at Oxford for the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, and whose dying words of triumph injured Popery more than could his life for a century; for they have reverberated through every land and every age where the English tongue is spoken, and stirred up Christian hearts, as with the sound of a trumpet, to do battle valiantly for God's truth.

Is their need ended, in this England? Alas! that we should say, Never was the need for them greater; never was the spirit of their speaker more wanting.

But to return to Mr. Latymer's genealogical tree. It did not ascend quite so far as that of the Highland chief, whose ancestors had "a boatie o' their ain upon the flood;" and at the Saxon end it certainly sprang from tillers of the soil. Even the famous bishop's father was only a yeoman "having four pound a year estate;" but it was a very different thing to claim kin with a yeoman of Queen Mary's time than to be allied to the same grade in Queen Victoria's time.

Beresford would have defended herself in the matter of her pedigree, had not her youngest brother just then burst into the room.

"Mamma, Mr. Chetwynd has been

here for the last hour, and he's going away, and he wants to see you."

Mrs. Latymer considered a moment. She was a tremendously lazy lady, and fast accumulating the penalty of her inertness in greater plumpness than was picturesque.

"No, dear Oliver. Tell him I am not so well to-day; my neuralgia is teasing me. Or, stay, Beresford, would you mind going down to make my apologies?"

The Rev. Oriel Chetwynd was very musical. As Miss Latymer approached the drawing-room, she heard him playing softly on the piano some Gregorian airs; and when salutations were over, and the message given from the mistress of the mansion, they began to talk about the airs. It was a natural consequence that he should play them again, and yet once more, and express his yearnings to introduce them into the parish choir, which was verily in a state most primitive; and finally offer to teach them to Beresford. He was a young gentleman who had a knack of forgetting time and place in the pleasure of the moment; and it *was* a pleasure to have a clever girl like Miss Latymer as even a half-hour's pupil in the art he loved; to see her, speaking face and splendid eyes light up under the influence of a new thought of his kindling. Being amiable and selfish, he enjoyed it to the utmost, and never in the least singed his butterfly wings: he was far too well built up in the armour of self-conceit to suffer from the shafts of splendid eyes.

The piano and commentary continued, until Mr. Lancelot Latymer, coming in from shooting with a full bag and several dogs, marched into the drawing-room in his boots fresh from the November ploughed lands, and, after a brief recognition, threw himself on a sofa.

Beresford coloured at this *gaucherie* before the refined and fastidious curate, who was himself a most faultless specimen of attire, and had manners as neat as his dress. But Mr. Chetwynd took his leave almost immediately, remarking that he had a sick call to make, and would do

himself the honour of copying the Gregorian chants for Miss Latymer as soon as parochial duties allowed.

"I say, Berry, you've no right to be singing with your brother's tutor. The fellow has no business here beyond teaching Oliver."

"Why, we were only trying some choir-music," answered Beresford, her face uncomfortably hot. "You know that mamma has allowed me to join the practice for Sundays. And Mr. Chetwynd is a gentleman, Lancelot,—fit company for anybody!"

"I don't look upon tutors as gentlemen," spoke up the ignorant haughtiness of her brother.

Beresford bit her lips; for the quick temper that always accompanies quick intelligence like hers had its retort ready. Unfortunately, her reticence lasted but for a moment.

"Such a splendid day's sport as we had," continued Lancelot. "Seven brace of cock, and eleven of partridge. If you were to see the delight of the dogs!"

"I daresay," observed Miss Latymer dryly. "It was just fit amusement for dogs. You know I hate hearing of the wholesale slaughter of innocent birds." And she closed the piano abruptly. "I think the making 'sport' of the agonies and death of God's beautiful and happy creatures is inhuman."

Wherein the present writer fully agrees with Beresford.

"Come now, don't be crusty," said easy-tempered Lancelot, yawning. "I'm too tired to fight. Play me a tune, like a good girl, and I'll say no more on a certain subject."

But his sister marched out of the room without vouchsafing an answer; for which she had anything but an easy conscience afterwards, when she saw him from a lobby window lounging about the stables, smoking in company with the grooms.

One of her most earnest desires was to have influence over her brothers, and to do them good. For Beresford was religious to a certain degree, and deemed herself quite a Christian. But her "unfortunate temper," as she was wont to style it

to herself in secret, generally came athwart her good designs.

Did the reader ever notice how people with "a temper," as it is called, seem to consider the acknowledgment of the fact as excuse enough for its indulgence? I have heard an ebullition of spleen or anger stigmatised as it richly deserved by the sinner himself, yet no serious attempt made to suppress a recurrence of the same an hour subsequently. But this was not the case with Beresford. She felt humbled when she met her brother's handsome inanimate face at dinner, even though he did whisper, "Hope we're in better humour now?" She tried to be very pleasant and cheery, to wear off the impression, chiefly because she had an object to gain afterwards.

Mr. Chetwynd's wish to see Mrs. Latymer had arisen from a proposition he wanted to make about forming a musical society or choral class in the neighbourhood. Now as this would of course involve a recognition of Mr. Charley's family, and a certain amount of intimacy with them, the matter was subjected to a very grave discussion.

"My principle is," observed Mrs. Latymer, "that the gentlemen of a family are really of no consequence in such acquaintanceships; but the ladies—the ladies are the objectionable part. One cannot get rid of them; one must entertain them more or less. I wonder how many there are at Woodlawn?"

"I have seen two girls in church with their mother," said Beresford; "and really they looked very nice and lady-like."

"Oh, appearance is nothing," said Mrs. Latymer, as she had before averred that for respectability a magistrate's position was nothing. "I regret to say that I have seen aristocratic features on very plebeian personages. Manner—manner is the thing."

"Or rather," put in her husband, twirling his eye-glass in his lofty way, "there is an indefinable something about good birth, as incommunicable as the aroma of good wine; something by which it is

signalised and distinguished ; an autograph which can never be forged."

He thought he would write down that original reflection in his morocco note-book by-and-bye.

"Well, I am sure," observed Lancelot, as he raised his great length to its full height, leaving the table, "I'd take the Earl of Bar-sinister for a prize-fighter, if I didn't know to the contrary,—such a breadth of jaw and little twinkling eyes."

"Just as I remarked," said his mother: "appearance goes for nothing. But blood, lineage, descent,—these are everything."

"I know this," added Lancelot, "that young Charley is a real good fellow, and gave me the shooting over his father's lands."

"To curry favour, of course. Very artful, and well managed," said portly Mrs. Latymer.

"And one of the girls is uncommonly pretty," was Lancelot's Parthian shaft as he closed the door, with a quizzical glance at his sister.

"Has Lancelot been visiting there?" asked Mrs. Latymer somewhat anxiously.

"Not that I know of, mamma," answered Beresford.

"For of course they are designing girls,—that class always are ; and just fancy the catch that a Latymer of Kyle would be ! My dear, I think we must say 'no' to Mr. Chetwynd's proposition."

"Why, mamma, you know it will not affect Lancelot in the least ; he does not sing, and very rarely cares to spend an evening in the drawing-room, and hates ladies' company of all things."

"I think," said the master of Kyle, who rather prided himself on a deliberative disposition, "we will not hastily decide on the matter ; but you and myself, Ursula, will pay a single formal morning visit to these business people, after which we can determine the degree of intimacy that may be desirable ; though I rather agree with your mother, Berry, in fancying that it may probably be none of any sort."

The chapter read by Mr. Latymer that night at family prayer contained such verses as these:—

"Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord ; though hand join in hand, *he shall not be unpunished.*"

"Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

"Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud."

He read these words in his usual sonorous and commanding tones : never did it strike him that they could in the least be applicable to himself, or that they are as literally and awfully true as any other portion of God's Inspiration.

BISHOP COLENZO'S INSTRUCTOR.

EVERYBODY knows that it was by a question asked from the lips of a Zulu Caffre that this prelate's tottering edifice of faith was overturned. The bishop had begun by endeavouring to instruct the savage, and ended by permitting the savage to instruct *him*.

Now what manner of man was the Zulu, whose words bore such potent influence, and were fraught with such momentous consequences as the books by which his prelate pupil has tried to infuse his own doubts into thousands of other minds ?

One of a race sunk in the lowest superstition and most deplorable vices : a race whose total absence of religious idea led to their primary name—Caffres—"men without belief ;" in which name the Arab traders to Mozambique expressed what seemed to them the most wonderful fact about these southern tribes. "In all ages and all climates man has erected monuments, in accordance with his progress in the arts, to express his religion, or to shelter his worship. Nothing of the kind is seen here : not even a conse-

crated stone, like that which Jacob set up at Luz, till he was able to build an altar." The Zulus are literally "men without belief;" and, so far as a simple reader can judge, it would appear that the Bishop of Natal is rapidly approximating to this condition of mind.

Although the Zulu Caffre is thus a man without religion, he resembles his brethren, the sceptics of Europe, in being by no means free from superstition. He thinks that the departing spirit is transformed into a small harmless snake, and takes up its abode in the thatch of the hut where it lived as a man. "These snakes are considered guardian angels," says Rev. G. H. Mason, in his little book called "Zulu Land," "and if any misfortune befalls a family or an individual, the report goes forth directly that somebody has offended or hurt one of the sacred reptiles." This is often made a cover for dishonesty, as Zulu servants will say, with exemplary gravity, if any valuable article is missing, and inquired after by the owners, that some strange native has stolen it, but that their guardian snake would fetch it back next morning; and the article has duly appeared.

Witchcraft is another matter of Zulu superstition. By it the chiefs maintain their despotic power; and crimes innumerable are committed under its cover. "A complete science is kept up by witch-doctors in the properties of poisonous seeds and roots, so that an Enyanga, as said professor is called, is a formidable foe, as being master of the most deadly poisons in the world. And the continual disclosures made to these witch-doctors by the various individuals seeking their paid agency against some stronger neighbour, enables the chiefs, through them, to keep up a systematic espionage over all that is going on in the colony—not only amongst their own people, but at the capital, among the colonists, and with the neighbouring tribes. . . . The dread of witchcraft is, perhaps, the greatest torment that Caffres undergo: it is plainly the device, if not the power of Satan;

and we know that the 'Son of Man' was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil."

But how, if the native is taught that the blessed book in whose pages these words appear, is an unreliable record, which may or may not be true? Christianity could no longer be to him a rock, but a quicksand.

Some years since, before the Bishop of Natal startled England by his sceptic theories, he appeared as an advocate of polygamy in heathen converts. His own arithmetic ought to have told him that the deplorable practice was caused chiefly by the perpetual wars amongst savages slaying such numbers of men that the women were largely in excess; and that, if under British rule and British peace the custom were allowed, the fact of one man having five wives would leave four other men without any. This is taking it simply on statistical grounds, without reference to its utter repugnance from the spirit of Christianity. "I am certain," writes the above quoted Rev. G. H. Mason, who was a minister under Dr. Colenso, "that it were better for a missionary never to set foot on heathen soil than to baptise nominal converts, without a clear understanding that they for ever renounce polygamy." And he tells a touching story of a poor woman whose worthless husband reverted to his former habits, though he had been baptised and married at a Wesleyan station; and who was compelled to give up to the new wife her home, a neat cottage in a garden, procured mainly by her own exertions: by existing Caffre usage she was obliged to yield up "all the numberless little articles of domestic use, such as tea-cups, tumblers, knives, plates, clothes, earned by her patient industry in early life; while she herself was condemned to the deepest servitude for the remainder of her days—hoeing and breaking up the soil, or carrying produce day by day for sale." Mr. Mason thinks that "no stone should be left unturned until polygamy, or at least an increase to the number of existing wives, is forbidden within the borders of Her Majesty's dominions." And again

he says : " It is hopeless to introduce civilised habits amongst the people so long as polygamy is the national saving's-bank wherein all the native wealth is invested." This allusion is explained by the custom of buying wives, universally prevalent, and making them do all the work, while the husband hunts, or otherwise amuses himself. A quarter of a million heathen Zulus live in the colony of Natal, bound by this ruinous custom. " Nine-tenths of them have never heard of a living God, and think that the world is governed by a species of witchcraft : they have never heard of a resurrection, but think the spirit of a departed brother is converted into a snake, to hover about the abodes of its former relatives, and act the part of a guardian angel."

An interesting experiment, which has now arrived at the dignity of an established success, was made by Rev. Mr. Allison, of the Wesleyan Missions, by the purchase of a six-thousand-acre farm, within a few miles of Marizburg, chief town of Natal Colony, and its being worked by a number of Christianised Zulus. They combined on the principle of English land societies for the purchase, and called their farm Edendale. " At the present moment, these enterprising people have their substantial stone dwellings and well-ploughed fields, with the power of buying and selling at pleasure. They have erected a church, schoolhouse, and water-mill. Every day witnesses the arrival of wagon-loads of Edendale produce at the Marizburg

market. It is quite a sight to see the wagons returning, on a summer evening, packed with the wives and families of these Edendale Caffres ; all clad in British manufactured goods, and carrying on their countenances an unmistakeable air of contentment and joyous prosperity."

All attempts to civilise the Zulus without Christianity have resulted in signal failure. Great numbers of them are servants or labourers in the colony ; but a sufficiency of food, and the comforts of civilised life, seem only to have called forth vice into fuller blossom. The prisons were full of native convicts ; insolence and extortion the universal complaints. They became more depraved by intercourse with the white man. " For my own part," continues Mr. Mason, " I seem to behold a chaos of confusion in the present condition of South Africa, which nothing but Christianity can correct. Religion and the Bible will alone introduce the subject of responsibility in the sight of God. And the tidings of a Saviour's love, and of a future life, will be the surest barrier against those vices which always follow close on the footprints of civilization. Religion will break down their present barbarous usages ; the introduction of universal industry will follow as a matter of course, and at length bring forth a genuine civilisation."

To which we would add that the religion must not be of that lifeless type which is identified with Bishop Colenso.

Trust him little who doth raise,
 To one height both great and small ;
 And sets the sacred crown of praise,
 Smiling on the head of all.
 Trust him less who looks around,
 To censure all with scornful eyes ;
 And in everything has found
 Something that he dare despise.
 But for one who stands apart,
 Stirred by naught that can befall,
 With a cold indifferent heart—
 Trust him least and last of all.

THE LATE A. A. PROCTER.

FALLEN ASLEEP.

A STORY OF SCOTTISH MARTYRDOM IN 1683.

"SCOTTISH Martyrdom." How the words seem to carry our thoughts far, far away, to the "land of the mountain and the flood," with its wild mountain fastnesses, its heather-clad moors, its desolate yet grand old hills, its clear blue lochs, its splashing mountain streams, its bewildering mists, and its picturesque landscapes. With these thoughts come, too, remembrances of the time when the Scots fought and bled for liberty and religion. We recall to our minds the poor outlawed creatures, hiding in dens and caves of the earth—perishing with cold and hunger—their only bed the rock, their pillow the heather or peat-moss—daily exposed to torture and death, because of their adherence to the religious faith and principles of their ancestors; and as we remember, we thank God that *we* have not *their* trials, *their* persecutions, *their* distresses.

It was a lovely day in the early autumn. The Frith of Cree was unusually quiet and calm, and reflected back from its bosom the clear blue sky above it. On the land the bountiful harvest gave gladness and rejoicing to both masters and servants, while on the sea a peaceful serenity prevailed. A few ships floated down the Frith with a scarcely perceptible motion, with sails set, looking like some network tracery in a fairy picture. On the shores of the Frith stood a little cottage, consisting of merely "a but and a ben." It was humble and very small, but inhabited by a couple who had learned that "a man's riches consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth," but rather in that true contentment of spirit, which, while "having nothing, yet possesseth all things." Janet Smith and Nanny Nivison were grandmother and granddaughter. Janet had passed the three-score years and ten allotted to mortals, and was now upwards of eighty—feeble, blind, and bent.

She was entirely dependent on Nanny, who was just in the bloom of her teens—young, healthy, and kind-hearted. These two were the sole inmates of the little mud cottage on the shores of the Frith of Cree.

As we said, it was a fine autumnal evening, and, attracted by the beauty of the prospect, Nanny sat in the doorway, gazing out over the expanse of waters. Door and window both were open, so that Janet too could enjoy the look-out. A fishing-smack just gone by had hailed them in cheery tones, and another could plainly be descried, making its way up. But the thoughts of the two women were not on the mariners, then—nor on the scene before them, nor on the loveliness of the evening. Nanny was thinking of a brother, who was then—as she believed and hoped—far away. Thomas Nivison was following in his father's steps as an adherent to the Covenant. That father had been shot for his refusal to attend at the parish church, and conform to an Episcopalian mode of worship; and his son Thomas could not forget his murdered blood. On arriving at man's estate, he openly avowed himself a Covenanter, and declared his determination to abide by the Presbyterian faith. For this declaration he was outlawed, and a price set upon his head. Knowing that it was certain death to remain in his Galloway home, he went forth, none knew whither, hiding in caves and dens of the earth by day, and travelling by night. Nanny and her grandmother supposed that Thomas had gone to America. Indeed, a rumour to that effect had reached their ears, and thankfully they heard it, believing that there, at least, he would be safe to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. It may seem strange to us of the present day, to read this, but it is, nevertheless, true, that in Scotland—not quite two

hundred years ago—torture, confiscation, imprisonment, and death were resorted to in order to force an Episcopal Church upon the people. The descendants of "the Covenanters"—those who signed the Presbyterian "Solemn League and Covenant"—to this day rehearse by country fire-sides and "ingle-stanes," the tales of persecution and cruelty handed down by their forefathers.

"What were ye thinking of, Nanny?" said old Janet, as she noticed a look of anxiety and fear creep over the girl's face. "Was Tammas in your mind then?"

"Indeed he was, grandmither," replied Nanny. "I wonder if he is safe—or where he is?" Mr. Gordon assured me that he had actually sailed for America."

"Well, Nanny, child, an' if he is gone owre the water, what need ye to fear for him? Sure, he will be better far there, than ever he would be at home. Here he would be hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, not daring to set foot inside his ain house—there he will be a free man, and none will dare molest him, because he does not choose to listen to a surplised priest. I canna see the need o' sorrow on his account. Better let him go there, than be killed like a dog in Scotland."

"You say right, grandmither," relied the young girl. "And when I come to think it over, I feel glad that he is gone. I cannot bear the idea of his being shot by those brutal dragoons. They tell me that Douglas and his band are at Wigton, lying in wait for all suspected persons."

"God help the poor creatures that fall into his hands!" replied Janet. "I am glad that we are living in this quiet, lonely spot. Surely no soldiers would deem it worth while to persecute two helpless women like us."

"And yet they did old Elspeth Wallace, grandmither," replied Nanny. "You know they took away her cow, and tied lighted matches between her fingers."

"Ay, ay, I do," replied the old woman with a groan. "May the

Lord preserve us from falling into such hands! When He shall come to make inquisition for blood, surely He will not forget the cries of His humble murdered ones."

Quietly the two retired to rest, little dreaming of any intrusion. Nanny offered her simple petitions, with which were blended remembrances of her exiled brother, and then tried to compose her mind to rest. About midnight, however, she became aware of a stealthy, subdued tapping at the cottage door. Half-frightened, she called out—

"Who's there?"

"It's me, Nanny. It's Thomas."

"Oh! Thomas!" she gasped, and in another moment she had admitted him. Old Janet became aware by the stir, that something unusual had occurred, and eagerly inquired the cause. By this time Nanny had struck a light, and by its aid, Thomas revealed himself to his grandmother.

"The good Lord help us!" was the old woman's exclamation. "Do ye ken the awfu' risk ye are running, Tammas, in coming here?"

"Yes, grandmother, I do, but home is home, all the world over, and I could not rest without seeing you both once more."

"But," interrupted Nanny, "we thought you were gone to America. We hoped that you were arrived there by this time."

"I did hope to have been there now," replied the fugitive, "but the vessel in which I sailed was wrecked off the Isle of Arran, and there I have been ever since, helping the fishermen, and getting a day's employment where I could."

"How did you come home?" inquired Nanny.

"I got on board a fishing-smack bound for Creetown, and got there this morning. I hid myself in the linns all day, and since dark came on to you."

"Are you sure no one saw you?" said Nanny, fearfully.

Her apprehensions of danger were lively, and the more so, because constantly fed by news of the doings of the soldiery.

"Well, I cannot be sure," replied

the poor fellow. "Just as I was in hiding, a smuggler—I know he was—nearly stumbled over me, and when I taxed him with his doings, he threatened to inform on me for a Covenantanter. If he does, I'm done for. Where is Clavers and the rest of them?"

"I canna say where Clavers is," replied Janet, "but Douglas is at Wigton, with his troop. If that man fulfilled his threat, they could be here before the morning."

At this, Thomas Nivison started up. Poor hunted fugitive! How constantly present to his mind was the idea of capture and death. So would it be to yours and mine, were we driven to hide in the mountains, there to baffle for months and years, pursuers, who were bent upon taking dear life. Wary and cautious enough were these poor persecuted ones, and we cannot wonder at it, constrained as they were to meet stratagem with stratagem.

"Can they? Then I'm a lost man! for as sure as I'm here, that fellow has told them by this time. He threatened that he would. Had I known they were so near as Wigton, I would not have come home for the world."

Down he sat again, and the three poor creatures looked at each other, as if mentally considering the best course of action. Nothing but flight—*instant flight*—appeared available.

"Oh, Tammas!" groaned the old woman, "the Philistines killed your father without law or mercy, an' they willna scruple to do the same wi' the son."

"Not they," replied Thomas, "and glad of the chance to get me. They will never forget nor forgive the wound I gave Rory Ferguson that time. I suppose they will follow me up till they finish me. Look at me," and he drew himself up: "I am destitute of money, clothes, and food. I cannot dare to travel by day, but am obliged to spend it crouching in the heather, or covered with damp moss, and that alone is enough to bring me to a speedy grave. Well then, if I live through that, I am liable any day to be made a mark for six or

eight bullets. Is it not enough to make any man desperate?"

"Ay, it is, it is," sobbed Nanny, who, however, had the presence of mind to pack up, amid her tears, nearly all the food in the house, for her brother to take with him.

"And now I must be going," said the young man. "I thought I could have stayed here to night, and, perhaps, for a few days, but I dare not expose you to the soldiers' wrath. It is bad enough for me, but would be ten times worse for you. Good-bye."

With the words he wrung the hands of his two relatives, and taking up the little bundle of eatables, stepped out into the dark still night.

Nanny and Janet, after talking awhile of Thomas, who—until now—they had believed safe in America, again tried to compose themselves to rest.

Morning broke, fine and grey. Almost with the first dawn of light, Nanny was up and astir. Just as she was going to the little spring which ran by the side of the cottage, she was startled by observing a company of soldiers galloping towards the little pathway leading to their door. The foremost one accosted her.

"Where's Thomas Nivison? Do you know anything of the rascal's whereabouts?"

"My brother, sir?"

"Yes: your brother, if he be so. I knew he had a sister somewhere in these parts; and I have received information that he is lurking about here. Now, if this is the case, he will have to be unearthed, for we'll pull down every sod in the old cabin yonder, but what we'll find him."

"I hope you will never find him," replied Nanny steadily. "I cannot tell you where he is."

"But you can tell us if he has been here lately," said the officer. "Did he not come home last night?"

"I cannot tell you that. I dare not inform upon my own brother."

"Oh! I see," replied the officer, who was no other than Douglas himself. "I see. Here is a little

nest of Covenanters, snugly pitched in a quiet corner. We'll see if we can't burn out the secret, though. Once more—will you inform me of your brother's whereabouts?"

"I cannot, sir."

"Will you tell me when you last saw him?"

"That I cannot do," she firmly replied, all alive as she was to the probable doom which awaited her.

"Very well; see to her, a couple of you there," he said, as he strode on, and passed into the cottage.

By the time he reached it, old Janet was curiously peering forth to see who her visitors were. The sounds of voices in the garden-path had aroused her, and hastily dressing herself, she was just groping her way towards the door, when Douglas met her.

"Good morning, Mother Cant-away," he said with a sneer. "Look here, I want that precious scoundrel of yours—Thomas Nivison. I have the warrant for his apprehension, and if I catch him, its little mercy that he'll get, I'll promise him. Isn't he your grandson?"

"He is my grandson," replied the old woman, feebly and fearfully.

"His father was my own eldest son."

"And he was one of your whining, canting Covenanters," brutally remarked the officer. "I remember him well."

"And so will God remember those who murdered him," said Janet. "Dinna think because He seems to be quiet, He forgets."

Douglas burst out with an oath. "That won't go down with me, old woman. I received trustworthy information last night, that this grandson of yours was seen loitering about here, and of course he would come in. Now what time was he here?"

"I canna satisfy you on that point."

"But you shall—and if you won't by fair means, you shall by foul. Tell me at once—when did he leave, and which way did he take? If you tell me that, you and your granddaughter shall be left unmolested, but if not"—and the silence supplied his meaning.

"As truly as God is in heaven," said the old woman, slowly and solemnly, "I canna tell you. What! Do ye no ken that it would be against nature for me to inform upon my ain flesh and blood! I canna tell you."

"You mean to say that you can tell me, but you won't!" Douglas vociferated. "Is not that it?"

"What I ken about Thomas Nivison, I canna tell you or anybody else," replied Janet.

"Very well, then, take the consequences," and he strode away to his soldiers.

Again he tried to extract the facts relating to Thomas's recent visit from the trembling girl; but in vain. Neither persuasion nor threats availed with her. Douglas' rage was unconquerable. He seemed ready to use any means to attain his end.

After conferring with a subordinate officer for a few moments, he issued orders for two stakes to be driven down into the Frith, at unequal distances from the shore. The tide being out the soldiers experienced but little difficulty in obeying this command. He watched them perform it, and then turned again to the old woman, who remained all this time inside the cottage-door, asking as often as she dared, for Nanny. She—poor girl—witnessed these preparations with wonder and terror.

"Now, old woman," he said, "I have had a couple of stakes driven down into the sand out yonder. I shall just tie you to one of them, and that girl outside to the other, unless you tell me all you know about Thomas Nivison. If you are tied there, you will certainly be drowned, as the tide advances. Choose quickly."

"I can die, but I canna tell," she replied firmly.

"Then die!" he said, as he turned on his heel. In ten minutes more, the poor old creature was secured to the post. It was placed so far out, that she could feel the first flow of the tide. Even then it had commenced coming in.

Now it was Nanny's turn. Weep-

ing and beseeching, she saw her grandmother fastened to the stake, but she would not give way. She would not inform upon her brother. No; she could sooner die.

So she had to die. She was led out to the nearest stake, and securely fastened to it. Douglas anticipated that the sight of her grandmother's death would have terrified her into a confession, but the sequel proved how little he understood a woman's love, or a woman's faith. Weak though she was in physical strength, compared with either of those brawny troopers, she was yet far beyond them in moral courage and Christian confidence.

The tide was rolling in. It reached Janet's knees, and splashed Nanny's feet. Ever and anon, a dragoon rode out to the old woman, to question her, but she was firm. Besides, she felt that she was going fast. Earth had now little attraction for her.

Presently her head sank upon her bosom. Janet Smith gave up the ghost, literally chilled to death. Nanny watched her grandmother die, and then calmly waited her own fate. By-and-bye the waters rose, higher—higher—higher—until they reached her chest. Douglas himself rode out to her. His questioning was, however, all in vain. She said she could die, but she could not inform. With an oath he left her.

Presently the tide reached her chin. The waters played and

rippled round her mouth. It would not be long now. One of the dragoons, less brutalised than his fellows, rode out to her, vainly hoping to save her life. Although he could get nothing definite from her lips he called out to his commander—

"Oh, sir! she has said it."

"Said what? Has she told where her brother is?"

"No—no," repeated the drowning girl. "No—no—never—nev—," and the waves closed her voice in death. A few minutes, struggling—a few bubbles on the surface—and Nanny Nivison was no more one of earth.

You may say, "Could these things be?" and almost question the veracity of the story. You need not. Scottish history attests the truth of the circumstance; and the annals of the Covenanters preserve the honoured names of Janet Smith and Nanny Nivison to this day. In the vicinity of Wigton and Creetown, the tale is still told by greyheaded sires to their wondering children. The story has been enshrined among the traditions of that locality, and if it had not, the Christian Church would not willingly let it die. It loves to retrace these mementoes of dark persecuting ages, and thankfully contrast them with our own peaceful times, when we can sit under our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to molest or make us afraid.

EMMA RAYMOND.

THE RELIGIOUS USE OF THE BODY.

LET the body be properly exercised—its senses trained to discern all its faculties in free, harmonious, healthy, vigorous play, and as a smooth-flowing pen obeys the hand of the writer and gives prompt expression to his thoughts, so will the bodily organs respond to the movements, and obey the behests, and fulfil the purposes, and minister to the wants, of the soul. They will act harmoniously and helpfully, like friend with friend. Then "the connection between them is not the chaining of the living to the dead,

like the horrid punishments of old time, but it is the live man freely working with the finest tools of nature, the chief musician in continual play upon the choicest instruments of music. . . . The connection is reciprocal. The wondrous house (of the body) is the model fairly-land; the bells ring of their own accord at the time of the master's volition; the chairs dance into their places for their guests; the harp and the player understand each other, and sweet touches of no violence are simultaneous, with

delicious sounds rising upwards to the listening soul."

To promote such harmony between our outer and inner man, to make the body thus helpful, instead of obstructive to the soul, is surely not beneath the province of religion. Bodily exercise in itself profiteth little—may not profit much as compared with more important spiritual exercises. But bodily exercise,

engaged in for such an object, is at once a religious duty, and a means of grace. And to those who are tempted by the pious talk of others to neglect this part of their nature, we cannot do better than adopt and apply to them the Apostle's exhortation: "But refuse profane and old wives' fables, and exercise thyself rather unto godliness."

REV. W. LANDELS.

PERSONAL AND RELATIVE INFLUENCE.

It would not be a healthy habit of mind to be always dwelling upon ourselves, even though the subject of our thoughts might be our personal influence. As it is better to *be* an epic than to write one; so it is better to *be* good than to think about it, or even to talk about it, and to do it. Doubtless our chief concern should be, that we are ourselves conformed to that perfect rule of rectitude which is prescribed for us in the Book of Truth. If we are right in this, other things will follow. But we may be stimulated in our endeavour to attain this exaltation of character by the thought of the influence which we do and must exert. That influence will take its form from ourselves. Our own character will be its chief source and directory. It would be ridiculous, if it were not something far worse, to attempt to make others what we know we are not, and have no desire to be, ourselves. It would be worse than useless: it would be hypocritical and contemptible. Moreover, such an attempt must have its dangers; and very serious ones they are. It may lead to a delusion, pleasing enough now, but anything but pleasing in its issues. It is quite possible to engage in efforts for the good of others until we begin to feel a degree of interest in them. Our own honour may be mixed up with them, and our pride would be affected if they were not attended with success. It would be easy to mistake this kind of interest in useful effort for a genuine concern, that we ourselves may be on the side of truth. We may have a real desire to promote in some way the right and the true, to advance

man's best interests; only not with that degree of strength which would lead us to attach ourselves to the true and right, whatever the circumstances in which we might be placed. It would be easy to take for granted that pleasure in the success of our own efforts implies a sincere concern about our personal welfare. Thus, while others might be benefited by our endeavours, their influence upon ourselves might be only injurious.

Taking care, however, to guard against the evils to which reference has been made, the subject of our Personal Influence may be a very appropriate and useful topic of contemplation. As each atom in the universe exists in relation to every other atom, and exerts an influence even upon the most distant star; so every individual of the great family of man exists not for himself alone, but exerts an influence immeasurably beyond the sphere of his own personal observation. Nor is this influence altogether dependent upon our will. We cannot choose whether we will exert it or not. We cannot help exerting it. The very fact of our existence in the midst of our fellow-creatures attaches to us an influence of which we cannot divest ourselves. We may, indeed, by the exercise of our will, alter its course, or increase its power, but we cannot destroy it. Even for ages after we have ceased to exist on earth, the influence we have exerted will continue to be felt. It is no more in our power to prevent this than it is to annihilate that mysterious essence which we call the soul. The influence we have exerted will cling to us as long as the soul shall

have its being; and would survive even that, if it were possible for the soul itself to cease to be.

As has been already remarked, influence arises primarily from character. We must be ourselves what we endeavour to bring others to be. Else, however earnest we may be, however we may strive to veil our conscious insincerity from the view of our fellow-men; let us be quite sure that their eyes will discern our real character; and our actual influence will be the very reverse of that we are aiming to produce. No amount of talent, no degree of energy, will compensate for insincerity. On the other hand, how often is it seen that persons of comparatively little talent, and no great degree of energy, exert a powerful influence, simply on the ground of the perfect sincerity by which they are known to be characterised. Not pretending to have made any high attainments, nor calling the attention of the world to themselves, they gladly occupy that position for which their degree of talent seems to have qualified them. Nor are their labours without a most useful effect. They may, perhaps, be regarded as forming some of the lower strata of that pyramid of which society is composed. But, without the lower strata, where would be the apex? Probably, however, we should be nearer the truth if we assigned them a much higher position than the one we have supposed. These are the persons who, by the influence they exert, cement all the various strata of society together, and thus bind it into a firm and consistent whole. But for these, and the benign influence they diffuse, the highest conditions of society would be impossible.

Influence also arises from intelligence—from the possession of a cultivated and well-balanced mind. The time is gone when ignorance could exert any great amount of influence in the world. No doubt there are many ignorant people still. And over these, an ignorant though clever and designing man may still exert some degree of power. But this does not last long, at any rate in our

own land. If it is humiliating to us that ignorance and imposition can yet find their dupes, it is some satisfaction to know that these very dupes often become undeceived, and that intelligence and truth still win the day.

Intelligence has entered the arena, and is prepared to do battle with ignorance, and with the habits which ignorance engenders, and which react in the production of so vast an amount of ignorance. Intelligence is gathering together its facts, deducing its principles, marshalling its arguments. It stands ready to contend with the whole empire of darkness. And, though its progress may be slow, and its victories hardly won, the issue cannot be doubtful. "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Everything is now being traced to its first principles. Whatever cannot stand the test of investigation will be laid aside. Truth alone can be good for man. Those who do not cultivate an intelligent acquaintance with the reasons of things are behind the age in which their lot has been cast. Without mental culture it is impossible to exert any great influence in the world. Mere earnestness will not avail for much. That earnestness needs to be guided by truth and discretion. To be animated only by feelings and impulses—without principle to direct and judgment to control—is certain to issue in error, disappointment, uselessness: in failure of all the great objects which make life valuable, and which might have been attained by an enlightened and well-directed influence.

Rank and position also impart influence. However some may be disposed to complain of this, we cannot deny the fact. What a nobleman or a monarch does is much more talked about than it would be if an ordinary citizen or peasant were to do the same. Even many who affect to despise those in the higher ranks of society, have yet a secret reverence for them. The spirit of democracy has not yet levelled all our grades and institutions: probably it never will. Now and then we meet with persons who refuse to quit the rank

of society in which they have been brought up, even when they have the opportunity of doing so. Their feeling is that they would be guilty of deserting those amongst whom their lot has been cast, were they to make use of the opportunities which are afforded them for improving their position in society. While we cannot but honour the feeling, and those who indulge it, we cannot but deem it a mistaken one. Such persons probably deprive themselves of signal opportunities for exerting a useful influence. Had this principle always been acted upon, many who now occupy positions of great power in the land would never have emerged from their original obscurity. Love of place and power is certainly not what this paper is intended to inculcate. But Luther, the son of a miner, even with the same learning and ability, would certainly not have accomplished as much for his fellow-men as Luther, the doctor of a famous university. After all, rank, as to any intelligible conception of it, is only the stamp which society puts upon a certain degree of training and power of usefulness. Those who occupy an advanced rank, if they possess any right principle, will certainly not be amongst the persons who despise the facilities which such a position affords them. And the influence of each one is, to a large extent, measured by the degree of eminence of the position he holds.

Wealth, too, is not without its influence in the community. Not a few regard it as the paramount influence. Probably to them it is. Many worship "the almighty dollar." But, in regard to means of usefulness, great as the influence of property must be, it is not the chief. There is much which it cannot accomplish. Money will not purchase sincerity; it may insincerity. It cannot purchase love and zeal: it may a pretended affection, and a feigned interest. It may procure instruments and appliances: it cannot procure the wisdom needful that those instruments and appliances may be rightly used. Wealth may purchase effort: it cannot purchase

the prayers without which the effort will be in vain. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not say that money cannot be used in the cause of God and of man. On the contrary, we say that it can be, and ought to be. But we also say that money alone will not withstand the evil there is in the world. It may even raise up obstacles—powerful obstacles—to the accomplishment of the desire of benevolence and piety. What it can do is to provide *means and instruments* for the accomplishment of that desire. It can put into operation innumerable modes of useful endeavour. It can multiply its agents, and sustain them in their various fields of labour. It can diffuse copies of Scripture by the million. It can arrest the hand of persecution, bring the prisoners out of their dungeons, and turn their darkness into daylight. Those who know its power the best, and use it most, will rely upon it least: that is to say, they will ever accompany it with other means for promoting God's glory and the good of souls. To say that the property of this world has not yet received its required consecration to the cause of God, is only to utter an obvious truism. To say that the property of the Church has not yet been duly consecrated to God, is almost or quite as obvious, and is a far more painful truth. We do not ignore what is being done in our day. We rejoice, too, that an effort is being made to bring about a more systematic method of beneficence. Merely to give when urged, and then only as little as possible, is not the way to employ our wealth in the cause of Christ. To give under the impulse of the moment does not seem to be the best mode of fulfilling the obligation of beneficence. But when our gifts are the result of a settled principle: when we have endeavoured to realize our obligations, and to apportion our givings in the light of them, then we may be said to have employed to greatest advantage the means of useful influence thus placed in our hands.

H. J. HEATHCOTE.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

THE VERNONS OF HOLLY MOUNT.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOUNT AND ITS INMATES.

It was a low stone house, with no external beauties to boast of, yet possessing that air of stability and comfort so characteristically English. A flight of five broad stone steps led to the front door, over which was an old-fashioned portico; on either side a large bay window with deep recesses, the one belonging to the breakfast-room, the other to the library.

In front of the house extended a smooth green lawn, with evergreens and vases of gay coloured flowers at intervals. This was bounded by a grassy embankment, surmounted by a thick-set, tastefully clipped holly hedge, an opening in which admitted foot visitors to the front door by a little green gate and gravelled path.

On the left side of the house stretched a second and larger lawn, on which opened both dining and drawing-room windows.

In the centre of this lawn stood two elm trees, partially shading both house and green; beneath them were placed several garden seats of knotted and twisted wood, evidently much used by the inhabitants of Holly Mount.

The flower-beds were gay with late autumnal flowers, and the grounds bordered by tall, waving trees: a carriage-drive wound beneath the latter to the back of the homestead.

From the eminence upon which the house was situated you might see the distant Yorkshire Wolds, blue and undulating against the clear background of sky; while, in the foreground, rose and fell the fields of stubble and rich grass, with their stock grazing contentedly under the shade of the magnificent trees, in which the country allaround abounded.

Behind the homestead the ground rose on a gentle slope, and, in the immediate vicinity of the house, was cultivated a kitchen garden. To this a little gate, in the thick holly hedge that divided the gardens, ad-

mitted you. On one side, up the whole length of the garden, extended a broad gravel walk, under an avenue of elm trees, bordered by a holly hedge, which separated it from the fields. At the end of the Holly Walk, a gate admitted you into a large orchard, which extended down the slope to where a wide river glided past the foot of the hill.

Such was Holly Mount and its external surroundings.

The slanting rays of the morning sun shone boldly in at the windows of the breakfast-room, exhibiting no bad taste in resting so lingeringly upon the group at the table.

Mrs. Vernon, with her gentle, motherly face; her daughter Agnes, more familiarly called "Nessie," who, though she had numbered only fifteen years, was as tall as her mamma, but very slight, and angular, and girlish; her light abundant hair was pushed off from her face and gathered into a crimson net: bonnie, brown-haired Mabel, the younger of Mrs. Vernon's two daughters, whose thirteenth birthday it was that very day; and near her their cousin Reuben.

Reuben Vernon merits somewhat more than a casual introduction, so we will take the opportunity of presenting him more fully to the reader.

In age he had the advantage of Nessie but by a few months. Personally he was universally termed a strange looking boy, handsome had never been applied to him, although his head was finely shaped, and a profusion of golden hair, in some places deepening into a darker hue, crowned his thoughtful brow. This hair was singularly wavy and silken, and from a habit he had of running his hands through it, or shaking it all back when it came tumbling over his brow, never smooth. His features were delicately cut for a boy, and fair and transparent as a girl's. His eyes gave a peculiar appearance to the whole face; they were large and dark, shaded by long and very fair drooping lashes. In figure he was taller and more manly than boys usually are

at that age, giving promise of a vigorous maturity.

Wherever he went he was an universal favourite; for his perfect temper and genial disposition seemed formed to win affection.

Mamma, I wonder what Lewis will be like?" exclaimed Mabel. "It will seem so strange for us to have him here with us always. I wonder why Papa must bring this ward of his home to Holly Mount?"

"I have told you, dear, that it was his father's dying wish. Whilst Lewis' mother lived, your Papa could only take charge of him at a distance; now that she is dead there is no obstacle to prevent his coming here."

"But, Mamma, were Lewis' Papa and our Papa dear friends, or how came such a request to be made?"

"I fancy my little daughter is becoming unwarrantably inquisitive. Surely it is enough for all of you that papa and I desire every care and attention should be shown to this motherless boy, who is coming to be as one of our own family at Holly Mount."

"Mamma, I beg your pardon if I have been troublesome."

"I do not expect we shall find him much of a gentleman," Reuben said. "I think uncle said he has been living amongst the wildest Scotch hills all his life, and that he has scarcely seen a person to speak to beyond his mamma and the family of the Highland shepherd, in whose cottage they have lodged."

"But," replied Mrs. Vernon, "his mother was a refined lady, and must have been a counteracting influence against the uncouthness of the rough Highlanders. Lewis must have been passionately attached to her from what your uncle writes of his broken-hearted grief. We must do what we can to atone for his loss, and I hope whatever be his manners and education, you will one and all remember his past disadvantages and present suffering, and be gentle and forbearing."

"When does papa think they will be here?" asked Nessie.

"Probably the end of this week, dear, but the funeral does not take place until to-morrow, so that he can scarcely say at present."

Mrs. Vernon folded and returned to its envelope the first letter received

from her husband after his departure, the cause of this conversation.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Vernon, turning to Mabel, "that your birthday must go by without due celebration. But I promise you the party on Christmas Eve shall be doubly brilliant, by which time I hope Lewis Herbert will be quite at home amongst us. Now, dear Mabel, you have the whole day before you to do whatever you please with."

"Thank you, thank you, dear Mamma. What shall we do, Reuben? What shall we do, Nessie? Both of you choose."

Reuben threw himself full length upon the sofa.

"I am afraid you will none of you appreciate this leisure day as you ought," said Mrs. Vernon, smiling. "Reuben, you take occasion of the holiday consequent upon Mr. Hervey's absence to be very idle. And Nessie and Mabel, I do not like your studies to be quite neglected, though you will be without a regular teacher until after Christmas. Nessie, I have seen nothing of the Latin grammar lately, that should be holiday work: for how will you manage without Reuben?"

Nessie glanced mischievously at her cousin, who made a rueful face in return.

"I have got beyond my master, Mamma."

"Is that true, Reuben?"

"Oh! Auntie, how can I help it? I shall get nicely ahead when Mr. Hervey comes back with his fresh instalment of private pupils. It will not do then to let a girl be before me. I cannot work when the sun is shining and the birds singing. It is not often we have a second summer like this. I feel that I must be continually out of doors."

"Lying upon the grass doing nothing," interrupted Nessie, laughing. "Mamma, it is dreadful to me to be idle. I like to feel every minute and every hour that I am advancing, that I am either gaining knowledge or doing some work that must be done; when one thinks of all there is to do in this world, it seems that we cannot be busy enough to get even our task completed in one short lifetime. It is dreadful to look back upon a day and count up all the hours and minutes trifled away."

"Such good folks as you, Agnes,

are not troubled with remorse of that kind!" replied Reuben.

"I am not good, Reuben, for there is not a day at the close of which I can say I have done all I might have done. Sometimes I get so disheartened and think there is no use in trying, because there always seems some interruption except just in school hours, my writing or studying has to be thrown aside for some trifling thing that is very unimportant."

"You are too apt to think trifles unimportant, Agnes," said Mrs. Vernon. "I should like to see you take more in little every-day concerns, one of which neglected, often occasions more evil than would the omission of many hours of study."

"Oh, Mamma, how can that be?"

"Let us take what occurred only yesterday morning for example. I sent to one of my daughters asking her to gather some seeds from a plant in the garden, the pods of which were splitting, and I was afraid their contents would be lost. She was busy writing, but promised to attend to my wishes; they were but trifles, and as such not worthy to draw her attention from the great work in which she was engaged."

"Dear Mamma, I quite forgot."

"That is the very thing I complain of, Nessie. It was but a trifle, and had you gone at once and complied with my desire it would not have slipped your memory, and how much better an opinion I should have formed of my daughter's love for her Mamma than I did when, in the evening, I passed the plant and found that the afternoon's sun had opened the pods and scattered all the seeds upon the ground. I thought that Nessie could not care much for her Mamma when such a trifling request as that remained unattended to."

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma, you could not believe that! You must know how very, very much I love you," exclaimed Nessie in great distress.

"Had I not better known and understood your actions I must have come to that conclusion, Agnes."

"All who know me, Mamma, cannot wrongly interpret them, and what should I care for other people?"

"Nay, love, that is wrong! My Agnes, I do not fear, will ever be foolishly led by the opinion of other people, but there are man instances

in which it is our duty to regard it. We must be mindful of the little observances that occur every day in our pathway—trifling acts of kindness which we all owe the one to the other, and which we are too apt to regard as valueless, but from which great events often spring."

Here Reuben softly repeated—

"Little things on little wings,
Bear little souls to Heaven."

Agnes was silent, and Mabel ventured to plead for her sister.

"Mamma, if you knew all that I do, you could never say Nessie does not love you. She has written a long piece of poetry all about her love for you. It is so beautiful, Mamma, saying that you have loved us since we were tiny babies, and all we are to do for you when we are old enough."

The warm blushes covered Nessie's cheeks at this betrayal of her secret, and Mrs. Vernon's eyes quickly filled with tears.

"I do not doubt her love, Mabel, and yet she frequently gives me pain. Agnes, I will leave it to you. You love to employ your talents in portraying your affection, perhaps your pen never wearies of this theme; but, if I were to ask you to give up a whole morning to me, assisting me in duties you did not like, could you do it cheerfully? find pleasure even in relinquishing your cherished pursuits for a time, knowing that your assistance was valuable to me? Answer me plainly, love, do not be afraid."

Nessie's head was bent for a few minutes in silent thought. Then she answered in tremulous tones, while the colour deepened on her cheek:

"I do not think I could do it cheerfully, dear Mamma; how very selfish I must be!"

Mrs. Vernon had pity upon the distressed sorrowful face of her daughter, and, having plainly laid bare this, the greatest of Nessie's faults, she now gave her encouragement to battle with and conquer it; for she knew this lesson would never be forgotten.

"That is the only test of true affection, love, whether we are able to sacrifice our dearest pursuits, our most cherished wishes for those we love. And now I must leave you to settle amongst yourselves how to employ your time until the evening."

CHAPTER II.

QUEEN MAB AND THE FAERY KNIGHT.

Mrs. Vernon left the room as she finished speaking, and Mabel sprang to the side of the couch where her cousin still lay.

"Reuben, what shall we do?"

Nessie had already settled the question with regard to herself. She had ensconced herself upon the deep window seat in the bay window, behind the white muslin curtains with the green Venetian blind let half way down, her writing desk upon her knees, and she oblivious of everything but the thoughts her pen was rapidly putting into words.

Her tall, slight figure was bent over her desk, the profusion of flaxen hair pushed back from her flushed and eager face; her hair was so abundant that it continually escaped from her net and strayed in loose threads of pale gold over her shoulders.

Reuben half raised himself upon the couch.

"I am too idle to discover Mab. Suppose we make you queen of the day, and agree to do whatever you propose."

"Delightful!" Mabel exclaimed, clapping her hands. "I know what it shall be. We will get Mamma to let us have something put up for luncheon, you shall row us in the 'Ocean Queen' as far as the retreat, and we will spend this glorious day there in the sunshine."

"Capital, Mab!" and Reuben, fairly aroused by such a prospect, sprang up. "Go and lay Queen Mab's decision before Aunt, I will propose it to Nessie, for she is deaf to all we have been saying."

Mabel left the room, and Reuben walked over to his cousin's side.

"Nessie."

She looked up impatiently. "I do not want to study this morning, Reuben; I have got to such an interesting part that I must finish it."

"How is Sir Guy progressing?"

"Very well. He is just now meeting Lucia by moonlight in the ruins of Mortloke Abbey. She brings him tidings of her mistress, fair Lady Isolina."

"And the old Baron, he was about to lay his case before the King, you know."

"Oh! I have written several chap-

ters since then," answered Agnes. "He was prevented doing as he wished by illness. Isolina would not seize that opportunity to escape, she could not leave him when his life was in danger, even though he had treated her so badly. When he recovered, Sir Guy formed a fresh plan, but it was discovered and reported to the Baron by one of his attendants, and Isolina imprisoned in one of the rooms of the Castle."

"We are quite behind, Nessie; you must read it to us—bring it with you to-day."

"I am not going anywhere to-day; I intend to have a long time at writing, and nearly finish it."

"Have you forgotten that it is Mab's birthday? She wishes to have a day in the Retreat, and I am sure neither she nor I should enjoy ourselves without you."

Agnes was silent. She had been near refusing to go, but now she remembered what her Mamma had said, and thought this must be one of the little sacrifices she must make to prove her love. Could she really love Mabel if she refused to give up a few hours to her on her birthday? It was a hard struggle, for the story she was writing had a strange fascination, but she made the effort, wiped her pen and rolled up the cherished MSS.

"I will go, Reuben."

Bravo, Nessie! that is just what would please Aunt, I am sure; bring Sir Guy, I long to hear what you have written."

Nessie locked her desk and set it aside.

"You must be my critic, Reuben, promise that. You assisted me so nicely when I read the first part to you."

"I will promise to tell you of every fault I discover. How long shall you take to get ready? I will go and see to the boat, and get Harries to put the cushions in."

Agnes went very joyously in search of Mabel, the consciousness of having done right made her light-hearted. Her step was bounding and her cheek glowing as she entered the kitchen, where Mabel and her Mamma were in deep consultation.

Mabel was overjoyed that Nessie so readily entered into her plans, and very soon the sisters had followed Reuben up the Holly Walk, and

through the orchard to the water side.

Mabel carried a little basket of provisions on her arm, and Nessie the roll of MSS. in her hand. Reuben, assisted by the gardener's son, was making the "Ocean Queen" fit for their reception.

When the crimson cushions were arranged to his satisfaction, Reuben handed in his cousins. Mabel, carefully tucking up her white dress, took her seat at the rudder. This was invariably her post, for if ever Agnes were placed there she was sure to forget what depended upon her watchfulness, and, in gazing upon the sky or water, run them into some bank, endangering the boat.

Throwing off his coat, Reuben took the oars from the boy, and quickly their little skiff was gliding along the smooth surface of the river. As the oars dipped into the water, Reuben commenced a boat song, in which Nessie and Mabel joined. These water excursions were of frequent occurrence, and generally "Their voices kept tune, and their oars kept time."

After an hour's gentle rowing they came to a little glen, completely shut in on all sides, but that upon which the river flowed, by rocks and tall trees. It was one of the most favorite haunts of the children. Many days had they spent there, seeking new ferns and mosses under the deep shade of the trees, reclining on the soft green bank, or sending little fleets of ships down the stream that flowed over the pebbly beach.

To-day the Retreat was looking its very best in honour of Queen Mab, as Reuben called her. The sunbeams gilded the waters and shone brightly upon the flowers in full bloom, for Reuben, assisted by Harries, had transplanted many garden plants to this spot, and now roses, honeysuckle and jasmine filled the air with their mingled perfumes. Here the major convolvulus, with its large gay coloured flowers, crept over dark brown rocks and dipped its long fibres into the water. There ivy and honeysuckle united in covering the gnarled trunk of a tree. The tall bracken grew luxuriantly amongst the underwood, its graceful fronds* bending in the breeze. The heather was in full

bloom, and blue and white harebells dotted everywhere the mossy turf.

Well might Mabel sing, as she sprang from the boat—

"Come follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be;
Lightly tripping o'er this green,
Come follow Mab your queen,
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground."

A fairy spot it did in truth seem, and the little maiden with tripping feet, white dress, and long golden brown curls, a fitting queen of such a realm.

"Queen Mab will hold her court here to-day," said Reuben, as, having moored the boat, he threw himself upon a bank, tossing back his long hair, and folding his arms beneath his head.

"But one of her subjects intends to be very idle," said Agnes, laughingly glancing towards him as she seated herself.

"I am off to the woods to gather ferns and harebells; you and Reuben may sit and talk until I return, and then for Sir Guy;" and Mabel left them together.

Reuben and Nessie were silent for some time after Mabel left; the stillness and beauty of the scene seemed to stir up thoughts too deep for words.

Reuben at length raised himself upon his elbow, and a strange eager fire came into his young face.

"Nessie, would you like to live to be renowned, to hear the world ring with your name, to know that by actions great and good you had deservedly won the plaudits of the multitude?"

Nessie grew pale; her very lips trembled as she articulated softly—"Sometimes I have thought so."

Reuben fell back again upon the sward with a nonchalant ringing laugh. "So have I, often; but again I think—its decidedly too much trouble."

"Reuben!" ejaculated Nessie, half laughing half pouting. Suddenly her voice changed to one grave and earnest. "You have a path marked out for you, Reuben. When you are of age what a deal of good you may do at Redesdale."

Reuben shuddered. "I do not like to think of inheriting Redesdale, Nessie, it is such a dreadful place.

* The leaf of a fern is called a frond.

Oh! if you could but see the mansion."

"Tell me about it, Reuben. You would not speak of it when you returned, and I long to know what your future home is like."

"It is a dark stone house, standing away from the village in the midst of some of the most wildly beautiful scenery. On one side the steep cliffs overhang its walls, and on the other is a plantation of gloomy firs. In the rear are again stupendous cliffs, upon which the sea breaks with a never ceasing roar. Those firs seem to cast such sombre shades around, no sunshine ever gets through them, and beneath them the grass grows tall and rank. Those firs, the moaning waves, and the plaintive cry of the sea gulls, are full of melancholy. You know, by my father's will, the mansion is to be closed until I am eighteen, and the decay that commenced in his lifetime is greatly on the increase; he, too, hated Redesdale. Ivy covers some parts of the house, and in the shade cast by the firs little ferns and moss are growing between the stones. The garden walks are grass-grown, and even the marble steps are slippery with moss and damp. I do not think I could ever live there, Nessie; it must be dreadful to be in that gloomy place alone. I felt like a Vernon with a fate upon me!"

Reuben had chased the roses from Nessie's cheeks with his description; and he himself shivered as though a chill wind had been blowing upon him instead of the balmy autumn breeze.

Both were glad when Mabel came bounding back to them, her hands full of ferns and rich purple heather—a wreath of scarlet-dyed and brilliantly variegated oak leaves upon her head. She restored animation to both. Reuben sprang up as she exclaimed—

"Are you not ready for my provision basket to be opened? I have been a long time, Nessie, but I wanted this lovely heather to make you a wreath."

Reuben seized the basket, and before Mabel could interfere or complain of his robbing her of this privilege, spread the cloth upon the grass, and Agnes was arranging the luncheon.

Reuben brought water from the rippling stream, and they sat down, every shadow from Redesdale vanishing before Mabel's merry laugh.

The repast ended, Reuben again

stretched himself upon the grass, and asked for Sir Guy.

Agnes unrolled the MSS., and, while she read, Mabel wove the wreath of purple heather.

"Oh! Nessie, how can you make such a knight as Sir Guy?" exclaimed Mabel, when her sister had finished. "I think it is grand. Poor Lady Isolina! You do not mean her to stay long in that place I hope? and will Sir Guy really fight with the black knight?"

"Yes, Mabel. Shall you be sorry? I intend Sir Guy to die—fighting."

"Oh! Nessie, sister!" cried Mabel, horrified. "You do not mean that? What will Lady Isolina do?"

"You will not think that too bad an end, Reuben?" asked Agnes, turning her wistful eyes towards him. "It will be joy to him to die for Isolina, and she will, at last, as at first, find her happiness in *doing her duty*! I do not want to make that too pleasant, because it never is very agreeable."

Reuben agreed that Nessie's ending to the story was better than any they could devise, and not all Mabel's pleading for dear Sir Guy could alter Nessie after that.

"Just when the Baron is going to die, and they might all be so happy," muttered Mabel.

"But, Mabel," said Reuben in a low voice, "Sometimes happiness comes so like perfection that, if it lasted, we should be too contented here, and not long for that which *never* changes! Nessie's meaning is very beautiful—it is best Sir Guy should die."

CHAPTER III.

A FAIRY REVEL.

It was late one night early in November, when Mr. Vernon and his ward arrived at Holly Mount, and Lewis Herbert was introduced to his future companions.

He was not the uncouth half civilized Highlander Nessie and Reuben had anticipated, only a tall, slight, pale, reserved boy, clad in deep mourning.

His black hair was tossed back from a face that bore the impress of pride, passion, and latent bitter, and unresigned grief. Almost a year Reuben's senior, a stranger would have supposed him to be several years the

younger, his slight frame had not the height and power of that of the young heir of Redesdale.

The mirthfulness fled from Mabel's face, and tears welled to her soft dark eyes when she was introduced. There was something so touching in the deep sorrow of Lewis, that her heart, ever ready to share the troubles of others, beat quickly and painfully as she thought what home would be without her own dear Mamma.

Reuben declared he was like an old picture at Redesdale with that black hair growing down upon the centre of the forehead, then, sweeping back, leaving the temples quite bare, giving the appearance of unusual breadth to the low brow, with the strange eyes deeply set under the heavily marked brows, the pupils seeming to dilate and contract with every thought. The short upper lip, restless eye, and expanding nostril, Reuben said, gave him the idea of a racehorse ready for a start.

Days passed; but Lewis resisted every effort of his new friends at Holly Mount to draw him into their social circle. His presence cast a gloom over the usually merry fireside. He rambled abroad over the solitary hills in the day time, and sat apart in the evening with a book before him, not a page of which was turned.

It was in one of his lonely walks that he discovered the "Ocean Queen" moored under the willows. The little bark was so like a boat of his own in which he had been accustomed to row on one of the wildest of the Scottish lakes that lay amidst the hills where he was born, that a tide of recollections overpowered him, and springing into the boat he drifted idly down the stream, his face hidden in his hands, his frame heaving with deep sobs.

It was thus he reached the retreat, and attracted by the wild beauty of the spot, moored his boat and sprang ashore.

There are dispositions that a deep misfortune appears to transform. Such an one was Lewis'. Hereafter some gentle hand might arouse the better qualities that slept whilst he morbidly brooded over troubles no earthly power could soften.

In his own home nature would have righted herself sooner; but far away from every familiar object, the very face and customs of the country

strange, removed from every memento of the parent he had so passionately loved, Lewis shrank within himself, and was the more keenly sensitive to the severing of every tender tie.

A grey morning mist still lay beneath the trees, the tops of which the sun had not yet reached. It was a picture of perfect solitude, for the silence seemed scarcely broken by the soft twittering of the birds.

The shade of the trees recalled to Lewis the dense solitude of his native woods where he had been wont to spend long, delightful days. With this came a remembrance of the home he had returned to after these rambles, and the gentle face that had listened so attentively to all his boyish recitals. It was mouldering now in the cold dark grave, and who was there to welcome him with tone or smile of affection? he was alone, all alone;—no one to grieve if he grieved, or rejoice when he rejoiced;—to care whether he lived or died. She who had loved him so tenderly was dead, and his only hope was speedily to follow her to heaven.

Overcome by this bitter sense of loneliness and desolation, Lewis threw himself upon the damp grass, and the emotion so long forced back into the deepest recesses of his heart burst forth in a torrent of passionate tears and sobs.

After that morning there were no more bursts of overwhelming grief; the most poignant edge of his sorrow was gone; yet the sorrow itself was there sinking deeply into his heart, and his reserve with the inmates of Holly Mount in no way decreased. And they misunderstood him, taking the semblance for reality; they thought him a moody, ungenial boy. Even Mrs. Vernon, whose gentleness seldom failed to win the confidence of her children, was at fault.

One little sunbeam alone shone steadily upon him, and Mabel ever stood his firm friend when all were against him. Though all her timid advances received no response, she continued to perform every kind action that came in her way. Doubtless she would have conquered Lewis' obstinacy had her kind intentions been backed by word or look from the rest.

Agnes, in the character of the "Black

Knight," depicted Lewis in her story as he now appeared; there her notice ended.

Reuben, wrapped up in his own dreamy speculations, did nothing to dispel the clouds on Lewis' brow.

They dubbed the retreat, the black knight's refuge, and left him to his own devices.

So the days passed by, and Christmas arrived.

It had been the custom for many years for Mr. and Mrs. Vernon to give a juvenile party upon Christmas-Eve, and all day long the children fluttered hither and thither, busy amongst the decorations and other preparations.

Mabel carried flowers for Nessie and Reuben, who, seated in the empty dining-room, were twining wreaths. There was something wanting to complete Mabel's happiness, and when she brought an armful of evergreens to Reuben, she asked—"Where is Lewis?"

"Cannot your Fairy Majesty's wand discover his hiding place?"

Reuben answered lightly, as he placed a crimson paper peony in the midst of a bunch of green in the centre of his garland—

"Will that do, Nessie?"

"Mab, we cannot expect to see the black knight to-day. Oh! that is beautiful, Reuben. Now fasten in these streamers."

Reuben finished Nessie's sentence. "The black knight does not believe in fairies, and we are going to hold a fairy revel. Don't expect to see him."

"You are unkind," cried Mabel warmly, the colour rushing to her cheeks. "How would you like such remarks to be made if you were lonely and unhappy as he is? Mabel's courage failed her as her speech was finished, and throwing down the flowers she was holding for Reuben, she ran away.

She sought Lewis, but not finding him, soon even she forgot him, as her services were called into more frequent requisition by her Mamma.

Until Lewis came to Holly Mount he had seen no girls but the red-haired, strong-limbed daughters of the Highland shepherd, in whose cottage he and his mother had lodged, and he looked upon Agnes and Mabel with a reverence, the spirits he had read of, would have inspired him with, could they have had existence.

When little Mabel, with her brown curls drooping over her sweet face, stole from some happy group to speak to him, he was almost too bewildered to reply.

The wild free solitude of his native hills had nurtured in Lewis passions so strong, that their dreadful effects had been one among the many causes that had hastened his mother's early death. Lewis knew this, and the thought was agony. Mabel's influence would sooner have been all powerful, but for the idea dwelt upon in solitude, that God had taken away his idolized mother as a punishment for his wild passions, and that in order to control them he must live as his mother prayed, "Out of the world." So he checked every impulse that would have made him enjoy the home freedom at Holly Mount, and poured forth his soul in lonely prayers to that dead mother and the God he did not love or understand. He had vowed over his mother's grave that he would never have enjoyment more, but would only enter into those things that brought with them a sharp stinging sense of pain.

As Lewis came down from his late toilet the sound of music attracted him to the dining-room. When he reached the open folding-doors he stood transfixed as though some sudden glimpse had been vouchsafed him into fairy-land. On couches and easy chairs placed out of the way of the happy groups upon the floor, sat Mr. and Mrs. Vernon with the elder guests of the party.

The musicians commenced to play a set of quadrilles as Lewis arrived upon the scene, and the children stood in their places.

Lewis' eye soon singled out Mabel. She had quite forgotten him. Her eyes were sparkling, her cheeks flushed as she talked merrily with her little friend.

Agnes stood near with Reuben, the only boy amongst all their guests who was taller than herself.

The game concluded, stealing from rest, lightly gliding over the polished floor, came a little white-robed form.

"Lewis, where have you been? I have looked for you everywhere."

Excitement banished reserve, and for once Lewis spoke freely.

"You cannot care for me, Mabel, when you have so many more worthy than I, with you.

"Lewis!" Mabel's lip quivered, and there were tears in her large dark eyes. "It would give me such pleasure if you would come and have just one dance to keep my birthday.

How could he resist so sweet a pleader? The flush had not yet died from Lewis' cheek, and the echo of the music was still in his ears, exercising the powerful influence peculiar to such a novelty upon one possessing the rare faculties for enjoyment that Lewis had.

"You will come, Lewis?"

Involuntarily he answered — "I cannot dance, I should be but a clumsy partner."

"I will teach you," Mabel cried, her face beaming.

But two moments it took him to become inspirited too. His arm encircled Mabel's slender waist, and off they started, the merriest and happiest there. Lewis learned the step at once; his quick ear with the peculiarly marked rhythm of the music enabled him to catch it very soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon looked on in amazement. At first they wondered whom Mabel's partner could be, unable to recognise in that handsome,

animated boy, the pale sullen ward they had missed a few hours ago.

Mrs. Vernon smiled—"He is roused at last, Richard, now, indeed, we may hope for better things."

But that hope seemed destined to fail, for later in the evening when all had adjourned to the supper-room, Mabel crept to her Mamma's side, and drawing her apart from the rest whispered—"Mamma, I am afraid Lewis is ill, he stopped suddenly when we were dancing, and pressed his hand to his forehead. I saw him turn pale as death, and asked if anything were the matter? but he said no, and snatching his hand from mine ran up stairs to his room. I heard him shut and lock the door. Dear Mamma, can we do anything?"

"I think it will be better to let him alone, darling."

Mabel went back to her guests, but she recovered neither spirits nor colour the rest of the evening.

As for Mrs. Vernon, she mused upon Lewis' strange conduct until a wild guess at the truth entered her mind, but it seemed the glimpse of so strange and so tenacious a disposition, that she set it down as the mere creation of her own thoughts.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE FAMILY VISITOR.

OUR DAILY FOOD.

BY ERNEST ETHERINGTON.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. vi. 11.

"Feed me with food convenient for me."—Prov. xxx. 8.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY : MR. STULTUS :—CONSTITUENTS OF THE HUMAN BODY—THE AIR WE BREATHE; THE WATER WE DRINK.

Every day we, who call ourselves Christians, pray this prayer, most ancient and divine, given to us by our blessed Lord Himself! How do we expect it to be answered? Do we look out for manna with the morning dew? Do we wait for the ravens to feed us with bread and flesh, as they

fed the seer Elijah in the wilderness long centuries ago? Nay, verily! God works by means of His own appointment; by laws of His own promulgation; and when we ask him thus for "daily bread," we ask His blessing on the efforts we put forth to procure a certain sustenance for ourselves and those depending on us. Doubtless this petition has also its spiritual references: for the soul needs food and medicine, as the body does; but just now it is with the temporal sense of this clause of our blessed Saviour's prayer, that we have to do!

We are to consider our daily food in a Christian point of view.

God has given to each one of us a body—a frame of marvellous and beautiful mechanism; we are “fearfully and wonderfully made.” What He has fashioned with such exquisite skill must needs be well worth preservation: it must surely be our duty, as Christian men and women, to nourish and preserve it to the best of our ability. We have no right through carelessness, through self-indulgence, and through viciousness of conduct, to injure or imperil that which is indeed the great Creator’s handiwork. That mind may subdue matter, no one surely will dispute; but then is it sufficiently considered that matter can, and does sway mind, and that to an extent we cannot calculate? It may seem a very vulgar thing to talk about the *stomach*; but if the stomach be neglected, or outraged, woe then to the brain! Do you think Euclid could have demonstrated his problems under the influence of a racking headache? Do you suppose Tennyson can write good poetry while he suffers from a bilious attack? Do Mr. Spurgeon and the Bishop of Oxford preach their happiest sermons, groaning under the pangs of a cruel indigestion? Would Morley Punshon be right eloquent, if between his rounded periods, came an interlude of spasms? Truly the stomach *will* be considered; it will not be underfed or overfed, or improperly fed, without an energetic protest of its claims to better treatment; and if you will ignore those claims, why, then the worse for you, the worse for all the tasks that God has set you to perform!

There is a common saying, that “God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks!” Perhaps, if we were to say that the devil promotes ignorance, slothfulness, and wilful prejudice, we might come more exactly to the truth.

God has given us all things richly to enjoy; to use and not abuse: He gives us constitutions, and we, through culpable neglect, or else excesses, ignore them, and sometimes break them up entirely! Our Lord God has framed a certain code of health. He has given certain fundamental rules, and we ignore them! He spreads abroad pure air for man and beast to breathe: man shuts it out and

shuts the foul air in! He rains pure water from the skies; He watereth the hills from His chambers: man will not drink of the translucent stream, nor bathe his body in its cleansing waves!

We cherish weaknesses; we multiply diseases, and, as a matter of course, transmit them to our children; and these children, given to us by our God to nurse for Him—these children, already delicate and puny, we bring up on the same false system, which has done so much to make ourselves poor, feeble, ailing men and women! And is this the course a *Christian* should pursue? Should he, of all beings, neglect and do dishonour to the body, that is his Father’s handiwork! Let us look at these subjects, fairly, seriously; let us examine, cursorily it must be, but still more deeply than has been our wont, into the natural history of Food, and its relations to the human body. Let us

“Speak truth and shame the devil.”

for I do believe that the devil is the patron of all bad air, dirt, laziness, ignorance, and intemperance!

Listen to a fable! Sophronius went to visit Stultus in his library, where he was composing Greek hexameters. The fire was nearly out, the day was cold; Sophronius shivered. Stultus said:—“Dear me! the fire is nearly out, yet the servant lighted it this morning, and put on coal.” “It wants more coal,” replied Sophronius. “You must keep up a supply of fuel if you would have heat and warmth: what your servant piled up in the grate two hours ago, is all burnt out.” “How very tiresome!” replied Stultus; “but coals are expensive, and I have no wood at hand; and here is sand and broken earthenware, and a little paper, and a lucifer match or two: let us feed the fire with these.” So he heaped them on the dying embers, and watched for the glow of warmth a blazing fire should give. But no warmth came: the bits of paper blazed up for a minute, the matches crackled and sent out a flame, but gradually the embers paled from fiery red to ashy grey; the smoke grew less and less, the grate grew cold, the fire was out—extinguished, dead! “And yet I fed it,” quoth the astonished Stultus. “Ah!” said

Sophrionius, "you fed it, certainly, but not with *fuel*! In the first place, you let it waste and waste without renewal of that on which alone it feeds and grows; and then you smothered it with substances that were not made to burn. Now you shiver and complain: I will go and find a wiser man!"

"There never was such a fool as Stultus," you will say. I am not so sure of that! I am afraid there are persons living now to whom I might say, as Nathan said to David, "*Thou art the man!* You always knew that fire must be kept up with fuel," do you say? You "never tried to make a fire with sand and paper and broken earthenware?"

Perhaps not; but did you never fail to repair the waste of nature that goes on in your body day by day? Did you never feed it heedlessly, harmfully, till its constituents were nearly exhausted, and the vital spark burnt low? But you say "what are the constituents of the human body?"

Good! that is what I wanted you to ask. You, who do not know, and never wonder what your flesh and blood and bone are made of! One thing is certain, the elements of which your body is composed waste in one way or another every hour, and this waste must be repaired if you would live—and *adequately* repaired if you would live in health and comfort! Professor Johnston writes:—"Not only is the living body in constant movement as a whole, but all its parts, even the minutest, are in perpetual motion. They are like the population of a great city, moving to and fro, coming and going continually, weeded out and removed hour after hour by deaths and departures, yet as unceasingly kept up in numbers by new incomers. And so rapid is the wear and tear of the animal machine,—to change our figure, in consequence of this incessant movement, that the repairs, which are constantly called for, are said to renovate the whole framework in less than a month. Every wheel in that short space is renewed. New materials are brought in for the purpose, while the old are thrown away and rejected."

A man of 154 lbs. weight, according to Dr. Lankester, contains 111 lbs. of water; the remaining 43 lbs. consists of—

	lbs.	oz.	gra.
Gelatine	15	0	0
Fat.....	12	0	0
Albumen	4	3	0
Fibrine	4	4	0
Phosphate of Lime.....	5	13	0
Carbonate of Lime	1	0	0
Fluoride of Calcium.....	0	3	0
Chloride of Sodium.....	0	3	376
Sulphate of Soda	0	1	170
Carbonate of Soda	0	1	72
Phosphate of Soda	0	0	400
Sulphate of Potash	0	0	400
Phosphate of Magnesia.	0	0	75
Ditto of Potash	0	0	100
Chloride of Potassium...	0	0	12
Oxide of Iron	0	0	150
Silica.....	0	0	3

These, then, being the materials of which the body is composed, and which are daily consumed, as fuel in the fire, it follows that a constant renovation of the system must go on; and as the lime and soda wastes, fresh lime and soda must be incessantly supplied, as must all the other constituents of the human frame.

It is true also of the physical, as of the spiritual man, that he does not live by bread (*i.e.* food) alone; for there are *four* factors of life, four essential elements of being, without which he ceases to exist. These four factors are AIR, WATER, FOOD, and HEAT.

And before we take up the subject of actual food, it may be as well to speak a word about the air we breathe, and the water that we drink, since these are of equal importance with warmth and nourishment.

The atmosphere is essentially composed of oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid and watery vapour! But it is of nitrogen and oxygen that dry air principally consists: the carbonic acid exists but in very small proportions; in fact, as a rule, there are only 2 gallons of carbonic acid gas in 5,000 gallons of common air. The watery vapour varies according to the temperature of the season, or the climate; this also bears a very small proportion to the whole.

A little carbonic acid we must have, a little watery vapour; but pure air, fit for human lungs to breathe, must be chiefly composed of oxygen and nitrogen. Do you know how very unwholesome carbonic acid gas really is? It is absolutely poisonous to animals, though indispensable to

plants; when the atmosphere is overloaded with this gas, the human creature and the brute must perish!

I said that there existed about 2 gallons of carbonic acid gas in every 5,000 of ordinary air. In this state pure air enters the *lungs*; but it returns in the proportion of *three-and-a-half gallons to every hundred*! Imagine, then, the atmosphere created in a crowded and ill-ventilated room! No wonder people faint and feel the ill effects for hours to come!

Two grown people go to bed; perhaps a child is with them; they close the window, shut the door, stop up the chimney, draw the curtains of the old four-poster close around them, and the little one, who slumbers in his cradle at his mother's side: they feel quite snug, and go to sleep rejoicing in the coziness that reigns about their nest. All very well, if they were going to get up again in half an hour, but they are not! It is just eleven now, and they will not think of rising before seven, or may be eight o'clock to-morrow morning; seven or eight hours in an atmosphere that loses every minute its pure constituents; for carbonic acid takes the place of the much diminished oxygen, and instead of 2 gallons in 5,000 it is difficult to say how much you have, since the two grown people alone have been throwing off at least seven gallons to every hundred, to say nothing of that which is thrown out also by the skin!

Most probably these people, who are evidently Mr. Stultus and his wife, sleep uneasily, have bad dreams, and are disturbed by the baby; but sleep they soundly or unsoundly, they get up in the morning pale, dull-eyed, heavy, unrefreshed, and indisposed for breakfast. They cannot think what ails them. They wonder why their children do not thrive! They have buried two or three, and this one seems a puny little plant. They never think, not they, about the air they breathe! They do not know, or care to know, that the oxygen enters the cells of the lungs, and is absorbed by the minute vessels spreading over the entire surface of the cell-walls, and that within these vessels it directly combines with certain constituents of the *blood*: that it is the blood which builds up the substance

of the body, forming and enlarging muscles, skin, cartilages, &c.

Other services the *oxygen* will also render to the human animal, but these good people shut it out, and get carbonic acid in its place, and so the blood is vitiated and scrofula, and all kinds of diseases are thereby bred and nourished; debility comes on, nervousness, weariness of life, and they finally pass into peevish invalids, the victims of some chronic malady, if, indeed, a violent fever do not take them off in early, or in middle life. The moment the blood is vitiated by bad air, bad food, or vicious habits, that moment health is impaired, comfort ceases, life is itself imperilled!

Two-thirds of people are suicides or involuntary murderers, if they did but know it. But then the devil does not wish them to know it, for in bad air and wretched feeding, not disease alone but crime is often generated. A bad atmosphere, dirt, and immorality very often dwell together, and keep each other in countenance the whole year round.

Open your windows! Let them open top and bottom! for if the rain is driving in, you cannot very well raise the lower sash. Besides, the foul air rises, and will escape by the upper vent more easily. And remember, too, that *draughts* need not be created in the course of ventilation; though it is good when you leave a room, to set wide open doors and windows, and drive the bad air out and let the good air in. Especially in bed-rooms this precaution should be remembered. Let the beds be stripped and well exposed to the current of fresh air; let the pillows be shaken and have a thorough cooling, and keep the windows open, except in such weather as would render it difficult or unsafe, to the latest hour of the evening! No registers down, no bags of shavings up the chimney! Every day, if possible, go out into the air, and stay as long as may be reasonable. Get plenty of *LIGHT*! sombre chambers are the enemy of health and beauty, for colour is the child of light, and the roses of the lip and cheek cannot flourish in dim, dusky rooms! Go, then, out into the blessed sunshine, and rejoice in its pure rays, and *drink* in the oxygen that rushes all about you. Stand out in the fields, upon the hill, or on the furzy common, and draw

some three or four *deep breaths*, and let the oxygen go rushing through your lungs and so into your veins, renewing thus the life that God has given you to preserve.

I have but little space to speak of water—I need not say you cannot live without it, for that you know. I told you that a human being weighing 154 lbs. contained 111 lbs. of water! It is necessary, then, that we imbibe a great deal of water, you will say; for the supply of water must be properly kept up, or the body will suffer from the loss of one of its constituents! Precisely! and, whether you will or no, you do take in a great deal of water every day. Not only do you take it in its natural state, more or less, in tea, coffee, beer, wine; but in potatoes, which contain 74 lbs. of water in the 100 lbs.; in cabbages, parsnips, carrots, which contain larger proportions still; in beef and mutton and milk and cheese; in bread, which is only gluten and starch, combined with nearly the same quantity of water; in fruit, in everything you eat, so that you take in water if you do not drink it; otherwise some of you who are very far from teetotallers would *die*. The action of water on our food is most important. Nothing that we take as food can become

nutriment unless it be dissolved in water. And much that would not be dissolved by water out of the stomach, is dissolved by water in it; neither will *beverages* of which water is the chief constituent, as beer, or tea, dissolve so much as simple water. It is, therefore, essential to drink every day *some* water as pure as we can get it, for thereby digestion is assisted, and that demon, dyspepsia, and all the imps that follow after him, may be exorcised. Get plenty of fresh air, due exercise therein, and pure water, and you lay, under God's blessing, the foundation of a long and vigorous life!

I must conclude now, and will finish what I have to say about water next month: this chapter has been chiefly introductory. I mean presently, God helping me, to talk to you about *bread and meat, and milk, and cheese*, and all the other articles of diet we commonly consume; showing you how they contain the very substances which we require, which are as essential to the daily repair and building up of the daily wasting temple of the human frame, as is the fuel to the fire, which certainly goes out when Mr. Stultus will not feed it or feeds it with the wrong materials.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S MISCELLANY.

This page of our Magazine, I desire especially to dedicate to the *Elder Daughters* of our families. I hope that *young ladies* will test for themselves the excellence of the receipts I am about to offer. It cannot be doubted that Home Happiness would be infinitely increased, if the younger women of the community would take pains to become thorough and prudent housewives. It is an honour and a glory to any woman to have a well-ordered household:—her domestic *ménage* is her sovereignty, her queen-dom! and she may perform the duties of her state, without by any means relinquishing mental culture, or the practice of those graceful accomplishments, so pleasant and so soothing to the father, brother, and husband, when the toils of business are completed. It is a disgrace to a woman to be able

to interpret *Mendelssohn*, and *not* to know how to cook a mutton chop; to read *Goethe* and *Schiller* in the original, and to make gutta-percha pie-ornst, and leathery tasteless hashes! Elder daughters! strive to aid your mothers in the household management—*study* the culinary art—you need not scrub the pans, of course, or wash the pudding-cloth—you need not be *household drudges*; only household blessings! Though, by the way, it is excellent to *know* how the very roughest work should be performed. “Knowledge is *Power*,” and you cannot tell, but you may some day sorely need it. Premising that I am myself very fond of cooking, and especially of that branch of it which produces tasty little dishes at *smallest cost*; I proceed to give you some *simple*, economical receipts, suited to the month of January; and

I think, my dear Elder Daughters, we will take for our motto two verses from the Book of Books:—"EVERY WISE WOMAN BUILDETH HER HOUSE; BUT THE FOOLISH PLUCKETH IT DOWN WITH HER HANDS."—Prov. xiv. 1. "SHE" (the virtuous woman whose price is far above rubies) "LOOKETH WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD, AND EATETH NOT THE BREAD OF IDLENESS."

NO. 1. A MUTTON HASH, which nine times out of ten is tough and tasteless, but when properly treated becomes a wholesome appetizing dish. The best way to hash the remains of a leg or shoulder of mutton, is, I find, as follows:—*Over night*, cut up your meat in thin slices, break the bones, put all into a saucepan with water enough to cover it, and let it simmer about an hour; finally, let it come to the point of boiling, then turn it out into an earthen vessel, and leave it till the morning; (never permit soups, stews, stock, &c., to remain all night in metal pots or pans.) Take off the cake of fat, which may be rendered down for common pastry, or frying purposes, &c. Remove all the bones and skin, and most of the pieces of fat; place the meat in layers in a saucepan, sprinkle every layer with a little salt, pepper, and flour; slice one or more good sized onions, according to quantity of meat and to taste, cover with the skimmed liquid and set upon the hob. Then let it gradually heat till it *simmers*—keep it at simmering point for half an hour. A quarter of an hour before dinner time, thicken with flour, making a smooth thick paste with cold water or milk in a cup, and *gradually thin* with the broth of the hash. Add a teaspoonful of mushroom ketchup, or Lea and Perrin's "Worcestershire Sauce." Stir this mixture well into the hash,—taste and see if the seasoning is enough; if not add salt or pepper, *very gently*: remembering that you may remedy a deficiency, whilst an overplus is ruin to your dish. Boil up for half a minute to let the thickening do its work, then serve in a hot dish, garnished with *thin crisp* sippets of toasted bread. If you have broth by you use it instead of water, in the preparation of the hash: if milk is plentiful, use milk and water, half and half; and if you have any cold gravy

from roast or pie, add it to the hash. In all made dishes, Lea and Perrin's "Worcestershire Sauce" is *invaluable*. A shilling bottle discreetly used will last for months.

2. ECONOMIC BUT DELICIOUS FAMILY SOUP.—We will suppose you have finished a joint of splendid Christmas beef, a piece of the sirloin, weighing from 10lb to 14lb. Divide the bones, and put them with two pennyworth of melt into a pot, with two quarts of water, or broth, or liquor in which beef has been boiled, (though the latter is often too salt for use)—the remains of a cold tongue, pork bones, fowl bones, &c., should be saved and added. Simmer gently for four hours, then strain off the soup into an earthen pan—let it stand till cold. Skim off all the fat, but put in any bits of meat, and of the soft part of the tongue; also slice in a couple of good thick carrots, two or three turnips, a couple or so of onions according to the size, and as much celery as you think right. Season with salt and pepper—*DISCREETLY*—remembering the consequences of a *heavy hand* in condiments! The peas, either split or whole, should be soaked in rain water all night, then boiled to a *mash*, separately, taking care they do not burn, add them gradually to the soup, an hour before wanted. Taste and see if there are salt and pepper enough—just boil up, and serve with toasted bread cut into dice. Some people like a little dried mint, finely powdered, on the table. The toasted bread should be served separately, never in the soup. Be sure to remove the *milt*, which is only fit for pussy, when the goodness is extracted. You may always make the soup richer by adding half a pound of gravy beef—a *ham bone* is a grand addition. If at the second simmering you have not liquid enough, add water; but do not "drown the miller!"—one rash moment spoils your labour! The vegetables should be just *melting* into the soup, when it is ready. In France I have seen the carrots and turnips boiled separately, and rubbed through a sieve into the soup; also, two or three large mealy potatoes treated in the same way. This I can recommend! You may make a tureen of this soup and call it *Soupe Parisienne*!

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THE BRACKENLEA VALENTINES.

By MARY HOWITT.

PART I.

"Mrs. Patience Martin! What a joke!" exclaimed Georgie Evershed, rushing into the pleasant upstairs sitting-room, which still bore the old familiar name of "the nursery." "Why, nurse, here's a book from somebody who does not know much about you. Do let me see what it is. I hope something nice!"

Patience Martin, the children's former nurse, and now the much esteemed and trusted friend of the whole family, took the book from Georgie's hand, tore off the paper which encased it, and then said, as if well pleased, yet surprised at the same time—

"The annual report of my old school at Swanford. A presentation copy, and so prettily bound too! Well, that is very kind!"

"If they send reports to all their old scholars, they must have good memories, and a great deal of troublesome business into the bargain," said Georgie. "I'm quite disappointed, I hoped it was something really nice."

With these words, Georgie skipped out of the room again, to join her

brother and sister in singing the glee of the "Three Blind Mice."

These three children, Georgie, Hilda, and Lawrence, were as merry as children could be, and children can and ought to be very merry.

At the beginning of winter, however, there was not much mirth amongst them; for Lawrence, the youngest, was then very ill. It had been a long illness, for it commenced in September, and, in consequence, they had spent a very sorrowful Christmas. All the more disappointing, also, was this, because the whole family had anticipated a happy time in their new home at Brackenlea, whence they had been absent for two years whilst the new house was building, and which time they spent at various homes both in Scotland and Ireland; a pleasant, wandering life which all had enjoyed for the time, but ever looking forward to the still happier time when they would be settled down once more at their beautiful Brackenlea.

Instead of the great and merry "house-warming," which had been anticipated, came the sad anxiety of Lawrence's illness, and instead of all settling down, as had been hoped,

under their own roof, another dispersion followed. Lawrence and his mother removed to the warmer climate of Malvern for the hydropathic treatment of one of the great establishments there, and Georgie and Hilda were sent to Yarmouth under the care of the good Patience Martin, who herself was a native of Norfolk.

Now, however, all the sorrow and anxiety of that time is long past. They are established in their beautiful home, and nothing but pleasant memories remain even out of that season of trial. Their father, too, is now with them daily, their cheerful, kind father, who seems to them especially the embodiment of strength; for "Papa can do everything!" He was, in fact, physically, morally, and intellectually a strong man, and children soon feel this, though they may not analyse it. Therefore, one of the pleasures of the new home was that they saw their father every evening at least, and all Sunday, instead of only in flying visits, as at Malvern or Yarmouth. His evening return was one of the pleasantest events of the day, and generally, at the first sound of the coming train, they ran down the shrubby walk to the small side-gate, which opened almost upon the platform of the little country station, to meet him and to bring him with rejoicings home.

But now a word or two of the children themselves. Georgie is a bright, happy creature. She is sometimes called George, but this does not please her, for she persists in not being boyish nor yet too much of a romp. Nor do I think she is, neither do her parents; though she can whistle and dance the hornpipe as well as any little sailor, and in her tight-fitting gymnastic costume run up the poles and swing on the ropes in their gymnastic room as light as a feather. The parents approve of their children taking a great deal of exercise, and, therefore, in his new house, Mr. Evershed, who is a rich and celebrated architect, has built a splendid gymnastic room for their use, and here he frequently drills and exercises them himself.

Hilda is much quieter than Georgie. She is fond of poetry and music; composes little verses, and sets them to tunes of her own.

When Lawrence first returned from Malvern, and was still considered somewhat of an invalid, it was she who always muffled him up when he went out, and fetched him his "nooning," as she called it, according to her favourite Norfolk phrase, of jelly, at twelve o'clock. Moreover, she allowed him to accompany some of her little pieces on his concertina, which was a great act of forbearance on her part, seeing that she had a fine ear for music, and Lawrence made an excruciating din.

"Music, however," she said consolingly to herself, "is the part of Lawrence which has not grown yet."

As for Lawrence, his illness had made him somewhat of a despot, for everybody at Malvern, from the old bath-woman, who especially attended upon him, upwards, had agreed to spoil him, and she, certainly more than all the rest; so, at least, his mother said. Nevertheless, Lawrence was naturally a good-hearted, generous lad, and now that he had returned home, one of his greatest pleasures was to hear about his sisters' stay at Yarmouth, where they had lodged at the house of a brave, noble old pilot, called Captain Hedley, and his wife. He, in his turn, was very diffuse on his stay at Malvern, and had endless stories to tell about the ladies and gentlemen there, and his kind old bath-woman.

When the children had sung themselves hoarse, and it was now dusk, they agreed to go to Patience, and get her to tell them something amusing by the fire in the twilight.

They were very fond of Patience, who had taken care of them ever since they were born. She was more like a second mother to them than a nurse.

"Now, Patience, we are come for you to tell us something that will make us split our sides with laughing," was Lawrence's greeting, as they entered the room.

"No; tell us about Miss Winterflood's Establishment for Young

Ladies, where you lived before you came to mamma; I am never tired of hearing about it," said Georgie.

"No, don't, Patience!" exclaimed Hilda, "it makes me miserable."

"Yes, do!" stormed in Lawrence, "do! and I'll make Miss Winterflood's face," said he, distorting his features, into an ideal image of parsimony; "now, begin!"

Hilda put her fingers in her ears, determined not to listen; and Patience began:

"It really was the most miserable place you can think of, though it was so grand to look at. People talk against charity-schools, but, at all events, we had at Swanford plenty to eat and drink, and were so happy, that going straight from there to the Miss Winterflood's, I felt as if I had dropped out of Paradise. If I could have helped the poor young ladies it would have been so different. But I could do nothing."

"So you left, and came direct to mamma," said Hilda, who was tired of stopping her ears. "Now, don't go on with that dismal story. We know all about it. Come; let us sit round the fire, and make ourselves cozy, and fix about sending off our valentines."

"There's one favour I should like to ask of you," replied Patience, drawing her chair closer to the cheerful glowing fire round which all were now seated.

"We'll do anything for you, dear old Patience," said Lawrence, who began whittling a stick, and making a great mess on the hearth, "anything it may be your ladyship's pleasure to ask."

"It is only to write me a pretty valentine," said Patience, smiling, "for a poor little girl at Swanford, who is much on my mind. I have been thinking of it for some time; and now the report coming this afternoon made me desire it still more. She is a Norfolk child, poor thing, used to keeping Valentine's day."

"She shall have a prime one," returned Lawrence. "Hilda shall write some capital verses; not any rubbish, and papa shall make them run smooth, and mamma shall paint the picture!"

"We'll do it to-night," said Georgie, "for papa is not coming till late, and mamma said we might have tea with her, and then she could give all the evening to our valentines."

"But we must know about the little girl," said Hilda, "what her name is, and all the rest, else we shall never make her a proper valentine."

"It is little Sally Prior, who has been two years at the school. I knew her parents, and, indeed, others of her family," said Patience, with a sigh. "But her parents are now dead. They both died when she was a baby, and her grandmother lives at Fieldfare Marsh, in Norfolk; a long way off. So I thought a Valentine would cheer her up; and, perhaps, now that Master Lawrence is quite well, and we are all settled down again, your mamma would spare me some Wednesday, which is the visiting-day, that I might go and see her, for she is a friendless little thing."

"That she will!" responded Hilda. "But why have you not told us about this little Sally before; and how did you come to know her friends?"

"Oh, Miss Hilda, I knew them as well as my own family almost," replied Patience. "I knew Mr. and Mrs. Bendelow; they were little Sally's grandparents when I was quite a child. He was in the herring-fishery, like my father; and we were very friendly. They lived next door to us, and we used to joke about our two cottages being called Unity Cottages, because we were just like one family. We used to knock on the wall by the fire, and ask how each other did, of a morning, and were always running in and out."

"I remember you went to see an old Mrs. Bendelow when we were at Yarmouth," said Hilda; "why did you not tell us about her?"

"It is a sad story altogether," returned Patience, sorrowfully, "and some way I never much like to talk about it. Still, you must know about little Sally. The Bendelows had three children; Mary, who was poor

little Sally's mother, and Hannah, who died, and Tom.—poor lad!"

"Why do you say, 'poor lad?'" demanded Lawrence.

"Well, he went to sea. He was the best of sons, and always took care of his mother after she was left a widow. But he was twice shipwrecked; and five years ago, he went with a ship to British Columbia, which, perhaps, you don't know, is on the other side of America,—a terrific voyage; and, poor fellow, nobody has heard of him since." Here Patience paused; then added, "I am afraid he's gone to another land, still further off,—poor fellow! But, however," continued she, after a second pause, "it's about old Mrs. Bendelow I was telling you; she made the best saffron-cakes and cookeels, as she called them—another kind of hot cross-buns, which people eat in Passion Week at Yarmouth. She was very proud of her cooking, and used to give us little turnovers and gingerbread buttons when we were good. We were so neighbourly altogether, I can't tell you. However, it was not to last. One Sunday,—it was either the 21st or 22nd of November, 1840; how well I remember it!—she promised to cook our common dinner, for Father Bendelow, as I called him, and my father were both out with their boats; they were partners, you see, and we knew they would be in by dinner; and as they had been out all night, they would come home desperately hungry. Mother was somewhat ailing, and could not endure cooking; so she took Mary, Tom, and me to church, at St. Nicholas's. The clergyman, before he began his sermon, told us he had very joyful news to give us, for that a little Princess was born. The news of the birth of this first royal child had been communicated to him on entering the church, and now he must tell us that we might all rejoice together before God. I seem to hear him speaking now. There was quite an excitement through the church; everybody looked as pleased and proud as if the baby were their own. And that was our Princess Royal, who is now married to the

Crown Prince of Prussia, and has children of her own.

"When we came out of the church the bells began ringing, and the air was loaded with the pealing of other church bells, brought from a distance by the wind, for it was then blowing a terrific gale. There was many a heart in Yarmouth that day that could not join in the rejoicing, and that felt as if it never would rejoice again. The storm was awful. The sea came rolling in frightfully; the boats and shipping were tossed to and fro, and many broke from their moorings. Poor women were seen rushing down to the beach with their children clinging to them, for many had husbands, or sons, or brothers out. There was mother, and there was Mrs. Bendelow and her poor children—oh what a coming out of a rejoicing church it was! Many a tear was shed that day; many a tear was mixed with prayers for our Queen and her baby!"

"Dear father lay a corpse the next day in our little parlour; and a day or two afterwards poor father Bendelow in the fellow parlour next door; for their bodies were thrown upon the beach, one at Yarmouth, and the other some miles up the shore. It makes my heart sick as I think of it!" said Patience. The children said nothing, and she continued after a moment's pause.

"Mother never got over it. She was not strong, to begin with. She was not regularly ill, but she gradually faded and faded away till she had no strength left; and the next year she was laid by his side, and through the kindness of the clergyman and others who knew father and mother, I was sent to Swanford."

"Poor, dear Patience!" said the children, mournfully; "and did you never see your playfellows, Mary and Tom, again?"

"I never saw Mary again," replied Patience; "she married a ship's carpenter, named Prior, and died, and so did he; and poor Tom, he went to sea, where he had nothing but bad luck! I saw him, though, whilst I was living at Miss Winterflood's; that was after his

second shipwreck; and again, once since I've lived with your mamma. He came on purpose to see me before he went on his last voyage to Columbia, and your mamma allowed him to have tea with me. We were to have been married when he came back"—and now poor Patience began to cry.

Again the children said "poor, dear Patience!" even more mournfully than before. They had heard their mother speak of this great sorrow, but had never heard a word of it before from Patience herself. They felt, very sorry for her, but hardly knew what to say. However, they kissed her, and that expression of tender sympathy was better than words; then they said they would go down stairs and bring up a beautiful valentine for little Sally Prior, when they came to bed.

The next minute our children were rushing down the broad flight of stairs leading to the ground floor. They crossed the large, square hall, and entered the well-lighted library. They passed through the lofty carved doors, and reached a second pair at the further end of the room, which matched the first, except that these bore the beautifully interlaced monogram of E. E.—Elizabeth Evershed—indicating that these led to her especial room. All the principal doors of this splendid house were thus carved with the initials of their parents, with lovely scrolls and devices. This inner apartment was fitted up according to Mrs. Evershed's design. It was an elegant, cozy room; and here the children were to drink tea and spend the evening with her. The pleasant evening meal was already spread, and Mrs. Evershed, in her soft evening dress, sat reading by lamp-light awaiting her children. In this lady the liveliness of Georgie and the gentleness of Hilda were combined.

The children, seated round the table, were soon in the midst of their communications regarding little Sally Prior and the valentines.

"And I must have the grandest, most beautiful valentine in the world," said Lawrence, "for dear

old Mrs. Hasluck, the bath-woman at Malvern. She's a good old thing; and she gave me her carte. It's beautiful! as she stands with her towel at the bath-room door."

"It's no use sending our Norfolk valentines, though," said Georgie, looking dejected, a very rare occurrence with her; "you should hear Captain and Mrs. Hedley and Patience talking about valentines! They send real presents to each other down there. Mrs. Hedley has even known the front door left open on purpose for people to slip their valentines in without being seen; and there is such a running and scrambling about of people trying to see who has left the valentine at the door. It's real, downright fun! The shop windows at Yarmouth and Norwich, they said, were full of beautiful presents, like Parkins and Gotto's, and Fortnum and Mason's, and all are ticketed 'Valentines,' so I don't know what we can do!"

"We must certainly send them something, though," said Hilda. "That dear old Captain Hedley; how I love him! Not that he really is a captain, but everybody calls him so, except Mrs. Hedley, who always says, 'my brave husband,' or 'my partner.' It is so funny! I have my verse ready for him; and he is such a good old fellow, and such a brave pilot, and so respected! How he used to go out with us with his telescope in his hand; and how amusing he was! Next summer he hopes we may all go there again when the *theaps* are ripe; that's Norfolk for gooseberries. It's beautiful then, he says, when the band plays either on the new or old jetty; and we are to go by the steamer to Cromer. It is all arranged. And, mamma, I'll tell you what," continued the usually quiet Hilda, now so enthusiastically, as almost to spill her tea, "could not we send them some beautiful presents, because they were so kind to us, and Georgie and I dearly love them!"

"If we could but give our Norfolk people real, genuine valentines!" exclaimed Georgie, "to Patience, and to that poor little

Sally Prior, too; would it not be nice?"

"Well, and why not?" returned Lawrence. "Papa and mamma are rich enough, only they must all come here to have their presents; because we must see the fun."

"That would be delicious!" remarked Hilda, "and then you would all know that good Captain Hedley; and he could bring his medals for you to see; and he would sing for you."

"I saw from the beach when the morning was shining."

for he sings it beautifully; and he has never been in London since the coaching days. He told us that he remembered the time when the coaches were so laden with Norfolk turkeys that they could not take passengers for many days about Christmas-time. I know he means to send us up a Norfolk turkey—but that is a great secret! The shortest day is the right time to send them off—and then you'll see!"

"We must have old Mrs. Bendelow, too, and her poor little grandchild, so that dear Patience may have a pleasure," said Georgie; "and that can be our house-warming! Now, dearest mamma, may not it be so? And papa will pay all the fares, will he not, so that they need not do anything but laugh and be merry?"

"Yes; quite decided! settled! so it shall be! Poz!" shouted Lawrence, giving a great thump on the table.

"Softly, softly! my dear children," said their mother. "You really must not arrange everything so speedily. I assure you, I do not see the way at all clear."

"Oh, mamma!" sounded from the three children like a funeral knell.

"I am quite grieved," said she, "for I see with you that something really beautiful might be made out of your scheme; and your Norfolk friends are excellent people, to whom your father and I wish to make some acknowledgment; but doing what you propose, would cost a great deal more money than you imagine. All my extra means have

gone in charities, and dear Lawrence's illness has cost so much, that we really must not ask papa for any more. One thing, however, shall be done. Patience, who has told me about the poor child at Swanford, shall go there on Wednesday, the day after to-morrow, the proper visiting-day. It will be a pleasure to her to see the old place. You shall go with her, as she has often wished, and you can take some of your old toys and books, and other things for the poor child. You can buy her a handsome cake, too, in London, as you pass through. But, at the present time, you must not ask for anything more."

The children's disappointment was somewhat lessened by this unexpected pleasure; and having finished their tea, they went to impart the good news to Patience, who immediately set about preparing for this little trip.

When they returned, they clustered round their mother to concoct their ordinary valentines. She painted them the most beautiful little country churches, tiny fairy boats, hearts, roses, lilies, and forget-me-nots. There was not one of their juvenile acquaintance who was forgotten. As for Mrs. Hasluck's valentine, it exhibited her under a glowing sky, representing a douche-bath of gold and silver rain. Nothing could compare with it. Lawrence was overjoyed, and so impatient to send it, that after Georgie had copied Hilda's rather witty verses in her best and clearest handwriting, it was obliged to be locked up lest he should send it off before the right day.

When the children had retired to rest, Mrs. Evershed walked up to an easel which stood in the room, and gazed long and lovingly at a small water-colour drawing which was reared in a light gold frame upon it. This lady was a beautiful artist in water-colours, as many exquisite sketches taken in their summer rambles proved. This particular little picture, however, painted during Lawrence's convalescence at Malvern, had an especial interest

for her. It represented the view from the window of the room where she had spent many anxious hours of watching, and afterwards of thankfulness for his recovery. It displayed a pale green winter sky, with the purple, crimson, and golden glow of the early sunset; and the young crescent moon rising up against the tops of the tall plane trees standing in their winter guipure-work of naked boughs. She had a peculiar love for this picture, and had determined never to part with it, unless to Lawrence, when he was old enough to value it. Now, however, she was wavering in her mind. Would she not sacrifice it for the sake of those worthy people who had done so much for her children; and of that excellent and faithful Patience, whose devoted service and affection deserved even more than this at her hands?

Not less than twenty pounds would carry out the schemes which the generous impulses of the children had formed. That sum she might easily obtain for her picture.

At length the resolve was taken, and that same evening she wrote to her father, requesting him to dispose of this drawing for her. It was not the first time that she had parted with her sketches for deeds of love; indeed, this had been so much her habit, that she had now none other left but this, her own favourite.

When her husband returned by the last train, she told him what she had done. He hesitated at first; but as she dilated on her scheme, and on their children's pleasure, he made no further objection, and promised himself to be the bearer of the note to town on the morrow.

PART II.

The children set off in great glee with Patience Martin, by an early train on the Wednesday morning. They had to pass through London, and take a train on another line to Swanford. But it was very amusing. They drove in a cab, and called on the way at a confectioner's for a

handsome plumcake, all sugared over, like a Twelfth-day cake, and a quantity of sugar-plums for little Sally Prior. The cake was so large that it was packed by itself in a square box, and the sugar-plums made a parcel by themselves, besides a basket containing a number of disused toys of various kinds, which was brought from home for the same purpose.

Anon, they were on the second line, travelling rapidly by another train. In half an hour it stopped; the porter shouted "Swanford!" and all alighted.

A man with a fly wanted very much to drive them, but Patience knew the pleasant road to the school which was not far off, and they all preferred walking, taking a boy, however, with them to carry the cake, Lawrence preferring himself to be the bearer of the sugar-plums, and Georgie also the basket of toys.

They crossed a pleasant common, then followed, for some time, a high road, and presently stood before a grand gateway, through the opening of which they beheld, standing on an eminence, a lofty, imposing pile of Elizabethan building. Patience said this was her dear Swanford school, only she was surprised to see how much it had been enlarged since her time.

They rang at the grand gateway, and a little stout old man issued from a door under the broad arch, in answer to the clanging bell.

It was the old porter.

"Oh, Mr. Twibill, you still here!" exclaimed Patience, glad to recognise a familiar face. But she had forgotten the old man's testy temper, and she continued,—

"I have not forgotten your kindness to us girls, when we went to St. Paul's in the month of June!" and with this she took rather than received his hand.

He quickly withdrew it, however, saying in a surly tone, "I can't pretend to remember who has been here, and who has not! If you have come to see the Matron, walk straight up to the front entrance and turn to the left. But

I need not tell you if you were at the school."

And with that he retreated again within the door under the archway.

"What a surly old dog!" said Lawrence, "I'm glad he is gone into his kennel again."

"He need not have behaved in that way!" remarked Patience, evidently disappointed.

It was but a momentary shadow that passed over the pleasant countenance of Patience. She looked again quite happy as she glanced towards the beautiful palace-like edifice, which had flourished, as she could see, to her heart's desire.

On gaining admittance the children were greatly interested by all they saw, and gazed wonderingly down the long corridor through which they were conducted by a benevolent-looking female attendant. She led them into a large sunny apartment, and saying that the Matron was then busy shewing some visitors over the house, requested them to be seated till she was at liberty.

"This, then, is the new waiting-room," said Patience, looking round; "and that is the portrait of our kind old physician; this is one of our governors, a great benefactor; and this again of the chaplain, in my time. He was an old man, and so kind to us! I knew he was dead, and this, no doubt," said she, looking at a large photograph of a younger clergyman, "is the new chaplain."

"I hope the Matron will be kinder to you than that old hound!" said Lawrence, continuing his figure of speech.

"I don't know the present Matron," returned Patience, "but if she be anything like our dear Mrs. Dinwiddie, the Matron of my time, you'll greatly admire her; there was not a girl in my time who would not gladly have stayed only to serve her. As to poor old Twibill, I might have remembered how snappish he was sometimes. But his bark was always worse than his bite, as the saying is."

"I hope little Sally will be pleased with the toys," began Hilda.

Just then the door opened and an elderly widow entered, introducing herself as Mrs. Adsett, the Matron, desiring to know their business.

"We came chiefly to see little Sarah Prior," returned Patience.

Mrs. Adsett's face brightened instantly; "I'm very glad indeed," she replied. "Poor Sarah! she is never asked for. She has an old grandmother a long way off, who now and then sends her a message. but as the poor woman cannot write, Sarah never has the comfort of a letter. May I ask to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"I am an old scholar," said Patience, "I was one of the first girls admitted here. I know Sarah Prior's friends well. My name is Martin, Patience Martin."

A strange expression of pleasurable surprise lit up the Matron's countenance.

"Then indeed, I know who you are!" she said, "you are the noble-hearted pupil of whom the Institution has reason to be proud, and of whom a mention was made in the report two years ago. I am heartily glad to see you, Miss Martin," said she, offering her hand. "You would have had a report last year, only the committee did not know your address. I hope you received the one which was sent the other day? You do not know the trouble the committee has been at to make out your address; not even Sarah Prior, or her grandmother, I believe, could throw any light on the subject, and poor Mrs. Dinwiddie was dead, —"

"Yes," said Patience, who looked uneasy, and as if she wished to end the subject, "my kind friend Mrs. Dinwiddie knew about it. It was she who managed it for me, but her sudden death —"

"Just so," said the Matron; "orderly as all her books and papers were, there was no letter found relative to this presentation. But the committee made handsome mention of your liberality in the report of the year."

"It was not much," said Patience, now looking more uneasy than ever. "it was mere gratitude in me. I

owed so much to the Institution, and I was much attached to poor Sarah's family. If you please we will say no more about it."

The children understood sufficient to know that their good Patience Martin had done some noble deed for which the committee and everybody thanked and honoured her; they glanced the same to each other, and looked admiringly on her.

The Matron, probably understanding something of what the modest young woman who had done good in secret, felt, rose, rang the bell, and desired that Sarah Prior might be sent.

In the interim the cake and the sugar-plums were mentioned, but the two girls kept their toys, as yet in reserve.

Presently the door opened, and a tall, thin girl entered. She was taller than either Georgie or Hilda, and looked so grave and womanly that they were glad nothing had been said about the toys which they now felt sure could not be offered to her.

Patience also seemed surprised at the sight of Sarah, for she exclaimed—

"Well, really! is this little Sally Prior?"

Then taking her hand, and looking at her, she said "Oh, yes! and you are very like your mother my dear!" and kissed her.

Sarah blushed, smiled, looked very much pleased, and very pretty.

"But I ought not to have been so surprised," resumed Patience, "for you must be twelve, I never thought of that."

"Going on for thirteen, ma'am," said Sarah, with a little curtsy. "But may I ask, if you please ma'am, whether you come from grandmother? and how is she? and is she better of her headaches?"

"I am not come from grandmother, my dear, I am Patience Martin."

"It is Miss Martin, your benefactress, Sarah," said the Matron.

"Patience Martin!" exclaimed Sarah Prior, at once surprised out of her timid propriety, "Oh, then

you know something about Uncle Tom!"

Patience all at once went as crimson as Sarah had been a minute or two before, and then said, "No, my dear, indeed I do not. I've heard nothing of him, and if grandmother hasn't, then I'm afraid we none of us ever shall!" and so saying Patience sighed, as she always did when she spoke of that lost sailor friend of hers.

"But please, Patience—ma'am," added Sarah, correcting herself, "grandmother sent me word that she'd done nothing but have pleasant dreams about Uncle Tom, so she thinks he'll come back again."

Patience smiled kindly at Sarah's remark, and said, "Uncle Tom may be very happy, dear, and yet we never see him again. But we will not now say more about him."

"Sarah," said the Matron, speaking quickly, "you had better tell Brooks to take your friends round the house; Miss Martin would like to see the improvements and I am wanted."

A carriage of grand people had just then driven to the door.

Patience took Sarah by the hand, and Lawrence and his sisters followed.

"You'll never think of giving her the dolls and things?" said he in an under-tone.

"No, I think we must take them back again," remarked Hilda.

"We never will!" said Georgie, energetically, "we'll give them to her to give to the little children. That will be giving her a pleasure."

"It is so kind of you to come to see me," said Sarah in the meantime, her whole countenance beaming with joy. "But do you know, dear Patience, grandmother and everybody fancied that Miss Martin that sent me here was some lady. How grandmother will be surprised!"

When the Mrs. Brooks, whom the Matron had mentioned as their guide, joined them, Patience started, and then said half dubiously—

"Is it—or perhaps I am mistaken, but I thought it was Martha

Wallace—"dear Mother—Martha," as we used to call her."

"And so it is!" said the Widow Brooks, embracing and kissing Patience. "And think of you remembering me! But I've had a deal of trouble since those days! I'm now a widow; my only child, thank God! is in the school, and I am come back as one of the nurses. Well, I *am* glad to see you, Patience! And only to think that you are now rich enough to buy a presentation for our Sarah here!"

For Sarah, who had gone to fetch Mrs. Brooks, had told her the wonderful news.

"Oh, I'm not rich," said Patience, "but I was able and very glad to do it for the sake of Sarah's family. But come now, say no more about it, and let us go the round of the place," added she in her usual cheerful voice.

They went through the great dormitories, with their interminable rows of little white beds; the spacious lavatories, or washing-rooms; the great dining-hall, where the immense tables were being cleared after the dinner; and through the now empty school-rooms into the pleasant, airy play-ground, now swarming with its three hundred girls. Scarcely had they reached the middle of the space, however, when a little band came forward dancing hand-in-hand and singing—

"Air, water, earth, and fire,
All good things for Sarah Prior;
Kind friends are welcome here,
Very welcome, very dear!
Come then, sisters, let us cheer,
Hurrah! hurrah!"

And the merry little group, having approached within a few yards, wheeled round and went off again, singing as before.

It was very pretty, and showed what a favourite Sarah Prior was amongst her companions, and how warm was the sympathy which all felt in the pleasure of one who had apparently so few friends outside the school.

Now was the time for the distribution of those very toys which had lain so heavily on the minds of the young visitors. They all at once

thought so, and communicating their wishes to Sarah herself, the basket was fetched, and the little singing band was called up. They were twenty in number, and as it singularly enough happened, that there was exactly that number of toys in the packet, Sarah distributed them with impartiality and wisdom, giving puzzles, or dolls, or musical inventions, according to the tastes and characters of the little girls themselves.

The most rapturous joy prevailed; the little singing group, all of whom were amongst the younger children, rushed back to their companions to show their treasures, and then such a shout of joy arose from the whole three hundred, as satisfied the young donors that their gifts were fully appreciated, and made them rather glad to be taken by their attendant into the chapel where, however, they now heard the foolish little rhyme about Sarah and her friends being sung by a much larger choir.

Mrs. Brooks and Sarah accompanied Patience and the young Eversheds back through the grounds to the lodge-gates, Lawrence by the way telling them of "the surly old hound which had almost bitten them as they went in."

But a great change had come over the old man, and Lawrence felt as if he had told his story to very little purpose.

Old Twibill now came out from under the archway, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a smile at the corners of his mouth, and would have no nay, but they must come into his parlour. He made no apology, however, for his rudeness in the morning, nor, of course, did anyone refer to it.

"There is a medal of the Institute," said he, presenting it to Patience, "as she now is, struck in best metal. There's not more than two left; but one is for you, Missus. Thanks is superfluous. I neither struck it nor paid for it; and I daresay you'll set as much store by it as I should. I have another when I want to look at it."

"And here, young gentlefolks," said he, turning to the visitors, "I

daresay you'll have nothing to say against a peppermint lozenge. I keep a few by me always. Now you'd better be off or you'll be losing your train."

They all thought the same, and Patience taking an affectionate leave of her friends, they walked rapidly towards the common.

Scarcely, however, had they left the great gateway of the school when Lawrence began:

"Where did you ever get all your money from, Patience, to buy that great tall Sarah Prior into the school?"

"Oh, do tell us, Patience," said Hilda, "it was so good of you. And to think you never told us, not even mamma!"

"It was not such a very great thing to do," returned Patience. "And as to the money, I've always had good wages from your mamma, and she has been very kind to me, so that I did not need to lay out much for myself. I had a little hoard put by for a rainy day; and I thought it would be long before I wanted it for myself," and again Patience sighed, "and I knew that poor Sarah had nobody left to do anything for her, and that if I could only get her in here it would be the making of her, as it had been of me. We were just then setting off for Scotland, so I sent the money to Mrs. Dinwiddie, who was a good, true friend of mine, and she managed it all for me, but then she died suddenly, so nothing more was known of me, nor was there need. Sarah was in the school; nor perhaps should I have asked your mamma to let me go over before next summer, only she was so good herself to propose it just now."

"I shall tell papa," said Georgie, "because I have heard him say how sorry he was that you did not put your money into grandpapa's bank, because there it would be safe and bring you in interest; and that he was sorry you managed to put by so little."

When the children reached home, they found, to their disappointment, that their kind, merry-hearted grandfather had been during their

absence, but was now gone again, and that he had carried off with him their mamma's Malvern picture.

They were very sorry, but soon forgot everything else in the interest which their parents took in the events of this remarkable day, and above all in learning the noble manner in which Patience had laid out the greater part of her savings.

PART III.

Mr. Longmore, Mrs. Evershed's father, wrote in two days to say that he had met with a gentleman who was delighted to purchase his daughter's picture, and he then and there inclosed a cheque for twenty guineas. Now, therefore, she told the children that she would enable them to carry out their little schemes of love to their fullest extent.

The only trouble was, that in order to do so, their mother had been obliged to part with a picture which they knew she prized so much. They were ready to regret having thought of such a thing, and wondered amongst themselves, what they must do to show their love sufficiently to her.

"Your mamma is an angel!" said Patience when they told her. "I'm sure her goodness is a constant example to me. But now you must let this sacrifice which she has made be a real pleasure to her, by helping her to make everybody happy."

That same day Mrs. Evershed wrote to "the Captain" and Mrs. Hedley, begging them to arrange with old Mrs. Bendelow, who could not read writing, for her to reach Yarmouth on the 12th instant, and accompany them the next day to Brackenlea, where she wished to give her children and the excellent Patience Martin the pleasure of a Valentine Day's visit from them. Furthermore, she said that on that same day, Patience would go to Swanford to fetch Sarah Prior for a visit of a week.

In a day or two, as early indeed as possible, a very delicate pink envelope with ornamental edges, inclosing a reply on a sheet of paper

exactly to match, was received by Mrs. Evershed, worded as follows:—

"Honoured Madame,

"In reply to your favour of the 6th instant, I beg to inform you that my partner and self shall have much gratification in accepting your obliging invitation, which fearing some mistake, the Captain went over yesterday to Feldfare Marsh, and brought back Mrs. B—. She joins with us in respectful thanks, and we shall all, with great pleasure, start on the 13th inst. My partner and self beg affectionate compliments and love to our dear young ladies, Miss Georgie and Miss Hilda, and also to Patience; and with all good wishes for the health of yourself and your good gentleman,

"I subscribe myself, Madame,

"Your obliged servant,

"RACHEL HEDLEY."

"She does all the business," said Georgie, when the letter was finished.

A large, official-looking letter also arrived from Swanford, granting leave of absence for Sarah Prior.

Nothing could be more satisfactory. Mrs. Evershed then wrote back to Mrs. Hedley, with the fullest directions for their journey, also inclosing a post-office order for the necessary expenses. After this, she and the children went to London to make their purchases, so that they might have the pleasure of giving true Yarmouth valentines. They bought for Mrs. Bendelow a handsome warm cloak which would last her her lifetime, even if she lived to be very old; a pretty work-box, well supplied with every necessary for needlework, for Sarah Prior; a beautifully bound copy of Longfellow's Poems for Patience, who was extremely fond of poetry; and six silver tea-spoons for Mrs. Hedley. These were all the purchases which they made, because Mr. Evershed had undertaken to look out for a handsome black retriever dog, which was the only thing that Georgie and Hilda had ever heard their pilot friend express a wish for. He had had, only a few

months before, a dog of that kind, of which he told endless anecdotes, a dog which accompanied him in his boat, and was called "Mate;" but it disappeared in some strange way, and being very valuable was supposed to have been stolen. His wife said he would have given any money to get it back, and that he grieved for its loss as if it had been a child. The brave old pilot was therefore to have another dog, as near like the first, according to the description which the girls had heard, as it was possible to be.

In due course, the all-eventful 13th arrived. It had seemed a long time in coming, spite of all the talking and dreaming about it. But at length it came, and a beautiful spring-like day it was.

Patience set off in the forenoon to bring her *protégée*, and soon after four o'clock, the children were allowed to go down to the little station to wait for the 5 o'clock train, by which their Yarmouth friends were to arrive. Unfortunately, Patience and Sarah could not possibly arrive till the 5.45 train, three-quarters of an hour later. Of course, as is always the case with impatient people, they were a great deal too soon. They walked up and down the platform so long, that though the station clock might have told him the contrary, Lawrence ran into the office to ask Mr. Mather, the station-master, if he did not think some accident must have happened to delay the train.

"It won't be in for fifteen minutes, sir," said the station-master, glancing up from his desk to the clock. "You and the young ladies had better sit by the waiting-room fire, out of the cold."

But they all preferred remaining outside, then went out of the station to the railway-bridge, whence the smoke of the engine could be seen from a considerable distance; but presently again returned to the platform. Then the moment they reached the station, a little tinkle in the office announced that the train had left the last station, and soon afterwards Roger, the porter,

hoisted an unintelligible signal, and then rang the great bell, after which he crossed the line to the other platform, and they and two or three country people, who were waiting to go forward, did the same.

A minute afterwards the red glaring eyes of the engine came gliding towards them; a violent puffing and blowing off of steam followed; Hilda held back Lawrence, lest he should rush off the platform, and Georgie sprang along by Roger's side, trying to gaze into each carriage to welcome their long-expected friends.

And after all they were not there!

The children could not believe it at first, not indeed until the few tickets had been given up at the station-gate. No, they were not there! and Roger was quite sure that nobody had gone forward who ought to have got out. He had shouted the name, he said, "so uncommon plain," and he had looked well at every carriage.

"They'll come by the next train, depend upon it," said Mr. Mather. "If they were coming from Yarmouth, they were on the Eastern Counties line, and that's not very punctual. Two minutes out of time would make them too late for this train."

They were obliged to be consoled by this hope. There was nothing else, indeed, for it: therefore, they ran home, and their mother, who was standing at one of the library windows, seeing them thus arrive, threw it open, and learning the intelligence, said she would put on her things and go down with them, as it would then be getting rather dusk, to meet the later train.

The time did not seem so long now that their mother was with them, besides which, they were not so unnecessarily early.

Again glared the red eyes of the engine, which came panting and puffing up towards the platform.

"There they are! there they are!" exclaimed Georgie, springing forward as the train stopped, for she had seen the gas in the carriage shining on the large, round weather-

beaten face of Mrs. Hedley's "bold pilot husband," who was now making violent gesticulations before opening the door.

The next minute he was violently shaking Georgie's hand, and she was exclaiming, "dear Captain Hedley! I am so glad to see you!"

"I was sadly afraid they'd carry us too far," said he, "for these side-stations are so uncertain; and here's dear Miss Hilda! Your humble servant, Mrs. Evershed, madam!"

Roger in the meantime had helped out a stout, elderly lady, wrapped in a scarlet and green plaid shawl, and she, as soon as her foot was on the ground, exclaimed:

"You come along with me, young man. There's a barrel of Yarmouth bloaters somewhere, and one or two other little things, so look sharp!"

And away she panted to the luggage van. Georgie and Lawrence ran after her, whilst Mrs. Evershed and Hilda remained to welcome a tall thin old woman, with corkscrew auburn curls, who was helped out carefully by Patience, followed by tall, lanky Sarah Prior, who looked again very pretty with the crimson of pleasure on her cheeks.

"How are you Mrs. Bendelow?" said Mrs. Evershed, at once knowing it must be she, "I hope not much tired by your journey."

"Thank you, marm," returned the old woman, "a little crawly-mawly, or ailing, as I should say, but nothing to matter; and with such a nation of mercies, I can't grumble, though I may be a bit upset by the news."

"Nothing painful, I hope?" said Mrs. Evershed, turning to Patience.

But Patience, who was gone off after the Hedleys, was not there to answer.

"Sally, love, have you got the cage?" said the old woman, now turning to her granddaughter.

"Yes, grandmother, under my cloak."

"I suppose Mrs. Hedley will look after the hamper?" continued she: then turning to Mrs. Evershed, she said, "I've taken the liberty, marm, to bring you up some Norfolk biffins,

as a sort of valentine. They are scarce now-a-days, but I've a tree that bears well, and I hope you'll find them good."

Whilst Mrs. Evershed was thanking her, Mrs. Hedley, her husband, Georgie, and Lawrence returned, clustering round Roger, who wheeled a barrow, on which stood a largish barrel, on which Mrs. Hedley laid her large plump hand to steady it, the hamper of apples, a very brilliant carpet-bag, a little box, and a bundle.

Our party now crossed the line. Georgie and Lawrence walked one on each side of Sarah.

"You can give the young lady and gentleman the bird you've brought for them, Sally, love," said the old grandmother, who was close behind them.

"It's a little King Harry," said Sarah, bringing a small cage tied up in a cotton handkerchief from under her cloak; "grandmother thought you would like it, Master Lawrence."

"What is a King Harry?" asked Lawrence, delighted.

Sarah stopped for a moment under the lamp at the station-gate, took off the handkerchief, and holding up the cage to the light, a beautiful little goldfinch was seen, which now, frightened by the light, fluttered about sadly.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed Lawrence. "But it is so frightened! cover it up again. There, thank you! Now let me carry it."

It did not take long to prepare these good but simple people for their appearance in the well-lighted dining-room, where they found an abundant evening meal awaiting them.

When they were all comfortably seated, Mrs. Evershed asked the cause of their non-appearance by the first train.

A very peculiar expression passed over the countenances of the pilot and his wife, whilst old Mrs. Bendelow seemed all at once flurried and as if ready to cry. The Eversheds looked at their guests, and then turned their eyes away with an uncomfortable feeling of they knew not what.

After an awkward silence, which seemed to last a long minute, the Captain replied, but still with something peculiar in his tone:

"Oh, marm, it was along of circumstances. There are things that must not be spoken of, so we'll leave it, if you please, marm, for the present."

Whereupon, Mrs. Hedley, feeling that the Captain's words were unsatisfactory, added, "You must not think amiss of my bold husband, marm, but if you please, we will say nothing more on the subject till your good gentleman comes."

This did not mend the matter, but Mrs. Evershed feeling evidently that their visitors, unaccustomed to travelling, had made some blunder about the trains, or perhaps lost their money, began to speak of something else, whilst both Georgie and Hilda felt almost unhappy in the consciousness that their friends appeared in an unfavourable light.

However, tea went on, and the general cheerfulness seemed restored, when Lawrence started up, with the exclamation, "There's papa!" and flew out of the room, and to everybody's surprise, up jumped the Captain, almost overturning his chair in his hurry, and without any apology followed Lawrence. Mrs. Bendelow and Mrs. Hedley both looking flurried and excited, as all supposed, from the extraordinary conduct of the Captain.

A sound of voices and a considerable bustle was heard in the hall, and then Lawrence came rushing back and pulling Georgie aside whispered, "There's somebody else come, but I can't think who, and Mr. Hedley and he are busy talking together, and papa's got the dog; he says it's a real beauty, but it's tied up in the stable, that the Captain mayn't see it till morning, and they've brought something else, only it's a great secret."

"Do tell me!" whispered back Georgie, "only don't talk so loud."

"Come out here, then," said he, and they went behind the curtain of the lower window,

"They've brought mamma's

Malvern picture back, in such a splendid frame! It was papa who bought it, and there's E. E. on the frame, and on the back, 'a valentine from her affectionate husband.' Isn't it jolly now? only you must not say a word about it to mamma, nor let the Hedleys know."

That moment the door of the dining-room opened very wide and in walked Mr. Longmore, looking as genial as ever; then in came Mr. Evershed, who, having advanced a few steps into the room and made a general salutation to the company, said:

"Valentines are, I believe, generally presented in the morning. But there must be an exception to this excellent rule, and that is in favour of our good Captain Hedley. He, therefore, having now with him the worthiest and best valentine, which, however, has especial reference, I believe, to our excellent Patience Martin, must be allowed to present it this evening. Here, then, is the best of sons and the most faithful of lovers—the best valentine of all, one sent by a good and merciful Providence—Mr. Thomas Bendelow!"

And at these words a tall, handsome man, a real gentleman, as Lawrence said afterwards, entered and stood before the whole company. All this time, poor old Mrs. Bendelow kept wiping away the tears that rolled down her rosy wrinkled cheeks, with a clean folded white pocket handkerchief, and Mrs. Hedley, now beaming like the noon-day sun, said, turning to Mrs. Evershed, "This, marm, was the cause of our losing our train. My partner thought it best to see your good gentleman and have his permission to bring Mr. Bendelow, who, poor fellow, was so longing to see Patience."

Sarah Prior, poor girl, stood all in a twitter of joy. Here was dear Uncle Tom, whom she loved from a child, the same and yet so different! She longed to rush forward to kiss him, but the unusual circumstances that surrounded her, and a sense of propriety kept her back. But she smiled and cried at the same time, and looked as crimson as a rose.

In the meantime the most pleasurable excitement prevailed through the company. The visitors were more than reinstated in everybody's good opinion. Mr. Evershed and Mr. Longmore shook hands with Mrs. Bendelow, and there was no end of congratulations to her son.

Whilst all this was going on below stairs, no less was the joy and heartfelt gratitude felt by the happy Patience upstairs in her chamber, whither she had hastened after having assisted her friends in preparing to appear in the dining-room. As was but reasonable, her friends had communicated to her on their meeting at the London station the joyful news of Tom's prosperous return, though not of the intention of his coming to Brackenlea that evening. She brought home with her, therefore, a great joy, and there, lying upon her dressing-table, another joy awaited her, a letter from Tom himself—such a happy letter, full of his heart-felt fidelity, and hoping very soon to see her and make her his wife. He had written this letter from Yarmouth, soon after meeting with his mother, and before the scheme of his becoming the pilot's valentine had entered that worthy's head, so that the very next happy news she had was from Georgie, who had run up to her room to tell her that Mr. Bendelow was there.

In the course of the evening all the company was assembled, Patience being amongst them, and then at the general request, Bendelow related his adventures, which were briefly as follows:—

He had gone, as all knew, upwards of five years before as mate in a ship, partly of emigrants, to British Columbia. The voyage out was good, but within fourteen days after they had set sail on their homeward course, his "old sea luck," as he called it, again pursued him. They were overtaken by a terrific storm, during which the ship suffered so severely, that they were in the end obliged to abandon her. He did not tell them of the wonderful heroism which was dis-

played by himself, but they learned it afterwards, though he related fully that of the captain. But though all their efforts were unsuccessful to save the ship, the lives of the crew and passengers were saved. Amongst these last was a Russian merchant, named Platoff, from New Arkangel, in Russian America, who had become acquainted with the mate before the storm. This gentleman falling overboard in the attempt to reach the boats in making their escape from the fated ship, was saved by Bendelow, who sprang into the furious waters and rescued him.

They were picked up, on the third day after abandoning the wreck, by a vessel on its homeward voyage to San Francisco, where Platoff had connexions as a merchant. The friendship formed in this terrible time of peril led to Bendelow being invited by the Russian merchant to become his resident agent at San Francisco, which opened to him every chance of making ultimately a large fortune. Such an offer could not be refused, and there he had now lived for the last two years in great comfort and growing affluence. One circumstance, however, entirely destroyed his happiness, and had now brought him to England. He had written repeatedly to his mother and to Patience, but no answer had been returned to him. Letters, of course, were long in reaching England from California, but in this case, from what unaccountable cause it was impossible to say, his never reached their destination. More than two years had thus passed. He had no doubt of their faith and love, but he feared for their welfare, perhaps life, and at length, unable longer to endure the anxious suspense, had taken the long journey, over the Rocky Mountains and arriving at New York, scarcely more than a fortnight ago, went at once on board a Cunard steamer, just leaving for England, and now was here, safe and sound, rejoicing in their midst.

Next it had to be explained how he had now come here in this wonderful way, as "the captain's valentine

to Patience." This had been the captain's own idea, and he it was who now enlightened such of the company as did not understand it, and the simple facts were these:—

The day after Mrs. Bendelow came to Yarmouth, a letter followed which had been re-directed by a neighbour who knew where she was gone. The letter was from her son, then at Blackwall, where he was impatiently waiting for news from her, regarding herself and Patience. "How bad poor Mrs. Bendelow was took with joy of this unexpected news," the captain told, but we must not dwell on the lesser particulars, but simply say that Mrs. Hedley, who, as Georgie had said, did all the business, wrote back a letter at once, and the next day the so long lost son was sitting by his mother's side. From the first moment of his arrival, the captain had determined "to make a valentine out of him for Patience." Accordingly they had set off by an earlier train to enable them to see Mr. Evershed at his office, and obtain his permission to introduce a stranger to his house under these circumstances. The cheerful acquiescence of this "good gentleman," as the captain, in imitation of his wife called him, put them in still higher spirits, and meeting Patience and Sarah unexpectedly at the station, they had imparted to them the good news so far as that Tom was safe and well, and would soon come to see them. It had been hard work, however, to keep the secret, especially as they knew Mrs. Evershed must think it so queer in them to miss their train. After this the general satisfaction was immense.

The following morning everybody was up early. It was Valentine's Day, and when they met at breakfast all had received their valentines, and never surely was there such joy before. Mrs. Evershed had again reared her Malvern picture on her easel, feeling now that its value was greatly enhanced by the affection which had restored it to her. Patience and Bendelow had taken a long walk together. Mrs. Bendelow, Sarah

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THE FORTUNES OF CYRIL DENHAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DIARY CONTINUED.

March 4th.—I really have a great deal to tell you, my diary. I meant to talk to you last night, when I came up to bed; but I was too sleepy, or else too lazy, or else inclined to pursue my own train of thought, and look a little way into the possible future, instead of registering the events of a day that was just gone by.

It was the day before yesterday that I wondered why the dinner-bell did not ring at the appointed time, for generally speaking our arrangements as a family seem to be regulated by clockwork. It was getting dark, and I had let my fire so low, that the room was chilly, for it was an extremely cold evening, and a sprinkling of snow lay on the frozen ground. So, being quite ready for dinner, I thought I could not do better than go to the drawing-room, where there would certainly be a noble blaze, and probably Miss Anstruther or Lady Ashburner to talk to. As for Elizabeth, she usually rushes down at the last minute, putting the final touches to her toilet on the staircase, to the utter distraction of her maid, and entering the dining-room just as grace is being said, or even as the soup is being carried round. She tells me she had "oceans of bad marks" for "want of punctuality" when she was at school. When I entered the large drawing-room, no one, however, was there. The lamps were not lighted, and the curtains were not drawn: so I stood for a minute or two looking upon the beauteous crescent of the young March moon; on the deep blue-grey shadows in which all the background of the landscape lay; on the sparkling stars just shining out in the clear nightfall sky; and on the snow-sprinkled slopes of the lawn just below the windows. I had not watched long, only taken a glance or so, when I heard voices very near at hand.

The inner or smaller drawing-room at Forest Range is divided only from the larger room by an arched doorway, draped with thick and heavy curtains. I put them back and went to see who the talkers were.

Seated in a deep recess, with a chess-table between them—like Ferdinand and Miranda, only that the chess-men were in their usual order, and undisturbed—I saw Miss Ashburner and a young gentleman, who might have been four-and-twenty years of age, or thereabouts. I could see them plainly, for the glow of the firelight fell full upon them, but they were evidently quite unconscious of my approach. Elizabeth's companion was slight and fair; his face was sad and dreamy, but pure and sweet in its expression: masses of beautiful brown silken curls, deepening almost into chestnut, clustered round an intellectual brow; and his voice, for he was speaking as I entered, fell upon my ear like pensive music—and I said within myself, "That man is a poet, though his song may never yet have found utterance in rhyme or measure!"

He was speaking only of some arrangements made with Sir John, on some previous occasion, but his words made me think of a low minor chant that I once heard in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. It was a singular chant, I remember; rather monotonous, but instinct with soul, swelling now and then into a rich cadence of piercing sweetness and unutterable power. I do not know *why* this stranger's tones brought back so vividly the recollection of that low, melodious, solemn chant; but there seemed a wonderful fascination in his voice, as well as in his looks: and Elizabeth, bending slightly forward, and supporting that pretty chin of hers upon her lovely hands, listened to all he said with eager, deep attention.

I stood there in the shadow, stupidly enough, till I was roused

by hearing Elizabeth say—"I suppose you know, *Cyril*, that Miss Craven is here: she came a week ago. I like her, for she is not in the least what I had fancied her."

"And what had your fancy painted her?" said *Cyril*, laughingly.

Here, remembering the old proverb that listeners seldom hear any good of themselves, and also feeling how very inconvenient it would be to be discovered *perdu* at some particular crisis of the conversation, I thought it only seemly to announce myself, so I swept my dress against the fire-irons, and very quickly drew upon me the regards of two pairs of eyes, that sought me from the oriel recess. "Oh! here is Miss Craven," cried Elizabeth, springing to her feet, and seizing my hands in her own demonstrative way. "Do you know, Agnes, I was just going to describe you, as well as I was able, to *Cyril Denham*. We expected *Cyril* to-morrow, you know; but there was some blunder in the date of his note, and he came to-day. It does not matter in the least—*Cyril* is quite at home at Forest Range, and comes and goes exactly as it pleases him!"

"I sometimes, nay, very often, go when it does *not* please me; the coming is another matter," responded the mellow voice, with still a minor inflexion in its quiet tones.

"And all the while I am not introducing you to each other," interrupted Elizabeth: "but what's the use of such a formality, when you know each one perfectly who the other is? However, since Janet would be aghast at such an omission, and since mamma is most anxious that I should learn to discharge the onerous duties of Miss Ashburner, permit me:—Miss Craven, Mr. *Cyril Denham*!—Mr. *Cyril Denham*, Miss Craven! Now bow and curtsy, or touch the tips of each other's fingers, whichever is the fashion, and sit down and chat as if you had been good friends as long as you can remember anything."

It might have been rather difficult to obey Miss Ashburner's injunction; but the loud striking of the dinner-gong came most opportunely to de-

liver us from any kind of embarrassment, and we went to the dining-room together, as comfortably as if we really had known each other from our cradles. And yet, a week ago, I met Elizabeth for the first time, and I did not even know that such a person as *Cyril Denham* lived. How very strange it all seems!—but I think I am going to be happy at Forest Range. We found a great deal to talk about at dinner-time. Sir John seemed almost as glad to see Mr. Denham at his table again as if he had been his own son come back from another hemisphere; Lady Ashburner also treated him with that true motherly consideration which seems to me the sweetest aspect of her character. Janet Anstruther gave her quiet but most cordial welcome; and as to Elizabeth, it was easy to perceive that she was delighted to converse once more with her old playfellow and life-long friend.

We ladies left the table early, and it was past nine o'clock when Sir John and Mr. Denham joined us. "Where have you been all this time?" asked Elizabeth, poutingly.

"We have been in the dining-room talking politics," replied Sir John, "and discussing soils, drainage, and guano."

"Now, really!" returned Elizabeth, archly, "I call that heartless cruelty! What does *Cyril* know about guano or drains—unpleasant things that they are? I know how it has been, you have been lecturing. Papa; and poor *Cyril* has been trying to be interested, and sipping his claret with a woeful countenance, and an ardent longing to escape."

"I really was interested," interposed *Cyril*: "I am seriously thinking of giving my mind to agricultural chemistry."

Lady Ashburner looked up enquiringly, and Elizabeth cried out, "You don't mean that you will keep dreadful 'Works' like 'hose at Southam, which we always pass at full gallop if the wind comes in our direction?"

"Not exactly, but supposing I did?"

"Then you would be in bad odour

at Forest Range, in more senses than one."

The last sentence was spoken nearly in a whisper, and I do not think any one besides myself heard it; and I did not hear Mr. Denham's answer, for Miss Anstruther went to her harp, and struck the opening chords of one of my favourite pieces, and in listening to the music I forgot all about the agricultural chemistry, and paid no more attention to the dialogue, which was still carried on between Miss Ashburner and Mr. Denham. A little while afterwards, Elizabeth was called from the room, and Sir John being occupied with some wonderful new pamphlet, and Lady Ashburner and Janet deep in some discussion respecting the temperature required for orchids, it naturally came to pass that Mr. Denham and I fell into conversation.

I scarcely know what we talked about at first, probably the weather, and the continued coldness of the season, and the aspect of the country about Forest Range; but presently we touched on subjects more personally interesting, and somehow began narrating to each other certain experiences of mind and feeling. And then, catching himself up, Mr. Denham exclaimed, "But forgive me! I am getting egotistical: a sad failing of mine, as you will find if you see much of me. Of course one is always very interesting to one's self, and one is apt to forget the lack of interest other people must necessarily suffer from, in listening to moral dissections, confessions, and similar weaknesses."

"And yet, may we not gain strength by telling each other some of the processes through which we go, while mind and character are forming?"

"Undoubtedly! Only if one is altogether a failure in one's self, what then?"

"No one need be 'altogether a failure.'"

"You think not! But what if circumstances are uniformly adverse—what if wind and tide are evermore against you?"

"Mr. Denham, I do not believe

they ever are! Tides, whether literal or metaphorical, must ebb and flow, and winds must blow from every quarter of the compass. The mischief is, that we are not always on the watch for the flood-tide, and the favourable breeze; or, perceiving them, we are indisposed to set sail at that particular moment, and loiter and procrastinate, till the opportunity has past away."

"But what if one does not hold one's fate in one's own hands?"

"I suppose no one does exactly, for God rules all; but as far as mere humanity is concerned, I think one must be a slave or a child, to be utterly swayed or forced against one's will and reason, to a course that is manifestly dangerous or wrong."

"Sometimes one has no course at all! What would you say to a man who drifts along as circumstances lead him, accepting just what occasion offers, and never shaping out for himself any definite aims, or seeking any goal, or striving after any settled object?"

"I would say he is committing moral suicide: he might as well be taking small doses of slow poison every day! Let him propose to himself some end and aim to be achieved; let him be careful that it be an aim worthy of his manhood; let him ask God's blessing on his work, and then take it in hand earnestly, perseveringly, resolved to reach the mark, or die in the pursuit!"

"And if barriers present themselves?"

"Overleap them, or throw them down. Let nothing turn you back, when once you are quite sure that you are in the right way."

"Oh! there is the difficulty, *to be sure*. How can anyone be sure—anyone who like myself practically believes in nothing?"

I felt a little shocked, as I said, "Have you no creed?"

"No!" he replied. "But do not think I am an infidel; only I have not *faith*, and I cannot understand. When you know me a little better, you will comprehend exactly what I mean. All things seem to me so

narrow, so inconsistent; life so difficult a problem, so sad a poem; the future all so dim and doubtful; the great eternity so boundless and so dark!"

Strange, that I have felt the same myself, only I never dared say it out to any living person. Sometimes it has come across me, "Why do I live—what is life? and oh! more mysterious still—what is immortality? Can it be that we are, indeed, only actors in a play, which is sometimes comedy and sometimes tragedy: that by-and-by the last scene will be put upon the stage, the curtain will drop, the foot-lights be extinguished, and the house be empty, dark, and cold? Not exactly! This play of life is never played out: the actors come and go unceasingly, scene succeeds scene, and the "*Acts*" are numberless. But one play blends into another, and the actors of this year are not the actors of the next; the curtain falls only on individual episodes of the drama. The great representation goes on century after century, and the theatre of the world is crowded still, though nearly six thousand years have passed since first the wonderful play began.

But yet—yet it *will* come to an end, this marvellous drama called Human Life. And soon, very soon, my part may be played out—and what then?

Oh! there is something in the human soul that nothing seems to satisfy: it is heaven-born, my father used to tell me, therefore can it never be filled with the husks and shadows of the world. But then, if there are husks there must be grain somewhere, and shadows prove that the substance is not far away. How shall I find the *realities* of life—how shall I feed upon the grain, and clasp the substance of the tantalizing shadow?

We had another talk to-day—Cyril Denham and I—I cannot help calling him so, for only the servants say Mr. Denham. He seems to seek counsel from me, and like a true woman I give him what he wants; but all the while a voice is saying to me, "Physician, heal thy-

self!" I, too, am conscious of want of faith—

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope!"

And yet, I am sure that "nothing walks with aimless feet"—that even what seems to us the mere rubbish and *débris* of the pile, shall be wrought at last into the grand eternal structure—but what am I?

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

Surely Cyril Denham and I may help each other. How beautiful a mind he has! How sweet and pure a countenance! And then that voice! it would be melancholy but for its depth and harmony. And how well he knows my favourite authors! We had a charming reading from Tennyson last night. And now he is gone—gone back to that dreary home of his at Southchester! To-morrow we are going to visit the cathedral, and to stay to afternoon prayers. We are, I believe, to dine at Mrs. Denham's, and return home by the last train, which stops at Ashchurch Station.

CHAPTER V.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Saturday, the 5th of March was a glorious day: clear, cold, and bracing. We drove to Ashchurch Station for the 1.15 up-train, and by a quarter to two we were at the cathedral doors, with the verger waiting to show us over the building. Oh! how glorious it looked in the golden sunlight of the wintry afternoon! The western windows cast their purple glory on tomb, and pillar, and marble pavement; and high up the lofty nave, broad rays of ruby-coloured light fell aslant the solemn arches. The choir lay in shadow, pinnacle, fret-work, and altar-screen in dusky gloom: and all was silent in the grand old temple—silent like some mountain glen whose walls are the everlasting hills, and whose dome is the great blue firmament!

"Shall I show you over, Sir?"

said the verger, as he closed the door behind him.

"No," said Cyril Denham, "I know the cathedral as well as you do, Simons."

"That's true enough, Sir," replied the verger. "I don't know but what you really know it better—its history I mean, not the ways of it. Here's the keys, Sir; I can trust 'em to you, but it isn't to many a one I would trust 'em, I can assure you. That's the key of the lady-chapel, and that of the south aisle of the choir: and shall you want to be going into the crypt, Mr. Denham?"

"That will be as the ladies think best; but I will take the key, certainly. We shall be back long before service begins. Thank you, Simons."

Somehow we never tired of our beautiful cathedral; we were always ready to fall in raptures with its glorious aisles and high arched roof, and noble tracery of screen, and stall, and stately tomb, and we never wearied of its associations with the centuries long past away: for Southchester Cathedral has memories of the olden Saxon times, when as yet the Norman had not swayed the sceptre of the land—memories of kings, and queens, and priests, and saints, who lived and died, and laid their bones in some fair shrine of that proud minster, ere the Dane came o'er the sea, with lust of conquest in his soul, and rapine in his heart. To wander about those dim aisles, and quiet chapels, to linger by those tombs of other years, to catch the purple radiance from the storied casements, to glance from pointed Gothic arch to low-browed Norman portal, as we passed on, listening to Cyril Denham's outpouring of the lore he had heaped up from boyhood concerning Southchester, and her minster church—was like reading the pages of some ancient history of England, done into glorious prose of our own time! There were the chests wherein reposed the royal hearts that had turned to dust a thousand years ago; there was the legendary grave of a saint, who had

been awaiting the resurrection-day for twelve long centuries; there was the dark, unhonoured grave of the Red King, who met his doom in the forest glades not very far away; there in effigy lay a cardinal of renown, wearing his robes of scarlet, and all the insignia of his lordly power; there were shrines where noble worshippers, whose names will live for ever in the chronicles of song and story, knelt and prayed and wept, and wore the marble with their tears; and there were chapels telling their own tale of many a world-worn heart that long ago had ceased to beat; and one dim faded altar where a reigning queen of England, no later than the sixteenth century, became a wedded wife. This was in very deed and truth—

**"A dim and mighty Minster of old Time!
A temple shadowy with remembrances
Of the majestic Past!"**

It seemed as though the past itself lay sleeping in its consecrated grave—as though the centuries that were gone were here resting peacefully till the Great Day should dawn, and the grave give up her dead, and the secrets of all hearts be revealed. We did not go into the crypt, for Elizabeth shivered at the idea, and Lady Ashburner suggested that a warm day in July would be the proper time for such a visit, and Miss Craven would have many opportunities of coming into Southchester, and going over the cathedral again and again, if she were so minded. By this time we were all rather chilly, and glad to escape to the "George Hotel," where refreshments and a good fire awaited us. But we had little time to luxuriate, for the service commenced at four, and it was past three when we reached the High-street. Lady Ashburner and Elizabeth remained at the hotel, the former because she was tired, the latter because she would remain to bear her mother company. We—Cyril, Agnes, and I—went back to the cathedral with all speed, and entered the nave just as the clergy and the choristers were coming up in double file from the southern transept.

We of Southchester are famous for the beautiful rendering of the daily service, for a reverence and decorum, for the lack of which I am sorry to say some choral services are truly infamous! On this occasion it was sweet and grand beyond description: ever rising and falling, swelled and died the waves of sound, now mounting as it were towards the high arched roof, now sinking into low soft murmurs, like the echoes of a dream of melody. Now it seemed as though the floods were lifting up their voice, and the thunder-peal was sounding through the sky; now as if the forest-pines were straining in the wintry blast, and moaning out in wailing minor key the solemn secrets that the deep woods keep of earth's great wrong and travail; and now, as if down-stealing from afar, came, as it were, the heavenly voices of angelic choirs, whispering peace and joy and hope celestial, as when in the ancient time they sang above the fields of Bethlehem, "Glory be to God in the highest."

But the service came to an end, and reluctantly Cyril and Agnes prepared to depart. One last look back towards the dark choir-screen, and they were in the porch, ruddy now with the last red rays of the departing sunset.

"You can admire our cathedral after having seen far grander churches on the Continent?" said Cyril presently.

"Ah, yes! indeed I can! Some of the cathedrals I saw were marvels of architecture; but the faith of their altars was not the faith in which I had been trained; the language was not that to which I have listened ever since I can remember. And many of the finest churches, too, were spoiled by the gaudy finery of their decorations; so much tinfoil, so much drapery, and so many greasy, dirty taper-stands."

"One would think that tapers burning at a shrine would have a poetical effect!"

"Now and then, on great occasions, they do look picturesque; but, generally speaking, they rather offend than gratify the taste, and

that apart from all religious considerations. You may see circles of ugly tallow candles—some tall, some short, some barely lighted, some expiring on the kind of save-all or pivot on which they are fixed, in nearly every little chapel, and chapels in a foreign church of any magnitude are innumerable; near them often sits some withered crone whose office it is to replenish the candles as they are exhausted, but not to clean the greasy metal plates on which they stand! The minor altars are decked out with lace and flowers—the commonest artificial flowers under glass shades, or in gilded tawdry vases,—such as in England a respectable washerwoman will sometimes buy for her best room. The only things at all tolerable are the lilies of the Virgin's shrine. As for the pulpits in some of the Parisian churches, they are absolutely grotesque with all their gilding, and their awkward canopies of wooden clouds, and painted rays of glory! At Rouen there is much less of this; and the matchless church of St. Ouen is nearly free from this atrocious frippery and gaudiness! How infinitely I prefer the chaste and simple grandeur of undecorated stone and marble, and dark, carved oak. I cannot tell you! And this cathedral has peculiar charms; it is so closely linked with the records of England's earliest chronicles, carrying us back to a day when the Norman, from whom we are so proud to trace our descent, was an upstart in the land! I thank you very much, Mr. Denham for all you have told me to-day; it was a thousand times better than any official cicerone telling his tale like a schoolboy saying out his weekly catechism."

"I have studied the Cathedral: I love it! I am proud of it, as I am proud of this ancient city of my birth, old Southchester. I have spent days in deciphering old MSS. of learned monks; I have had access to the archives of the chapter-house, to those of the college also; I have had entrusted to my care the chronicles of the abbots of the stormy reign of John, and of the last half-

century, ere the Reformation broke up monastic houses, and drove out the monks to get their living in the world as best they might."

"It must have been a pleasant task?"

"A labour of love entirely, or I never should have conquered the difficulties of the barbarous Latin in which they are written, to say nothing of the writing itself, which is nearly illegible, and sometimes half-defaced."

"Have you published the result of your labours?"

"No! but I mean to do so some day. To tell the truth; though I have made myself master of vast treasures of information, I have never yet so arranged my notes as to render them of any use to any other person."

"Is not that a pity?"

"I suppose it is! However, I will certainly begin, at no very distant period: in fact, I have made several commencements. I will set to work in good earnest, some of these days!"

"Why not to-morrow?"

"To-morrow is so near at hand, and I scarcely feel in the mood for composition."

"Do you think you ought to wait for moods?"

"Why not? literature is a business that never can be forced."

"There I differ from you. I think it may be made a duty just like anything else. I believe our best authors write, not from transitory flashes of inspiration, but from quiet regular devotion to their work. Steady, persevering toil frequently outstrips erratic genius!"

"The old fable of the hare and the tortoise!"

"Yes! I have come to the conclusion that talent, however rare, needs rule and discipline as much, or more than dulness."

Just then we reached the hotel, and were joined by Lady Asburner and Elizabeth, to whom Agnes told her delight in the service, and in the beautiful cathedral itself; and a carriage being ready for us, we drove away to St. Croix, to keep our dinner engagement with Mrs. Denham.

We turned out of the cheerful high-road leading straight to Southam, when we reached the antique village of St. Croix, and passed into a lane that wound between mossy stone walls, and tall dark trees, till we came to a heavy gateway falling to decay, and looking as if it might be the entrance to Doubting Castle. I don't know why, but I never passed those dreary portals without thinking of Dante's terrible line—

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate."

There was a lodge close by the gate, but it had long been uninhabited and dismantled, and we had to ring lustily at the bell before we could succeed in rousing the inmates of Monkwood, as Mrs. Denham's residence was called. At length, when Cyril was getting very angry, an old man—the sole male servitor of that once stately house came hobbling up the great flagged walk, muttering to himself about his rheumatism, and slowly and awkwardly undoing the ponderous fastenings of the unwieldy gate. "Are you going to keep us here all night, Darke?" was Cyril's question as the gate was leisurely pushed back.

"Come in!" was the old man's cross rejoinder. "When you're seventy-five, Mr. Cyril, and have the rheumatism in every joint, you won't be so game with legs or hands as now you be. There'll come a day when you'll be glad to sit in the chimney-corner and wish the world would trouble you no more."

"You should have sent Susan," replied Cyril, kindly. "You know your mistress does not wish you to leave the house on a frosty night like this."

"Susan has other fish to fry," was the gruff response, which was literally the truth, I dare say, since Susan was cook, and housemaid, and parlour-maid, and was no doubt engaged, at that precise moment, in frying the soles which were served up a few minutes afterwards. Susan, though called "a maid" in virtue of her office, was, like her mistress, a widow, and was so thorough a vixen that we were always of opinion that her late husband

must have had a sorry life of it. There was another servant in the house of nondescript position—Dolly—a stupid girl, with goggle-eyes and an impediment in her speech; but she was never allowed to open the great gate to visitors.

It was nearly dark as we wound our way over the mossy flag-stones to the principal entrance of the mansion. The house itself looked dead: for not a light glimmered from any of the casements that we could see, and not a sound of life issued from the great, blank, solemn, habitation. But in the wide, low hall, there hung a single lamp, that failed, of course, to dissipate the gloom; a more mysterious, eerie-looking place I never saw. Elizabeth shivered as she passed the dreary threshold.

CHAPTER VI.

CYRIL'S HOME.

Ah! my dear Miss Ashburner," said a cheery voice, sounding through the darkness, "come this way, I beg! Mr. Denham, will you not open the dining-room door and throw a little light upon the scene? My dear Lady Ashburner, I am coming to help you with that obstinate golosh; don't stoop down, Miss Anstruther, I can manage it in a minute."

Out of the darkness, or rather out of the shadows, came a little figure clad in russet-brown, with russet-brown hair, too, a little streaked with grey; and eyes—large lustrous eyes of deepest brown—"a veritable *broonie*," as Agnes Craven called her afterwards, not critically, but admiringly; for Sally Hawkes won her heart by storm, and was, from that time forth, and for evermore, her friend, in whom she trusted.

Sally took us up-stairs and helped us to disrobe, and arrange ourselves in dinner-table trim. She assisted us with the practised air of a regular lady's-maid, and talked all the while in purest English, and with the tone of one whose mind had been well stored, and whose judgment had been matured by strict and un-

remitting discipline. Agnes was surprised: she had expected to find Sally Hawkes a miserable, pinched old maid, tame and spiritless, going about her duties with the air of one on whom the blight has fallen.

It was quite true, that she had once, as Elizabeth said, cried herself half-blind about her luckless love affair, but that was seven years ago; and anything less unlike "patience on a monument" you could never see. And yet Sally had not grown into a Stoic, or taken a draught from the fountain of oblivion; she just made the best of everything, and took life as she found it, and lived on like a bird from day to day, picking up what crumbs of temporal comfort fell about her path, and waiting quietly and happily for what might be in store for her. Sally's happiness was a puzzle to many people; how could any one, a dependant too, be happy in that dreary house of Monkswood? The solution to this mystery was very simple.—Sally was a Christian; and that peace which the world giveth not was hers, and nothing could destroy it. Once she had been as miserable as a human creature can be; she had been helpless, hopeless, and forlorn. Now she rejoiced in her Almighty Friend; now she looked for a city which is to come, whose maker and builder is God; now she recognised a Father's hand in every tiny crook of her most trying lot; and now the hope that maketh not ashamed was hers, and filled her heart with joy, and tuned her lips in solitude to song.

"Are you not glad Cyril is come home?" enquired Elizabeth.

"Very glad," said Sally cordially. "It does me good to hear his step about the house. Even when he was a boy, and gave me so much trouble, and got me into scoldings nearly every day, I was always sorry if he went from home."

We went down stairs, and were ushered into the drawing-room, where, grim and stately sat the mistress of the house. She rose; and received us formally, as if we were all mere strangers, instead of familiar and

time-tried friends; she was dressed as usual, in limp folds of ancient bombazine and rusty crape; she was very tall and very thin, and her widow's cap looked as if she had gone to bed in it the night before.

"I am glad to see you, Lady Ashburner," she said, as she stretched out her lean brown fingers, and though she looked as austere and sour as ever, there is reason to suppose she really was glad, since she was one of those disagreeable persons who value themselves exceedingly upon speaking out the truth upon every possible occasion. In fact, we never spent ten minutes in her company without some unpleasant fact being imparted in the most uncompromising tone and words. If she thought you looked very ugly, or cross, or very wicked; or if you said or hinted that which she really disapproved, the chances were you would get a pretty smart rap on your mental knuckles ere you were many seconds older. The Ashburners and I were so used to her sharp, unceremonious censures, that we scarcely noticed them, and should have thought her what the Scotch called *sey*, that is—marked for speedy death, if she had ceased to reprimand us, or refrained from discharging her conscience on our behalf continually.

Cyril was standing with his back to the fire when we came in, and his mother, as we entered, said, "Sit down!" as she might have spoken to a naughty boy just entering on his teens. And Cyril sat down as obediently as if he had been a child of ten years old. Indeed, I am afraid there are not many boys of ten, who would so cheerfully have obeyed so harshly spoken a command; but Cyril had been trained to do that which he was bid without a word, or even a look, approaching to remonstrance.

"You are later than I anticipated," said Mrs. Denham, when we all were seated. "I looked for you at five o'clock, and now it is half-past."

"I hope we have not kept dinner waiting?" was Lady Ashburner's concerned reply.

"Yes, you have!" was the reproving answer. "It is terrible to

contemplate the evils of habitual want of punctuality: the precious time we waste thereby—not our own time alone, but that of others. Cyril being with you, I am not surprised that you are late; he is like a clock that incessantly wants putting forward."

"Indeed, it was no fault of Cyril's," said Elizabeth, energetically. "Mamma and I were to have driven from the hotel to the cathedral, exactly at a quarter to five, to take up the others, but we forgot to order the carriage till just half-past four, and then we were delayed; and really Darke was a long while letting us in,—was he not, Cyril?"

Cyril bowed assent, and just then dinner was announced. Solemnly, as if it had been a funeral collation, we ate our fried sole, and fowl, and mutton; so solemnly, as if he were an undertaker, stood Darke at the side-board, and sourly, as if he were at feud with all the world, and especially with the family from Forest Range, he waited on us. The room in which we dined had once been handsome, and in its day well furnished; now it was shabby and dreary in the extreme. From the oaken-panelled walls looked down upon us the ancestors of Cyril; some of them were warriors, some courtiers, some fair matrons, and some young brides, and some ancient dames; it was easy to see that the young master of Monkswood was a veritable Denham, and in no wise the inheritor of the grim majesty of his mother's dark-haired, dark-browed race. There was one portrait which Cyril strikingly resembled,—that of a fine young cavalier, with flowing love-locks, plumed and jewelled hat, and exquisite lace ruffles. On the pictured face, and on that now actually before us, bending over the table, was the same pure, sweet expression, blended with some sadness, and perhaps with some weakness also; there were the same clear lustrous eyes, the same broad kingly brow, the same regular but strongly marked features, the same colourless but not unhealthy cheek, and above all, the same crisp shiny curls of golden brown. Only the style of the hair and the gay

costume were essentially different. The floor of the room was polished oak, the centre covered with a once matchless Turkey carpet, that must have faded into dinginess before Cyril came into the world. It had literally now no colour at all, the design could not be traced, only now and then, I was told, the morning sun, shining on the border, brought out a lingering fleck of Tyrian purple, or deep crimson, or pure emerald dye. There was little plate upon the sideboard, little fire upon the hearth, little light to chase away the shadows of the long low room; the curtains which draperied the five narrow windows were of some rich material, ruby-red in other days, I fancy, now dead brown, with here and there a streak of dingy carmine in their straight and heavy folds; the chairs and tables of darkest, polished mahogany, were cumbrous, cold-looking, uninviting. No wonder Cyril loved the pleasant brightness and the genial atmosphere of Forest Range: the very air of Monkswood seemed depressing.—I, for my part, always felt as if I had travelled into the far north, into the regions of icebergs and eternal snow, whenever I found myself a guest within those venerable walls; and Elizabeth was always saying what she would do to beautify and renovate the place, if she were Mrs. Denham. But renovation and beautification were not in Mrs. Denham's way; I think the silent progress of decay, and the slow decline of the family fortunes were rather more agreeable to her ascetic frames of feeling, than liveliness and prosperity ever could have been.

Agnes Craven sat opposite the portrait of the youthful cavalier, and Lady Ashburner asked if she did not think the likeness to Cyril very startling. Her reply was, "I could have fancied it was Mr. Denham himself, dressed for enacting the part of a gay cavalier of the 17th century. Of course he is an ancestor, Mr. Denham?"

"Yes. My great-grandfather's great-grandfather, as far as I can ascertain. He was very unfortunate, losing life, and all but honour, in

the cause of his still more unfortunate master, Charles Stuart. That fair-haired lady to the left is his wife, and his cousin also, as the record tells us; he fell in the battle of Marston Moor, when the victorious Ironsides swept over that fatal field; leaving a young wife and an only child, a son of two years old. This son, when he reached manhood, received back his forfeited ancestral estates; Charles II. being roused at length to something like a sense of tardy justice. 'As to gratitude, I fear he never knew its meaning. From that time the family fortunes gradually declined; the estates were not restored in full; several emoluments which for centuries had appertained to the Monkswood Denhams, passed away for ever; and misfortune seemed to become the lineal inheritance of our luckless race.'

"It was God's judgment on a godless family, who had disobeyed His laws," said Mrs. Denham, sternly. "The Denhams were ever an evil race! they were men of blood, and men of sin: they slew with the sword, and they perished with the sword; they revelled with their paramours, and their paramours were a blight upon them,—body, soul, and fortune; They have sinned and suffered, and they will do so to the end." A dark shade passed over Cyril's face, as his mother spoke; he had listened to her denunciations all his life, and in spite of himself, he attached to them a certain credence.

"Nay," said Lady Ashburner, "but God is our Father; and He will not punish the innocent for the guilty."

"I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate me," said Mrs. Denham in a tone of triumph.

"And I will show mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments," replied Lady Ashburner. "Dear Mrs. Denham, it is written, 'The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon

him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him.' 'Because the fathers have eaten some grapes, the children's teeth are *not* set on edge. The word of the Lord has spoken it.'"

"Still it is declared that the iniquities of the father shall be visited on succeeding generations!"

"Yes, and in a sense, visited they must be; because evil-doing entails so many consequences on that which is to come, as well as on that which at the time exists: There are many ways in which we parents may bring a curse upon our children, and upon our children's children; they may inherit from us much that is too terrible to dwell upon; but if they serve God, and strive to glorify His name, the natural curse will be turned into a spiritual blessing; out of evil, our heavenly Father derives good; and He has promised that all things, without exception, shall work together for good to them who love Him, and submit themselves to His will and guidance."

"You and I do not agree upon these subjects," said Mrs. Denham stiffly.

"I know we do not, and therefore we will not argue; but I think you must own that my creed is the fairer and the sweeter."

"It may be so to outward seeming; but there are many poisons sweet to the taste and alluring to the senses. It is in vain to wrap ourselves about with comfortable doctrines, which, at the same time, will not stand the test of truth."

"Quite vain! No one can be more sensible of it than myself," replied Lady Ashburner, mildly. She knew that it was worse than useless to carry on any theological argument with Mrs. Denham, and she really did not wish Agnes and Elizabeth to hear some of the very startling theories her friend occasionally propounded. She therefore changed the subject, and referred to Mrs. Erskine's expected visit to Forest Range, and proposed that Mrs. Denham, Cyril, and Sally Hawkes should also be among the guests then assembled.

"Cyril of course pleases himself,"

replied the lady, making unconsciously a most erroneous statement. for, generally speaking, he was *not* permitted to please himself: "but I am not sure that I can leave home the week after next. Sally and I talked of going through the linen."

"Oh, put the linen off a little longer, and let Sally have a holiday."

"My daughter, Lucretia, will not probably care much to avail herself of my society. I am sorry to say she and I have little in common. I am most unfortunate in my children. As for Mr. Erskine, I hold him to be a very dangerous person; his religious opinions are decidedly unscriptural."

"My dear mother!" interposed Cyril, "I really think Erskine has not any particular opinions of his own: he holds Lucretia's views, whatever they may be."

"I will thank you, Cyril, not to interrupt me; I was also going to observe that I do not approve of the way in which my grand-daughter is being educated. I will reflect upon the matter, Lady Ashburner, and let you know my decision; but probably, I shall decline your invitation."

And, after that, we had a lecture from Mrs. Denham, on the first principles of education; and then Sally received a lengthy reprimand for not having arranged certain volumes of sermons in their proper order on the shelves; and Elizabeth and Agnes were catechised as to their ability in shirt-making and plain sewing generally, and were found woefully deficient. After that it was getting near train-time, and we had to put on our bonnets, and say "good-bye!"

CHAPTER VII.

"MY FRIEND!"

Cyril came again to Forest Range before the day appointed for his sister's arrival, and somewhat to our surprise, he brought word that his mother would accompany him on the following Tuesday, and remain with us for a week of Mrs. Erskine's

visit. Sally Hawkes would also be our guest.

I believe Lady Ashburner was better pleased to receive Sally under her roof than any other of her expected friends, for she knew Sally well, and esteemed her accordingly; and it pleased her to give the poor little lady a passing taste of this world's happiness, and to make her very comfortable, and cater for her pleasures so far as her grim patroness would permit. But as a rule, Mrs. Denham objected to visible enjoyment in any shape whatever, and she had checked Sally so long and so perseveringly that she had nearly succeeded in teaching her to repress every manifestation of hilarity that she might temporarily enjoy.

"What kind of religion does Mrs. Denham profess?" asked Miss Craven of Elizabeth the day after we had dined at Monkswood. "I mean to what denomination does she belong? She handled the Book of Common Prayer so severely last night that I need not ask if she belongs to the Established Church."

"Of course she does not; she would just as soon ally herself with Popery or Mohammedanism as the Anglican Church. I always call her a *double* Dissenter, because she dissents from the State Church, and from all other sects as well. She is not an Independent, or a Baptist, or a Methodist, or a Quaker, or a Plymouth Sister; but I really believe she has picked out the worst bits of all religions and made of them a special rule of faith by which she herself abides, and which she would fain force upon everyone who comes within her influence. I have myself heard her call Cyril 'a child of perdition.'"

"Shocking!" said Miss Craven, warmly. "How can you endure her society?" And she looked appealingly at Lady Ashburner.

"My dear!" said Lady Ashburner. "We are very old friends, and the habits of a lifetime are not to be broken for mere opinions; and I trust Mrs. Denham would not act upon the creed she says she holds. We are used to her; and for Cyril's sake, I will not, if I can help it.

quarrel with her. Cyril is to me as a son, and to Elizabeth as a brother."

"Mr. Denham does not follow any profession, I believe?"

"No! on that point we have had many arguments. It is chiefly his mother's fault; but I should like to see him in this instance asserting himself, and using his powers and gifts, which are no ordinary ones, for the benefit of his fellow creatures, and of course to his own advantage."

"Mr. Denham is a Christian man?"

"No!" was Lady Ashburner's decided answer. Agnes looked surprised. Lady Ashburner resumed: "Cyril is a most lovely character, generous, tender-hearted, chivalric, the very soul of honour: he needs only the one thing to make him happy and useful. He has not found that blessed peace and rest on which alone the Christian life can truly be sustained. That he will find it I am fully confident; but I sometimes fear it may be through great trial that he will pass from the world's shadows and illusions into the clear light of God's own truth. Natures like his are not easily swayed on matters of deepest import. He has the making of a noble man in him, but at present he lacks the motive power by which alone he can live, as all on earth should live, to the praise and glory of God. There is so much in Cyril that is pure, and high, and valuable; only the perfect spring is wanting."

"Lady Ashburner!" said Agnes, earnestly: "do you think that, generally speaking, men and women come to God through suffering? that through the shadows they pass into the light, that through the tempest they wend their way to perfect rest?"

"My dear, I think all of us who reach the heavenly shore will have to look back upon some seasons, longer or shorter, of painful discipline. God trains us for His work in His own way. He brings us into deep waters, and lets the waves go over our heads, and removes from us friend and brother: He lets the

fiery darts go home, cleaving the shrinking flesh, and thrilling the soul with agony, that His child may be weaned from earth and from self, and from all refuges save that which is steadfast and eternal. And so He trains the special workers in His vineyard, so he shapes out of this frail and tried humanity, a grand and noble life; so He teaches patience, strength, and perfect faith, knowing too that they who have been sorely smitten can best bind up another's wounds, they who by His grace have fought their way to rest can best help those weak ones who know not yet the secret of His peace."

"Mamma!" said Elizabeth, "I could not live through so much suffering: I could not bear a terrible anguish; I would rather die."

"God will never lay upon you that which you cannot bear, my child. I do not wish to sadden you, but some sorrow there is sure to be for each one of us ere life closes. Let us not anticipate it, but trust that when the time shall come we may have strength given us according to our need."

It was only a day and a night that Cyril remained at Forest Range when he came to bring his mother's message; but in that day he and Agnes Craven seemed to become close friends. The weather was beautiful, and we went a long walk through the woods and across the breezy down that stretched away from Ashchurch, far into the south. There was a breath of Spring in every little breeze that swayed the budding boughs, a voice of melody in the rushing of the waters, a spirit of gladness in every fragrant violet that we plucked; } we knew it could not last; there would be more winter days yet, and the cold east winds would blow and the little violets shrink beneath their leaves, and the waters of the stream go sadly on their way; but, like sensible people, we took the present good and made the best of it, and were thankful for the sunshine, and the scanty herbage, and the balmy breezes blowing from the pleasant south.

Elizabeth and I were rather behind our companions for a mile or

more; for Miss Ashburner had an accident with her dress—her flounces had a knack of getting torn—and she was obliged to go into a cottage and beg for pins, and the good woman of the house just threaded her needle and put in half-a-dozen stitches, which would prevent all further damage during the walk; and so Cyril and Agnes strolled slowly on before, and it was nearly half-an-hour before we came up with them, under the fir clump at the top of Ashchurch Down. Indeed, I think they made the ascent by one path and we by another.

Here again, I copy from Agnes Craven's diary:—

"*March, 12th.*—Such a glorious walk we have had through the woods of Forest Range, and along the breezy downs that stretch so far away, almost like our northern moors, only they do not seem so rich in heather, they are not so billowy, and there are no great mountains like to ours, girdling them in with giant-arms on every side! I had no idea I could be so happy in this new home of mine,—for home it really seems to be, as if it had been mine for many, many years! Now, I know what it must be like to have a mother! I really feel that in some sort I have one, for I seem to share all Elizabeth's advantages. And in Elizabeth and Janet I find the sisters for whom my heart has yearned so long, and in Cyril Denham,—shall I say the brother I have longed for, ever since I can remember?

No! I cannot feel that Cyril is my brother, he is my friend, and I am his friend, we settled that to-day, somehow, Janet and Elizabeth fell behind, and Cyril and I walked on alone and we had much talk, which was a real refreshment to us both. He told me all about his boyhood, all about his early youth, how sad it has been. Lady Ashburner says he is reserved, but he spoke most freely to me, indeed, he said I had exorcised an evil spirit of taciturnity respecting himself and his inner life, that had troubled him for many years.

"But you can confide in Lady Ashburner?" I said.

"Indeed I can," he answered. "I am not worthy to speak the excellencies of my second mother, but it is precisely because she is so good, so calm, so free from common petty failings that I cannot speak to her as I have spoken to you. She is so kind, and so wise, but she does not fully understand me."

No! I had thought not; but I answered, "yet I cannot help you—I am so faulty, so inexperienced!"

"You do help me," he said; "you shame my want of courage, you teach me lessons that I never learnt before. *I will be strong*, God helping me."

"Are you then so very weak?"

"So weak, that you would despise me if you knew me as I am. Ah! Miss Craven, I am compelled to own to myself that I am one of God's unprofitable servants."

"You judge yourself too harshly. I am convinced you will do the world good service before you die."

"I wish I may, but never yet have I found any definite and settled purpose: never yet have I devoted myself to any steady continuous line of action. There is one thing though, if I could but achieve that, I think I should triumph in all beside!"

He did not say what that "one thing" was, and of course I did not ask him. And then he fell into a fit of musing, very sad musing too, it seemed, and just as we began to talk again, Elizabeth and Miss Anstruther came up on the further slope of the hill, and we all sat down and rested under the firs that crown the topmost ridge of Ashchurch Down.

How very much Cyril Denham has read, and more remarkable still, how very much he retains, and what a vein of poesy runs through his simplest converse. He and I think very much alike, only he is so much the wiser—I was going to say so much the stronger, but I am not certain about that. It strikes me very forcibly that the chief defect in my new friend's character is a want of strenuous purpose, and wholesome self-reliance. For a man, he seems too much inclined to lean on

others. It may be true that which Lady Ashburner says of him—that he is as yet, too dreamy to grapple earnestly with life's realities. But then his dreams are very beautiful dreams, and they may issue some day in a rich fulfilment; why not? Has not all true greatness found its cradle in a dream?—a dream which has grown and grown, and haunted brain and heart, till gradually it has shaped itself into real waking action? I suppose the mischief is when we content ourselves with dreaming only; and here I record my own conviction—think it presumptuous, if you will, oh, my diary!—that Cyril Denham is something more than an idle dreamer—that Cyril Denham will be a great good man, and that I shall glory in calling him my friend. My friend! how sweet that sounds! Ah! but must he suffer, as Lady Ashburner almost prophesied? Suffering with him would be intense, as great happiness would also be. And I too?—must I know the pain of hope destroyed, the grief of solitude, the sense of loss, before my soul is purified and lifted to that higher life for which it yearns, but which it never has attained? Lady Ashburner said that Cyril was not a true Christian; if he is not a Christian, neither am I. And yet I thought I was religious. I like to go to church: I strive—yes! I surely strive to do my duty, and I trust in God! What else is wanting? Surely something! yes! my heart tells me that it yet needs something more,—something whereon it firmly may abide in the day of tribulation. Mine is a religion, I suspect, that *would not wear*: it does well enough for sunshine and fair weather: would it comfort me, if a great and overwhelming sorrow fell upon me? Would it give me light if all around were darkness? Would it teach me patience if I were most sorely tried? I am afraid not! My religion is only a sort of philosophy, based on certain Christian principles, which I am not sure I fully comprehend.

I think I will ask Lady Ashburner the secret of the peace that fills her soul, for that she has suffered keenly

I am certain. No! I will ask Sally Hawkes what it is that makes her happy in that dreary, ghostly house. Why does she look cheerful, tormented and tyrannized over as she is, with no better prospect than wearing out her days in genteel servitude? The tradesman who would have married her has taken to himself a wife, so Cyril tells me, so there is no hope to be derived from that source. She is actually the daughter of a clergyman—a poor curate, who died five and twenty years ago, and left a delicate widow, and this only child, to struggle as best they might with all the ills of poverty. Sally is thirty now, and looks rather old-maidish; but she must have been pretty once. I wonder she is not changed into stone living as she does with that—that Gorgon, I am afraid I was going to write; but she is Cyril's mother, and

he never speaks of her with disrespect. I am ashamed of myself. Well, next week Sally will be here, and I mean to cultivate her. Cyril seemed so glad to think the poor girl would enjoy herself like other people for a little while: he is very kind. I wonder what Mrs. Erskine will be like? they tell me she is very much like Cyril; but Elizabeth makes a face and says—"Oh, mamma! oh, Janet! how can you think so? Mrs. Erskine is not half so nice as Cyril, no! nor a quarter!"

With this week our seclusion ends: after next Monday the house will be full; besides the Denhams and the Erskines, there are coming two other people, a favourite school-fellow of Elizabeth, and her brother. I have been so happy, so perfectly content ever since I came to Forest Range that I rather dread the change. How very foolish of me!

MR. RUSKIN'S LECTURES TO LITTLE HOUSEWIVES.

HERE is a Christmas book by Mr. Ruskin, and those who are acquainted with that author's child's story, "*The Black Brothers*;" or, the *King of the Golden River*," one of the very finest things of its kind in the English language, will open it not without expectations. Sooth to say, it is not much like the Christmas booklets with which the caterers for our literary entertainment have been this year regaling us. The fashion,—and we suppose, from its universality, that it is the approved fashion,—in these things is, that there shall be a certain number of tales, which we may figure as apples, and one other tale, or sketch, enclosing these, which we may figure as crust, so that the apple-pie is complete.

The setting, or crust, or machinery, may be to this effect:—that a kind-hearted cheap-jack plays the part of benefactor to a deaf and dumb girl and collects the tales for her gratification; or to this,—that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so have invited a party to dinner, but are prevented, by a railway mishap, from meeting their friends at the time appointed, who, thereupon, dine by themselves,

and tell stories between the courses. Still more fascinating are the narratives which relieve this machinery. How Mr. Griffin was to receive an estate from Mr. Sniffin, on the demise of old Mrs. Tiffin. How Mr. Griffin, with his inventive powers thus finely stimulated, shuts up the said Mrs. Tiffin in a dark store room, amid casks of sugar and boxes of almonds, and, putting three yards of crape on his hat and pulling a face as long as his arm, announces to the world that the lady is dead, and that the property is his. Whereupon the still more ingenious Mr. Slippin, gliding from the dining-table after a Christmas banquet, makes his way into the aforesaid store room, precisely at the moment when the deceased Mrs. Tiffin is taking steps from its darkest corner, with a view to securing the roast pig and plum pudding for which she has bargained as her Christmas dinner. Dreadful explosion as a matter of course, and appalling excitement on the part of Mr. Griffin. Or the incidents may be of a still more stirring and tragic nature. The gaunt, large-featured, disagreeable-looking Don Goglando

falls in love at first sight with the angelically beautiful Miss Matilda. Like a great goggle-eyed blunderer as he is, Goglando expects the lady to accept him off-hand. The latter promptly and briefly answers, No. The stupid Don, who might have recollected the sapient dignity with which the Laird of Cochpen, after a similar repulse, reflected merely upon the immeasurable idiocy of Lady Jane, in rejecting a landed proprietor, or might have emulated that sagacious cavalier who, in circumstances equally trying, chaunted a philosophical ditty referring to a proposed journey of the obstinate fair one to Hongkong, or at least have written to the editor of *Lloyd's* for a solution of his difficulty, adopts a truly unreasonable line of action. Refusing to be refused, he takes up with witches and other suspicious persons, adds the character of madman to his previously developed character of fool, and stalking to the brow of a mountain, jumps down, dragging the unfortunate Matilda with him. How exquisite in design, how thrilling in interest, how fresh in power, all this! Have we not advanced since the days when Thackeray wrote his "Miscellanies," Dickens his "Christmas Carol," Wilson his "Border Tales?"

Neither in machinery nor in matter has Mr. Ruskin to any extent followed these popular models, and this may perhaps be one reason why *Saturday Reviewers*, and other infallible critics, have been so severe with him. He has, to begin with, discarded the invariable method of bringing together a lot of tales. He takes the unheard of liberty of making a Christmas book turn on truth and reality, not on fiction. A sad error, doubtless, but not so bad as it might have been. In the seven plentiful years of Egypt, men would not think very hardly of a farmer who withheld one sheaf from the mill; and as there is already produced, in this happy country, as much fiction yearly as would thatch St. Paul's and half the other churches of London, we confess that it seems to us a venial offence in Mr. Ruskin,

to have published a Christmas book which is not a volume of tales.

The "machinery" is also real. The lectures were given, in substance, at a girl's school in the country. The "little housewives" were the pupils, a few of whom are introduced to us under the names of Florrie, Violet, and the like, and the lecturer not only lectures but puts and answers questions. To our grim friend of the *Saturday Review* all this seems intolerably trivial. Mere fireside or drawing-room, or school-room pictures are offensive to his iron manhood and austere dignity and general elevation of view. Whether Mr. Ruskin has been successful or the reverse in the execution of his sketches does not seem to be agreed upon among critics. We are told by some that he makes the girls types of seraphic virtue, while others ask why men of their importance should be made to listen to the pert questions of school-girls. For our own part, the general conception seems to us appropriate, pleasant, and in harmony with the merry Christmas time, while the execution, on the whole felicitous and brilliant, is occasionally heavy. By far the clumsiest bit is where the girls, by way of showing their humility, crouch under tables and hide behind doors. This trenches rather too closely on the province of dull pantomime. The amiable reviewer of the *Saturday* naturally quotes this passage as a sample of the whole. Here is a nice little touch of chaff for a school-room lecture:—"Mary (aged twenty). There's one question more; then I've done. Lecturer. Only one? Mary. Only one. Lecturer. But if it is answered, won't it turn into two? Mary. No; I think it will remain single and be comfortable." Having thus kept the Lecturer, who seemed really to be approaching an irrelevant topic, to his point, Mary is permitted to put her question.

But little housewives among our readers are anxious to know what light this book throws upon the art and mystery of housekeeping. Is it upon £1,000 a year, or £500, or £300, or £150, that Mr. Ruskin pro-

poses to "marry and bring up a family?" Are his directions as to the choosing of a "good plain cook," luminous and satisfactory? Has he correct views on the subject of Suffolk dumplings and haricot mutton? Is he perfectly orthodox on roast beef? What, now, to come to particulars, is his *recipe* for a pigeon-pie? It is with unfeigned regret that we confess our inability to meet these fair and reasonable demands. One of the little housewives of Mr. Ruskin's audience ventured to make so bold a dash into the region of practicalities as to enquire, in relation to husbands, how many thousands a year they should have; but the lecturer merely frowned grandly, and deigned not to reply. It cannot be alleged, however, that he overlooks cookery. He pronounces it one of the three cardinal virtues of housewives, a proposition which no man in a state of sanity will dispute. "Mary," however, suspects that the lecturer, who, we own, has slippery ways in those things, may have some private interpretation of the word "cookery," by which it will be removed from the region of saucepans and stuffed ducklings. "What," she asks, "does 'cooking' mean?" Now all ye pretty little Ruths, keeping house for Tom Pinches, attend. "It means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices; and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savoury in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemistry; it means much tasting, and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality; and it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always 'ladies' 'loaf-givers;' and, as you are to see, imperatively, that everybody has something pretty to put on,—so you are to see, yet more imperatively, that everybody has something nice

to eat." This is doing cookery justice with a witness. Mr. Ruskin must, we think, cease to address his instructions to little housewives, for, to reach his ideal in the character of cook would take, as our American friends might say, a very tall housewife indeed.

Cooking, we said, is one of the three cardinal virtues of little housewives; the other two are—what thinks the reader?—dancing and dressing. But here also we must attend to the interpretation. By dancing Mr. Ruskin means, not going out to balls, but the perfect development of that melodious happiness, that buoyant joy, that elastic, wave-like gladness, which ought, he avers, to be a habit of girlhood. "Don't you recollect, 'Louisa?'"

'No fountain from a rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.'

"A girl is always like that, when everything's right with her." By "dressing," again, Mr. Ruskin means not "wearing fine clothes," but ability to "make a dress; and—which is quite as difficult—wear one." "Then," enquires Dora, "we are all to learn dress-making, are we? Lecturer. Yes; and always to dress yourselves beautifully—not finely, unless on occasion; but then very finely and beautifully too. Also you are to dress as many other people as you can; and to teach them how to dress if they don't know; and to consider every ill-dressed woman or child whom you see anywhere, as a personal disgrace; and to get at them, somehow, until everybody is as beautifully dressed as birds." Thus "interpreted," dancing and dressing may be allowed to take a high place among the virtues of little housewives.

But Mr. Ruskin has greater perplexities than these to throw in the way of a docile audience. He propounds an opinion on the precious metals which, until further "interpreted," we must pronounce wholly erroneous. Gold and diamonds are, he believes, to be classed with plagues and earthquakes as natural evils, their "practical, immediate office" being "the multiplied destruc-

tion of souls." He not only states his theory, but refers for its support to history, and points out what he deems its philosophical explanation. "Wherever legislators"—these are his words,—“have succeeded in excluding, for a time, jewels and precious metals from among national possessions, the national spirit has remained healthy. Covetousness is not natural to man—generosity is ; but covetousness must be excited by a special cause, as a given disease by a given miasma ; and the essential nature of a material for the excitement of covetousness is, that it shall be a beautiful thing which can be retained *without a use*.” We have no absolute certainty as to the historical instances which Mr. Ruskin may have in view, but we have some notion on the subject, and merely say that we believe him to be historically in error. But what are we to make of the proposition that gold and silver “can be retained *without a use* !” Had the emphasis been on “retained” we might have concluded that it was miserly hoarding he had in view. But this is practically at an end in all civilized countries, and Mr. Ruskin is perfectly aware that his bankers do not retain the balance at his account *without cause*. In civilized countries, however, he would tell us, the evils wrought by gold and silver reach a *maximum*. What, then, can we make of Mr. Ruskin's oracle? Are we to let housewives, short or tall, imbibe the notion that the coin of Her Majesty's realm is useless? Or why speak of housewives? We have all to pay our way, and that in a time of cattle plagues, and cotton famines, and rate collectors, and metropolitan coal bills. Lives there the man with purse so full, that he a shilling out can pull, and think it of no use? If such you know, go mark him well; he is the gentleman to “sell”; Oh! pluck the precious goose! This is one of those eccentricities of error by which Mr. Ruskin amazes and distresses his friends, and makes *Saturday Reviewers* rub their hands in rapture. Without money, civilization could never have emerged from infancy; it is the “love of

money,” and that not as a useless thing but as representing power and possession, that is “the root of all evil.”

But we must hear one or two of the more sensible advices which Mr. Ruskin gives to young housewives. Here is something good about patience:—“There's no music in a ‘rest,’ Katie, that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life-melody, and scrambling on without counting—not that it's easy to count; but nothing on which so much depends ever *is* easy. People are always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too. I know twenty persevering girls for one patient one: but it is only that twenty-first who can do her work, out and out, or enjoy it. For patience lies at the root of all pleasures, as well as of all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness, when Impatience companions her.” There is a sunny vigour and healthfulness, also, in the following passage, though self-sacrifice and self-denial will always remain important virtues in a world like ours:—“The will of God respecting us is that we shall live by each other's happiness, and life; not by each other's misery, or death . . . a child may have to die for its parents; but the purpose of Heaven is that it should rather live for them;—that, not by its sacrifice, but by its strength, its joy, its force of being, it shall be to them renewal of strength; and as the arrow in the hand of the giant. So it is in all other right relations. Men help each other by their joy, not by their sorrow. They are not intended to slay themselves for each other, but to strengthen themselves for each other. And among the many apparently beautiful things which turn, through mistaken use, to utter evil, I am not sure but that the thoughtlessly meek and self-sacrificing spirit of good men must be named as one of the fatallest.”

There is much in this little book on which we have not touched; much

about crystallization, architecture, Egyptian and Greek mythology, original sin, the art of Angelico, and so forth. There is always a great deal to agree with; sometimes a firm dissent must be maintained from the views of the lecturer; the style is uniformly eloquent and striking. We have confined our-

selves to what relates most strictly to little housewives. On the whole, —the praise, we are sorry to say, is not high,—Mr. Ruskin may be allowed to have produced the best of the expressly Christmas books of this year.

PETER BAYNE.

A CLUSTER OF LYRICS.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

SYBIL GRAY.

*"Heart of mine, so longing for rest,
Better to build thy love a nest
On a storm-sung bough, than a woman's breast!"*
But this heart of mine it sayeth me "Nay,"
Shows me the picture of "Sybil Gray:"
Wilful heart will have its way!

*"Heart of mine, far wiser t'would be
To build thy nest on a wave of the sea
That is tossed and troubled perpetually!"*
But this heart of mine it sayeth me "Nay,"
Whispers the name of "Sybil Gray!"
Foolish heart will have its way!

*"Never was love, I think, like mine;
Never was woman, I think so divine;
Never could lives more tenderly twine!"*
And this heart of mine it sayeth me "YEA!"
Wilful heart must have its way:
When will you marry me, "Sybil Gray?"

THE FIRSTBORN.

Pleasant it is, sweet Wife of mine
As by my side thou art,
To sit and see thy dear eyes shine
With bonfires of the heart;
Gliding along in our fairy boat,
With smiling skies above,
Over the sea of Time we float
To the Better Land of Love.

As yon brave ring of stars doth fold
Our earth, so is it given
To this wee ring of wedding gold,
To clasp our world with heaven:
Gliding along in our fairy boat,
With smiling skies above,
Over the sea of Time we float
To the Better Land of Love.

One of God's darlings is our guide,
And makes our two hearts lean,
Oh, so lovingly, side by side,
That nothing may come between!

Gliding along in our fairy boat,
With smiling skies above,
Over the sea of Time we float
To the Better Land of Love.

Down thro' the heaven of a babe's blue eyes,
One of the Blessed hath come,
To draw us up to her native skies,
And welcome us to her home!
Gliding on in our fairy boat,
With smiling skies above,
Over the sea of Time we float
To the Better Land of Love.

From under that golden cloud of her hair,
A starrier light hath shone!
Too distant to attain, but near
Enough to tempt us on!
Gliding along in our fairy boat,
With smiling skies above,
Over the sea of Time we float
To the Better Land of Love.

The shows of heaven and earth around,
Their lesser places keep,
All to see a wee rose, gold-crown'd.
From the green of its childhood peep.
Gliding along in a fairy boat,
With smiling skies above,
Over the sea of Time we float
To the Better Land of Love.

And young love looks so sweet and sly,
From warm and balmy deeps,
As under-leaf the fruit will try
To hide, yet archly peeps.
Gliding along in a fairy boat,
With smiling skies above,
Over the sea of Time we float
To the Better Land of Love.

A FIRESIDE SONG.

O happy love of weans and wife,
'Twill make a man's heart dance!
And tint the saddest face of life,
With touches of romance:
If any bit of Eden blooms,
In all this world so wide,
'Tis theirs who love and are beloved,
At their own dear Fireside.

All ye that such a garden own,
Forbear, and oft beware;
Lest trifles, light as thistle-down,
Should sow the seeds of care!
Nor pull apart, but heart to heart
Cling closest when most tried,
All ye that love and are beloved,
At your own dear Fireside.

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELD.

THE morning of another year has broken over scenes of much Missionary activity both at home and abroad. A "week of prayer" fitly inaugurated the labour of the Church of Christ, and we trust that with the blessed energies of prayer and labour the year will continue and close.

We may first glance at the Mission field at home. And here we gratefully observe on every hand a growing spirit of Christian aggression. The metropolis with its 1,000,000 and more of non-worshippers, has aroused the solicitude and activities of Christian men of every denomination. The Bishop of London's Fund has reached to £250,000, one half of which has been contributed by ninety persons. By its aid a large number of Christian workers of various orders have been appointed to labour where most needed, and suitable Mission chapels and schools have been erected for their use. Nor have other Christian communities been slack in Missionary enterprise in the metropolis; for since the year 1851 it appears, according to the new and valuable number of the *British Quarterly Review*—that "while the Established Church has advanced in the metropolis at the rate of 25 per cent., the non-established Churches have increased in the ratio of over 40 per cent." We observe also that a new Baptist Association, minister and Churches, has recently been formed for the purposes, not only of fraternal intercourse and counsel, but of chapel extension in the metropolis, where, it has been truly said, "there are wide and densely populated regions where we might gather congregations and plant Churches, without trespassing on 'another man's line of things, made ready to our hand.'"

As an illustration of the diversified and endless fields of Missionary operation which London supplies, we may mention that, at the lowest computation, there are no fewer than 20,000 Germans in the East of London, while the only places of

worship provided for them are two churches, and a small Wesleyan meeting-room, the latter being situated at Stepney. Mr. Heisig, a German, and a member of the Rev. Francis Tucker's Church, are now making an effort to gather a German Baptist Church in Spitalfields.

The Churchmen of Liverpool too have followed the noble example set them in other provincial towns, and have just announced that £50,000 have been contributed for Church extension in that vast and increasing town. We also find from the "Congregational Year Book," just issued, that the Independents have erected sixty-six new churches during the past year, nearly all in England; have re-built or enlarged forty-four, and have laid the foundation of forty-three others, making a total of three new sanctuaries begun, enlarged, or built every week during the past twelve months.

Other methods of Christian aggression are also prospering; and we are glad to notice that Mr. Shrimpton, the contractor for the new railway from Northampton to Banbury, has obtained a missionary from the Nottingham Institute to labour among his 700 navvies, and that he recently celebrated the opening of a temporary navvies' Mission chapel at Towcester with a tea-meeting, at which 1,000 workmen and their friends were present, and in which several of the clergy of the neighbourhood took part. We are thankful to record that several other of our large railway contractors manifest a practical interest in the religious well-being of the people in their employment.

Various tidings of interest reach us concerning our foreign Missionary-fields. Our readers are probably aware that on the 5th of October last a new Missionary ship was launched for the service more immediately of the London Missionary Society in the Isles of the Pacific. Early in January this messenger of peace started on her voyage, after a solemn

valedictory service, held at the Poultry Chapel, London. The missionaries and their wives had been previously addressed at the Mission-house by Dr. Tidman. The Rev. W. Fairbrother reminded the audience that seventy years ago another little band of heroic men, amid the derision of the learned and the doubts of some of the godly, had started on a similar enterprise; but that, sustained by the prayers of the Christian Church, they prosecuted their sacred enterprise, planted a home and a civilization among savage tribes, whose strange language they learned and reduced to a written form, then translated the Scriptures, prepared educational works, built schools and chapels, and by God's blessing turned multitudes of the heathen from their dumb idols, until now it would be extremely difficult in eastern and central Polynesia to find an idolater. The Rev. John Kennedy, M.A., of Stepney, then addressed the missionaries in words of wise and affectionate counsel; "above all," he concluded by saying, "be comforted and quickened by the perpetual remembrance that you are the servants of a living Saviour, who will supply all your need, and make His grace sufficient for you. Remember this, dear brethren, and those loved ones who go with you, when the shores of England recede from your view, remember it when the ocean storm rages around you, remember it amid the solitude of your distant island-home, remember it in all seasons of sorrow and depression, and it will cheer and strengthen your souls within you. Remember whose servants you are when you mingle in the society of your fellow-Christians or in the society of the godless; remember it when assailed by secret temptation or encompassed with outward sin, and it will make you watchful and steadfast. Remember whose servants you are when you find yourselves far away from the supervision of your fellow-creatures and from the stimulus of their presence, and it will make you diligent, and earnest, and persevering. Yes, dear brethren and sisters, remember

whose servants you are when strength is failing, and life is ebbing, and you feel yourselves solemnly nearing death and eternity, and, with all the deep and humble consciousness of imperfection and sin which it will become you then to cherish, it will be joy unspeakable to you to know that as life has not, so neither can death, separate you from the love of Christ Jesus your Lord. Far distant be the day when any of you shall be called to lay down the holy weapons of the Christian war in which you go forth to engage! But when it comes, may each of you be enabled to say, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith!' And may He to whose service you consecrate yourselves and to whose grace we commend you, confess you before His Father and the holy angels as His faithful servants, and crown you with that crown of righteousness which fadeth not away!"

It is pleasant to read in the report of the West-Africa Mission that "much of the Mission work at Sierra Leone" has been absorbed by the growth of the native Church, no fewer than nine of these once Mission-stations having become native pastorates; and that, according to the testimony of "the Sierra Leone Native Church Pastoral Aid Society," (a goodly name) the Native Church is becoming a Missionary Church; and that the funds of the Auxiliary Church Mission Society, which hitherto have been expended within the colony, are to be employed in direct Missionary purposes in the regions beyond. Thus those who have here been gathered from heathenism will gradually "rise to the position of a co-operating Church," and it is hoped that before long "definite Mission-fields will be established and conducted by native agents," and supported "entirely by funds from the Sierra Leone Church." Much encouragement has been afforded to our episcopal brethren in that colony by the recent elevation of the Rev. Dr. Crowther to the episcopate.

There are now sixteen Missionary Societies at work on the West Coast of Africa, six of which are British,

seven American, two German, and one West Indian. These Societies maintain 104 European and American Missionaries, have 110 stations, 236 schools containing 13,000 scholars, and 19,000 registered communicants, representing a professedly Christian population of probably 60,000 souls. As the result already obtained by the labours of these Missionaries, Dr. Livingstone expresses his great gratification. "The crowds," he says, "of well-dressed, devout, and intelligent looking worshippers, in both the West and South, formed a wonderful contrast to the same people still in their heathen state. At Sierra Leone, Kuruman, and other places, the Sunday, for instance, seemed as well observed as it is anywhere in Scotland. The sight produced an indelible impression on the mind that England had done an amount of good by her philanthropy that will be recognized and appreciated by posterity. Had we not previously been intimately acquainted by long personal intercourse with the people at Kuruman, who have enjoyed nearly half a century of Mr. Moffat's Missionary labours, and had we not known the state of mind of the stock from which all his converts had been drawn, we might have been misled, and have given a lower value to the appearances presented than they deserved." The contributions, he adds, from negroes in the West Indies, and in West and South Africa, for the support and spread of Christian truth, amount to upwards of £15,000 a-year.

Our readers will have read, with just indignation, the miserable attempt made by an unscrupulous English journal to attribute recent calamities in Jamaica to our brethren of the Baptist Mission. A similar calumny was started from the same quarter when the Indian Mutiny broke out, and it is not more unjust now than it was then. It is doubtless true that many of the members of the Baptist congregations have long and loudly complained of the government of that island—a government compounded of weakness, pusillanimity, and cruelty; but we have yet to learn that British subjects

must suffer every kind of wrong without even the poor consolation of a protest. Amid the acts of violence, however, to which in a wild outbreak a long suffering people were at last driven, the labours of the missionaries contributed directly and powerfully to the restoration of peace; and most of those who "sat under the ministry of the missionaries of the various denominations," not only had no sympathy with the rioters, but "exerted themselves as constables and volunteers, to put it down." The Rev. R. Harding, for instance, gives many illustrations of this fact. He travelled seventy miles through the portion of the island that had been placed under martial law. "Along the road," he says, "I recognized many of our people, who as constables were on guard night and day; and some of them had taken up several of the rebels who had fled to hide themselves in the long and secluded valley of Dallas, where few or none but black people reside." After mentioning various facts testifying to the loyalty of the black population, Mr. Harding expresses his hope that the people of England will not be deceived as to any professed enmity of the blacks against the whites. Our people, he says, fear lest there should be misunderstanding on this point. "They are going to give the black people a black name!" they exclaimed, "we must depend on our ministers to let our English friends know the truth."

From Madagascar we have tidings of the progress of one of the Memorial Churches. The first is of Norman architecture, with nave and aisles, tower and spire. The walls are up, and the steeple is completed as far as the belfry windows. In addition to the Memorial Churches a new building will be erected in the city of Antananarivo, through the liberality of a lady to whom an appeal had been made. It will hold from 500 to 600 persons, and will cost about £250, and is intended to supersede a building with reeded sides and thatched roof, now in use.

From the memories of the dead with which the Memorial Churches

of Madagascar are associated, we may not unfitly turn to that compassion which Christianity has for the living which the Medical Hospital at Pekin well illustrates. Since the Imperial City was opened to our missionaries, they have been accommodated with premises rented from the British legation. Here Dr. Lockhart had his dispensary, where thousands of afflicted Chinese were relieved in body and also instructed in spiritual things. The premises having recently been required for the purpose of the legation, a change for the better happily has been made. On the 11th of September last the new building was opened with a religious service. And there, where before the votaries of heathenism had gathered around their dumb idols and their benighted priesthood, were now heard the preaching and the praise of the One living and true God. "It is, indeed, a remarkable thing that heathenism should so readily resign one of its sacred edifices to Christianity, a hostile religion." But the temple, it appears, "was the priest's own purchased property, and he thought that its being devoted to gratuitous healing would save him from self-condemnation." Seventy or eighty patients attend the hospital daily; numerous audiences assemble in the new chapel; and a Buddhist priest has offered his temple, with a revenue of £10, to the Mission.

We cannot more fitly draw our remarks to a close than by quoting the noble words of one who toils in the vast Mission-fields of India—words which every Christian labourer may lay to heart. "The success," he says, "of a work like this is not always to be measured by the number of present actual conversions. Should I be permitted, in the providence of God, to continue in the field for twenty or thirty years even,

and at the end of this period not be able to reckon a single convert as the fruit of my labours, I shall yet die without the slightest misgiving as to their ultimate result. God's word is not a thing of nought: there is a living energy in it which will show itself in His own good time. As a seed it is cast in the ground, and there it dies; but I know Who is watching over it. To Him it is a precious seed. He will cause it to germinate. The blade will appear, and, when we shall have passed away from the scene, a glorious harvest also will appear. Others then will have entered into our labours, but we shall see that harvest gathered in, and in glorious fulness too, in a brighter and better world.

"I remember a brother missionary telling me of a noble thought communicated to him by his sister for encouragement in his work. She reminded him of a rough-looking hill in his native land, on the sides of which were scattered, in the wildest confusion, rocks and stones. 'Imagine,' she said, 'that hill covered with waving corn. Before such a scene could be presented to the eye, those stones must be gathered out and the rocks removed; the plough must pass over the ground, and precious seed be cast into it. But who of the labourers,' she added, 'would be the most honoured, those who gathered out the stones, or those who reaped the harvest?' This is precisely what we are doing in this heathen land. We are gathering out the stones, preparing the ground, and sowing the good seed. We feel indeed honoured in being permitted to do this. Others will reap the harvest, but I feel sure that both they and we, in that day, will unite in ascribing all honour and all praise to Him, 'whose we are, and whom we serve.'"

UP THE THAMES TO OXFORD.

BY FELIX REMEX.

DAY THE SECOND.

My friend was unfortunately obliged to leave me at Shepperton, so I had to proceed on my way companionless. Let me tell you something about my boat, which is technically called a *Randan*, and calculated to hold six people,—to wit, three rowers, a coxswain, and two sitters; though being so light, that I alone can easily push it against stream, it ought not to carry more than four. My library is moderate—"Thorne upon Rivers," S. C. Hall's "Book of the Thames," and "The Oarsman's Guide" are all I need. My costume is *flannel* from head to foot, and I have with me a little black bag, containing a change of clothes. The stream from the church up to Shepperton Lock is pretty stiff rowing, for the Wey, adding its volume of water to that of the Thames, helps very decidedly to strengthen the current. But Shepperton Lock fairly passed, the aspect of things is changed; and the river winds through low grounds and becomes so veritable a Meander, that Weybridge church is sometimes on my right hand, and sometimes on my left; now before me, and now behind; so that a stranger would be really puzzled where to look for it.

The stream now is slow and sluggish, so there is time to glance about me, and admire the many beautiful flowers upon the banks, and the water-lilies all about, lifting up their silvery chalices; but not being a botanist, I do not make the best of my opportunity. You can see St. George's Hill, once the site of a Roman encampment; and also St. Anne's Hill, once the residence of Fox; besides many others of less note, so that the flat shores between Shepperton and Chertsey, are by no means so uninteresting as you might imagine; the view of St. Anne's, however, is better after passing Chertsey Lock. But at Chertsey, one cannot help remembering Albert Smith,—there, all the

poor lament him as their best and kindest benefactor. Regretted as he was in town and country, and by those who knew him intimately and loved him well, it was still among the poor folks at Chertsey that the deepest grief at his untimely death was manifested. It had ever been his pleasure "to do good by stealth," and the extent of his delicate and generous charities was never guessed till they had laid him in the grave. All this part of the river, up to London Stone, a little above Staines, where the jurisdiction of the City ends, is especially famous for fish and angling. But it scarcely needs a stone to mark the City bounds; for the disgraceful condition of the Locks outside the municipal control, soon evidences that the much maligned Corporation of London—with all its faults—can and does discharge its duty in a way that reflects not much credit on the *great unpaid* body, who profess to attend to the river Thames and its Locks above Staines! I only wish I had some of them with me, on a dark night—they would repent of their sins of omission, as they passed through their own Locks, and the lock-keepers gone to bed.

Anent London Stone, it is worth while remembering as a sample of by-gone times, that the Lord Mayor of London, on passing this stone was always, even during the last thirty years, bumped in the most unscrupulous and irreverent style against the stone, by his brother Aldermen!

There are some fir-trees about here, which add much to the river scenery; but the chief interest is of course at Runnymede and Magna Charta Island, just opposite. Some will think of King John and his barons, and some of Egham races, now held on Runnymede; others again of Cooper's Hill, and the view of it, which is only exceeded by the view from it. However, Runnymede is now chiefly used as

a resort for pic-nic parties, or a resting-place for rowing men on the way up the river. But alone, or with a crew, you must stop and refresh at the "Bells of Ouseley," a place noted among boating men for its capital accommodation, for its boats and beer are not to be despised. Above Old Windsor Lock the stream is very quiet, but I am told that there is excellent trout-tickling to be had: one of my friends once caught here a Thames trout weighing 12 lbs., worth 1s. 9d. per lb. in Billingsgate Market. But it may be as well to mention that Thames trout cannot at any price be purchased. When Thames trout are caught, they are usually taken by fishermen in the employ of private gentlemen, and cannot be disposed of. Along Datchet, one would like to know the exact spot where Falstaff was ducked; but we cannot learn in any way where the fat knight came to grief.

The distance between the two locks is very considerable; but the Datchet side looking so gay with villas, seems more like a suburb of London itself, than of a quiet country town. After a little time, Windsor becomes the most prominent object in the view. It is needless to speak about the Castle; but I can say, that Windsor, as seen from the river, is *most attractive*! Though I have passed it many and many a time, I always feel that I should like to look on it more frequently, and for a longer period than the bend of the river will allow.

Above Windsor is Boveney Lock, celebrated as being the lock through which rowing-boats can pass in the shortest possible space of time; it is also famous as being the best bathing-place on the Thames, and though I cannot thoroughly endorse this opinion, I must say it is a very good one, but to my mind *dangerous*—extremely so, to a man who is not an expert swimmer. Some three miles above Boveney is Monkey Island, so called from the fact of a Duke of Marlborough having built upon it a temple, ornamented with certain pictures—of monkeys! It is

certainly a very charming place; and here I learnt that the Thames islands, or eyots, or *aits* as they are called, are farmed out for the purpose of growing osiers. Bray Lock is a little above Monkey Island, and of course Bray Church is not very far off, the venue of the noted "Vicar of Bray!" But the chronicles of the place show that the story is totally wrong with regard to facts, inasmuch as no one Vicar of Bray, according to the church books, ever held the benefice during the years alluded to in the song. My own impression is, that Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, whose house was some half a mile below Monkey Island, had some friends to dine with him, and that some joking arose, the result of which was the ballad of "The Vicar of Bray."

The brick arches of the Great Western railway over the Thames at Maidenhead, are remarkable as being the very finest specimen of brick architecture, both as regards the span of the bridge and the brick-work itself. Unfortunately, I was so absorbed in looking at the arches and admiring their workmanship, that I kept on the wrong side of the river, and ran my boat into the eelpots, the which *contretemps* by no means improved my temper, and I had to get out and make my way as well as I could to Maidenhead bridge.

Up from there, it is rather a strongish stream to Boulter's Lock; but the lock once passed, you have some two or three miles of the loveliest scenery on the Thames! On the one side of the river, the ground is meadow-land; on the other side, a sharp spur of hilly land, beginning at Taplow, opposite to Maidenhead, and continuing thence up the river. The heights at Taplow belong to Lord Orkney, and if I mistake not, adjoin the grounds of Cliefden, the seat of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland. This is said to be the fairest spot on all the river, and though I do not want to rave about Cliefden's proud alcoves, the bower of wanton Shrewsbury's loves, &c.; I do say that I never pass Cliefden without easing-up

the rowing, so as to admire its beauty leisurely. At Cookham Lock, the river has a very picturesque appearance; but from thence up to Marlow the stream is strong, and the scenery, although still charming, is not sufficiently attractive to make you forget that you are proceeding against current.

However, I got to Marlow at 8:30 p.m., and having rowed from Walton bridge, viz.—thirty-two miles, and having been through eleven locks, I thought I was entitled to all the refreshment that Mrs. Parslow could give me at her famous hostelry, “The Complete Angler.”

MATILDA OF NORMANDY.

BY THE EDITOR.

OR as some chronicles name her, Agatha. She was one of the daughters of our William the Conqueror, and betrothed by him to Edwin, Earl of Chester, a powerful Saxon noble, whom it was expedient he should conciliate. In the troublous times, however, which marked the latter half of the eleventh century, during which the struggle between Saxon and Norman still continued, many of the conquered perished through the treachery of their enemies, who too frequently accused them of disaffection, in order to appropriate such estates as were still left to their ancient owners. Among others, fell the Earl of Chester; he had been accused of joining in an insurrection, and he fled, and was murdered on his way to Scotland by three of his associates, who believed that the deed would prove acceptable to the King. The princess was devotedly attached to her Saxon lover, who was on the eve of becoming her husband, when the charge of rebellion was brought against him. After his death, she was quickly contracted to Alphonso the Valiant, of Leon and Castile, although she implored her father to permit her to lead a single life. She so dreaded the marriage, that she humbly besought the Almighty to take her to Himself, rather than permit her to fulfill this detested union. She set out for Spain with a brilliant *cortège*, but had hardly passed the frontiers, when her health, which had been failing since the violent death of the Earl of Chester, entirely gave way, and she died. Her remains were brought back to her native soil, and interred, with great pomp, at Bayeux. It is declared by all the ancient records of the day, that she died of a broken heart.—*Vide* Mrs. GREEN's “Princesses of England,” &c.

THE vintage sun was shining
 (On the fields of Southern France :
 There was beauty in the deep-wood paths,
 And in the stream's bright glance.
 The clear, broad river poured his waves
 All proudly to the sea ;
 And the mountain-torrent's pearly spray
 Flashed over rock and tree.
 And gorgeously the crimson light
 Of evening's glowing smiles,
 Shot thro' the forest's shadowy glades,
 And its long, dusk, verdurous aisles :
 And ruby tints were in the sky,
 Blent with its dazzling blue,
 And the heaving waters of the lake
 Gave back the roseate hue.
 The radiant flush was fading fast,
 The hills were grey and dim ;
 The nuns from their cloistered chapel sang
 Their own sweet vesper-hymn ;—
 When there came on the stilly twilight hour
 A trumpet's ringing sound,
 And a knightly band, with martial pride,
 Through the peaceful valley wound,

And the banners of England idly drooped

On the hush'd and fragrant air :

Their heavy folds fell rustlingly

O'er a royal maiden fair,—

A pale, slight girl, whose mournful brow

And cheek of purest white,

Told of the fading of young life,

Of the spirit's secret blight.

She lifted up her meek, sad gaze

To the solemn skies above,

And the glittering stars gleamed faintly forth,

Like messengers of love :

But they breathed no hope, no joy, no calm,

To that sad, aching breast,

That stricken heart, that iuly yearned

For the grave's unbroken rest.

"Farewell, oh, sunny France !" she cried,—

"Farewell, my own bright land,

Land of the glorious forest-wild,

And the rocky, foam-beat strand !

And thou, fair island, o'er the wave,

Home of my happy youth,

Farewell to thee, beloved spot,

Farewell, peace, love, and truth !

"And thou ! the noblest and the best

That ever proudly trod,

With gallant heart, and stainless fame,

Thy England's flowery sod,

Thee too, I leave—for now the dark

Unfathomable grave,

Rolls 'twixt my faithful, breaking heart,

And thine unhonoured grave.

"How can I wear the queenly crown,

How brook the state, the pride,

The proud array, the pomp, wherewith

They greet a royal bride ?

How bear the city's joyous din,

The crowd's wild revelry,—

How at God's altar pledge my faith,

My hand,—and not to thee !

"It may not be ! this weary heart

Would rather sigh, 'farewell !'

Sigh, did I say ? oh ! gladly smile

To hear its own death-knell !

Father in Heaven, forgive these thoughts

The sad, and dark, and wild ;

Take back the spirit Thou hast given,—

Call home Thy mournful child !

"This sunny world is beautiful,

And I am fair and young ;

O'er earth's green hills, and happy vales,

There floats sweet breathing song :

And by the streams—the free, swift streams,

Ten thousand flowers bloom !

I turn from all their loveliness

To the quiet of the tomb,

"For I hear a voice I knew of old,

It calls me night and day ;

It breaks off from the angel-hymns,

To summon me away !

Matilda of Normandy,

In the murmurs of these lonely glens,
 In the pensive wind's low tone,
 In the thunder of the restless waves,
 I hear that voice alone!

"And my spirit answers unto thine,
 Oh, loved and faithful one!
 Our hands shall clasp, and our gaze shall meet,
 Ere the vintage days be done:
 And the fear of parting and of change
 Shall dim our eyes no more,
 For sounds of farewell never wake
 The echoes of that shore."

And as she spoke, the dark shade passed
 From her young, faded brow,
 A rose-flush dyed her pallid cheek,
 Like sunset's transient glow.
 For her soul had risen o'er its woe,
 And still, and high, and calm,
 She stood like a saint, that newly holds
 His own victorious palm!

And again her sweet tones clearly rang
 On the soft and fragrant wind,
 That fanned with a wooing tenderness
 Her tresses unconfined.
 Her words swelled high on the silent night,
 And she shed no woman's tear
 While she called on the steadfast, burning stars,
 And the waters wild, to hear!

"I have garnered within my secret soul,
 Each tone and glance of thine;
 I have treasured thy love, and its memory too,
 Pure, in its viewless shrine.
 I have kept firm faith with thee, beloved,
 And now the strife is past,
 Now claim thine own—life's day declines,
 'Tis evening-time at last.

"Yon mountain-range, all stern and cold,
 That sweeps from sea to sea,
 Lifts up its pure, untrodden brows
 To the moonlight's radiancy.
 And o'er their rocky, lonely heights,
 Beyond those peaks of snow,
 Is the fair and broad Castilian land—
 The land to which I go.

"I come to thee, oh! valiant Prince,
 Not with the blushing grace
 Wherewith young brides are wont to meet
 A royal lover's face;
 But with an aspect calm and still,
 With heavy eyelids closed,
 And instead of bridal veil and wreath,
 And Queenly crown,—a shroud!

"The festal mirth is swelling high
 In myrtle-grove, and vale;
 And the perfume of the orange flower
 Is on the Southern gale.
 Oh! lovely land of glorious streams,
 Green turf, and sunny sky;
 Oh! land of bloom, and purpling vines,
 I come to thee,—to die!"

Again, the broad sun slowly sank,
And flushed the radiant west ;
But the daughter of England calmly lay
In her long and dreamless rest.
Spain's gorgeous sunset sky was blue
And stainless, o'er her head ;—
And she, the young and beautiful,
Was with the quiet dead.

And through the mountain-gorge once more,
The long procession passed ;
And the trumpet's pealing note was hushed,
And the clarion's clear, wild blast :
Only a *miserere* chant
Died sadly on the breeze ;
And a solemn dirge swelled fitfully
Beneath the dark pine-trees.

And again the vintage sun shone o'er
The southern fields of France,
Again the warm, bright waters glowed
Beneath his kindling glance ;
But *she* heeded not the greenwood sounds,
Nor the lake's bright-tinted wave ;
For she had passed from scenes of earth,
To the world beyond the grave.

They bore her back to her childhood's home,
And 'neath the cloistered shade,
With chant and prayer, the Conqueror's child
In her early tomb they laid.
Her sire's proud name, and his deathless deeds,
Still ring from shore to shore ;
But the careless world takes little heed
Of the broken hearts of yore.

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

FEBRUARY.

" And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting.
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away ; yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them bargein round ;
So past the twelvemonths forth, and their new places found."

SPENSER.

SPENSER, we must remember, wrote his "*Faerie Queene*" in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, before the introduction of "*New Style*" into England, and *February*, therefore, figures in his stanzas as the last month of the year, instead of the second, as we count it now. Like its predecessor, it owes its place in the calendar to Numa Pompilius, who,

you may remember, added two months to the then existing *ten*, and so made up a year of a dozen months.

It derives its name from a Latin word, *Februus*, "I purify;" because, in this month, the Romans were accustomed to offer sacrifices for the purification of their tribes. Ovid tells us that those things which were used in the sacrificial ceremo-

nies, and supposed to be effectual for the moral purgation of the people, were called *Februa*, hence *Februa-*

rius, or our English *February*. In Massey's "Ovid" we read :—

"In short, with whatsoe'er our hearts, we hold
Are purified, was *Februa* termed of old ;
Lustrations are from hence, from hence the name
Of this our month of February came."

The Saxons called this month, "*Solmonath*," which certain antiquaries render "pancake-month," because in the course of it, cakes were offered by the pagan Saxons to the Sun ; and "*Sol*," or "*Soul*," signified "food," or cakes. Several feasts of more or less importance, were anciently held in this month. There was the *Feralia*, or feast of ghosts, when the people used to carry offerings to the graves of their kindred, or friends ; a fact which reminds us of the sacrifices made by the African tribes to the *Barimo*, or shades of the departed, as related by Dr. Livingstone ; and at the same time shows us how prevalent was the notion of another and a spiritual life, even among the heathen of those benighted days.

Besides the *Feralia*, there was also the *Charistia*, a kind of general family gathering ; and on the 15th of the month the *Lupercalia* in honour of *Pan*, the god of shepherds, hunters, and all persons engaged in agriculture. *Pan* was also called *Lupercus*, because the ignorant shepherds imagined that he guarded their folds from the ravages of wolves, *Lupus* being the Latin for wolf ; hence the term *Lupercalia*. Goats and a dog were sacrificed at this ceremony, and the children were brought to be stained with the blood of the slaughtered animals : and here again, as in a thousand instances, we find the involuntary acknowledgment of that great truth, which we are privileged to receive in all its fulness, "Without shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins."

The revellings and impure orgies that followed, were in themselves sufficient to prove the inefficacy of these vain expiatory sacrifices.

The first of February is dedicated, in the Romish calendar, to St. Bridget or St. Bride, an Irish lady,

who lived in the 6th century. Her name is conferred upon a certain well-known church in Fleet Street.

The 2nd of February is the Festival of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, acknowledged in the calendar of the Romish and English Churches. The latter has a special service for the day ; at least a separate collect, epistle, and gospel, and proper lessons, which are taken from the Apocryphal Book of Wisdom, as you may see by consulting the Book of Common Prayer.

It is somewhat singular that the Festival of the Purification should occur in this month, once devoted by the heathen to their purifying sacrifices ; but upon a little reflection, the coincidence is explained, when we remember how many of the ancient institutions were retained, under a Christian form, by the nations said to be converted to the true faith, by their conquerors.

The old feasts of *Flora* and of *Juno* were not abolished, but graced with new patronesses, as the Virgin, or some favoured female saint. "*Wakes*," as they are called, are still existing remnants of long past pagan festivals ; therefore it seems more than probable that, at a certain period, the worship of *Mary* superseded the worship of *Pan*. One antiquary (Fosbroke) shows from Catholic authorities that light-bearing on this day, hence called "*Candlemas Day*," is an old pagan ceremony, substituted by Pope *Gelasius* for the candles which in February the Roman people used to carry in the *Lupercalia*. Pope Innocent gives another interpretation ; he says, in a sermon preached on this Festival, "What was done before to the honour of *Ceres*, is now done to the honour of the Virgin." *Polydore Virgil*, referring to the pagan processions, and carrying about of gods and relics, says, "Our priests

do the same thing. We observe all these ceremonies; but I fear we rather please the gods of the heathen, than Jesus Christ; they desired magnificent processions; but Christ tells us, '*When thou prayest, enter into thy closet,*' &c. What will then become of us, if we act contrary to His commandment?"

Great virtue was supposed to lie in the candles offered at this mass; and in former times every individual

went to church bearing a lighted candle, and the churches themselves blazed with illuminations at mid-day. Candlemas candle-bearing was abolished in England, by an order in council, in the 2nd year of that pious young king, Edward VI. After Candlemas, tapers were no longer in use at regular vespers, because the days had so much lengthened; hence the distich:—

"On Candlemas-day
Throw candle and candlestick away."

Also, on this day, the superstitious zealously removed the holly and other green boughs hung up at

Christmas, leaving not a branch behind; for says Herrick:—

"For look how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see."

It is also believed among the old country-people in Scotland that if—

"Candlemas-day is fair and clear,
There'll be two winters in the year."

If Candlemas-day be foul and tempestuous, they rub their hands with glee, anticipating a genial spring, a fine summer, and a fruitful autumn. If, on the contrary, it neither rains nor snows, their spirits droop, and they prognosticate severe weather during the spring, and heavy snow-storms before the fol-

lowing Christmas. Even Bishop Hall refers to this belief in England, in one of his sermons on Candlemas-day:—"that if the day be clear and sunshiny, it portends hard weather to come; if cloudy and louring, a mild and gentle season ensuing." This agrees with Ray's proverb,—

"The hind had as lief see
His wife on the bier,
As that Candlemas-day
Should be pleasant and clear."

And an old Almanac furnishes a like prophecy—

"If Candlemas-day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another fight;
But if Candlemas-day be clouds and rain,
Winter is gone, and will not come again."

February 14th is, I need scarcely remind you, "St. Valentine's Day." This saint seems to have been a highly respectable person, and in no wise responsible for the follies committed in his name. He was a presbyter of the early Roman Church, and was martyred in the 3rd century, under Claudius II.; but why the day dedicated to his memory should be devoted to the affairs of Cupid and Hymen remains a mystery. Some antiquaries assert that in the Lupercalia there was a ceremony

in which young persons of the opposite sex chose each other by lot, and they imagine that this heathen custom, grafted upon some Christian observance, originated this most uncanonical style of keeping St. Valentine's Day. Formerly this festival was of more importance than it is at present; it is chiefly honoured now by children and maid-servants, and by the uneducated and lower classes of society; though it still increases the revenue of the Post Office to a marvellous extent. But in old time

it was rather an expensive affair to be chosen Valentine; and the garrulous Mr. Pepys, in his very confidential "Diary," grumbles sorely at what it cost him to make Valentine's presents. In the year 1667, this good gentleman informs us, that the Duke of York being once the valentine of a certain Mrs. Stuart, "did give her a jewel of about £800, and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300."

The earliest; poetical Valentines are by Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, 1415. They were chiefly written in England, during his confinement in the Tower of London; and are preserved in a splendid folio MS. among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum. Many of our poets,—Chaucer, Shakspeare, and others of less note, make mention of Valentine's Day in their verses.

This year, Valentine's Day and Ash Wednesday are identical. The preceding day is, you know, called Shrove Tuesday, deriving its name from the old Saxon term to *shrive*, or confess; for in those days, when England was under papal dominion, the people in every parish were compelled to confess their sins to their own parish priest, and in their own parish church. And that no one might plead forgetfulness, a great bell was rung in every parish at 10 A.M., or perhaps earlier, in order that every one might prepare himself for the obligatory shrift, which being made, the penitent was shriven or *shroven*; and hence Shrove Tuesday. Now, though this practice has happily fallen into disuse, the church-bell is still rung at a certain hour in many districts, and is called the "Pancake-Bell." In the town of Birmingham two of the bells of the great church near the Blue-coat School, strike up about noon, and continue their monotonous *ding-dong* for about half-an-hour. This unmusical chime is called the "Pancake-Bell," and the urchins of the town maintain that it distinctly articulates, "pan-cakes! pan-cakes!" thus admonishing all good housewives to pour the batter into the

pan and commence frying and tossing, with all dexterity and speed.

From Twelfth-day to Shrove Tuesday is held in all Roman Catholic countries, but especially in Italy, to be a time of mirth and rejoicing. It is called the Carnival, from *carnevale*, "farewell to flesh." The Romans and Venetians keep it most zealously; the whole season is devoted to feasting, visiting, masquerading, racing, and every kind of amusement; and people of all ranks are involved in a whirl of excitement and dissipation. The last day of the Carnival, however, is the great day. The whole population seems to be in the streets or in public; the wealthier classes ride about in their carriages, pelting each other and the crowd with sweetmeats, which are showered from windows, scattered from baskets like tundishes, and shot from pellets till the pavements are whitened as with snow, and the carriages are obliged to stop to expel their superfluous load.

Let not, however, any juvenile reader, or any adult lover of "candy," "rock," or "drops," envy the Italians their Shrove Tuesday shower of "goodies." Truth compels me to declare that the *mass* of these *bombons* are nothing more than compounds of plaster-of-Paris, with perhaps a dash of saccharine infusion. The *real* sweetmeats are few and far between, and are dispensed with more discrimination. But the crowning hilarity of the Carnival is its *death*! On Shrove Tuesday night all the male population of Rome turn out with lighted tapers, flambeaux, &c. Every one carries his light aloft, and the grand fun is to dash out your neighbour's flame, right and left, and preserve your own from extinction. If your torch be unhappily puffed out, as it is sure to be, you must instantly rekindle it, for to display yourself without your light is to "show the white feather," and you are forthwith greeted with roars of laughter and unscrupulous satire. At midnight, a car covered with tapers, moves through the city; they are presently extinguished, and the Carnival is

dead! Next morning all is gloom: the church-bells are tolling, amusements are prohibited, the people come forth with breviary in hand, wearing lugubrious faces and sable garments, for it is Ash Wednesday, and Lent has now commenced. The Fast of Lent, which commemorates our Saviour's Temptation in the Wilderness, lasts for forty days, in fact, till Easter Sunday. This Spring fast, our Saxon ancestors called the fast of "*lenct*," which word merely refers to the lengthening of the days at this season of the year; and was in course of time corrupted into *Lent*, and applied only to religious observances. So that this term so familiar to our ears, and conveying, at least, the idea of a religious ceremony, is really quite devoid of ecclesiastical meaning or derivation, and may, perhaps, be older than the Christian era itself.

I have not space, in this month's "*Memoranda*" to say much about the institution of the Lenten fast, or to speak of its antiquity; I leave that to the ensuing month, which this year, is *Lent*, from the first day to the last—the first of April being Easter Day.

I will only refer to Ash Wednesday, the opening-day of Lent. This day generally falls in February. On consulting a table, which comprehends a period of fifty-four years, I find it so occurring thirty-nine times. For the remaining fifteen years, it happens of course, in March, but never two years consecutively. February 4th is the earliest day on which it can occur, and March 10th the latest; it is governed, like other movable feasts and fasts, by *Easter*.

It is called *Ash Wednesday*; in France, "*Le Jour des Cendres*;" because in the Roman Catholic Church the priest blessed, and I suppose still blesses, *ashes* on this day, and puts them on the people's heads. These ashes are made of the branches of brushwood or palms consecrated the year before, on the Sunday preceding Easter. After absolution, the priest prays:—
"Vouchsafe + to bless and sanctify

+ these ashes; that whosoever shall sprinkle these ashes upon them for the redemption of their sins, they may obtain health of body and protection of soul." After prayers the priest sprinkles the ashes with holy water, perfumes them thrice with incense, and the people kneeling, he puts ashes on their head in the form of a cross, with other ceremonies. Ash Wednesday is observed in the Church of England by the Communion Service,—a service not too popular except with a certain party.

The Romans in the times of their Emperors reckoned February an unlucky month, simply because they could only find for it twenty-eight days. Now, this month already abbreviated, is said to have been further defrauded by a whim of Augustus Cæsar. August, till his time, had been called "*Sextil*," or *Sixth*. It was now, by a decree of the senate, dedicated to the honour of the Emperor, and it unfortunately happened that it was one of those months to which only thirty days had been allotted. It could not be endured that his own special month should be in the minority, so he rather unfairly filched a day from February, and gave it to August, to make up its complement of thirty-one days.

But every fourth year, as all the world knows, this poor plundered month is favoured with an extra day! Now, though the generality of readers know full well, the why and wherefore of this periodical *addendum*, there may yet be some persons, who dealing only in general ideas, cannot clearly account for the regular return of what is commonly Leap Year, or *Bissextile*. For their sakes the following explanation is subjoined:—

The ancient year consisted first of 354, then of 365 days exactly; and no account whatever was taken of the extra six hours, which the earth requires to perform her annual revolution round the sun; and of course it takes very little arithmetic to calculate how, in four years, the neglected hours amount to an entire day. As years passed on, the sun and the calendar contradicted each

other more and more flagrantly, and, at length Julius Cæsar and his friend Sosigenes undertook to remedy the defect.

Cæsar ordered that every fourth year, there should be an intercalary, or additional day; and in order to prevent the confusion which a thorough alteration in the position of the days would have entailed, he caused the sixth *calend* of March, (which would occur in February, for the Romans had a curious way of counting time *backwards*), to be *reckoned twice*; and thus when the sixth *calend* was over, the morrow, instead of being the *fifth*, (bear in mind the *backward* reckoning,) was over again the *sixth*! And the real meaning of the word *Bissextile*, is literally *twice the sixth*, a term commonly applied to Leap Year; but far from generally understood.

In this month, *about* the 18th, the sun enters the zodiacal sign of *Pisces*,—the fishes. This sign is said to typify the fishery of the Nile, which usually commenced at this season of the year. It certainly typifies the chilly damps of the ungenial season.

Leigh Hunt remarks that, "if February were not the precursor of Spring, it would be the least pleasant month of the year, November not excepted." The Convention of France, when it decreed the adoption of its novel and ephemeral calendar, specified this month as "*Pluivoise*,"—(rainy month,) or to speak more accurately, they thus designated the interval between the 19th of January and the 18th of February. Our ancestors called this month, "February fill-dyke," or ditch; a cognomen which its ordinary pluvial propensities fully justifies.

As this month advances, we find a very visible increase in the length of the days; but at the same time we too often verify the old adage that, "as the day lengthens, the cold strengthens," and frost, and snow, and sleet hold their own, as triumphantly as in the preceding month. But for all this, vegetation is beginning its work in darkness and obscurity, under the snow-covered soil; there are buds, too, on the elder-trees, if the month be not un-

usually severe; in sheltered situations the currant and gooseberry-bushes are beginning to develop their tiny leaves; and *mosses*, whose beauties are sadly overlooked, are in full bloom, and like some evergreens, display their flowers and their fruit at once. The farmer resumes his plough, and is sowing his spring-grain; the hedger is busy at his work, and the drainage of marshy lands is vigorously prosecuted.

And the fair maid of February, the pure and gentle snowdrop, lifts her welcome head above the dark and heavy earth—first herald of the group that Flora gathers round her, as the time goes on! sweet harbinger of Spring! Emblem, too, of the Resurrection, of the new and better life beyond the grave! All things seemed frozen into the last chill sleep of death; darkness was upon the earth, the wintry mists seemed weeping for the buried flowers and sere leaves of the parting year; then the earth was wrapped in her snowy shroud; and beautiful nature herself, lay silent and sad in her quiet grave. But, lo! the bonds of death are broken; the snowdrop smiles again, a pledge of all the blossoms that shall grace the spring, and make fairer still the leafy summer bowers. And even so shall arise from the dust, that which was consigned to it in such bitter grief and with so many tears; that which was sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption; that which was sown in dishonour shall be raised in honour, and this mortal shall put on immortality! "Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."

N.B.—*St. Valentine's Day*. I find, on consulting "Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare," the following statement:—"It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, in honour of *Pan* and *Juno*, whence the latter deity was named *Februata* and *Februalis*. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of

the early Christian Church, who, by every possible means endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstition, and chiefly by some commutation of their forms; substituted the names of particular saints instead of women; and as the fes-

tival of Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time."

THE PRIDE OF THE LATYMERS.

BY THE AUTHOR "OF CEDAR CREEK," "FROM DAWN TO DARK IN ITALY," ETC.

III.

A LOW MARRIAGE.

ONE bent head in a corner of that wide, dingy dining-room, listened to the verses from Proverbs read in her father's grandiloquent manner, and wondered whether they could be exactly true. The expressions were so strong, and the offence seemed so venial! Why, the Latymers had always been proud of their pride.

"An abomination to the Lord!" Stronger could scarce be said about murder: and this of no overt act of haughtiness, no peculiar concentration of pride, but of "every one that is proud in heart." The secret offence of the thoughts was thus hateful to God. But could it be exactly the case? Not that Beresford had the slightest idea of the modern doctrine of partial and unequal inspiration: as matter of fact, do we not find ourselves believing some statements of the Bible to be truer than others?

Beresford was just suffering under the smart of injured feeling. Her ulterior object in winning over Lancelot had failed. She had exerted herself to be more than usually agreeable to him, and not only played his favourite music, but several games of draughts, wherein she was ignominiously beaten. Yet as the preliminary symptoms of family prayer became apparent, she was mortified to see him slipping away. Quietly as he got out of the door and had his hand on the hall-table for his scarlet cap, she intercepted him, knowing that he was on his way to "the Latymer Arms."

"Lancelot, I want you not to go out to-night."

"Not to go out! and the fellows

waiting for me to settle all about the steeple-chase! Nonsense, Berry. Here, let me go. I'm late as it is: they'll be wondering what has become of me."

He removed her beseeching hands from his great arm, but not roughly. "Men can't be like women, Berry: they must have something to occupy them—they can't live your pussy-cat lives by the hearth. Now I've nothing to do but hunt and shoot, and that sort of thing. Good night."

"I was in such hope you would stay at home and finish reading 'the Ancient Mariner' for me. Ah, Lancelot, I wonder how you can have pleasure in the society of those horrid racing-men!"

He paused as he was opening the hall-door, and said, stiffly—"I don't interfere with your acquaintances, Beresford: and I'll thank you not to interfere with mine." And closed the door with that emphatic slam which poor Thomas Hood declared to be "a wooden oath." It tingled in his sister's ears still, until she was aroused by those remarkably strong Biblical expressions about Pride.

It need scarcely be said that family worship at Kyle was the merest form. But the master would no more have it omitted than the "y" from his name: it was a badge of Protestant respectability in a Roman Catholic country. So he every evening required a great bell to be sounded in the hall, though there was nobody to obey any such summons, as the servants were all of the popular religion: and thereafter the old butler placed faded velvet hassocks for the knees of master and mistress, and another for a ponderous Bible on the table: and the

whole ceremonial that followed lasted at the uttermost ten minutes.

Lancelot's absence excited no attention, because it was so common: the father satisfying himself under this and all other delinquencies, with that modern pernicious proverb about "wild oats," which has brought so many sons to ruin: and with another less harmful, about old heads on young shoulders. Both of which proverbs have nothing analogous to them in Solomon's.

Right opposite to where the master of Kyle stood on the hearth-rug, was fixed a life-size portrait of himself and favourite hound, taken in the "Bayard" days. The same man, with all the characteristics in bud which were now in full fruitage: yet grievously not the same, no more than the spring leaf confronting the autumn's sere foliage can claim to be identical.

"My dear," said Mrs. Latymer, when the hassocks were removed, and the ponderous Bible put on a little side altar by itself—"I hope you gave Mr. Etough distinctly to understand that you must reduce that pension to the widow Lake?"

The master of Kyle shifted his feet a little uneasily. "I told him that I could not afford to pay so much to my sister Sarah as she had been in the habit of receiving. Her son ought to be able to help her now, though I don't imagine Etough gives him much salary."

"I wish Etough had not taken him at all," observed the lady, petulantly. "The farther such undesirable connexions are kept from one's family the better. How she ever could have done such a thing!"

The "thing" had been done more than twenty years, so that wonderings and regrets were rather late; it signified the elopement of Mr. Latymer's sister with her too fascinating music-master, Mr. George Lake. For which folly the poor woman had sorely suffered, in the customary consequences of poverty and disrepute.

"And the idea of calling her son after you—Hugh Latymer Lake, forsooth!—as if there was any connexion acknowledged by the family!

I call it an act of great presumption. And then to threaten you with keeping a shop!"

"Well, my dear, we will not talk of that now. She was my sister, after all, though she certainly showed very little sense of her position, and the privileges of good birth," said Mr. Latymer, pulling at his white waistcoat till it was utterly creaseless, and seemed like a vesture of plaster-of-Paris. For an iron uprightness of carriage was one characteristic of the Family: and a tendency to stoop, whether in spine or in social position, was regarded as a sad derogation.

Often had Beresford heard allusion to this poor aunt and her low marriage (as it was styled); yet she knew literally nothing about her. And a yearning towards her loneliness and poverty filled the good-natured girl's heart now, when she thought what a blow it must be to lose a part of her paltry income. How much Mr. Latymer allowed his sister she did not know: but judging by the tightness of money at home it could be no great sum.

Ah, that tightness of money! It had first led Beresford to attempt what occupied her for some hours before going to bed the same night. She drew forth an old portfolio from a press in the wall, where were kept her peculiar treasures, and began to write. Many a page was spoiled before one satisfied: for she had learned to be severely critical upon her own efforts, owing to the stern teaching of three or four bundles of returned papers. She was wise enough not to throw all the blame on the editors who would not see her excellences and apportion none to the unskilled 'prentice-hand: though with more than one sigh she went to work to repair the breach in her house of cards, and make herself worthy of a different result.

And Lancelot? She heard him stealing along the corridor when midnight was long past, and rejoiced that whatever drinking had taken place among the racing-men (in whose proximity every vice seems to flourish), it had injured her brother no farther. Well she knew

how the young squire was flattered and fooled in such company, and his every fault fostered by those with whom he should truly have disdained to hold fellowship. But here was a curious phase of the Latymer pride; it much preferred contact with the professed inferior, than with the possible equal.

Which principle had been acting deleteriously upon Lancelot since he was born. None of the well brought-up children in the village were good enough company for him; but the gatekeeper's and gardener's sons, the stable boys and grooms, all who had the strongest motive for being sycophants to the young squire, were permitted to be his associates. What wonder if he grew up arrogant and overbearing? What wonder that his education was of the scantiest, for want of taste to assimilate any learning whatever into his mental constitution? Nevertheless a very splendid animal was Lancelot Latymer: and not without germs of something higher in him likewise.

The young man was intended for "an appointment." It was always being expected for him, chiefly through the interest of his mother's relative, the Earl of Bar-Sinister: who had meanwhile conferred on him a uniform, by means of a lieutenancy in the county militia. The heir to Kyle, his elder brother, Hugh, was serving with his regiment in India. And Lancelot being educated for nothing in particular, was considered the very young man whom government ought to "appoint":—"scion of an old family, influential in the county," &c.; excellent reasons why he should be paid by the public. Such have qualified for the best places in Church and State.

"Lancelot, did you ever see Hugh Lake—our cousin Hugh?" asked Beresford of him next day, as he was sorting a fishing-book full of those impossibly-brilliant flies which tempt British trout to ruin.

"Our cousin Hugh!" he repeated with a slight whistle. "Let my lady-mother hear you say that!"

"No matter. I should like to see him and his sister, and poor Aunt

Sarah. I don't believe mamma would be so hard against them if they only met—even for once."

"Perhaps so, but my mother would be shocked at once with Hugh. She would say he was so very plebeian—the very reverse in appearance, Berry, of your friend the curate: a short, black, determined-looking chap, with a fist that could double up Mr. Chetwynd in about five seconds."

His sister made no answer to this distasteful comparison.

"I don't think he'd stand any nonsense of any sort: I'm certain he would put me down at once if I attempted to come the grand cousin over him: how he can bear to stay with that cringing Etough, I know not."

"Then you liked what you saw of him?"

"Yes, pretty well. He and I would fight before long, but that's no matter. There's a temper under his clever black brows."

"Is he one that's likely to go and work for his mother? I should like to think that poor Aunt Sarah had comfort in her children."

"He's not a bit disposed to make up to the Latymer side of his family, I can tell you: but I should say he would hold by his own through thick and thin. I wish my mother saw his face and heard his haughty 'no, thank you!' when I asked him to come and see me at Kyle, some day. —Holloa! there are the horses round from the stables—going to visit the Charleys, I hear: are you going?"

"No; mamma is not sure as to whether the girls would be desirable acquaintances."

"Ah, I must not forget to inform my mother that Dora Charley is the prettiest girl I know," interrupted Lancelot. "She believes that every young woman has a design on her sons: I only wish Dora had a design upon me! But she is far too nice, too noble—he hesitated, and positively blushed redder than the May-flies in his fishing-book, as he bent over them."

Now the young gentleman had met the young lady twice in his life, on the second of which occasions he

had heard her speak about twenty words, chiefly concerning the weather. But, as customary with his sex at his age, he was ready to credit her with the whole calendar of virtues, on the strength of her pretty face alone.

"What a muff I am!" and Lancelot rose from his fishing-book, and stretched his great figure to its height, as if he had been suffering collapse while stooping. "Now you'll be thinking all sorts of things. Ah, there's my mother! I must go and put her into the carriage."

So he made his escape behind this unusual piece of politeness.

IV.

THE PARVENU FAMILY.

The carriage was an ancient family coach, roomy enough for a small chamber, and so darkly recessed that parties on the opposite seats had but imperfect vision of each other. On the panels were emblazoned the Latymer arms with numerous quarterings, among which an heraldic student might trace a palpable allusion to the noble house of Bar-Sinister, per favour of the present Mrs. Latymer. Four horses, which had also a venerable contour, drew the equipage, and the whole turn-out might have been prepared for thirty miles instead of three. Marvellously in keeping was it with the decayed greatness of Kyle and its owners: with the ruinous stables and kennels which once held the Latymer fox-hounds and the Latymer stud: with the unfinished wing and its gaping ball-room and half-built tower. But sanguine Mr. Latymer intended to have an observatory there, at some future period, whenever his embarrassments should be less like a millstone about his neck.

Now we must apologise for this, as altogether an inappropriate figure as regarded Mr. Latymer's state of mind. The embarrassments would have been as a millstone to another man; but to him, they were light as vanity. He had a happy way of spreading roseate hues over the

future: his plans were to him as enjoyable as actual performances. He sometimes affirmed that he was glad of the pause in the aforesaid building (where the workmen had vulgarly struck for arrears of pay), because it gave him time to alter and perfect his designs.

There was scarcely a tree in the grounds at Woodlawn which that coach and four did not dwarf. Being a place of perfectly new manufacture, Mr. Charley's residence had a callow and fledgling appearance, as having just chipped the shell. The nurseryman's hand was visible among its infant groves: most of the firs and beeches had lately been on sale, and looked it. In twenty-five years there might be a belt of foliage to cover the house from inspection by the gate-lodge; but now the house, bran-new from the masons' and glaziers' hands, stood in full view on the slope of the hill looking south, every window of its front gleaming back the scant November sunshine as freshly and pleasantly as possible.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Latymer? And how is your good lady? Oh!"—as Mrs. Latymer's handsome portly form came to sight from the depths of the conveyance—"Proud to see you at Woodlawn, madam. Pray allow me to assist you"—and thus went on the clear cheery voice of Mr. Charley, who had seen the approach, and wished to welcome them with due *empressement*.

The grand frigidity of the lady chilled him not a particle. Through a hall flooded with sunlight from broad windows he led her to a drawing-room also brilliant as if blinds had no existence: where were sitting at work the comely middle-aged Mrs. Charley and her two daughters.

"My dear, allow me to introduce Mrs. Latymer of Kyle, who has come to call on you: you recollect the fine entrance I pointed out to you when we were driving the other day? By the way, sir," turning to Mr. Latymer, "I wish you would let me have some of your splendid elms at a valuation: quickly I'd toss out these shaving-brushes of larches!"

But I'm afraid my trees must get time to grow before I can have them like yours!" and he laughed very heartily.

It didn't take much to make Mr. Charley laugh. He seemed to have struck a perennial spring of pleasantness somewhere, and to look at everything in the most agreeable point of view. His circumstances were easy, his disposition happy; he had worked for gold and won it, and was now inclined to wear it joyously, as why should he not?

But there was another reason for Mr. Charley's brightness of temper: he was a truly converted man. His carols were hymns of praise sung deeply from the heart. As Mrs. Latymer glanced furtively about the sumptuously furnished rooms, she

saw the unwonted sight of texts of Scripture framed as ornaments among the pictures. The proprietor deemed them gems choicer than the pictures. He was wont sometimes to stand before one and drink in its spirit for his strength. It was a manner of showing that he was not ashamed of God or of His Word: and for those who could stigmatize it as hypocrisy or cant, he had the answer of a good conscience: and he did not think that because of a possible or probable sneer he should withhold his testimony that his dwelling was inhabited by the servants of the living God, those who desired to acknowledge Him in all their ways.

And so, over the dining-room mantel-piece he had emblazoned—

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord!"

and the principle ran through all his domestic arrangements. An influential text with him, as master of a family, was Gen. xviii. 19: he believed that pattern binding still, and trusted that thus he should have sons obedient as Isaac, and servants faithful as Eliezer.

During the refreshment of which the visitors deigned to partake, Mr. Latymer inquired after his host's sons. "I suppose you intend them for the liberal professions, Mr. Charley?"

"Well, sir, can't say that I do. I've no great opinion of the professions as a means of making one's bread: and I've brought them up to work, as their parents worked before them, sir. Robert's in the north, looking after the business: Tom is helping me to farm, here at Woodlawn. We are scarcely up to that branch of business yet," he added, smiling: "I'm sure we make great mistakes sometimes. By the way, sir, if you're a good judge of stock, I've got a pure-bred young two-year-old worth looking at?"

Mr. Latymer followed him to his very complete set of farm-offices, where nought that money could provide was wanting: where the lazy luxurious cows lounged in well-built stalls, with nothing to do but munch oil-cake and mangold-wurzel all day long. "We don't make it

pay, sir—we can't make it pay: but I like to see the poor beasts happy!" Such was Mr. Charley's excuse for his lavish expenditure, and its total failure as a profitable investment.

"For, Mr. Latymer, I hope I have your approbation, sir, when I say it's my principle that the end of money is to spread happiness. And when I found I was making money I said to my wife—Now, Eliza, we'll see how much happiness we can make with this! First, for ourselves and the children, then for everybody that comes across us," I hope we've carried it out: I know we've tried; and as to the beasts, God Almighty thinks so much about them!"

His auditor could in his ignorance have asked "How?" unthinking of the cattle that were in doomed Nineveh, and the sparrows whose earthly value was half a farthing, yet were not forgotten in heaven:—but he did not relish the whole tone of the conversation, which he inwardly stigmatised as intensely vulgar and pretentious. Yet nothing was farther from Mr. Charley's thoughts than any puffing of himself and his possessions: he was just a sanguine-blooded, warm-hearted man, of a mind more objective than subjective; and believing that it was his God who had done the great

thing for him of raising him from poverty to wealth, he thought no harm to talk about it.

Meanwhile, the placid, comely Mrs. Charley had been doing the honours of her home to the stately lady, whose uncommon dignity almost froze the speech of her pretty daughters: so that the description could afterwards be given to Beresford—"Mere dolls, my dear: no conversation whatever. Good-looking, rosy-cheeked dolls, with really splendid hair: just what all the lower orders have: but how Lancelot could think her so pretty!"

Despite any such description, Dora Charley remained one of the fairest fairies that ever bewitched a wiser head than Lancelot's. The purest complexion, and clearest blue eyes of the colour you see in the Alpine gentian: features perhaps irregular, but animated by an expression of the most winning gentleness. "Insignificant" was the sweeping sentence of her own sex: "charming," the general verdict of the other sex: especially of gigantic specimens like young Latymer.

Mrs. Charley spoke of the choral society which the curate wished to form.

"Mr. Chetwynd seems a good young man, but I fear inclined to High-Churchism," she said: "he's so anxious about the choir."

"Indeed," responded her visitor, "I did not know that was peculiar to the Puseyite party."

Mrs. Latymer had very quickly fathomed the honest, simple nature of the manufacturer's wife, and despised it.

"Oh, but I never knew a clergyman who made such a rout about the singing that wasn't a Puseyite," said Mrs. Charley, quite earnestly. "They're always putting white shirts over little boys' clothes, and making 'em learn the notes, and chaunt tunes that nobody knows. See if it won't be the way with Mr. Chetwynd before long."

"Perhaps his High-Churchism would not do any harm, if it made us all more attentive to our duty," said Mrs. Latymer in a semi-religious manner. "Though if there

is one thing more objectionable than another, and more opposed to the tone of genteel society, it is the cant that pretends to be better than one's neighbours."

And Margaret Charley, the eldest of the young ladies, was so weak-minded as forthwith to blush for the emblazoned text over the mantle-piece. It was not that she was no Christian, for she had indeed been renewed in the spirit of her mind; but oh! for the miserable shrinking that we have from the open confession that we are, first and before all things else, the followers of Christ! Even in these days, when religion wears her silver slippers, and walks in comparative honour, we of the weak heart would fain be deemed world-borderers still, and so eschew the glorious reproach of our Master.

The gentlemen returned just then, and had also been conferring on the Puseyite proclivities of the curate. "But I told him," said energetic Mr. Charley, "that in any changes he must look for my determined opposition: and you know they made me churchwarden last vestry."

"I scarcely understand," said Mr. Latymer, "how you consider this alteration of desks so important as to be worth opposition."

"What, sir! to have the prayers all read sidelong in a chancel, and then have him come out to a little stool, as a great favour, to give us the lessons! No, sir; the public worship of God implies the assent of the whole congregation, and I would like to hear everybody say the responses as loud as I do myself: and I will have no such assumption of peculiar holiness by the minister; he is only a worshipper, like any of his people; only a poor sinner, that has to be saved by the same precious blood of Christ."

Very reverently did Mr. Charley utter the last words, as we speak the name of one who is dearly loved. And easily he saw that to the Latymers that name was as of a stranger and a foreigner: a deep pity for them entered into his soul.

And a certain enmity into theirs. For, as in Abraham's time, he that

was after the flesh persecuted (by mocking) him that was after the spirit, even so the same continues in full force to this day.

"I don't think I should ever have consented to visit them, if I had known of all the cant," said Mrs. Latymer. "It is simply disgusting in a parvenu like that man."

"My idea is, that religion is a person's private concern, no more to be obtruded on others than his fancies in food: but how could you expect good breeding in such a quarter?" chimed in her husband, as the roomy carriage rolled along among the infant larches. "However, Charley may prove a useful neighbour, and he certainly seems to have plenty of money; which, as the immortal Shakespeare says—"

Mrs. Latymer invariably turned a deaf ear to her husband's quotations.

V.

HUGH LAKE'S TREMENDOUS RESOLVE.

Christmas drew nigh that year with unwonted asperity. The roads were ringing with ice and the hills capped with snow from the second week in December, with the sole variations of black frost and white frost: and steadily down, down, retreated the mercury towards its ball, till people began to think something must have happened to the Gulf-stream, and that the climate of Labrador had crossed channel for a permanence.

One small section of the comfortable community rejoiced, viz., the skaters; who believed that the chief end and worthiest use of ponds was to be frozen over. The single cloud on their happiness was the probability of the cessation of frost. From breakfast hour till bed-time the lough at Narramore was a thoroughfare of enthusiasts: the more enthusiastic in that the water was known to be scarcely any where deep enough for drowning. And all the world who did not skate, came every afternoon to inspect those who did.

Among the lookers-on that Christmas-eve, was a short stout young man, who wore his hat so slouched down over his features, and his

coat-collar so drawn up about his chin, that it would have been difficult to recognise him. He had come by the high-road out of the country, the artery connecting little Narramore with a bigger town some miles away: and turned aside for a few minutes to look at the skating.

"Skates to hire, sir!" said a fellow with half-a-dozen pairs dangling from his wrist, while he blew his fingers for warmth as he waited an answer. "Screw on yer skates, sir? hole bored in yer boot in two seconds; here's the chair, yer honour!" interposed another, holding a rush-bottomed affair by its broken back. "Or may be yer honour would like to give herself a dhrove?" for there were various couples gliding about on the ice, the lady warmly wrapt in a chair, pushed from behind by her cavalier; and occasionally such couples came to grief and were spilled, if the gentleman did not happen to be skilful in avoiding inequalities, such as little mounds of frozen snow.

Hugh Lake turned away, and resumed his trudge to the town, which held up its finger of a solitary spire at about a mile's distance. Time was when he would have displayed himself on the icy lough with the best skaters there, but he had no spirits for the amusement now, and the ringing shouts and laughter only grated on his ear. Quickly he walked on the heels of his own long shadow, cast right before him by the sun descending the west in crimson, and which had melted into the universal grey shade long before he reached the first houses.

There was not in the young man an atom of sentimentality, or he might have ruminated concerning the old familiar streets, which to say truth, were just as narrow and dingy as two years ago. No gas would be lit in Narramore thoroughfares to-night, because a moon was expected by-and-by to do the illumination gratis, and the town authorities were on frugal ends intent. And so his mother's humble hall-door had not the cheap enlivenment of its usual street-lamp flaring op-

posite, when Hugh Lake knocked : a stammering, uncharacteristic knock, invented for the occasion.

Of course they didn't know he was coming. Half the pleasure was to lie in the surprise. If they did know, there would have been much more fire in the little grate, though there could not have been more warmth in the welcome.

"Come for your holidays!" was the unauthorised conclusion. "How good of Mr. Etough to let you away! What a kind man he must be!" exclaimed the mother. "But who could be anything but kind to my Hugh!" and so on, with the parental partiality of which we have been all once the happy subjects. And then, leaving him to the caresses of his sister, she stole away to the little kitchen, whence proceeded an appetising odour of frizzling bacon almost immediately, which was equivalent to the slaying of the fatted calf.

How happy they were round that humble tea-table and its delf ware! Hugh's tremendous resolve overshadowed him a little once or twice, but only because he was not sure how these dear ones would receive it. In itself, he was convinced of the righteousness of his determination, and his will was never very flexible.

"And how many days can you give us, Hugh? I see you have brought no luggage," said his sister.

"Now for it!" thought he, drawing a breath as if he was about to dive into deep waters. "The fact is, I'm going to stay with you altogether," he said aloud. "I've left Etough's." He sank his hands in his trousers' pockets very deep, and tried to look particularly firm.

"Left Mr. Etough's!" His mother let fall the sock she was knitting for him. "Are you in earnest, my boy?"

"Never more so, mother. Could I stay there, his drudge, working for a nominal salary, when I might be doing something for you here?"

"We are not getting on badly, dear," she answered, after a pause, filled up by a mother's gazing at him : "I have parted with the maid-servant, of course, and Bessie has got a new music-pupil, which is a considerable help."

"And you think I'm going to stand that, as long as I have hands!" he exclaimed, almost passionately. "I'm going to let you slave and toil at common housework, and this child go out in all weathers at a shilling a lesson—"

"I get one-and-sixpence now, Hugh," she put in, rubbing his hands with a soft, soothing motion, and once or twice drooping her face upon them.

"I'll tell you what, mother. We must do as the clergyman proposed you should at the time of my dear father's death; we must open a little shop, with stationery, and things of that sort. It would be such nice work for you—"

"But your uncle Latymer—"

"Mother, don't name him! What right has he to interfere? I wouldn't consult him in the least. His ridiculous family pride could cast us off into starvation fast enough, although, forsooth, he cannot tolerate the idea of a shop!"

"But he said what was very true. Hugh, when I wrote about it to him: nothing could counterbalance the disadvantage to my daughter—to Bessie."

"Now, mother, don't you believe that! Isn't it better for her to have whole boots than broken ones—better to have a big, blazing fire than these cinders? What can be the disadvantage? That Mrs. Somebody-or-other won't favour her with a bow any longer—that she won't be asked to those wretched little parties, where she's expected to play the piano all night? Oh! teaching is so much genteeler than shop-keeping, is it? I'm sick of the very word 'genteel.' I believe it covers as much misery as any other word in the world!"

Thus ran on the impetuous young man, until, looking at his mother, he perceived her eyes full of tears. And Bessie again caught hold of his square, strong hand to soothe it with caresses.

"I have not intended to vex you," he said, in a gentler tone: "but I'm a clumsy fellow at hiding anything that's in my heart, mother. I know that Etough's was a very genteel employment, and perhaps I ought to have stayed there till the gentility

made me forget the chicanery. Oh, the things I've seen done in that office! And I know I'll be considered as lowering myself in the social scale by what I'm going to do now; but I don't care a button, as long as I believe I'm right."

Gentle Mrs. Lake had been so long bearing the buffets of the world in her capacity of poor widow, that her mind had acquired a sort of bending, bulrush quality, which made her invariably yield to the stronger will. She only asked, with some little apprehension, what her son meant to do that was so lowering?

"I wrote to Mr. Brown, the draper—you know he considers himself in my debt since I pulled his little boy out of the canal—and he will take me for as many months as I want, to learn his business, without any fee. Then I've scraped a few pounds together, enough to begin a little shop of our own, with the credit I know Brown will give us. Oh! trust me, mother, but we will get on, and be comfortable yet!"

The sanguine fellow actually clapped his hands over his humble castle in the air, as if he was not altogether coming down from his position as a gentleman in contemplating such a thing.

"My dear," interposed his mother, gently, "I fear people will object to employ Bessie."

"Let them!" he exclaimed, rather

fiercely. "Her music would be contaminated by her brother's selling goods over a counter, of course. She would be no longer a 'young lady,' perhaps, but only a 'young person.'"

Bessie laughed heartily. "That would not injure me much, Hugh."

"Oh! in the estimation of your relatives, the Latymers, it would be ruinous. And as to your actually selling a stick of wax, or a quire of paper, nothing could be more degrading: though the timber at Kyle may be sold without loss of social dignity, and the grass of the demesne let out to graziers. I cannot see those fine-drawn distinctions, I own. And look here, mother; you are only anticipating and providing against the evil day by following my plan. Uncle Latymer has already reduced the pittance he allowed you by one-half, and his growing embarrassments will oblige him to stop it altogether before long, and then you have nothing to depend on but the trifling interest of that insurance money. I know something of his affairs; believe me that I state the truth."

Long was the conference of the trio that Christmas Eve. The two women shrank from what they deemed the social plunge. What would the members of their small but genteel circle say? And the pride of the Latymers had still some lingering in that degenerate branch of the family stock, Hugh's mother.

FREDRIKA BREMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE is scarcely a house in the civilized world, certainly not one where the English language is spoken, and the domestic virtues cherished, which will not hear with sorrow that the labours and the writings of Fredrika Bremer are now ended.

This remarkable woman, whose name stands equally prominent with those of Linnæus and Swedenborg in the literary status of their country, passed away from this life at Årsta, on the last day of the old year.

By birth Miss Bremer was a Fin; she was born at Åbo, on the 17th of August, 1801, but on the cession of Finland to Russia her family re-

moved to Stockholm, where, and at Årsta, a fine old property, purchased by her father some sixteen or seventeen miles from the capital, the Bremer family lived in opulence and consideration; the children, seven in number, two sons and five daughters, were carefully educated in all the accomplishments which distinguished the higher classes, the winters being spent in the capital for the advantage of masters.

At the early age of eight the child, Fredrika, began to write, and at twelve she had composed an opera. She was a restless, earnest child, little understood probably by her

nearest relatives; hence her childhood furnished many touching experiences, which she has at various times related to her more intimate friends. In many respects the character of Petrea, drawn so livingly in "The Home," represents herself.

Probably owing to some embarrassment in her family affairs, or it might be from the unrest in her own soul, which needed a larger and more varied sphere of action than her home afforded, Miss Bremer was for some time engaged as teacher in a ladies' school in Stockholm, and also passed twelve months with the Countess Sommerhjelm in Norway, but in what capacity does not appear. Of this portion of her early experience, however, she always spoke with much pleasure; and the scenery and characters of one of the most charming of her stories, "Strife and Peace," are derived from this sojourn.

Miss Bremer first appeared before the public as the author of "Sketches of Every-day Life." These, commencing with "Axel and Anna," "The Twins," and other small stories were immediately perused with that heartfelt approval which was a forerunner of the eager delight with which her subsequent sketches, "The H—— Family," "The President's Daughters," "Nina," "The Neighbours," "The Home," and "Strife and Peace," were everywhere devoured. In Germany, in England, where they were first introduced by Mary Howitt, wherever, indeed, the German and English languages were spoken, these works, truly Teutonic in their character, home-loving, moral, and religious, were received with enthusiasm which had far more of the heart's love in it than of the measured appreciation of the mere intellect.

Whilst enjoying this almost universal popularity, she produced several other stories, "The Diary," "Life in Dalecarlia," "Brothers and Sisters," and "The Midnight Sun." None of them, however, are equal to the earlier works, probably because the author herself felt the difficult task of writing up to her own already acquired reputation.

No doubt it was something of this feeling which led her to look abroad into the life of another, yet still a kindred people, for new fields of labour. Be that, however, as it might, she accepted the warm invitations which crowded upon her from her numerous admiring friends in America, and paying a short visit to England on her way, went to the New World where she spent the next two years, deeply studying the social, moral, and religious conditions of that great country. The result of this travel and study was given to the world in three vols. in 1853, under the title of the "Homes of the New World." Of this work, relative to which, opinions both in her own country and England were divided, we will take the judgment of Edmund About.

"I had read," says he, "no single work of Miss Bremer's, when her travels in America fell into my hands, and it now seems to me as if I had conversed with an old acquaintance, and that the reading of these four hundred pages had been a long and intimate conversation, in which this admirable woman had permitted me to see all the beauty of her soul, all her heart's finest feelings, and all the greatnesses and the weaknesses of her genius . . . Miss Bremer has a pure soul and a strong intellect, and in her volumes the reader will find the most perfect pictures of America and the Americans."

In 1856 Miss Bremer published "Hertha," a story in one volume, and essentially a sketch of every-day life. The purport of this work was that by showing the extremely unjust and oppressive laws which existed in her country regarding women, public opinion might be aroused to demand their alteration. But though the public, somewhat wounded by their favourite author presenting so unlovable a picture of Swedish homes, did not second her patriotic views, the monarch himself and other right-thinking and powerful men admitted the justice of her complaints, and to her the Swedish women owe a kinder and more liberal legislation. To the

same response also and to the same prime mover the young women of Sweden and the nation at large, owe the noble Seminarium, an educational institution in Stockholm for the training of female teachers. The result of this fine institution, and various others of a kindred character, already justify by their effects, and the ardour with which they are accepted, all that the authoress of "*Hertha*" ever aimed at, or ever sought to reprobate in the old state of things.

It was not, however, for education alone that Miss Bremer was an active labourer; her works of love were unceasing; nothing was undertaken of a philanthropic nature without her as its head. She alone was the means of establishing funds for the relief, and homes for the reception of orphans and neglected children, both in Stockholm and Copenhagen.

Never was a celebrated woman, who had been so *fêted* and admired by the world so little spoiled by her fame. In her home she still maintained the same simple habits; she was a true *matmoder* in genuine hospitality and kindness. To the last she loved the society of the young, and surrounded herself with them. She had mostly one or two young ladies living under her own roof, at her own cost, to whom she could be useful, and for whom, through her influence, or by her own right, she would obtain instruction or advantages of one kind or another, which, but for her help would have been impossible to them.

Her piety was sincere and unostentatious. Her religion was that of love and good works, and in this way she imitated her Saviour. The earliest literary work which she produced of a decidedly religious character is called "*The Morning Watch, or a Confession of Faith*," intended to counteract the writings of Strauss. At various times, also, she has brought out excellent tracts. But her daily life was her most beautiful teaching, and not one of her young *protégés* but will carry into her future life the influence of the time spent in daily intercourse with her.

Whilst apparently in good health, yet having passed her three-score years, Miss Bremer longed for more retirement and repose than she could command in the capital where she formed the centre of every philanthropic movement, and visitors thronged around her.

Thence in the summer of 1864, she paid a visit to Årsta, the old family home, though now passed into the hands of others, and very happy was the time so spent. A young lady, who accompanied her on that occasion, relates that she entered into every pleasure of that enjoyable time with a zest equal to the youngest of them.

The quietness and the freshness of the country gave her, as it were, new vigour. She joined the hay-making parties, and almost outwalked her young friends in their delightful country excursions, or to gather the red whortle-berries or wild raspberries.

But this pleasant life for them is now over. Her earthly remains rest by those of her youngest sister Agatha, and her heart's joy, in the family burial ground at the quiet little church-yard of Osterhannige near Åsta.

With her the name of Bremer ceases, at least in the Swedish branch of the family, yet as long as the English language is spoken will she be remembered; and her native country will, for generations yet to come, have to acknowledge her as one of its noblest women, nobler for good works of imperishable memory, even than for her truthful pictures of their every-day life.

In conclusion, we may add as a beautiful and significant fact that the text which she herself had selected for the last day of the year in a little text-book compiled by herself, and called "*Golden Corn*," should be v. 5 of chap. 22, in Revelation: "*There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.*" And she herself passed away into that Eternal Light on the morning of that very day.

THE LATE MARQUIS D'AZEGLIO.

MARQUIS MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, who died at Turin on the 15th January, at the age of sixty-six, belonged to a generation of Italian statesmen, who, though they played an important part in that revolution which made Italy what she is, may be said already to belong to the past. Since October, 1852, when the star of Cavour rose finally into the ascendant, he has lived in retirement, and taken no share in public affairs. The Italian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, whose name is familiar in all political circles, is his nephew. His career was striking and splendid, and as we glance along its salient points, we detect many of those brilliant and picturesque touches which adorned the old heroes of Italy.

Born at Turin in 1801, he soon gave evidence of strength of will and marked individuality of character. His family belonged to the ancient nobility of Piedmont, and his father held the rank of general in the army. At the age of fourteen, he proved the fierceness and vivacity of his disposition by turning out of the room his first master, an ecclesiastic, who had been punishing him with extreme severity. An insult to an ecclesiastic was of course an insult to the Church, and young D'Azeglio found himself excommunicated and under the frown of his family. He effected a reconciliation only after long penance. In 1816 his father was sent as ambassador to Rome, and the boy, accompanying him, threw himself, with passionate ardour, into the study of painting and of music. His father, the general and ambassador, thought, however, that no career but the military would be worthy of his son, and he served some years in the Piedmontese cavalry. But he was more in the study than in the saddle, and the intensity with which he applied himself to his favourite pursuits brought on illness, and occasioned his leaving the service. Prevailing upon his father to grant

him a small pension, he quitted Piedmont, took up his abode in Rome, and became by profession an artist. There is something fine in the spectacle of the brilliant young aristocrat leaving the fascinations and flatteries of military and diplomatic society, and seeking a truer glory in the cultivation of the Beautiful. His success was not altogether disproportioned to his enthusiasm. He excelled in landscape. In the Louvre and in the Royal Gallery of Turin, are several of his pieces. In 1829 he returned to Turin, on account, apparently, of the declining health of his father, who died in the following year. He then proceeded to Milan, the seat, at that time, of a vigorous school of painting. He became acquainted with Manzoni, one of the foremost names in the modern literature of Italy, and married his daughter. The influence of Manzoni led him to literature, and he published two works, formally of fiction, but having a marked political character. The one was entitled "*Ettore Fieramosca*," the other "*Niccolo di Lappi*." A new ambition had now taken possession of him, an ambition still nobler and more manly than his ambition to become a great painter—that, namely, of contributing to the political regeneration of his country. He became one of the most prominent and popular representatives of Italian nationality. Throwing down both pen and pencil, he traversed Italy with his friends Balbo and Gioberti, appealing to the Italian nation to arise and cast away its fetters. This was in the latter years of the Popedom of Gregory XVI. While engaged in political agitation, D'Azeglio held himself apart from all conspiracy with a loftiness of spirit worthy of his high descent and of the son-in-law of the stately and religious-minded Manzoni. He endeavoured to restrain the impatience of his compatriots, and when premature risings took place in Rimini and the Romagna, he held back from the

ill-judged adventures. Returning to Turin he urged the king to adopt certain indispensable reforms, and soon after published at Florence his celebrated work entitled, "*Late Occurrences in the Romagna.*" Whilst condemning the insurrection, he pointed out the defects of the Papal administration, and urged upon Italian princes the adoption of a national policy.

The elevation of Pius IX. to the Papedom opened up new and imposing prospects to Marquis D'Azeglio. He hastened to Rome, took his place among the most active counsellors of the Pope, and succeeded in carrying through those liberal measures which heralded the new era. He published at this time a series of pamphlets on the incorporation of Lucca with Tuscany, on the law of the press, on reforms in the papacy, on the emancipation of the Jews in the States of the Church, and so forth. The commotions of 1848 were now shaking Europe to its centre. Charles Albert passed the Ticino, and the Marquis D'Azeglio, resuming at the call of his country the sword which he had laid down at the bidding of art, led the papal contingent to join the army of Piedmont. When the Pope, becoming craven, recalled his troops, he did not return with them, but took a colonel's commission in the army of Venice and fought with desperate valour at the battle of Vicenza. Receiving a severe ball-wound in the thigh, he was hardly restored to health when he entered Florence, and, endeavouring in vain to stem the torrent of democratic extravagance, foretold the approaching downfall of Italian liberty. The battle of Novara was a sad and conclusive ratification of his views.

All was not lost, however, and, in the spirit of hope and courage, he prepared to make the most of the situation. Charles Albert abdicated. Victor Emmanuel II. ascended the throne. Marquis D'Azeglio was named President of his Council of Ministers, an illustrious and splendid position, and the just reward of his

long, pure, and arduous devotion to the cause of Italian patriotism. While the work of reaction was going on in all other parts of Italy, he made it his object to preserve to Piedmont the reforms of 1848, and to relieve the country from her pecuniary embarrassments. His administration was surrounded with applauses, but there was one in his cabinet whose wary step, far-seeing eye, and inexhaustible brain, were slowly but surely tending towards the supreme place. Differences arose between the prime minister, D'Azeglio, and his minister of finance, Cavour. In their first parliamentary struggle, Marquis D'Azeglio was victor, but Cavour was a man to return again and again to the attack, and the priesthood hated and baited D'Azeglio with their peculiar rancour. On the 30th of October, 1852, he gave place to Cavour, and unable, probably, to tutor his proud spirit to take a second place, retired into a privacy, from which he never emerged.

Of Count Cavour, we, of course, do not utter one disparaging word. The probability is that his systematic education in politics, his incomparable diplomatic skill, his large experience in affairs, rendered him substantially an abler minister than Marquis D'Azeglio. But in all the more romantic, chivalrous, and heroic traits of character, D'Azeglio was his superior, and if Cavour extorts the cold tribute of our respect, it is for D'Azeglio that we thrill with admiration and love.

Cavour was the man of business, liable to no excitement, taking cool, prosaic views of life, sincerely and unselfishly devoted to his country, but not particularly scrupulous as to the means by which he served her. D'Azeglio was the knight of chivalry, burning with an ardour of patriotism similar to that with which a Bayard of the olden time fought for his ladye-love, and scorning any diplomatic wile, any roundabout method, any compromise, by which the glory of the fight and the victory might be tarnished. D'Azeglio could fight only with the sword; Cavour, if he saw it to be profitable, could fight

with the net just as well. Cavour could stoop to conquer; D'Azeglio would not lower his sword-point for any prospect of advantage which he might thereby secure. To lay down long trains of diplomatic gunpowder, to explode on some distant day with an effect which he had calculated upon, was the delight of Cavour. To ally Piedmont with France and Italy, to send a Piedmontese army to the Crimea, to intrigue against Austria in the Courts of the Tuileries and St. James's, these were the arts by which he, with the self-trust and the prescience of genius, designed, and ultimately effected the emancipation of Italy. D'Azeglio had no faith in such schemes. Neither by nature, by education, nor by experience, was he a diplomatist. Let us frankly admit that he never could have brought Italy to the point to which

she was brought by Cavour; but let us add that he would never have bartered Nice and Savoy to the Emperor of the French. There is a story that Napoleon III. remarked once in a company, in which Cavour as well as himself was present, that there were three diplomatists in Europe, and that two were in the room. The third was certainly not D'Azeglio. Where diplomatic skill was necessary for success, he did not succeed, but it is not a paradoxical assertion that there may be statesmen too good for diplomatic success. On the whole, it becomes us to look with gratitude and adoration upon Divine Providence, which, with human instruments so different as Cavour and D'Azeglio, works out its high purposes of mercy and beneficence to Italy and to the civilised world.

PETER BAYNE.

SINGING IN THE RAIN.

After days of untold glory,
In the waning of the year,— [lier,
When earth's lovely things grow love-
As the end draws near ;—
Came there winter sudden, cheerless,
Days of settled, changeless gloom,
And the sad song of the leaflets
Fluttering to their tomb.

But amongst these dreary mem'ries,
One, with hope and cheer replete,
Like the branch in Marah's waters,
Makes the bitter sweet.
Never lesson of contentment
Came from human lips so plain,
As a little birdie gave me,
Singing in the rain.

Cheerless had the morning risen,
Hiding in its dismal grey,
All the glad some, glorious sunshine,
All the hope of day.
Shrouded was the pleasant landscape,
Woody knoll, and hill, and plain,
Nought to stir the heavy silence
Save the dropping rain.

Past my lattice, where I idly
Gazed on misty hill and lea,
Flew a birdie to the branches
Of a neighbouring tree ;

And unheeding gloom and sadness,
Low began a gentle strain,
Gentle as a mother's whispers
To her child in pain.

Ah ! sweet birdie, could I listen
To thy low love-notes unthrill'd ?
Listen, and not feel the murmuring
In my bosom still'd ;
For a gentle voice rebuking,
Mingled with thy loving lay,
And my spirit's weak repining
Pass'd in tears away.

Who shall doubt thy mission, birdie,
On that cheerless autumn morn ?
Who,—remembering thy Creator,
Dare to turn with scorn,
From the thrilling lesson speaking
Through thy song, unto the soul ?—
Like a shaft that, tipp'd with healing,
Pierces, yet makes whole.

Weak of faith, and dull of vision,
He who scorneth little things ;
To the patient, trustful listener,
Many a sweet bird sings.
Few the sorrows nought can soften,—
All life's ills will end ere long ;—
Let us, when the sunshine's hidden,
Thankful be for song.

LUCINDA BOWSER.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

THE VERNONS OF HOLLY MOUNT.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLACK KNIGHT UN-MAILED.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the last carriage rolled away, and all was again quiet at Holly Mount.

Then Mrs. Vernon rapped at Lewis's bed-room door, for the ray of light through the key-hole told her he had retired. Receiving no answer, she called for admittance. Lewis turned the key in the lock, and she entered.

He had returned to the table under the window, and was seated with his face hidden in his hands.

Mrs. Vernon came behind him, and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder :
"Lewis!"

He shrank from her touch, but made no answer.

"Lewis! what is the cause of your deserting us so suddenly this evening, when we were rejoicing to see you enjoy yourself? My dear boy, is there anything you wish for here at Holly Mount that you have not? It troubles us all to think we cannot make you comfortable."

Lewis had never thought his behaviour could make any difference to any one at Holly Mount. Wrapped up in his own troubles, he had been blind to their effects. He was touched by the kindly tones that most opportunely for his own good broke in upon his gloomy thoughts.

He answered in low tones—

"It was wicked of me, and wrong. I ought not to join in any pleasure now."

"Why not, Lewis? Why should you, more than Reuben, be shut out from enjoyment peculiar to your age?"

Lewis raised his head and fixed his tearful, scrutinizing gaze upon her face. It was a countenance that would win any child's confidence—kindly, earnest, truthful. A wild desire was raised in Lewis's breast for her counsel and sympathy. In broken tones out came the whole confession of his violent passions and their dreadful consequences, and how

that God, for punishment, had taken away his beloved mother.

"And this is why you have avoided us and every cheerful amusement we have planned to make you happy and at home? Did it never strike you that to run away from your enemy was not the way to conquer him?"

"But mamma's wish, Mrs. Vernon! Her last prayer was that I might be in the world, yet not of it."

"Has no one ever explained to you the meaning of this prayer, Lewis?"

"It needs no explanation. Mamma meant me not to mix in any pleasures that should draw my thoughts from her and God. She knew what—what—I had—to battle with."

The last words were scarcely audible.

"Lewis, to live as you have been doing is not to fulfil the first part of your mamma's wish. You have not been living in the world. By the world is not simply meant this globe with all nature's wondrous beauties; it includes all living people. You cannot live in the world and yet isolate yourself. You must not shrink from those with whom it pleases God your life shall be spent. It is your duty to enter into their joys and sorrows. Not being 'of the world' is, amidst all the chances and trials of every-day life, to preserve fresh your love to God, to give Him the glory of everything. To obey His laws, and to be led away from Him by no vain pleasure that the world can offer; keeping yourself from all that is impure and wrong, but in no way denying yourself whatever is innocent and good."

Lewis's voice was tremulous in reply.

"You do not understand why that would not do for me; there is no hope but in being quite alone."

"I fear, Lewis, you have grown morbidly sensitive of an evil, and are exaggerating it."

"It is so great, Mrs. Vernon, that exaggeration is impossible. If I were, as you say, to enjoy myself at Holly

Mount, as I know I could, I should not be able to command my temper, which used so often to terrify mamma. I caused her death, and God has punished me."

"Dear Lewis, do you know what you are making out our merciful and loving God to be? You represent Him as guided by *revenge*! Your mamma's sufferings have been greater than you can possibly imagine. I believe that He has taken her to Himself out of Infinite love and compassion, and that, if you ask Him, He will give you strength to bear her loss, and to follow her, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to the heavenly home where she is waiting for her boy."

Lewis's face was glorious in its brightness. No one had talked to him like this since his mother's death, and Mrs. Vernon felt a pang of self reproach as she wondered how she could ever have thought him repulsive and obstinate.

He bowed his face over her hand—

"Oh! if I could only command my own dreadful temper!"

"You do not go the right way to do that, Lewis. You cannot conquer unless you come boldly out into the battle-field; then you will learn your own weakness and full reliance upon the Great Commander, *from whom alone cometh strength for victory*!"

"Then you think, dear Mrs. Vernon, I may be happy with you all at Holly Mount, and try to return the love I have so little deserved?"

"I do, Lewis. Nay, more; I think it is your duty to do so."

Lewis's animated countenance spoke more eloquently than the broken words he strove to utter.

When Mrs. Vernon said "good-night," she kissed the motherless boy as she had a little while before kissed Reuben. The light touch thrilled to his heart. No lips had touched his own since those of his dying mother had rested there, and from that moment much of the reverent affection that had been hers was transferred to Mrs. Vernon.

After that there were no more complaints of Lewis's sullen reserve at Holly Mount, and even Agnes was fain to confess that the Black Knight had doffed his coat of steel.

There was plenty now to call him forth and make him forget self in the new world opened to him, so different

from the solitary life his mother's presence had alone made congenial to him.

He had refined tastes and talents, that would soon have made the society of the kind-hearted but illiterate Scotch peasants irksome. To improve these tastes by means of the many advantages that now surrounded him was one of his greatest delights. He had ambition to become as accomplished as Reuben, who with scarcely any exertion seemed to excel in everything.

Lewis had one solitary accomplishment,—painting.

Reuben made no parade of his marvellous gifts, and Lewis would frequently ignore them until some occasion brought them into comparison with his own.

So unconscious was Reuben, that he would lavishly bestow praise and encouragement upon Lewis, and often instruction and advice.

Though there was not the least indication of egotism in anything he did or said, this was painfully galling to Lewis's high spirit, which had always, as yet, been first in every thing. He could not forget, though others often did, that he was the elder, and was very sensitive to anything that entrenched upon this dignity.

If Reuben discovered a flaw in a painting and gently pointed it out, the quick dark flush of passion sprang to Lewis's face, which it caused him an heroic effort to restrain. Reuben did not see the clenched hands and bitten lip, or he might have been more chary of his advice.

Nessie's assistance at any time was as thanklessly received by Lewis; it was only from Mabel or Mrs. Vernon that he willingly received instruction.

On account of his mother's ill health, Lewis's education had been irregular; so, though he possessed no mean talents, they lay dormant for want of cultivation. This, joined with his ambition of excelling and sensitiveness to rebuke was the constant source of disagreements the most irritating between him and Reuben.

Mrs. Vernon perceived it with pain and alarm, and spoke to Reuben, warning him to refrain from all that might annoy Lewis.

Reuben promised in his own careless fashion, but the next opportunity that offered of rousing the spirit, that

he affirmed had been accidentally given to Lewis instead of himself, as it was the hereditary Vernon temper, the promise was forgotten, for he knew not the danger his thoughtlessness might entail. Not that Reuben naturally loved to trifle with feelings he could not understand, but after he discovered his power, he seemed unable to control his own moods.

One morning in February, an excursion the children had planned having been frustrated by the ceasing of the frost and the setting in of a thick rain, they were gathered in the dining-room, watching with doleful faces the aspect of the weather.

Agnes stood at the window watching for a break in the leaden-hued clouds. Reuben, as usual, was stretched full length upon the couch, his arms beneath his head, his eyes closed.

Mabel was busy with a pencil sketch at the centre table, where Mrs. Vernon was busy working.

Lewis wandered restlessly from one to the other. A wet day was the greatest possible trial to him.

Unable longer to bear his unsettled movements, Mrs. Vernon caught his arm as he was passing for the twentieth time, at the imminent risk of upsetting her work-table, and forcibly seating him near her, placed a book in his hand, requesting him to afford amusement for them all, at the same time calling Agnes from the window to her work.

Lewis set up his shoulders, and knit his brows. This was an occupation he particularly disliked, because, never having practised it, he did not excel in it; but he could not disobey Mrs. Vernon.

Mabel raised her head from her drawing, and, seeing what book he had, exclaimed—

"I am so pleased, Lewis, now we shall be contented."

It was Sir Walter Scott's "*Lady of the Lake*," a poem Lewis had been accustomed to recite in all the impassioned fervour of his young untutored heart, to the rocks and waterfalls in the most lonely recesses of his mountain home. He knew no rules of elocution, but the words had gushed forth then as though the wild solitude itself had found a voice.

Once more the blood coursed warmly through his veins, and he

reared his head as at the pibroch's sound; but his fervour received an ignoble check at the very commencement, for he mispronounced a word, and Mrs. Vernon corrected him.

Lewis caught sight of the slight smile upon Reuben's features, and the crimson deepened in his cheek. He paused with bitten lip for an instant, then, accepting the correction, continued.

Lewis lost his interest, and read nervously, frightened lest other mistakes should occur, conscious of that head, its golden hair crushed by the folded arms, resting passively upon the sofa cushions. How intently Lewis's second glance took note of those silent features, every relaxation of which, he knew, was at his expense.

Again Mrs. Vernon corrected him, and Lewis saw Reuben's smothered laugh. Agnes's eyes twinkled, and Mabel bent over her drawing until her long curls hid her face. Lewis's spirit was rising—

"They call it so in Scotland."

"But you are in England," said Mrs. Vernon, quietly, "and will be laughed at unless you do as the English do."

"The Scotch are uncommonly ignorant," said Reuben, without unclosing his eyes; had he done so he might not have ventured such an assertion, for Lewis's face was already glowing, and his teeth firmly pressed into his nether lip to restrain the swelling tide of passion.

"I wonder you know as much as you do, Lewis, after having lived so long amongst them."

This satire was just too much; Lewis flung the book to the farther side of the room, and sprang to his feet, exclaiming in broad Scotch, that always escaped him in anger—

"Ye're a fule, Reuben Vernon, and no sae wise as you think yersel'. Gin you were half sae gude as a Scotsman ye'd hae ten times mair to be proud o'."

For an instant his eyes glowered upon Reuben, then, turning, he fled from the room.

CHAPTER V.

REUBEN AND LEWIS.

Agnes laughed.

"Good morning, Mr. Scotchman, go and put on a more courteous

humour before you return to polite society."

Lewis's quick ear caught these words through the half-open door; they added speed to his flight. Through the hall, out at a back entrance, his feet spurning the ground in his frenzy!

Some days ago he had discovered a way across the country to the Retreat. The path was a difficult one, though much shorter than by water; his steps turned now in that direction. Over the rough stony ground, through tangled brushwood, until with torn clothes and bleeding hands he reached the Retreat, and cast himself down upon the wet grass under the trees.

The rain had ceased long ago, and the broken clouds rolled away in billowy heaps, discovering once more the clear blue beyond.

Rage and passion exhausted, the deep remorse came that ever followed these outbursts. Lewis's weeping was uncontrolled. What was there to save him from despair? All the sorrow, all the trials he had endured through the past long months had been of no avail, his command over himself was as weak, his passion as overpowering as ever.

So argued Lewis. He forgot the many smaller provocations he had resisted, that formerly would have produced as violent results as this.

"Oh! mother, mother!" he moaned, "let me come to you, I am sinful and miserable without you. Ask the good God to take me away from here."

He rose slowly from the grass, and as he did so his eye fell upon the "Ocean Queen," moored alongside the shore, and upon Reuben standing gazing upon him with compassion and remorse.

Lewis saw but the former in Reuben's handsome face. Pity from Reuben he could not bear; once more the fierce storm of anger and resentment raged in the boy's breast. He returned Reuben's gaze with erect head, his black hair tossed back from his face, his eyes gleaming like fiery coals.

The demon nurtured amidst the wild Scottish hills superseded reason; God was forgotten; temporary madness raged in Lewis's breast.

Avoiding both look and touch of Reuben, he darted by him and sprang into the little boat. Quick as thought, undoing the fastenings, he was drifting down the stream, ere Reuben

could interfere, in the opposite direction from Holly Mount.

Reuben shouted after him, but his voice was unheeded. He knew the danger that lay in that direction, but he also knew Lewis's skill as a boatman, and felt no fear until, going down to the water's edge he discovered that in his madness and anxiety to avoid him, Lewis had left both oars on the ledge under the rock.

The colour forsook Reuben's face, and for a moment he trembled with fear. What would Lewis do with no oar to oppose the fierce current that rushed on towards the fall where the boat must be engulfed! Reuben sped under the trees, and round by the rocky banks that skirted the river.

It was a path fraught with imminent danger, but fearlessly Reuben pursued his way, clambering over the slippery rocks on hands and knees, tearing through the ferny underwood with rapidity and skill, exhibiting coolness and forethought in this hour of danger.

At length he came in sight of the little boat and its occupant. The rushing noise of the water telling the proximity of the falls, suddenly made Lewis aware of his danger, and the horror of that moment quelled his fierce passion.

He stood up and gazed around. No help was near—the boat rushed madly on, the noise of the falling water increasing so that his ears were deafened, and he did not hear Reuben shout to him to leap overboard.

When upon the verge of destruction, the same idea presented itself to Lewis as a last resource, and with one bound he sprang from the boat, and was soon battling with the current for dear life.

Relieved of his weight, the "Ocean Queen" dashed onward, until the foaming waves bore it over the fall, and it was destroyed in the seething depths below.

Lewis battled with the current until his strength was nigh spent, and yet he made no head-way. His flight from Holly Mount and the late storm of passion had well-nigh exhausted him before this last tax upon his energies. From the first he had made no way, and now, though he still struck out, blindly buffeted with the waves, they were drifting him back towards the awful falls. His strokes were pow-

erless. Oh! the dreadful agony of that moment! Lewis never forgot it to the end of his life.

When he had given up all for lost, and his last feeble effort had been made, a strong arm was thrown round him; with the happy knowledge that he was saved, Lewis lost all consciousness, and hung a dead weight upon Reuben's arm.

With a few bold strokes Reuben parted the waters, and reached the shore in safety; then, taking the apparently lifeless body in his arms, he made the best of his way back again to the retreat. Laying Lewis upon the grass he brought water from the river and dashed it over the face of the unconscious boy, eagerly chafing the cold hands, but no change occurred in the death-like face. The black hair increased the pallid hue of lips and brow, and the dark blue rings round the eyes gave the countenance the awful appearance of death.

A cold chill crept to Reuben's heart. Could it be that he and Lewis had parted in anger, never to meet again in life? Had his aid come too late, and were those feeble strokes the last those powerless hands would ever give? Reuben's heart was wrung with an agony too deep for words. His taunts had occasioned this, his careless mockery had raised the fiery passions that had ended thus. How little we know in what our idle words may end!

Reuben rose from his knees, and strove to think of some means by which he might get Lewis back to Holly Mount, but he could find none. The only plan that presented itself was to wait until they were missed and sought for, yet in the meantime what must become of Lewis! If a spark of life remained it could not linger long, and Lewis so exposed to cold and wet.

In the despair and desolation of the moment, Reuben raised his voice and called aloud. The rocks echoed his cry, and the wind swaying the trees, shook down a shower of crystal drops.

Suddenly it struck Reuben that Lewis had reached the retreat without the boat, so that there must be a way across the country to Holly Mount. Convinced of the truth of this surmise, and with one silent prayer to God for guidance, Reuben raised Lewis once more in his arms, and strode forwards under the trees.

The sky was again overcast with clouds, and the tangled branches of the trees made the way gloomy, but Reuben stepped fearlessly onwards, the lifeless head and dripping black hair hanging over his arm, nerving him to superhuman exertions.

Onwards,—his arms paralysed with the dead weight upon them, his courage never failing, though but for that unfainting spirit that God gave him, his strength must have done so long ago. His head was throbbing, his bright burning eye pierced the gathering darkness, but he seemed no nearer home than when he started.

As Reuben toiled on a sharp pain pierced his breast, again and yet again, his arms fell to his sides and his eye glazed with dark despair; if his strength gave way what must become of both of them! He sank down, and prayed to Him who heareth prayer.

Pattering drops of rain made him raise his head; there through the dark vista of trees before him appeared twinkling lights, and there—yes, there were the grey walls of the homestead on Holly Mount, scarcely a hundred yards from where he had sunk down exhausted.

Reuben rose: fresh strength seemed infused into every limb, and once more bearing his burden, he stepped forwards through the brushwood.

The excitement and alarm that for the last hour had reigned at Holly Mount were as nothing to the terror that filled the breasts of all the inmates when Reuben gave his burden into the arms of those that met him in the doorway, and fell fainting across the threshold, his last effort made, and a stream of crimson blood issuing from his mouth.

The clocks had told the hour of midnight, and still lights gleamed in the windows at Holly Mount, and flitting figures cast shadows upon the blinds. There was no one to enforce authority, and confusion prevailed in the usually orderly household. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon stood by Reuben's couch, over which the doctor anxiously bent, for life was flickering feebly in the young form before him, and it seemed that a breath might extinguish it.

In another room, Lewis Herbert slept the deep sleep of exhaustion.

It was strange the love and admi-

ration Reuben Vernon had won from every heart. No one ever remembered an impatient or uncourteous word falling from his lips; even the servants congregated together, and talked in whispers, unable to retire to rest until the decree of life or death should have gone forth.

It was nearly two o'clock in the early morning when Lewis awoke, and his eyes rested first, very much bewildered, upon the fire in the grate. Simpson, Mrs. Vernon's maid, was sitting in the high backed rocking-chair by it, her eyes closed.

Very slowly the events of the afternoon dawned upon Lewis's mind, but he could remember nothing after Reuben's arm had been thrown round him in the water: he wanted to know very much what had happened since.

Was Simpson sleeping? He tried to raise himself in bed, but he was so weak that he fell back again. For a few minutes he lay and listened: he could hear the distant sound of feet, and of doors being opened and shut. There were movements in the room next his own, that which Reuben occupied, and the murmur of voices. Lewis could bear the suspense no longer, he called softly,

"Simpson!"

She started from her seat.

"Are you better, Master Lewis?"

"Yes,—but what is the meaning of those sounds—hark!"

"You must not talk. Here, take this draught, and then try to go to sleep again."

Lewis drank the medicine, but sleep was impossible, his curiosity unsatisfied. Simpson returned to her seat, and only replied to his questions by putting her finger to her lips.

Lewis turned away, and lay imagining all kinds of evil as the sounds continued. Presently his door was gently opened, and a little figure glided in. Lewis's heart beat. She came on tiptoe to his bedside.

"Has he been awake, Simpson; do you think him better?"

"Hush, Miss Mabel, why are you not in bed? We shall have you to nurse next."

"I could not sleep if I were to go. But you have not told me how Lewis is."

Before Simpson could reply, a low voice called—

"Mabel!"

Mabel's face lit up; she sprang to his side.

"Did you call me, Lewis? Oh! I am so glad you are better."

Lewis could not resist the opportunity to question Mabel as to all that had taken place, and she answered, in spite of Simpson's warnings—

"He is quite rested; are you not, Lewis? I am sure it cannot hurt him now."

"Very well, Miss Mabel;" and Simpson rocked herself in high dudgeon.

Mabel related all she knew, until she concluded with the account of Reuben's dangerous state and the distress that reigned through the house on his account.

Lewis's pale lips were quivering as she finished.

"Don't grieve, dear Lewis, I think he is better; Dr. Phipps is with him, and papa and mamma."

Mabel could not understand why Lewis was so silent, nor why his breath came so heavily—the poor boy was realizing the dreadful effect of his passions—Reuben dying, and through him! Would he not henceforth be hated by every inmate of Holly Mount as the cause of such affliction? Was every outburst of his to be visited with such dire consequence to others? He who had so pined for kindness must henceforth be shut out from everybody's affection; a brand would be upon his brow, he would be shunned as the murderer of Reuben.

A dreadful fear was at the boy's heart; he heard Mabel's gentle words as in a dream, and scarcely knew when she departed. He took the last draught from Simpson's hand, then lay as though he slept, while she dozed in her chair, but all through those dreary morning hours unconsciousness never came.

The wind had risen, and moaned round the house, howling in the distance, beating the bare branches of the trees against the windows. In Lewis's ears it sounded as God's voice of anger, and he cowered beneath the clothes, trembling in an agony of suspense; he would gladly have given his own life to know that Reuben lived. Days seemed crowded into the minutes that passed, but still

there was no sign of any one astir in the house.

The wind blew a hurricane, the dark clouds drifted across the sky, the grey morning's light filled the room, and still all was quiet.

Lewis could endure the uncertainty no longer. He got out of bed, and made his way feebly to Reuben's door.

Upon the bed Reuben lay motionless; there seemed no life in his body, no breath to escape his pale, parted lips; every feature was colourless, and fixed as marble, and the closed eyes had blue marks beneath them, as set there by the finger of death.

The horror of that moment gave Lewis strength; he rushed back to his room, and flung himself upon his bed, his despair too deep to find utterance in sound or movement. He must have lain in that stupor for hours; he was not conscious of the entrance of Mrs. Vernon, her dress disordered, her face pale from a night of watchful anxiety, until he heard her voice.

Agnes entered and came to her side—

"Do you think him better, dear mamma?"

"Not much, dear; I fear we have neglected poor Lewis in our greater anxiety for Reuben."

"Simpson said he seemed so much better last night, and this morning she thought him sleeping when she left him——"

Agnes paused, and withdrew into the shade of the curtains, Lewis was moving.

"Mamma, will you let me take your place by Reuben's side? If, as Dr. Phipps says, this sleep of his be a long one, you might take some rest."

Lewis did not hear Mrs. Vernon's answer, he had gathered enough; this was sleep, then, not death; thank God for this great mercy!

He started up in his bed, alarming Simpson, who had returned to her post, but the joy and excitement were too much, and he fell back in a fainting fit.

Extreme weakness compelled Lewis to keep his bed for several days after this, but they were days of salutary thought, when Mrs. Vernon, as she

could be spared from Reuben's bedside, would come in and talk to him wisely, gently, kindly, and Lewis was led to a sorrow for his faults and a distrust of self that promised to be of lasting benefit.

Days passed before Reuben was by the physician pronounced out of danger, and a fortnight elapsed ere Lewis was permitted to see him. Both boys then asked each other's forgiveness, and mutually agreed to bear and forbear for the future, so that they became what they had not been before—friends.

To atone for the past, Lewis now devoted every hour to Reuben, taxing his own ingenuity to find amusement for those tedious days of sickness that lasted through many months.

Though the last trial to Lewis had been so severe that it seemed burnt into both heart and mind in letters of fire, it had not miraculously rooted out every passionate impulse; for there were times now when the hot flush mounted to his brow, and he bit his lip to help him to restrain his anger; feeling this, he would rush away to his own room, and kneeling there, implore his Heavenly Father, for Jesus' sake, to pardon his great sin, and give him strength to fight the battle with the enemy within his own rebellious heart. Only so, only through Him who died that we might live, could he hope to gain the victory! And God heard his earnest prayer, and gave him strength, and taught him patience.

As years passed on, he learned still more and more the importance of subduing temper; and he learned, besides, that only as a Christian, can any boy or girl thoroughly overcome the evil promptings of his or her sinful nature.

"He who ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Dear young people, ask the Lord Jesus to make you like Himself, then will you be humble, gentle, and unselfish. Only by God's help can the conflict be maintained. It may last for years; do not be discouraged, for in the end the victory will be yours.

THE FAMILY VISITOR.

OUR DAILY FOOD.

By ERNEST ETHERINGTON.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. vi. 11.

"Feed me with food convenient for me."—Prov. xxx. 8.

"Organized matter is a harp, of which vitality is the musical power; stimuli are the fingers of the performer, and life is the music produced—a hymn, day and night—in praise of the goodness and power of Him who permits this "harp of thousand strings" to "keep in tune so long."—DR. EDWARD JOHNSON.

CHAPTER II.

MORE ABOUT WATER:—WATER IN SUSPICIOUS NEIGHBOURHOODS; LEADEN PIPING; BREAD; BRAN; STARCH A HEAT-FORMING FOOD; FERMENTATION; ALUM; WHOLE-MEAL BREAD; AERATED BREAD; OATMEAL; PHOSPHATES.

WATER is obtained from many sources, and of course the first great source of this "stay of life" is the *Ocean*, which collects to its vast bosom all the waters of the earth. But then in its natural state we cannot drink this water, on account of the saline matter it contains; though be it remembered, the water of different portions of the sea, and that of salt inland lakes, varies very much in composition, as regards saline ingredient. Of course, rain-water is the purest water we can have; for it is the first condensed water, after it has passed from the ocean to the atmosphere; but its use is liable to many objections, arising from its inevitable contaminations in the process of collection. It washes our smoky roofs, trickles down from chimneys, and runs through dirty spouting, ere it reaches the cistern, when perhaps some of its impurities may settle to the bottom; but *filtered*, there is no better, purer water to be had for love or money.

Next to rain-water comes river-water, then lake-water; after these common spring-waters, then mineral springs, then *sea-water*!—the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azof being only brackish; then the great ocean, the saline particles of which are about 4 per cent.; then the

Mediterranean; then the Caspian and Aral Lakes; then the Dead Sea, containing 26½ per cent. of saline matter, and lastly the lakes of Elton and Urumiah, the former containing 29 per cent. and the latter not exactly stated, but declared on good authority, to far exceed in salt and iodine, the Dead Sea waters.

But for common use we are limited to rain-water, river-water, and spring or well-water, and it is about spring-water that our chief solitudes arise. Water is a most important element in our "daily food," since, as said before, there would be no carrying of food into the system but for the agency of water. Now, the most popular waters are not the purest, for surface well-waters are generally clearer, cooler, and more sparkling than those of deep wells. The sparkling of water arises from the carbonic acid gas it contains, and generally this gas is derived from the *decomposition* of animal and vegetable matter; and their cooling taste is not less suspicious as it proceeds from the presence of certain *salts*, which are never formed, but from the decomposition of organic matter.

This is very easily understood—the soil, especially a gravel soil, is one great percolator; percolating, be it observed, not only water, but *drains*, sewers, and those dreadful things called cesspools, or dumb-wells. What may be in these drains and sewers, we shudder to examine, but gradually it mixes with the surface-waters, and forms carbonic-acid gas. You have all

heard or read Dr. Lankester's account of the celebrated "Broad-street Pump," which was a very Sampson among pumps and killed five-hundred people in a week. The Cholera had broken out in the neighbourhood, and some learned doctors accused this wicked pump of having done the mischief. Dr. Lankester was appointed to prove the truth of this dreadful allegation, and he accordingly tested the water, and caused the state of the well to be investigated, and found out that the said well had been for some time in communication with the cess-pool of a neighbouring house. A true bill was therefore found against the offender, and the pump in Broad-street, Golden-square, has been immortalized for what it did in 1854. I myself heard Dr. Lankester assert that several persons living at a distance from the pump died of Cholera, and were discovered to have had its water sent them regularly for consumption.

Wells near grave-yards should always be eschewed, and those in the vicinity of farm-yards are not much better. I know myself of two cases, where death and terrible illness were traced back to the daily drinking of water near a grave-yard. In the one case a very virulent fever broke out in the family, and carried several children to the very place whence the mischief had been derived; in the other, all were stricken with *Diphtheria*, and some lives were saved with difficulty, one being sacrificed to the fatal malady.

Avoid, then, wells in such suspicious propinquities, and as drains are everywhere, and you can hardly be quite certain that the limpid fluid sparkling in your glass is really pure and wholesome, by all means *filter* what you drink, and you are safe!

Then those who do not consume well-water, are dependent on what we call "town-water," laid on in pipes supplied from rivers or from reservoirs. This is filtered certainly, but not *sufficiently*, and it contracts certain impurities in passing on its way; it is the safer plan to

filter this, but above all things beware of *lead contaminations*! If you have leaden piping to convey your water, let no one drink of that water the first thing in the morning, for that which has lain all night acting on the lead, will certainly contain deleterious qualities. Let at least a bucket-full of water be *allowed to run away*, then you are certain of a fresh supply, which has not been lying in the pipes for many hours. The same precaution should be observed whenever any length of time has passed without water being drawn. No "Water-works Company," I suppose, would now lay down lead-piping, but then lead is employed too frequently for the smaller tubing, which carries the water from the main to individual houses; if your supply-pipe then be leaden, in the name of Common Sense, *never* take into your body the first pint or two you draw, and in the morning let a *bucket-full* escape before you fill your kettle! But above all things *filter! filter! FILTER!!*

When the world shall be wiser and more philanthropic, and be careful to supply *pure* water to the public, you may perhaps trust this important matter to your landlord, or to certain companies, but till then, I beg you *FILTER!*

And of this filtered water be not chary; but drink it often, the first thing in the morning when you leave your bed, at noon, at night before you go to rest, and whenever you are thirsty. Nature will quickly tell you if you drink too much; but she may be some time before she tells you that you drink too little, and even then you may not understand her language. Mr. Stultus, I dare say, would never comprehend the ancient dame, but would take her promptings as indications of something to be redressed by "Dinner Pills," "Aperients," "Tonics," and an extra dose of "Bitter Beer."

So much for Water, and now we come to BREAD, "the staff of life!"

The bread we eat may be taken as the type of our vegetable food; and in divers forms, and in various

kinds it is consumed by man in all parts of the globe. Wheaten bread is that with which we, in this country, are most familiar. When the grain is crushed and sifted, it is separated into two parts, the bran and the flour. The bran you know is the outside, the harder part of the grain, which does not crush readily, and when it does crush, darkens the flour materially; hence Browns bread, made of flour, with bran combined in certain quantities. The bran being sifted out is used for feeding horses, pigs, and other animals, and even for manure; yet this part of the grain is most nutritious. The nutritive quality of any kind of grain depends chiefly on the proportion of *gluten* it contains, and the proportions of this in the whole grain, in bran, and in fine flour, are respectively very nearly these:—

Whole grain, per cent. of gluten...	12
Whole bran (outer and inner skins)	14 to 18
Fine flour	10

By sifting out the bran we render the meal less nutritious, and when we see besides that the bran is rarely less, and sometimes more than one fourth of the grain, it must be confessed that this separation is effected to the loss of a great deal of wholesome human food. Bread made from the *whole meal* is therefore more nutritious and more economical, and many persons find it so salutary a food that they eat it always rather than the fine white loaf more commonly and erroneously preferred. Bread contains also a great deal of starch, a dried oat-cake as much as 70 per cent, and regular wheaten bread is made up of 48 per cent. of *water*, $5\frac{1}{2}$ *gluten*, and $46\frac{1}{2}$ *starch*. Now starch, not of course as it is used in laundries, but as it exists in plants, is a *Heat-forming food*, and as such requisite to our animal well-being. Every 162lbs of natural starch contains 72lbs of charcoal; and here then is the source of its heating power, and whenever we eat starch in sago, arrowroot, and similar commodities, we take in so much actual fuel; and as we heap charcoal, or

coal on a fire, we add starch to the body to keep up our animal fire; carbonic acid-gas, which we throw off continually, being the result.

But carbon in its pure state cannot be digested, and therefore cannot mingle with the blood; how then is the charcoal in the starch we eat to be transferred to the blood and to the tissues of the body? Nature herself works out this problem every hour; the fact being that the starch itself is dissolved by the action of the saliva and the gastric juices of the stomach, and converted into sugar, and so gets into the blood. Starch, as you all know, has the power of combining with water at a high temperature, and forming a thick gelatinous mass, it being the starch in arrowroot and flour that, heated to a certain point, becomes consistent. Were it not for this property, there would be *no pudding making*. The *gluten* then of bread, and other farinaceous foods, is required directly to build up the substance of the body; but the starch and sugar are converted into carbonic acid and water, in order that the heat of the animal may be kept up.

When a little yeast is added to the flour, which is mixed with water into dough, and the dough placed for an hour or two in a warm atmosphere it begins to *rise*!—that is, it ferments, and swells, and increases in bulk. Bubbles of carbonic acid gas are disengaged in this process, and the mass is thereby rendered *light* and *porous*. Heavy bread you know is close in texture, and does not show the cells wherein the gas is formed.

When first put into the oven, the fermentation and swelling are increased by the higher temperature; but at a certain point the fermentation is suddenly arrested, and the mass fixed by the after baking, in the form it had already taken.

This is why *too hot* an oven makes heavy bread and cakes, even when the cook has entirely done her part. For if the dough attain the temperature at which fermentation ceases, very quickly, it is manifest that it will *bake*, and form

a crust before the rising or swelling is complete. The small cavities which you find in new bread are produced when the dough is soft, by the bubbles of gas generated by the fermentation. The effect of the action of the yeast is also to change part of the starch of the flour into sugar, and then convert this sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid. The alcohol escapes, for the most part, during the baking, and is dissipated in the oven.

Alum is frequently introduced into bakers' bread, for the purpose of whitening it. Now, alum does not exist among the compounds that are necessary to our existence; it is, therefore, a foreign subject, one that has no business in the system, and is decidedly pernicious. But if people will clamour for such very delicate-looking bread, they must expect the adulteration of alum; it is not in the nature of pure wholesome flour and yeast to become so very fine and white. A very conscientious baker assured me that it was impossible to bring loaves to the appearance demanded by some of his customers, without the admixture of a little alum. "But," said he, "I can make a far more wholesome and nutritious bread, without a particle of alum; only it will not *look* so nice!"

A French chemist has lately announced, that the *bran* of wheat, besides the nutritious quality it derives from the large percentage of *gluten* it contains, has also the property of dissolving the flour, or bread, with which it is mixed, and of rendering it more easily digestible in the stomach. "It contains," says he, "a peculiar species of ferment, which in the presence of water, and aided by the heat of the oven in baking, and of the stomach during digestion, gradually converts the starch of the bread into sugar." And it is to this property, as well as to the nourishment it yields, that some of its wholesome qualities are to be ascribed. Certainly, no family should banish whole-meal bread from its daily board; at least let some be eaten in alternation with the white, and oftentimes adulterated bread.

Then again arises the question, whether fermented or unfermented bread be the most wholesome? Certainly many people flourish well on unfermented bread, as the Indians, and our neighbours on the other side the Tweed, who, many of them, eat only oatmeal-cake, which never is fermented; because oatmeal, ricemeal, maize and millet, are incapable of fermentation. Wheat only, of all farinaceous foods will make fermented bread. Well, probably you like fermented bread the best, and as a general rule, if genuine, it will be nourishing and wholesome.

But there are persons upon whom fermented bread acts most injuriously; they cannot take starch, sugar, or *glucose*, as chemists call it, because their stomachs produce compounds, which hastily break up the *glucose*, and convert it into acid. Such people are obliged to eschew new soft bread, and take dry toast, and plain *biscuits* are preferred by them to any kind of bread, except it be that which is made by Dr. Daughlish's patent, and known to the public as *aërated bread*.

This bread is formed—I take the authority of Dr. Lankester—"by making the flour into dough with water containing carbonic-acid gas in solution." And this process is effected by a sort of soda-water apparatus, or *gazogene*; a quantity of water charged with carbonic acid being injected into a cylinder containing the flour, and then thoroughly mixed up with it. This is done by the aid of steam in the course of a few minutes, and the dough running out of the cylinder by a little valve, into tin cases, is carried to the oven and baked, during which process the carbonic acid is expelled, and the bread becomes *vesiculated*, that is, thrown into vesicles or holes, caused by the expansion of the gas in making its escape. Here you have no handling, no kneading, no waiting for the oven, as happens in the ordinary manufacture of the staff of life; the whole process is completed, ready for baking, in twenty or five and twenty minutes at the utmost, whereas, common bread has some-

times to stand "*to rise*" for many hours, nine or twelve occasionally, and involves a great expenditure of human labour. From the increasing number of establishments for the making of aerated bread, I should say it is becoming more appreciated by the public, and to persons of certain tendencies, I have no doubt it is a boon; but in cases of ordinary digestions, I think the regular yeast-made bread, *not too fine*, is best for family use. Why not always have brown bread as well as white upon your table? The expense would not be more than if you ate entirely of the usual bread; and certainly your health would be improved and your vigour much increased. The quantity of *water* which a well-baked wheaten loaf contains, amounts, *on an average*, to 45 or 46 per cent. Therefore, the bread we eat is nearly one half water, and is in fact both meat and drink together.

OATS are a favourite food in England for horses, and we think but little of the *meal of oats*, as a staple article of our daily food. But the Scotch we know, especially the poorer sort, eat little else by way of bread; and even in our own border-counties, taking in the north of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the labouring population exist principally on oaten-cake, and a very fine and stalwart race they are, generally speaking! Scotch oatmeal seems to be nearly akin to the bran of English wheat in its composition, since it contains, according to Professor Johnston, 14 per cent. of water, precisely the same quantity of gluten, viz., 18 per cent., the same of fat, 6 per cent., and only one less of starch, viz., 62, while bran has 63 per cent.

It is said that oatmeal used as *sole food*, without milk or other animal diet, produces irritability of the skin, aggravates skin diseases, and sometimes occasions boils, just as salt-meat sometimes occasions scurvy. Whether this be so or not,

I cannot pretend to say, for on this point authorities disagree, but we can scarcely imagine anyone so circumstanced as to be compelled to live for any length of time exclusively on oatmeal.

I told you in my last chapter of the *phosphates* of the human body, phosphate of lime, of soda, of potash, and of magnesia! The bones especially select and appropriate phosphate of lime, while the muscles take phosphates of potash, and magnesia; the cartilages prefer "to build in" phosphate of soda.

We are, of course, always wasting the phosphates, and our system cries for fresh supplies, or we "*go out*" like Mr. Stultus' fire! There are two sources of phosphate in our food, but the first great source is from *cereal* plants, which are *wheat*, barley, rye, rice, maize, and other grasses. From wheaten bread and flour we get the largest quantity of phosphates; the cereal itself taking up the phosphates from the soil. It is then of primary importance that we eat every day a certain quantity of thoroughly good *bread*, and if, when children cry for food before the proper meal time, they were accustomed to eat a simple slice of bread, instead of cakes, cold pudding, and divers kinds of trash, their constitutions would be infinitely benefited, their whole system strengthened, the natural fretfulness of childhood mitigated, and the child himself, not being used to pernicious sweets and improper delicacies, would be quite content, and like the bread as well as another likes his lump of heavy greasy cake! You must remember always that it is as cruel to try a child's stomach by giving it man's food to digest, as it would be to test the tender muscles and the gristly bones, with such labour as a full grown man performs. I intended to speak of arrowroot, tapioca, sago, and other farinaceæ, but space forbids, and we will talk about them, if we live, next month.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S MISCELLANY.

3. **COD FISH TO BOIL.**—Choose a fish which is plump and sound near the tail, and which has a deep hollow behind the head. The firmness of the flesh is, however, the great point by which to judge: press the finger into the flesh, and if it rise immediately the fish is good, if not it is stale; and the glutinous parts about the head lose their delicate flavour after the fish has been twenty-four hours out of the water. When the fish is large, and has to be divided, the head and shoulders always receive the preference. Cleanse the fish thoroughly, and rub a little salt over the thick part and the inside an hour or two before dressing it; lay it in the kettle with sufficient cold hard water to cover it, and with every quart of water two teaspoonfuls of salt: if a whole fish be covered with more than two or three inches of water the skin will crack, and the fish will not eat with so full a flavour. Never pour the water on the fish, and only keep it simmering; skim it carefully, and if the water boil away add a little, gently pouring it in at the side of the kettle, and by no means over the fish. Half an hour is an average time for dressing a Cod's head and shoulders, but you must calculate according to the weight of your fish; either more or less as the size may be. You may know when it is done by trying with a thin knife, if in the thick parts, the flesh is easily divided from the bone; if it firmly adheres it is not fully dressed; if it slips from the bone it is *over done*! This rule applies to all kinds of large fish boiled. Take it out, and drain it, and serve on a hot napkin, garnish with sliced lemon, horse-radish, and the liver of the fish. Oyster sauce is generally eaten with it.

4. **OYSTER SAUCE.**—Three dozen oysters will be sufficient for a party of six people. The oysters must be bearded if you wish a really good sauce. Open them carefully, strain the liquor, and add to it as much milk as will make in all half a pint. Mix one teaspoonful of flour with two ounces of butter very smoothly; put it in a saucepan, and pour in the milk and liquor, with just a little sprinkling of salt, and if liked a blade of mace. Keep stirring it one way over a clear fire, and let it boil quickly for a minute that it may thicken properly; put in the oysters,

and let them stand by the fire till thoroughly hot, but if the sauce boil after they are added it is spoiled, as the fish become leathery and tasteless. They should look quite *plump* when heated enough. Cream instead of milk, or part cream makes this sauce delicious. Some people add a squeeze of lemon, and some grate a little nutmeg while the oysters are plumping: if any mace be put in, it must of course be taken out before sending to table. Serve in a sauce turcen. If the beards are used fewer oysters are required, but the sauce is certainly inferior.

5. **SALT COD** should be soaked all night in water, in which is a quarter of a pint of good vinegar. Take it out, see that it is quite clean, and put it into the fish-kettle with sufficient cold water to cover it; let it heat gradually, and do not allow it to boil fast, or the fish will be *hard*. Skim well while boiling. Drain, and serve with egg sauce and parsnips. An hour will generally suffice for the cooking.

6. **EGG SAUCE.**—Boil till quite hard four or six eggs, according to the thickness of the sauce you require; they will be done enough in about twenty minutes. Let them lie in cold water for the same length of time, then strip off the shells and chop the eggs into little pieces, but not too fine. Make ready half a pint of melted butter, and stir in the eggs as it comes to boiling point, and serve very hot. You may make the melted butter with water instead of milk if you choose, but it must be very smooth.

7. **SALT COD, THE SECOND DAY.**—Carefully take the meat from the bones, and remove all the skin; chop up with the fish the residue of yesterday's parsnips, potatoes and egg sauce; put the whole into a pie-dish and bake in the oven for half an hour. It should be watched during the baking, and a little fresh butter laid on the top, if it seems to be getting too dry. Fresh cold Cod-fish sprinkled with salt, mixed with Oyster sauce, and covered with mashed potatoes, is also very good, baked in like manner.

8. **BEEF à la goût.**—When you are tired of your cold beef, and particularly when it is at all underdone, you may achieve a very nice dish quickly, and at little cost, in the following way:—

Cut thin slices of lean beef, which deposit in a pie-dish in layers, sprinkling each layer with salt and pepper, and a very little flour. You may add onions if you like, very finely sliced—or just before serving you may throw in a dozen oysters. In either case put your meat into the oven, with any gravy which may remain from the roast, and a tea-cup full of water, or broth; cover over to keep the steam in, and let it gently stew for an hour. Some persons prefer to boil the onions first till tolerably tender. It is not so nice served in the dish in which it is baked, but be

sure to send it to table in one which is thoroughly *hot*. Cold dishes spoil many a well cooked dinner.

N.B.—A tea-spoonful of Mushroom Catsup, or of "*Lea and Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce*," is an improvement.

9. A PLAIN CAKE.—Rub together half a pound of good beef-dripping, and a pound and a half of flour; add half a pound of sugar, and half a pound of carraway seeds. Mix all well together with a pint of new milk, to which is added a table-spoonful of carbonate of soda—Bake *directly*: an hour and a half in the oven will be sufficient.

FEBRUARY SONNETS.

UNNOTED month of desolate dark days,

Of frosts and thaws, wide floods and swollen streams,

And wearying drizzle—when most faintly gleams

The struggling sun, enshrouded in thy maze

Of ragged clouds,—gleams but on sudden wastes—

Old February fill-dyke! leafless trees

Moan back long wails of sorrow to the breeze

In quivering echoes, and anon rude blasts

Join their bass voices to the weirdish song.

Unpitied winter, shivering in the cold,

And shorn of Christmas strength, and waxing old,

Drenched oft by careless storms, totters along.

Shrill shrieks and frantic trumpetings of air

Sweep o'er the fields farewells of wild despair.

Yet, month of icy tears, thou holdest hidden

Blisses, rewarding patient search and skill;

As in our deepest griefs, love stayeth still,

Waiting to greet us when divinely bidden.

Our Sol-monath yields morning flowers; the Year

Smiles in his infancy. From nurturing sleep,

Buds, wakening one by one, begin to peep.

'Upon the world with curious looks, half fear:

The golden crocus shoots; the snowdrops pale,

Fair maids of February, above the snow

Lift their straight-veined green leaves. Wise gardeners sow

Our favourite mignonette; the homelier kale

And cabbage sprout: harsh missel-thrushes cry.

While early wood-larks make sweet melody. EDWARD W. H.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OAKHAM.—We may as well at once express our determination not to insert "*first attempts*."

A. K. B. B.—We cannot undertake to return copies of verses, and other short MSS.; the trouble would be endless. We have already some dozens of "*Lines*" and Poems which prudence compels us to decline.

DERBY.—The tone and matter is good, but there is too much of the *amateur* in the composition. Authorship does not come by intuition. "*Poeta nascitur et fit*" we believe to be the more literal truth.

N.B.—Rejected Articles cannot be returned unless accompanied by postage stamps for the purpose. Persons sending short pieces, poems, &c., should keep copies, as the Editor cannot be responsible for contributions of this nature. In all cases, it is indispensable that the full name and address of the author should be legibly written on the first page of all MSS. forwarded for approval.

THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1866.

THE FORTUNES OF CYRIL DENHAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

A QUIET SUNDAY.

Who shall paint the beauty of a Sabbath morning in the early spring? A morning still, and calm, and clear, the sky all pure from cloud or mist, the sunshine sleeping on the yet bare woods, that are, however, black and dead no longer, but purple, flushed with polished buds thick clustering on the interlacing branches! A morning, when the sweet south wind salutes you lovingly: not in boisterous embrace, like his rough and ready brothers of the north and west, or like that pitiless and relentless tyrant of the east, who chills your blood, and holds you shivering in his icy arms without compunction, though his cruel grasp should pale your face, turning the roses of your cheeks to dingy purple, or unhealthy blue, and

the lilies of your brow to ashen-grey! The south wind comes caressingly, in little balmy breezes, and wanders through your hair, and kisses you all tenderly and fragrantly, for his breath is perfumed with the odours of fresh flowers and newly up-turned soils, and piny exudations from the quickening forest-trees. And not a sound breaks the sacred stillness of the Sabbath morn, save the carols of the birds as they sing their matins in the woodland-choirs, and the solemn cawing of the rooks as they wheel about their lofty homes, high on the topmost branches of the tossing elms:—till presently the church-clock strikes and the bells begin to ring, and the south wind wafts their pleasant music over down and dale, now swelling high and loud, now dying faint and low, like echoes of some far off melody; and then—

"The halls from old heroic ages grey
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low
Send out their inmates in a happy flow
Like a freed vernal stream."

Such a morning rose in all its sweet spring beauty, on the Sunday after Cyril's visit to Forest Range,

when he came bearing his mother's ungracious acceptance of the invitation she had received from Lady

Ashburner, the week before, at her own dreary house of Monkswood. Agnes Craven was up betimes; she was dressing when the golden mists were fading from the hills: she watched the ruddy glow athwart the red-leaved beeches pale and die; and she thought with tender yearning of her own old home among the mountains, where the rising sun showed ruby-coloured vapours, and lighted up great woods of solemn pine, and sparkled in the wavelets of innumerable streams and clear broad lakes, whose shores were lovely with the vernal green of early spring.

But though, as the dear familiar scene rose up in all its fair, wild, beauty, a great longing filled her heart to gaze again on fell, rushing river and reed-fringed mere and tarn, she was not unhappy. Oh no! in some way, mysteriously enough, she thought life at Forest Range was already very sweet and pleasant; she felt at home; she could assimilate with these new friends easily and happily; whereas, since her father's death, she had been very much alone, her aunt being as differently constituted from herself as you can well imagine. Indeed, Mrs. Ainslie and her niece never, as we say, "got on together." Agnes, trained in habits of obedience, and accustomed to regard unqualified submission to the will of elders as a cardinal virtue in young people, did not indeed often come to issues with her aunt, but she felt very often that if it were not so very wrong she would dearly like to start up in rebellion, and at once and for ever shake off a thralldom which was certainly, to say the least of it, unwise and most oppressive. Mrs. Ainslie—now Mrs. Atkinson, only every body seemed to concur in calling her still by the name of her first husband—had a great opinion of feminine reserve, an upright carriage, undeviating propriety of demeanour, and a thorough cultivation of the art of needlework. All good enough things in their way, undoubtedly; but the best of things carried too far becomes as much a nuisance as the worst! It was very

provoking never to be allowed to speak your mind, never to have an opinion of your own; if you tried to discuss any subject to be told that you were unlady-like, or perhaps indelicate; to sit always perfectly erect, not *poking* as you valued your peace for days and days to come; your shoulders down, your elbows back, your feet uncrossed, and if you were really conscientious,—in the first position! Ah! that "*first position*!" I wonder whether as a mild form of torture it was ever used by tyrants and persecutors of the olden time? After standing many hours with your heels pressed together, and your toes diverging as far as nature would permit, and your hands stiffening on the arms of an uncompromising "back-board," I think you would be quite ready to succumb to any thing that did not absolutely involve dishonour, sacrilege, or perfidy. It was provoking too to sit and stitch by the thread through sunny summer afternoons, and glorious autumn mornings and evenings, when the earth and sky were all one glow of pomp and festal splendour; especially if you felt that "making shirts" was not your vocation, and never could be while books lay waiting to be read, and nature beckoned you to come out into the sunshine, where she would receive you with a radiant smile and open arms.

And this was Agnes Craven's portion for four years of her life; she had to live by rule, and one day was to be precisely like another, and she must learn to make shirts, though she had no near male relation living, and to make them too as shirts were made in the good old days, when such wicked, lazy things as sewing-machines were all undreamt of, to make them perfectly and expeditiously and *solemnly*; with rows on rows of stitching, and "gusset, and band, and seam," all sewed like "strings of pearls," seed-pearls of course, the smallest of their kind. And the gathers were to be "set-in" with infinite precision and due pains, and when the ruffles were hemmed and whipped, and the front was duly ornamented, and the huge

collar in its place and the whole garment finished, then came the marking with fine crimson thread, on threads finer still. The whole name sometimes, alas, with number and with date! No wonder that our grandmothers took to spectacles so early.

But strange to say, though shirt-making was for one while the chief point in her education, Agnes Craven never made a shirt; her needles had a trick of breaking, her cotton would get tangled, and oh, so dirty! her hands grew damp and warm, even in frosty winter days, and as all that was not done well was immediately unpicked, and as Agnes seldom did do stitching or seaming, or gathering or setting-in really and truly *well*, as Mrs. Ainslie counted "well," at least; it is not surprising that the unlucky shirt became a sort of Penelope's web, and grew to be so limp and ravelled, and so jagged with sundry cuts from hasty scissors in would-be expeditious "pickings out" that it was laid aside, a sorrowful memento of idleness and incapacity, and want of character generally.

Then Mrs. Ainslie was anxious that her niece should become an adept in fancy-work! and here she had a little more success, but when all was said and done Agnes flew from her work-basket with delight, and to her piano-forte with something like rapture, or escaped, if she could, into the woods, or on the heath, or "anywhere, anywhere out of the world" of prying eyes and stiff rebukes and perennial finding fault that was never in the sére and yellow leaf, but in full bloom and had the whole year round from New Year's Day to Christmas.

Harassed and worried and almost persecuted by the well-intentioned but injudicious kinswoman who was only making the too common mistake of forcing a convolvulus to grow after the manner of a standard rose, Agnes ran the risk of becoming morbid, cross, sullen, and ridiculously sentimental. But at this era, when she was just sixteen, and when a crisis seemed most imminent, as the youthful will grew

stronger, and the reigning power required the same unreasoning obedience that had been exacted in the days of childhood,—a friend of her father's visiting the lakes seeing her so quaint and dull, and self-repressed, so thoroughly unlike a girl without an earthly care, just blossoming into womanhood, asked her aunt to permit her to accompany him with his wife and only daughter on a continental tour which was to last a year.

As might be expected, the answer was decidedly a negative; Mrs. Ainslie did not think foreign travel good for women, her niece would learn French ways, she would turn Papist, she would read light books, and her morals would be corrupted. But Mr. Harold was not the man to take "No!" for an answer; he persevered in his suit, Mrs. Harold united with him, and they jointly prayed, and argued, and flattered, and importuned, till at length consent was won, and the young girl, who had never travelled further south than Kendal, found herself on the way to London, where her new friends lived, whence after a week or two of rest and needful preparation they were to set out for Switzerland and Italy, returning by way of Germany and Belgium or France the following year.

That was a happy time to Agnes, those fifteen months of travel would ever be a bright spot in her life. The Harolds were excessively rich and excessively kind; and they spared neither pains nor money to make the journey a delight to her and to their only child, a sickly, irritable girl, finding little pleasure in the scenery that kindled Agnes' enthusiasm to the highest pitch. Still, when the time came to return to England she was well content, and actually glad to see her aunt, glad almost to rapture to behold again the mountains rising round her home, to her not a whit less grand and beautiful for her Alpine and Rhine experiences. Shortly afterwards, like a shock of sudden tempest, came Mrs. Ainslie's imprudent marriage, proving that very wise women have generally some weak

point, and may be betrayed into doing very foolish things. It was obvious to all parties that Agnes had better find another home, and indeed her father's will provided that she should be transferred to her other guardian in case Mrs. Ainslie should contract a second marriage. And so it came to pass that Agnes went to live at Forest Range, and that the bright and genial atmosphere, the placid dignity so far removed from dulness or monotony, and the pleasant companionship of the home that had opened wide its arms to take her in, made her very quietly happy and filled her girlish heart with sweet and full content, new hopes, as yet quite vague and undefined, and bright imaginings of brighter days to come.

She had been tutored and trained, and moulded and repressed by her aunt till all the antagonism of her nature was provoked, and she was quite inclined to scorn all conventionalities, make mock of precedents, and speak out perhaps too freely that which filled a heart beating high with youth's first glow and ardour, and youth's confidence that all *was* gold that glittered. Her residence abroad had saved her from such an unhappy consummation; she had learned how wide the great world is, and how much that seems like gold is only counterfeit; she had learned respect for social institutions, for a certain staidness of demeanour, and above all for reticence of speech. Mrs. Ainslie could not but confess that Agnes had returned to her exceedingly improved; and Agnes herself perceived that there were certain elements of reason in the code of laws by which she had been trained.

Also she had cherished a certain philosophical spirit, which doubtless she inherited from her father, as well as a deeply poetical tendency, received from the same source. And at Forest Range she found the best parts of her character fostered and developed, while the foibles that she knew right well were her worst enemies seemed likely to die out for want of nourishment. To a mind

only moderately well regulated it seemed impossible to be naughty at Forest Range.

And this was what Agnes was thinking about, as on that pleasant Sunday morning she watched the glistening dew-drops twinkling in the sun, and all her soul was full of gladness, not wild, rapturous joy, though there were passing thrills of that; but a quiet dreamy peace, that made her look back tenderly on her uneventful past, and hopefully, oh! so hopefully, to the future. Not the smallest element in her happiness was her friendship with Cyril Denham; they understood each other; he gave her his confidence, he told her of his aspirations and his fears, of his efforts,—they were not many by the way,—and of his failures, which numbered up agreed precisely with his efforts. But the deep poetry of his nature and his love of abstract speculative thought so chimed in with her own tendencies that the two natures seemed as it were to interweave and make one melody. She did not know it, but already her "Psalm of Life" was incomplete, without those low sad minor chords that had struck her as sweet perplexed music on the very first evening of her acquaintance with Mr. Denham.

She almost dreaded the advent of the expected visitors. Cyril's mother! she would love her for his sake, and reverence her, if that were possible, but she felt very doubtful whether she would be regarded in a favourable light. And Cyril's sister; she was not prepossessed when contemplating the little bits of character which Elizabeth had unconsciously sketched out, mere word etchings, certainly, but wonderfully suggestive.

"We have been so comfortable," she said to herself, still musing on; "it has been a charming time, these last three weeks, since, timidly and almost drearily, I came to Forest Range. We have had such pleasant talks, such delightful readings, such nice rambles, such charming interludes of study. Lady Ashburner is so sweet and good; even looking at her seems to make me better, and when we converse together I feel

lifted out of myself, out of selfishness and selfish aims, and I long to live worthily and nobly, as she does. She is so kind, I can tell her nearly all my thoughts. She remembers still the struggles, the mistakes, the impatience of her own youth, and she invites my confidence by her gentleness and sympathy. If I had passed all my days with her I should have been far wiser and far better than I am. Yes, I am quite content with our present state of home affairs; and I shall be glad when our guests depart, and we subside again into our ordinary routine. Shall I be as happy when that time shall come as now I am? Something whispers—no! But then is it necessary to be happy,—and what is happiness? Ah! there I get bewildered. What is happiness to yonder servant-maid would not be happiness to me; and that which is happiness to me would be simply disgusting to many girls, I know; to Fanny Harold, for instance, who, of all things, hates a quiet studious life! Is happiness then, possessing just exactly what we wish for most? If all that sages and divines teach us be indeed the truth, it is not so. Happiness is a subtle thing, capricious and mysterious. Ah, I fancy we very much make or mar our happiness ourselves; indeed, I know we ought to rise superior to circumstances; but then it really is very charming when circumstances shape themselves entirely to our pleasure, as mine do just now. But how long will this last? The whole history of mankind, both general and individual, teaches us that life is but an April-day, now sunshine and now gloom, now calm, now storm!"

Agnes had half hoped that Cyril would walk over to afternoon church; by the meadows it was little more than five miles to Monkswood, and something had been said about it on the Thursday evening before he went away. She wished to ask Elizabeth if he were expected; but, without exactly knowing why, she had not liked to make Cyril in any way the subject of her conversations with Miss Ashburner, since that walk across the Ashchurch Downs,

and she was almost inclined to fancy, too, that Elizabeth had been a shade less cordial since that day; but then it was her wont to be very variable in manner: sweet tempered, and courteous always, but sometimes strangely taciturn, and sometimes overflowing with merriment and brilliant chattiness. Agnes used to think at that time, that Miss Ashburner's witty, pleasant stream of words, was very like some French Memoirs she had read with eager interest, only without the scandal. For charity was indeed the rule of Forest Range, and evil-speaking was never encouraged for a moment. If nothing good remained to be said of any person, it was understood that the possible or apparent evil of his speech and doings must not be canvassed there. But the early dinner passed, and Elizabeth and Janet Anstruther went as usual to the Sunday-school; and Lady Ashburner paid her weekly visit to a poor old pensioner, bedridden for many years, who always looked forward to the Sunday afternoon as to this brightest spot of all the week, when she would be read to, and prayed with, and when she would have some "comforting discourse with my lady." For it was understood by all the villagers that my Lady Ashburner and Betty Crump were special friends.

And Cyril did not come, so Agnes was fain to comfort herself with the prospect of his arrival on Tuesday; only then he would not come alone.

That afternoon as Janet and Elizabeth were walking home from church, Cyril's name was mentioned: quite casually as it seemed, and after several trivial remarks, Elizabeth put the startling question, "Cousin Janet, do you not think Cyril is becoming very fond of Agnes Craven?"

"My dear," returned Miss Anstruther, quite gravely; "do you mean in any special sense?"

"Well, no! or rather—I am not sure. I think he likes to talk to her amazingly."

"That is not surprising; they suit each other very well. She is very clever, and has somewhat of

his peculiar temperament, only she is stronger, more self-reliant, and can separate the Ideal from the Real, which I am convinced Cyril cannot, or does not always do. I think Miss Craven may be of great use to Cyril Denham; I can see she understands him better than the rest of us."

"I do not see how that can be; they have known each other little better than a fortnight; surely we, who have known him all our lives, and mamma, who has so much insight into character, must understand him better than a stranger."

"My dear, there are some persons who may live with each other for a life-time, and be bound together by the closest, holiest ties, without full comprehension of each other's real character; for it is not perception nor tact that gives the key in every case; while again there are natures [whose affinities are so undoubted, that they flash into union at once. This is one of those mysteries of humanity that mere intellect can never solve."

"And you think Cyril Denham and Miss Craven have these—affinities?"

"It seems like it. Your mamma thinks so as well as myself, and she is glad of it—glad that Cyril should have a friend who—"

"May one day be more than a friend!" broke in Miss Ashburner, impetuously.

"Perhaps so, but on that point we need not speculate, certainly not yet. Miss Craven would not like it; she would feel constrained at once, did she know we joined her name in that way with Cyril's. And Cyril himself would be displeased—he would think it unsisterly in us, for whom he feels a brother's true affection."

Nothing more was said, for just then the end of the wood was reached, and Sir John appeared ready to join them for the rest of the way home, which was not very long.

That evening Miss Ashburner excused herself from family prayers, which on Sunday night were always conducted from eight to half-past eight o'clock. She had a terrible

headache, she said, and must go to bed, for her German master was coming in the morning, and she had a world of practising to do, and she wanted to put the finishing touches to Mrs. Erskine's dressing-room herself; she had ordered the gardener to have some plants in readiness, &c., &c. And after Sir John had felt her pulse, and advised her to drink a tumbler full of cold water the last thing—his invariable recipe in cases of slight indisposition—she went away, and was seen no more, till she came all glowing and smiling into the breakfast-room on Monday morning. She had been into the garden and gathered a bouquet, and the air and exercise had made her truly radiant. She had forgotten all about her headache, and Sir John, for the fiftieth time, sang a Pean in honour of a draught of clear cold Adam's wine.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ERSKINES.

Tuesday came, and with it of course more or less of bustle; for a quiet family, however perfect in its arrangements, cannot fail to be in some degree disturbed from the unbroken tenor of its way, when eight guests and several servants are to be added to its circle. The Denhams were the first arrival.

They came about four o'clock in the afternoon, in the old lumbering family coach in which Mrs. Denham always travelled when she paid a visit. Such a coach! It must have been an antique even in her bridal days. Cyril believed that his grandfather had caused it to be built on the occasion of his own marriage. Certainly what was wanting in taste and modern elegance was atoned for by spaciousness. Four ladies might have gone in it to Court on Presentation-day, in the most extensive hoops with billowy breadths of gauze and silk and ærophone, and have alighted at St. James's with their finery uninjured, which is more than can be said for any modern vehicle I ever saw. It was a carriage to go

to Siberia in, or to the Equator, as far as roominess and convenience for packages might be considered; but then it was in a most dilapidated state; the body had been mended more than once since Cyril could remember; the wheels had been repaired, the panels varnished by old Darke himself, and once he had tried to touch up the faded coat-of-arms, of which Mrs. Denham was intensely proud, in spite of her stern renunciation of worldly pomps and vanities in general. But the Denham arms, quartered with her own—for she had been an heiress—were a pomp she never dreamed of giving up; crests, and escutcheons, and heraldic honours, and such-like patrician vanities were decidedly her “little weakness.” And yet she quoted St. Peter to Lady Ashburner, because she sometimes wore a diamond necklace on occasions of great ceremony, and she scolded Elizabeth severely, for the money spent at her instigation on her latest hobby—the new fernery. The Denham coach, like a dismantled hearse, drove up to Forest Range; the horses were post-horses from “The George,” for the Monkswood stables had been empty now for many a year; and they, that is the quadrupeds, seemed quite ashamed of drawing such a lumbering concern, which ought by rights to have given up the ghost in some carriage-breaker’s yard, a quarter of a century since.

Out of the depths, the musty, fusty depths of this black, yawning sepulchre, Cyril presently emerged. He handed out his mother reverently, and she came down the steps—which were really a short flight of stairs, the carriage being hung so high—like a female undertaker, if such a thing there be, marshalling a funeral on its way. Then Sally Hawkes appeared, and Cyril helped her down the shaky steps with all due care and courtesy, and then the two young people proceeded to drag out a huge cap-basket, several gaping bags, filled apparently with needle-work, for a ball of worsted tumbled out of one, and knitting-pins obtruded from another, a travelling-trunk, coeval with the coach, a dozen

or two of soberest-looking volumes, bound in dingy calf—sermons, no doubt, and theological treatises, since the library at Forest Range did not include the writings of Mrs. Denham’s favourite authors, and no others would she condescend to read or listen to. Lastly came Cyril’s own *valise*, which looked ridiculously new, standing among its venerable fellow-travellers: and all the while that Sally and Mr. Denham were emptying the huge receptacle, Job Darke, most imperturbable of serving-men, sat sourly on the box.

“It is a regular Noah’s Ark, I declare!” said Miss Craven, as she watched the result of her friend’s exertions, and admired his patience and good temper as he obeyed uncomplainingly his mother’s high behests. It was some minutes before they entered the house, for though the Forest Range servants had flown immediately to the help of the young man, and their favourite, Miss Sally Hawkes, Mrs. Denham had imperatively waved them back.

The weather had changed since Sunday, changed abruptly and completely as it often does in March, and the balmy breezes of the south had given place to keen north-eastern blasts, which threatened snow, and sent the mercury down to shivering point. It was a bitter day, and the slow ride in that heavy, draughty vehicle, had pinched the Denhams’ toes and fingers, and turned their noses blue. Mrs. Denham looked more grim than usual, with her face all punckred with the cold, and the drive had certainly not conduced to render her more amiable. It was a relief when she had gone to her own chamber, and was shut in with Sally Hawkes,—“Only,” as Elizabeth whispered to Agnes, “she must come out again before dinner, and it was awful to think what Sally must endure.” And she did come out again, half an hour before any one else was dressed; and when Elizabeth, in all the glories of a splendid rich blue silk, rustled into the drawing-room, she found Mrs. Denham sitting by the fire, on the hardest chair the room afforded,

knitting away as vigorously as if her life depended upon the completion of so many rounds within a given time. The knitting itself was a large gray stocking meant for Cyril's wear, and Sally Hawkes was reading to her from one of the frowsty tomes they had brought with them from Monkswood. As Elizabeth came in, Mrs. Denham sharply bade Sally shut the book,—“for it's not your kind of literature,” she assured Miss Ashburner; “it would be well for you if your mother made you read Divinity for certain hours a day; it would stand you in better stead than jabbering strange languages, and spending precious time in running up and down piano-forte keys. I suppose you never read a religious book?”

“I read the Bible,” said Elizabeth timidly, half frightened at her guest's harsh tone; “and mamma reads it with me every morning, and now Agnes joins us. It is what we never neglect, however busy we may be.”

One would have imagined that this information would have mollified Mrs. Denham, and led her to suspend her censures; but she went on,—“What Commentary does your mother use?”

“Not any one in particular. We use reference Bibles, and compare one text with another. But sometimes we refer to a Commentary published by the Tract Society. Papa and mamma like it very much: it is by Scott, and—”

“The Tract Society publishes nothing that is really good,” remarked Mrs. Denham, with a great click of her needles. Elizabeth stood aghast; she had been taught to think far differently of that great institution in Paternoster Row. Sally coolly took up some finer knitting on her own account; she was never allowed to sit with “idle hands,” lest the devil should find them immediately “work to do.” It never occurred to Mrs. Denham, however, that hands *might* be employed, and thoughts be dangerously idle all the while, and she never suspected what really was the truth, that Sally from long habit read page

after page of sermons on “Degrees of Punishment,” “Free Will,” and “Reprobation,” without taking in the meaning of the words. It was well for her that she could do this, since the theology of those ill-printed sermons was infinitely more horrible than the type, and that is a bold assertion, and Sally's religion was just pure and simple Gospel as she read it in the Book of books! She did not look concerned when she heard the Tract Society rapped so smartly on the knuckles, for she was used to such assertions; she would not have testified surprise had her patroness assured her that the Four Evangelists were very worldly men!

But Elizabeth felt herself called upon to say a word of defence for the slandered institution, to which her father liberally subscribed. “Oh, Mrs. Denham, think of all the useful tracts!”

“Carnal, my dear, very carnal! I have seen strong Arminian views in those tracts.”

As Elizabeth did not know Arminian from Buddhist views, she was not in a condition to make reply, so she shifted her ground;—“but that nice magazine, Mrs. Denham, that is just come out—the *Leisure Hour*?”

“Trash, Elizabeth, trash! Treacle and water, with a little poison in it!”

Miss Ashburner was getting angry. “Mamma does not think so,” she said: “we take it in for ourselves, and also for the elder girls in cousin Janet's school!”

“I dare say! and Sally Hawkes reads it, and so does Cyril; but then Sally reads romances, and so you all do here, I know.”

“We read *some* novels,” said Elizabeth with dignity; “only the very best; and I have never yet read a book of the kind without mamma's permission.”

“All novels are alike foolish and wicked, and it is sin to read them,” persisted Mrs. Denham. “There is Cyril, now, reads *Blackwood*!”

“Surely there is no harm in *Blackwood*!”

“Is there any good?”

"I always thought there was. It is always on our library table."

Mrs. Denham groaned, and dropped a stitch, and could not pick it up, and before she had regained her equanimity, which was always shaken by such a catastrophe, in came Sir John and Cyril, and Janet Anstruther. Sir John had taken Cyril out to see his pigs, and Cyril, albeit he professed great interest in juvenile porkers, was shaking with cold, and he rushed to the hearth to warm his benumbed fingers, exclaiming, "Oh! so miserably frigid!"

Mrs. Denham looked up reprovingly, and replied: "such weather as God pleases to send to us, His sinful creatures, cannot be miserable!"

No one appeared inclined to gain-say this opinion; yet Sir John, looking out across the lawn, and seeing the wandering flakes begin to fall, wondered what Mrs. Denham would say if she had to walk to South-chester with the biting north-east wind and the driving snow full in her face! He was half inclined to wish that she would make the trial.

"The Erskines will not have a pleasant journey," said Sir John, as the flakes fell faster, and the ground began to whiten. "I should think they must be here soon. I heard the train whistling for the tunnel nearly half an hour ago."

"They stop, of course, at Fair-church station?"

"Yes! I have sent the carriage, and I saw to the foot-warmers myself. Cyril nearly burnt his fingers with them. Elizabeth, I hope the fires are blazing finely in Mrs. Erskine's rooms?"

"Oh, yes, papa, trust Roberts for that: she has the art of getting a fire up to perfection at the exact moment a visitor arrives. Mine always burn out too soon, or else burn up too late. I nurse up a fire with as much solicitude as if it were a child, and then introduce my friend to a heap of glowing cinders in their last stage of redness, or else to a grate-full of smoking coals that will not blaze let me poke and hammer at them as I will."

"Ah! there is a science in getting up good fires," said Sir John, stroking fondly the bright braids of his daughter's hair. Mrs. Denham looked as if she thought everybody sadly frivolous, and presently, still clicking at her needles with an energy that made one really nervous, heaved a deep sigh, and remarked: "This is an age of luxuries; in my young days there were no such things as foot-warmers. Young people then never thought of fires in their own rooms, unless, indeed, they were so ill as to need the doctor; and girls, healthy girls, were not allowed to lounge about in easy chairs, or throw themselves on couches. Even school-rooms now have soft-backed chairs, and have mattresses on the reclining boards; in my day we had only forms, common, hard deal benches, and we stood to say our lessons with our hands upon our shoulders, and our feet in the first position."

"Now really!" said Sir John; "I never imagined, Mrs. Denham, that you knew aught about such worldly vanities. To think now, you uphold the 'first position'; you must have learned to dance!"

"My parents, Sir John, were un-enlightened people, and I learned many things that were objectionable; among others, I was taught to dance minuets and cotillions; but permit me to observe, the *positions* may be acquired in mere deportment lessons, and I have no objection to deportment, if not carried too far."

"Mrs. Denham!" said Sir John, seriously, "I have no doubt that the spinal complaints of nine-tenths of the delicate girls of half a century ago, were traceable to those abominable wooden benches, and to the practice of standing up in class, an hour at a time."

"I grew up as straight as a dart, Sir John, I never knew what it was to be tired."

"That was the reason you grew up so straight! Had you been weakly, you would probably have had curvature of the spine."

Mrs. Denham was beginning another tirade against the enervat-

ing tendencies of a degenerate race, when there were sounds of an arrival, and Mr. and Mrs. Erskine were announced. Cyril and Elizabeth left the room together; and while Cyril carried in his little niece, and Elizabeth saluted Mrs. Erskine, Mrs. Denham put away her knitting, and seated herself in the most approved style of the deportment masters of the Regency. At the same moment, Lady Ashburner appeared; she had been detained by a woman from the village, who came up with news of a child nearly burnt to death, and a request for cotton-wool.

Mrs. Erskine walked in, a mass of cloaks and shawls and furs; she was very tall and very stately—stately in her ways, and in right stately fashion she kissed her mother's cheek. Though her words were affable, her tones were icy as the cold air that came in with her, and it was only to Elizabeth that she seemed fully to unbend; she was evidently prepared to pet Elizabeth and make much of her. When she came down to dinner, which was very quickly afterwards, Agnes Craven saw that she really was very much like Cyril. Only she was in truth, far handsomer! Her skin was like white marble, but her bloom was perfect, so delicately, softly roseate; her figure a little inclined to *enbonpoint*, but only just so far as suited her tall regal stature; her features were classically regular; her eyes deep azure blue, fringed with long brown sweeping lashes, and her lovely golden hair hung in luxuriant ringlets round her snowy throat. She was quite as beautiful in another way as Elizabeth Ashburner, Agnes thought, and yet she could not possibly admire her half as much. To Agnes it was a perfect feast to gaze upon a truly lovely face, but there was something in the cold light of Mrs. Erskine's violet eyes, in the bend of her proud neck, in the very gesture of her ivory hand, sparkling with rich jewels, repelled, while it sublimely if Cyril lacked and worldly wisdom, and his share of these

utilitarian virtues, as well as her own. She was not the person to dream her life away; neither poetry nor metaphysics had any charms for her; she was a woman who would have played her part successfully in courts, had opportunity permitted; she had a talent for diplomacy, for political intrigue, and she had done her *possible* in this direction, at the viceregal court of Dublin. Yes! there was power, and strength, and steadfastness of purpose, and great ambition too, in every line of Mrs. Erskine's exquisitely handsome face!

But then she was married to a man without ambition; a good-natured, kind-hearted, frank, ingenuous fellow, who would do his best, in a simple way, to make all around him happy. He was very rich, and of good family; he was not very clever nor particularly good-looking; but he saw Lucretia Denham at the house of one of the cathedral dignitaries in Southchester, fell in love with her, proposed, and was accepted.

She had been so shut up, so thoroughly kept under—this proud, ambitious girl; her high spirit had been so curbed, her opportunities of ascertaining her exact position so singularly few, and her desire to escape from the dreary walls of Monkswood so vehement,—that she at once accepted the love-enthralled John Erskine, and persisted in marrying him, though her mother said him nay, and advised her to live a single life, and devote herself to works of piety. But a single life and works of piety, as Mrs. Denham interpreted them, meant painful economy, entire separation from society, the reading of much mouldy theology, and wearing mortified apparel. Lucretia very naturally declined; she knew full well that the fortunes of the Denhams were nearly at the lowest ebb; and here was Mr. Erskine, asking her to share his fortunes, which were a perpetual in-coming tide; for he had mines, and railway shares, and *such a balance* at his banker's! So the strong-minded mother, altogether

amazed at the sudden strong-mindedness of a girl who had been obedient all her life, actually gave way. Miss Denham had a splendid settlement, but she went as empty-handed to her wealthy husband, as if she had been a hard-worked seamstress, or a third-rate daily governess. She did not even take with her the usual *trousseau* which young ladies of family think indispensable; for the best of reasons, that she had not more money than sufficed to buy her wedding-gown and bonnet, and a few inexpensive garments, which she really could not do without. She was too proud to run in debt—too conscientious *à son*, it is but justice to remark.

Not that she accused herself with contracting debts in later days, she had no temptation to that perilous and most exciting game. When your husband holds out money with both hands perpetually, you must indeed consider debt a luxury, if still you will incur it. And Mr. Erskine was exactly such a model husband; he even gave his wife blank cheques to fill up at her pleasure; and he never had the bad taste to inquire what she did with them! An enviable woman! as many an aristocratic dame in Dublin said and thought!

A sweet little girl of five came in with the dessert—Mrs. Erskine's only child, and Mr. Erskine's of course—only nobody ever dreamed of attributing any kind of possession to that gentleman; the house in Merriion Square was Mrs. Erskine's, so was the lovely villa on Killiney Bay, the servants all were hers, the pew at Church, the orchard, houses, and the pineries, and of course this little daughter!

Never had anybody in the world a clearer and stronger sense of "*meum*," with so decided an inclination to ignore "*tuum*," as far as her liege lord and master was concerned! Yet the world considered John and Lucretia Erskine a very happy pair!

Little Lucy sat upon her uncle's knee, daintily munching candied-apricots, much to Mrs. Denham's horror, for she was not quite sure

that it was not pampering the flesh sinfully to eat such things at all! Only they certainly were very nice; and at her age, and with her settled habits of self-discipline, it did not matter, just for once or so, just while she stayed at Forest Range, where they kept habitually a shamefully luxurious table. But with a child it was another case; she ought to have had some bread and milk, and gone to bed: whereas, as she gathered from sundry revelations, uttered in a silvery voice, that Miss Erskine had dined on chicken and rhubarb-tart, and had been dressed, and was quite ready for fruits, candied or uncandied, and biscuits at discretion! "Cyril!" she said at length uneasily, "you are doing that child harm, why not have given her one of those small apples, or half an orange, and perhaps a fig! Figs are good for children just one at a time; Lucy, put down that nasty sugary stuff, and have a fig."

"Tant you Drandmama!" replied Miss Lucy, courteously, like a little lady, as she was; "but the atritot is very nice, not nasty at all; and I can have a fid any time I like, nurse always keeps a bots of fids for me."

And then Elizabeth, Agnes, and Cyril, and even Lady Ashburner went into raptures with her pretty lisping tongue, which ignored at least half a dozen consonants of the English alphabet. I dare say it really is very senseless, but to many people, men as well as women, the prattle of a child who cannot turn its k's, and p's, and g's, is irresistible! I must say, I like sometimes to hear a little lad or maiden chattering just as Miss Lucy Erskine did, when she declined a "fid!"

Cyril, however, was not exactly wise, neither was Elizabeth, and the two, with Miss Craven for accomplice, would soon have made little Lucy ill; had not that discreet young maiden herself affirmed, "I tant tate no more; mamma says I must eat only one sing at dessert; I should lite a little more atritot, but I musn't have dried sheries!"

From which genuine speech you may infer that Mrs. Erskine understood the art of government, and trained her little daughter wisely. Ah! wisdom of a certain sort Mrs. Erskine did not lack, the art of governing prudently was hers in all its fulness.

After dinner, while the ladies gossiped over their coffee-cups, Mrs. Denham progressed rapidly with her stocking; she was narrowing the heel, or doing something at the heel that involved much careful counting, and she did not join in conversation. When the gentlemen appeared, she grimly kissed Elizabeth and Mrs. Erskine, and said "good night," carrying off Sally Hawkes to the upper regions. And no one saw her again till next morning, when she appalled the housemaids by taking up her quarters, knitting and all, in the breakfast-room, while the dusters were still in requisition, and the fire newly lighted. Sally had read aloud the "Meditation for the Day," and the best part of a sermon, before anybody else came down. Lady Ashburner, shocked at Sally's faint look and totally exhausted voice, gave orders that a cup of tea should be taken to Mrs. Denham and to Miss Hawkes, every morning at half-past seven, during their stay at Forest Range. A piece of consideration for which Sally was devoutly thankful; for she was not so strong as she had been, and Mrs. Denham with her iron constitution, was merciless through want of thought.

CHAPTER X.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

Two days afterwards the party at Forest Range was augmented by the arrival of Elizabeth's old school-fellow, Miss Kate Gower, and her brother. Miss Gower was a merry, open-hearted girl, moderately clever, but scarcely moderately pretty. Yet when you had known her a few days, and especially if you had been rather poorly, or in any little trouble, you would begin to think her square cheeks and chin, her want of complexion, and her decidedly snub nose, far from

unattractive. And then she had beautiful honest eyes, of no particular colour indeed, but beaming with the truth, with purity of mind, and kindness beyond description. She had plenty of good common sense, and used it too, and like the little fountain bubbling through the herbage, she had learned to "do good secretly." She became a great ally of Sally Hawkes at once, and volunteered to read sometimes to Mrs. Denham, if that lady would permit an interchange of duties; Kate undertaking the miserably printed sermons, and Sally joining the walking or riding party, or the merry circle in the morning-room, where music, drawing, literature, and chat filled up the hours when the weather kept them in the house.

It was astonishing how Sally mended, even in the first week of her visit at Forest Range; there was a little colour in her sallow cheeks, and she lost something of the prim old-maidish air, which had distinguished her of late. Poor Sally! these were halcyon days; only Monkswood would seem so much drearier when she went away. In the mean time, however, every one conspired to make her happy. Sir John and Lady Ashburner treated her, not only as a welcome, but as an honoured guest; there was no side-table, no grate-less attic, for her, no put-offs, or make-shifts of any kind, such as generally fell to the lot of a poor "companion," who accompanies her lady on a visit. Elizabeth petted her to her heart's content whenever she had the opportunity, and Agnes Craven liked nothing better than a quiet half-hour with Sally Hawkes.

Mr. Gower did not at all resemble his sister; he was strikingly handsome, brilliant in conversation, aristocratic in his general aspect, and languidly indifferent to everything which did not concern himself. Cyril did not like him; Agnes regarded him with something bordering on disfavour, and Sir John and Lady Ashburner, while they strove to be as cordial to him as to his sister, blamed themselves for a coldness they could not overcome. Mrs.

Denham said at once he was "a son of Belial," and told him so within a day of his arrival, but he only shrugged his shoulders, French fashion, and declared that she was a "most charmingly original old lady."

A week's frost followed the gathering of the party at Forest Range, and there was a great deal done in skating on the streams that intersect the valley of the Ilster, about the villages of Ashchurch and Fairchurch, and Forest Range; they were frozen "gloriously," the gentlemen declared, and many a pleasant hour was spent upon the ice, the ladies, wrapped in furs and velvets, laughing at the cold. But there were some days when there was no going beyond the stables, when the ladies were compelled to take their exercise in the gallery or to have a game of romps with little Lucy; and what with walks across the snowy meadows, sharp constitutions in the sheltered portion of the grounds, when for an hour or two the sun came out, loiterings in the greenhouse and long mornings in the library, the intimacy between Agnes and Cyril Denham progressed most satisfactorily. That is, satisfactorily to themselves. Mrs. Denham looked on grimly, biding her time till it should seem good to her to frown her son into obedience and to sink Miss Craven fathoms deep in shame and penitence. Another person looked on disapprovingly though smilingly. She too resolved to bide her time, and take care that nothing came of "such a folly." No, no! that would not do at all; the worldly sister and the unworldly mamma both agreed in this,—that Cyril *must* marry money. He had none of his own; but he was of ancient family and attractive presence, and he must woo and win an heiress and so reclaim the scattered lands of Monkswood. And of all this Cyril was utterly unconscious; both mother and sister had had the great good sense not to tell him what it behoved him to achieve in the way of matrimony, for there was just a chance that so instructed he might turn restive on their

hands and marry some fair girl simply because he liked her and because she had no money. Cyril had just a spark of his mother in his composition, but it needed something like a hurricane to fan it to a flame.

So he went on contentedly enough, reading and talking with Miss Craven, discussing philosophy and poetry, criticizing popular authors, and comparing notes on certain mental experiences. And Mrs. Denham wished Vivian Gower would marry her; he was rich enough to wed a slender fortune, such as Agnes must possess. Mrs. Erskine felt a little like her namesake of the house of Borgia, and thought it was a pity that *oubliettes* were out of fashion in the nineteenth century; but nevertheless, she cultivated Agnes's society most assiduously, and often joined those readings in the library and prattled very prettily about the strength of Longfellow, the Platonism of Wordsworth, the daring imagery of Southey, and the true ringing metal of the Laureate. And so the time passed on and the early days of April came, and ere long the circle would break up. The Gowers were leaving very soon, and in another week the Erskines were to be in London. Mrs. Denham and Sally would go away almost immediately. But everybody, even the lady of Monkswood, was to stay for the great party to which so many were invited. Many, too, accepted the invitation, and as not a few lived at a considerable distance, and remained all night, the house promised to be as full as it could hold.

The day before the party, Elizabeth, Agnes, Cyril, and Mr. Erskine went to Southam; Mrs. Erskine intended to accompany them, but a night of violent toothache warned her to avoid the piercing winds which blowing over Southam water sweep up all the streets of that busy seaport town.

They had shopping to do which occupied them till it grew quite dusk, and they had promised to take a friendly cup of tea with a family across the water, and so it

came to pass that they returned quite late, crossing Southam-water in the ferry-boat that plies between the shores. It was a wild night, and would have been intensely dark but for a moon not three days from the full. But heavy clouds hung low upon the sea, and only now and then a beam of melancholy moonlight quivered on the tossing waves. All were silent as they made the brief but rather dreary passage. Agnes looking over the side of the little steamer saw the black billowy depths beneath; black were the heavens overhead, and black the shadowy coast; not a star shone out to pierce the wild night gloom, and only once they saw the pale moon's face as she shed a sickly beam upon the crested paddle-foam with its weird and sable hollows. But down the river, far away in a region as it seemed of impenetrable darkness, a silvery light poured forth its clear broad lustre. It was a lovely light, fair as the morning star is before the daybreak dims its mellow rays. It was only the lighthouse, yet to all but Mr. Erskine, who had not the smallest particle of ideality in his composition, it seemed a beautiful spirit shining on them through the sullen gloom.

"The Star of Hope," said Cyril, looking out sea-wards, and speaking low to Agnes, "a friend looking at us with a kindly smile when all around is blackness and despair."

"A herald, too, of the clearer, fuller light that comes with the new day," said Agnes, dreamily, scarcely knowing what she meant. But that did not matter, for Cyril seemed to understand, and she had thought the pure soft radiance a "Star of Hope," from the first moment she had caught its gleam. It was very sweet to her that Cyril and she should think alike. But Elizabeth, though generally quite ready for any poetic fancy shivered and drew her cloak around her, saying as she did so, "You know it is only the lighthouse; it is always there. I wish we were at home; mamma and Janet will be anxious!"

Cyril rose and insisted on wrapping her in his own plaid, which at

first she refused to accept, but presently she nestled down among its folds, and said that it was cozy only she felt so miserably selfish; and Agnes watched the "Star of Hope" till the boat had reached the pier, and accepted its brilliancy till the last minute as an augury of happiness. She could see it even as she looked out into the dismal night from the window of the fly that took them to the railway-station. They caught their train by making extra speed; and rushing along the line again Agnes saw the lovely star-like beam shining clearly through the darkness. The five miles of railway travelling were quickly passed, and they found themselves once more at the little Fairchurch station, and the Forest Range carriage waiting ready for them. Agnes never forgot that night scene on the deep salt Southam-water, the plunging little boat, the red light streaming from the funnel, a ruddy beacon on the pier they left behind them, and out to sea, amid all the blackness and the mingling gloom of wave and sky, that solitary "Star of Hope."

The next morning all was bustle and confusion, Mrs. Denham and Sally were shut up with their sermons; Kate Gower, who had an universal genius for usefulness, was swallowed up in the housekeeper's room, Cyril was busy with the evergreens, Elizabeth, Janet, and Agnes found work enough to do. Vivian Gower went to Southchester, and came back just in time to dress for the evening.

Whether it was fatigue from yesterday's excursion and the morning's occupation, or whether it was mere reaction from the full contentment of the night before Agnes could not tell, but she felt in nowise ready for the gaiety of a large party. A strange depression seized her when she went to dress, and when she came down she felt languid and dispirited. Elizabeth was already in the drawing-room; she was looking radiantly beautiful and was evidently not at all desponding, she had seized Cyril by the hand, and was polking with him round the room, wildly

and gaily as a child. Happily, Mrs. Denham was not there to see. But Lucretia Erskine saw it and felt well-pleased; it was just as she would have it; and then the two, soon out of breath, wandered away to the smaller drawing-room, and Agnes and Cyril's sister remained alone. Mrs. Erskine wore pale blue silk and diamonds, Elizabeth was all in white, in clouds of gauzy muslin, beautifully embroidered; she had roses in her hair, and a splendid bouquet in her hand. She looked like a rose of June, and Mrs. Erskine like a bell-donnae lily. It was certain they would be the rival beauties of the night.

Agnes, in her plain black tulle dress, with one white flower in her raven hair, looking quiet and subdued; she was wondering if it would do her good to see, just for a single second, the "Star of Hope." Mrs. Erskine quite intended to say something to Miss Craven that should cause her to believe in an understanding between Elizabeth and Cyril; she would not commit herself by telling positive untruths, but she would link their names together as it were quite involuntarily, as if it were natural to think of them as one, and then she meant to beg Agnes to be discreet, "She spoke in confidence, she did not mean to imply that anything was settled, but Miss Craven must have seen how matters were; only not a word was to be said," &c., &c. But this laudable intention of hers perished in its birth, for ere she had said half-a-dozen sentences, of which Agnes scarcely caught the drift, a crowd of people swarmed into the room, and all idea of private conversation had to be dismissed.

The evening wore away and every one seemed bright and happy; Elizabeth particularly so. Agnes herself was the centre of a brilliant circle, and she bore her part in the conversation well. A traveller lately returned from Nubia was of the little party, and all were deep in stories of the Nile, the Pyramids, and the Holy Isle of Philæ. But there was a certain book the traveller wished to see just to settle a disputed point, for he was not the only

person present who had seen the land of Pharaoh, and Agnes went to fetch the volume. She knew exactly where to lay her hand on it, and she entered the library, where the lamps were all turned down, and the moon, clear of clouds to-night, was pouring its clear beams through the tall unshuttered windows. In one of the window recesses Cyril stood, looking pensively upon the quiet scene without.

"I want Stanley's book about Palestine," she said, going up to the shelf where it generally stood. Cyril reached it down; he knew the whereabouts of nearly every volume in the place. "Stay one minute," he said, as after thanking him she was speeding back to the circle she had left; "Just one minute; let us rest and think of better things than all the bustle and loud gaiety going on to-night. Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Very much. I was low-spirited when the evening began. I was tired, perhaps; but the last hour has been delightful! We have had such beautiful accounts of the Philæ temples from Mr. Sullivan; and Mr. Banks has seen the Nile; and they are not quite agreed about some obelisks at Karnac, so we are going to refer to the Egypt notes in 'Stanley.'"

"Miss Martineau would be the better reference; but never mind; you are really enjoying yourself?"

"Very much; and you?"

"Not so much; something has happened to annoy me; you see I tell you the plain truth."

"I hope you always will."

"I always shall. To you, at least, I may say what is in my mind, without a fear of misconstruction. How little friendship has to do with time! One month ago we met as strangers, now I can open all my heart to you; and yet taciturnity has been my stumbling-block from childhood. And yet,—if you knew all my weaknesses!—"

"I should, perhaps, find them fewer than my own."

"Oh, no.—Miss Craven—Agnes—I am half inclined to speak to you—"

"Nay," she said laughingly; "half inclinations go for nothing; I must run back; they are waiting for the book."

"Let them wait. You once accused me of being moody and melancholy without a cause."

"That was when I knew you first; but still, I will not help you to be melancholy now!"

"I wish you would help me to be courageous?"

"Is there any need for that—you a man, and I a woman?"

"So much need, that I despise myself. Did you ever read a poem called 'Silent Love'?"

"Yes. I found it but the other day."

"What is your opinion of it,—rather, of the hero?"

"I think he was a foolish man. Instead of droning about, crying, 'No man e'er loved like me,' he should have spoken out; he could but have been rejected for his pains; it is better to know one's fate, even though it be a stern one, than to live in dreams, and be a coward."

"It is; and I will live in dreams no longer. I am acting treacherously by staying here. To-morrow I will speak to Sir John Ashburner. I have been a coward and a visionary far too long."

"Speak to Sir John Ashburner?" said Agnes, wondering. She thought it was a curious way of putting the case, though of course Sir John must be consulted; but it was taking so much for granted: he had not spoken a word, save of friendship, to herself.

"Yes. I almost betrayed myself to-night; I cannot trust myself any longer. I must tell Sir John the truth, and if he banish me, he must; but I cannot be dishonourable; he thinks, and Lady Ashburner thinks, I regard Elizabeth as a sister."

"Elizabeth!" was upon Miss Craven's lips; but she did not speak. She stood quite still in the moonlight, feeling as if some horrid nightmare had benumbed her senses.

"Now I have told you all!" said Cyril, presently. He had been talking in the interim, but she had not heard a word; "and I need not ask

you to be still my friend; you will plead my cause, for all, I know, will be against me. I know I am mad—presumptuous; but I cannot help it now; my love has grown upon me as a bud turns into flowers. I have always loved Elizabeth, even as a child; and now—But I will not tease you with my rhapsodies. I am quite prepared for a dismissal!"

"Lady Ashburner loves you as a son; I have heard her say so."

"Yes, but not as a son-in-law. I know how it will be, but I will not despair, I will at once set about carving out a way to fortune. A settled purpose has gradually dawned upon me, since you strengthened me by your words the evening that I saw you first. Oh, how much good you have done me! If I must go away, I must. I shall go to toil, and toil gives hope: I shall work and wait till I may exultingly come back, and claim my Elizabeth from her father's hands. And you will be a sister to her, as you have been to me?"

"I will. I promise to serve you in this matter to the best of my ability, faithfully and entirely; that is, so far as is consistent with my duty to Lady Ashburner and Sir John. I could not assist in anything clandestine."

"Do you think I should ask you? No! be my open friend, and take care of my darling when I am away."

"She knows, then?"

"She cannot help but know; though I have never spoken clearly; how could I, when her parents repose in me such perfect confidence? But to-morrow all shall be made plain. I am prepared for the worst; but one thing I am resolved: I will not quit Forest Range without a word with Elizabeth herself. Yes, go! I have kept you shamefully; how cold your hands are, like ice! A thousand thanks for all your goodness."

And pressing her trembling fingers to his lips, he turned back to the window.

In the doorway stood Elizabeth, intently regarding the scene before her. As Agnes came towards her, she passed quickly on; in five

minutes she was playing a noisy duet with Katie Gower; and when, ten minutes later, Cyril approached the piano, and proffered his services in finding some lost music, he was received with a freezing haughtiness that astonished him, and drove him nearly wild. Miss Ashburner went

in to supper leaning on the arm of Vivian Gower: Cyril took in Agnes and Sally Hawkes; but Sally slipped behind as they entered the supper-room, and Elizabeth saw only, sitting down together, the pair she had seen in such close converse in the library.

(To be continued.)

THE MAN CHRIST JESUS.

A LAY SERMON. BY GERALD MASSEY.

THE Greeks of old gave to the world by means of their sculpture the loftiest ideal of physical beauty, whether in noble manly symmetry, or winning womanly loveliness, or the grandeur of god-like lineaments. The dream of this Greek beauty has haunted the mind of many nations. Age after age and artist after artist has tried to recall it, and continue the embodiment of its perfect grace. But Hellenic art had no such reve-

lation of beauty as the Man Christ Jesus came bearing to the world in His life and looks, His teaching and His death. The Greek ideal of beauty was the exaltation and the glory of physical form, but Christ came to invent a beauty not of the flesh, not a picture for the feast of the senses, but the beauty of spiritual loveliness, the beauty of holiness, and above all the hallowing beauty of suffering. As a poet has sung:—

“In the young Pagan World,
Man deified the Beautiful, the Glad,
The strong, the boastful, and it came to nought.
We have raised Pain and Sorrow into Heaven,
And in our Temples, on our Altars, Grief
Stands, symbol of our faith; and it shall last
As long as man is mortal and unhappy.
The gay at heart *may* wander to the skies,
And harps be found them, and the branch of palm
Be put into their hands.

No votarist of our faith,
Till he has dropped his tears into the stream,
Tastes of its sweetness.”

In the person, the life, and the teachings of Christ, a new Image was enthroned, not on the hills and in the high places of the world, but in the lowly hearts of men. An Image of Divine love, infinite in pity as in power—the Saviour, through suffering, who proclaimed self-sacrifice to be the loveliest of virtues; humility, the spirit's crowning crest! Here was a new order of loveliness inaugurated. Not the pride and pomp of form this time, nor the splendour of externals. This went to the heart of the matter, and saw a sort of good in things evil: a symmetry of spirit under ungainly

forms. It took to its large warm bosom what the voluptuous Greek had cast out, or passed by unseen. It taught men to look upwards in worship, instead of admiring themselves. It gave a staggering blow to human pride by asserting our human equality before the one true living God. It exalted the family affections, making the child dearer for that childhood of Christ, the mother holier because Christ had a mother.

As Heine puts it, while the gods of Greece were assembled at the feast of immortals, and Hebe tripped round with her goblets of pleasantest

nectar, and infinite laughter rang round the happy banqueting board, and the feast was at its fullest, the music at its sweetest, suddenly there came gasping towards them a pale Jew, dripping with blood; a crown of thorns on His head, bearing a great cross of wood on his shoulder; and He cast the cross on the high table of the gods, so that the golden goblets trembled and fell, and the gods grew dumb and pale, and ever paler, till they melted in utter mist. By the light of that Divine countenance—such a light as never before shone—the world might see how the soul of Godhead and the highest ideal of beauty were wanting to the Greek imagination, and all their gods and heroes diminished and faded away before the might and majesty and winning tenderness of this purer presence.

Well, then! it is this ideal of beauty, this one earthly image of Divine love, that we want to get wrought into our own life; for this is the great want of the world; the need of every one of us! In whatsoever life, individual or national,

this beauty has blossomed, it has produced the most precious fruits that have ever been reared in human soil, and it has enthroned this England of ours immeasurably higher than any nation of the past.

But how to get at this beauty? How shall we draw near enough to catch a glimpse of it, and reflect it as best our poor cracked mirrors may? The Greek ladies, we are told, held their ideal of beauty in such esteem that the mothers would have statues of their most lovely youthful gods set up in their sleeping apartments, so that they might bear children like them, and by looking longingly on them make their own offspring more beautiful. We cannot possibly adopt a better method in looking at Christ, and trying to grow some likeness of Him. Only instead of the cold marble statue, we have the warm living image set before us, the eyes tearful with tenderness, the life warm on the lips that speak such precious words; and the arms extended to embrace us.

"He stretcht his arms upon the Cross
To offer His embrace!
He bowed His head in death for us
To see His heavenly face!"

Let us look on Him then who came more than half-way to meet us, and by looking on Him lovingly, yearningly, possibly the new life of our thoughts and feelings may be created in the image of his person! We know how the serpent-stung Israelites looked up at the brazen serpent; and even while they looked, the miracle of healing was going on. We know how the Ecstasies of old would look at the figured crucifixion until the senses swam, earth passed away, and heaven opened on the rapt soul. In our day we may witness how certain persons can look themselves and are looked into the mesmeric trance. There is a great mystery in this looking, and the mystery often veils a miracle.

So we may look at Christ, until we are placed *en rapport* with Him, if the heart's cry be piercing enough, and the looking be sufficiently yearn-

ing. He who was once here in person is for ever near in presence, and the finger of faith has only to touch the hem of His garment, now, as of old, to make him turn round, and give us our chance of looking on Him in order that we may grow more in His likeness.

And surely there is enough in the coming, and the character, and the cross of the Man Christ Jesus, to make us look? First, we cannot help looking in wonder at the stupendous mystery of the Son of God coming to walk the roughest paths of human poverty, and suffer the sharpest stings of human pain, to climb a cross in the end, and offer up His life as a pleading sacrifice, appealing to God above in behalf of guilty man below. He came to die that we might live. Is it not amazing why this should ever have been done? Does it not startle us when

we turn from that spectacle to look into our own hearts and see how undeserving we are? Our first look must be drawn up to Him in wonder, and we must be hard indeed if we do not feel some warm gush of gratitude. Why! we feel thankful for the commonest kindness, and we agree to award everlasting praise to the man who once offered to die that his friend might be saved. *This is never forgotten.* What have we then for the Man who died for us? Nothing but indifference and ingratitude? Is the story of His life and sufferings so old that it has lost its power? Have we heard it so often that we have lost all freshness of feeling for it? Let us turn to it once more. We shall not meet with a more touching story than this which the Apostles told and Jesus Christ illustrated. I was once in a lending library, when a ragged dirty child came in and said, "Mother wants a book: *a story as 'll make her cry.*" This, I thought, is a genuine want of the human heart. It would often dry up and be choked with desert sands were it not for these stories that make us "*cry.*"

But of all stories written or told I know of nothing so pathetic in its appeal as this of the Man Christ Jesus. And the appeal is always to those feelings which are possessed alike by educated and uneducated; the simple domestic feelings which bind us up into families, and give strength to nations. How mother and child will yearn over that stable for a birth-place—that manger for a cradle! He should not have been born among beasts, could they have had their will. He should have had their own best bed and richest wrappings, and daintiest food, if He had only come to them! Ah, you fond hearts, you can take the babe in yet, and tend it with kindest service; let it dwell in your best room, and grow up to manhood by your side. *That is not a mere story of something that once occurred, to be embalmed in a book.* It is an ever possible, ever present reality for the human heart. Christ does not care by which door he can enter the soul, nor in which of His mortal shapes

you first own Him and let Him in! Then again, how we could have fought against that cruel Herod, and tried to save the persecuted Babe! Alas, my friends, we *persecute the Child after we have seen what the Man Christ Jesus has done* for us, and all He bore for our sake; *Herod only did it beforehand, without seeing.* We are worse than He! Again, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." The pathos of that appeal is sharp as ever, and real to-day as it was ages ago, for all who have ears to hear and hearts to feel. He still asks, "*Will you take Me in? Can you find Me room for a resting-place? I am very weary and worn; I have waited very long for you to open the door; I am hungry for your gratitude; I am thirsty for your love. I was hardly treated by the men who dwelt on earth 1,800 years ago. They knew Me not, would not recognise or receive Me, but turned their eyes from Me, and shut their hearts against Me. Are you blind and deaf as they were? Will you do as they did?*" Moreover, the appeal is yet more pathetic and powerful to us because of those prints on the extended palms, and those big drops running ruddily from the killing crown of thorns! We are a *thousand times worse* than the Jews were if we turn away from this appeal of Christ *knowing what we know, and seeing what we see.* "All ye that pass by behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." And all that was suffered for us; we are still the living cause. It would be an awful thing to have to stand at the judgment bar responsible for the murder of one of our fellow beings! Yet we have all of us to stand before the bar of God to answer for the death of His own beloved Son. *Think of that!* In how many winning ways does that story of the Man Christ Jesus plead for entrance into our hearts! What images of melting tenderness, of high heroic sacrifice, of solemn cheer come crowding and trying to get into the secret chambers of our

life, and dwell there in abiding loveliness and blessed beauty. He is the great *Shepherd of souls*, who came on earth to gather the lost sheep into His Father's fold, and *carry the lambs in His bosom*. What more noble or affecting image of a Saviour than this? The sheep are all astray on the wide world's mountains, and torn in the briars and thorns of its valley-thickets, and He comes to call them with His heavenly voice, and gather them together, while the lambs have the wind tempered to them in the *nestling-place of His bosom*. Then, He is the *Lily*; that plant and flower of light, all sweetness and purity; a fitting emblem to typify for us here on earth the semblance of happy spirits hereafter. And again, He is the *Vine* drooping above the head of those that look up to Him, with ripe clusters full of the wine of life. Now He *broods* down over us as the *Dove*, that express image of all gentleness, and again He rises on us as a *Sun*, the *Sun of Righteousness*, with *healing in His wings*, and whoso receives the light of this Sun shall find the mists of sin and error melt and vanish; and the creeping things of the dark, and the unclean birds of night shall hurry away from its presence. For it is the same with this sunrise of Christ as is represented in the Mythology of the blithe old Norsemen. There was *one thing* always fatal to the most evil of their trolls and powers of darkness that dwelt underground and wrought mischief to mortals in the gloom. This was the *rising sun*. They could not *face that*. If by any chance they turned to *look at the sun* they burst instantly. Just so is this rising Sun of Righteousness fatal to many creatures of sin and reptile thoughts that make their *home in the darkness*, and cannot bear the light. Then He is the *home of the homeless*, the *rest of the weary*, the *way for all who are wandering in the wilderness*. "*Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest.*" Rest for the troubled soul and aching heart that may have throbbed so

long and so vainly against the prison bars. Rest for the storm-beaten spirit that feels it has scarcely another flap of the wings left to bear it up. Rest for the swimmer when at the last gasp he feels he must go down. Rest for those who have had a life of hard toil and found but little joy in their journey. Rest for the throbbing heart, and pained brow. What a promise is this for all these! And what a touching picture is that of the Saviour yearning over lost souls with those pathetic eyes, and the channels down His cheeks where the tears had run and made Him *look many years older than He was by reason of the sorrows He bore for others*; so that the Jews said, "*Thou art not yet fifty years old,*" *when He was not above thirty*. "I would have gathered ye even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." Can we look on that heart-breaking sight, and hear those lip-quivering words, and still refuse to be gathered beneath the overshadowing wings of His almighty love? Sooner or later we most of us come to feel the need of all these promises, of home and rest, and Salvation, which the Son has made on earth for the Father to fulfil in heaven. Pray God we do not feel the need too late!

I once watched by the bedside of a poor dying woman, whose life ebbed very slowly, and clung to the shore, as the tide was dragged and drawn down, with the most fearful tenacity and appalling agony. She felt herself pulled by unseen powers into the vast awful dark, and held up her poor appealing hands in vain. She was losing ground every moment, and felt herself receding from us faster and faster, and we could give her no help. Death had her in his grip, and we could bring no release. At every window of the senses we saw the bewildered spirit asking, praying, imploring, for the aid that we could not give. It *would not* look farewell to us. It had no power to turn round and *face* that dread blackness which was now taking shape behind it. There was no

guide nor path nor friendly clue into that wilderness which it had to walk alone. And so it was being forced into the other world, looking to the last for help from this! It was a terrible sight. No friend stood waiting on the other side, of the dark waters to put forth the helping hand of welcome. There came no breath of incense that told of the better land awaiting the worn and weary, trouble-tried and tempest-tossed soul. No sound of the leaves of healing; no murmur of the River of Life. No Saviour walked the waters with that assuring "*It is I, poor soul, be not afraid!*" The watchers grew drowsy with their long watch, but not the dying. They felt chill with the cold breeze of dawn as it blew in at the window, but the poor soul's furnace of affliction only grew hotter and hotter. Down, down it went for all its helpless clutchings, feeling that it could find no footing, but must sink through the grave into a bottomless abyss. Never did I so clearly see the need of Christ before. I tried, in my foolish stammering way, to call up a picture of Him in the gloom of that dark and still darkening mind. I saw all the meaning of His agony and bloody sweat now. All that He suffered that He might smile from under the cruel thorns, and say to suffering souls, *this night shalt thou sup with me in paradise.* I prayed and prayed that the saving, pitying Eye might be turned on the poor dying woman—that she might lift her look up to that Cross, and feel one rich drop fall warm and vital on the cold heart, like a seal set by the hand of God's own love. It seemed all in vain. There was no sign that eyes had met, or hearts had touched, and the Saviour's smile was lighting up her dismal night. Nothing but a reproachful moan that help *would* not come; a gradual relaxing of the last hold on life; the eyes grew like a dark swift winter stream in which there floats a silt of snow; *two drops*, as it were, of pure spirit stood under the eyes, and the soul was gone! Lost! lost! I often think, and sometimes I fancy that a better and

more earnest man might have prayed the right prayer, and spoken the right word in time. However, by that death-bed I got a clearer image of the Man Christ Jesus dying to save souls, even to the uttermost, than ever I had before—an image that would not pass away.

It also showed me how perilously late it is to wait for a death-bed before we begin looking to Jesus. *Too late!* when, as an old writer says, all one's sins are "running before to fetch fire from hell to light the soul thither." *Too late!* when the cry is only one of cowardly fear and despicable selfishness. *Too late!* when we have been feeding fat the worms of torment all through life, until at length they rise up with uncontrollable power in the last hour of failing mortal strength to seize their helpless prey that is now their own for ever and ever. Then, indeed, "*Iniquity hath played her part, and Vengeance leaps upon the stage. The Comedy was short, but the tragedy will be long. The black guard shall attend upon you, you shall eat at the table of sorrow, and the crown of eternal death shall be upon your head, many glistering faces looking upon you.*"

It appears to me that few can possibly read and ponder over the story of Christ Jesus without feeling the instinct of gratitude stir within them. And with still deeper pondering and further looking, we must come to love Him: and out of love will spring the desire to be near Him and like to Him. We shall feel our need of Him: and love, it seems, must draw close to us the object we love! We know that love has wrought wonderful things with human beings in this world. It has overleaped the highest barriers, conquered the sternest difficulties. We know how sometimes in married life persons actually grow like each other. Two spirits being one in love will have the power, to some extent, of shaping the features anew in that love's likeness. Something like this will grow out of a genuine love to Christ. With earthly love, however, many have offered up their passion, and wasted their life in

vain. But this is never so with Christ. He will love all who love Him. Never was love like that which sent Him on earth to help us. Never was love like that with which He hath loved us. He knows too well the preciousness of Divine love ever to reject the least human love. No fear of loving Him in vain!

I know of no other way of getting at the Man Christ Jesus than this of loving Him who first loved us, of falling at His feet and clasping Him with hands and heart, while every tendril of affection twines about Him to hold Him close and safe, and cling to Him for ever. There is too much attempt made to embrace and realize Christianity intellectually—and *poor work it is!* Let us rather look to Christ himself as He has been set before us, till He becomes a reality to us, and then clasp Him in spirit personally, just as we would clasp wife or child in our arms. Christ in His preaching went straight to the human heart, and relied on a few primal feelings. We must follow His example. But to Christ we must *look*, and on Him we must *call*. It's of no use for us to complain of the difficulty if we do not *look* and *cry* in prayer incessantly. If the prayer of a righteous man availeth much, I sometimes think the *sincere prayer of a sinner availeth more*. Miracles are wrought by prayer. But these are not wrought if we do not *pray*. It is the same here as in tilling the ground: we may dig the ground, but we do not dig the spring and summer out of it—they come from heaven. We *sow* the *seed* but it is not *from* the ground that it gets its ripeness for the harvest. This must come from above. The sun *warms* the clod, makes the seed *germinate*, and the *rain* and the *dew* fall with their blessing on it. But *these are from heaven, not from the earth*. Yet, of course, we must try. We must *dig* and *sow* and *plant*, or we shall never *reap*. The sun and the rain will

never quicken and bring forth the harvest if there be no *seed put into the soil*.

We must have faith in the Saviour. We must love Him for what He has *done* and for what He *was*. We must grasp at the garment's hem to try and see His face. And this we must do from morn to night. Prayer in the morning, says an old Father, is *golden*, at night it is *silver*. We must look and look continually if we would grow *like* Him, and reproduce in our own lives the faintest semblance of that highest type of beauty this world ever saw. Look how a portrait painter copies his subject; see how many hundred times he refers to the original. With what infinite pains and patience he sets down all he sees with the most earnest care and minutest touch. Shall we be less anxious or spare less time in trying to *take our copy* of that Divine countenance? And then when it is all over here, and we have done with the crosses and the cares that press so heavily now, if we only find ourselves on the right side among the ransomed, we shall look upon Him face to face, and see Him as He is. Not the sad and sorrowful face that was His earthly wear, when He wept over doomed Jerusalem. No history of the past will be written there to reproach us then, as it reproaches us *now*, but it will wear the smile of welcome, and the light of joy everlasting. The crown of thorns will no longer pierce His brow, but instead there will be a crown whose brightness can light up heaven. No more cruel prints of the cross-nails in the hand that is held out to welcome the redeemed. We shall see Him as He is, the King in His beauty, the Saviour sitting on His throne, in the kingdom of His Father, all smilingly surrounded by the hosts of glorified spirits that bow before the great white throne. And the saints will be there who suffered martyrdom for His sake, with their sad sweet faces smiling up to Him in the midst of their fiery pain.

" Ofttimes when earth last saw them they were bleeding,
Thorn-crowned and sore perplexed;
They shall be changed, and beautiful exceeding
When we behold them next."

and the apostles, will be there, and the sweet singers of Israel, and all who praised God in every tongue shall be there. And the poor, who so often walked in rags here below, shall there walk in white with princes and kings. And they who parted in pain shall meet in peace. All who have yearned after the highest beauty shall see it and be satisfied. It shall be a beauty ineffable; a joy unspeakable. Many whom we have loved and lost shall be there, and we shall know them when we meet, and know also that they have not been so far away from us all the while as we had thought, but were often near us as guarding and guiding spirits in many an hour of trial and temptation, and there shall be no more parting and no more pain, for He shall wipe away all tears from all eyes for evermore. And it *will be heaven*, for heaven will

be love made visible: *His* love, wh died that *we* might live for ever. I will be heaven, and we shall be shu in safe in this heaven of His love. Safe while the firmament melts with fervent heat, the sun turns to blood and the stars sicken and whitely waste away; safe as in a golden calm, to dwell with Him for ever and ever and ever. And possibly from amongst the happy throng around His knee, there will peep the face of some babe-angel that has been dwelling half in our hearts and half in heaven; the face we last saw when the coffin-lid was being shut down ere we lowered it darkly into the mould, and now it looks forth in immortal brightness and asks, "is mother come?" "is father here?" "are my brothers and sisters saved?" And the answer to these questions rests with us now on this side eternity!

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND SLAVERY.

As the last few years have witnessed the "opening of the prison doors to them that are bound" in the old and the new world, and have wrought out the final triumph of Christian charity over the injustice of men in the enfranchisement of the Russian serfs and the emancipation of American slaves, it cannot but be interesting to observe how Christianity first addressed itself to that work which the two grandest events of our epoch have crowned. I have read no description of the relations of primitive Christianity to Slavery which is so carefully accurate, and which reflects so faithfully the spirit of the early Church as the chapter from Professor Schmidt's admirable work, which I have translated for these pages.

J. B. PATON.

Congregational Institute.

No civil society which has reinvested labour with honour, and which is founded upon a sense of the individual worth of men, and on charity, can tolerate the existence of slavery. Nevertheless, Christianity could not erase at one stroke an institution so closely wound round the laws and customs of the ancient world. By proclaiming the immediate emancipation of slaves, the leaders of the Church would have encroached upon the rights of property, which were founded indeed upon injustice, but were conformed to the general spirit of antiquity: further, they would have cast upon society thousands of men who were little prepared for liberty. Emancipation has never been effected and could not be effected by a sudden startling act,—by the violent assér-

tion of the rights of man: conformably to the spiritual nature of the religion of Jesus Christ, it has been effected without disastrous confusion, purely by the gentle and happy influence of charity. The chief and urgent matter was to emancipate souls. Men must be raised to enjoy inner freedom, and it must be shown that their distinctions in the earthly city made no ground for division in the city of God, where all must be united by mutual esteem and love.

It is on this ground that the Christian doctrine of the natural equality of all men has been specially applied to slavery. On all occasions and at all times in the early Church, the fathers of the Church denounced the ancient theory of the natural inferiority of the slave. Barnabas first,

expressing the apostolic thought, says that God has not come to call men according to their condition as master or slave (Ep. ch. 19, p. 32). No one is a slave by nature, Clement of Alexandria and Basil affirm. (Clem Alex. *Pædag.* l. iii, ch. 12, t. i, p. 307. Basil de Spir. c. 21, t. iii, p. 42). Chrysostom, examining the origin of slavery, ascends even to the origin of the human race, and recalls the fact that God who created the two first human beings free and equal, did not create slaves to serve them. (Hom. 22. in Eph). The slave, he says elsewhere, has the same natural nobility as the master, the same soul, and the same spiritual graces. Augustin likewise proclaims that master and slave are only different names, and that those who bear these names are equal in birth and nature. (Enarr. in Ps. 124, § 7, t. iv. p. 1058). The two Fathers last named have indeed wished to prove that slavery is a consequence of the fall of man, and a punishment for the bad use he made of his liberty. But this opinion was exposed to a very great objection. If slavery is a penalty deserved by reason of original sin, why has God punished only a part of the human race, and exempted free men from the curse? Chrysostom ventures to meet this objection by maintaining that the masters are no less slaves than their attendants, since they are enslaved by their passions and their vices. This argument does not, however, carry much force, since it would follow in any case that the masters are favoured; they have to bear only one yoke, whilst their slaves have to endure the double burden of their slavery and of the sin which they share with their masters.

The opinion of the Fathers is only true in a sense—if they had limited themselves to refer slavery with all the other iniquities of the old world to the fall of man, as a consequence of sin, without desiring to view it as a punishment inflicted on one class of man specially, we should then have refrained from criticising a doctrine which would, to us, have been incontestable.

Along with this slightly confused notion that slavery is to be regarded as a punishment, another idea is urged by the Fathers which is sounder and more historically accurate, viz.: that the division between masters and slaves is the work of tyranny and of human selfishness. Augustin himself declares that the reason of slavery is to be found in the injustice of the masters and the misfortune of the slaves; from this external degradation the soul indeed can be free, it is only the body which is enthralled. The doctors of the Church speak like the Stoics of the slavery of the body and the liberty of the soul; for whilst it is true that the philosophers borrowed from them, unconsciously perhaps, some Christian ideas, they, in their turn, used the reasoning and the language of the philosophers: but in applying them to Christianity they give them a truer and profounder sense.

Ambrose says, in language analogous to that of Epictetus,—“It is not nature, but the want of wisdom, that really makes a man a slave, so that a man becomes free, not by manumission, but by instruction. He alone is truly free who is free in himself—in his soul. He is called free whom nothing prevents from following his will. The wise man therefore is free, for there is no obstacle to his will which he needs fear.” Christianity raises the theory of human liberty to a loftier height than philosophy, by showing that it is not one single vice or another, which enthralls a man, but that all men are equally and universally the slaves of sin. There is no other servile work than sin. That is the only real and universal slavery, common to master and servant; civil liberty does not exempt from it, and emancipation cannot deliver from it. In this sense the slave, if he has conquered sin, will be freer than his master. Here Chrysostom grandly says, “I call the slave a noble and lord, though he be covered by chains, if I see a noble life. I call him base and infamous who in the midst of honours keeps a servile soul.” But how can we attain this deliverance from sin? who can

deliver, from it? Jesus Christ alone! To enjoy this true freedom we must acknowledge that we are the bondsmen of sin, we must humble ourselves in the consciousness of our misery, and enter into the service of Jesus Christ, who alone is our Liberator, Protector, and Lord. It is in this way that external slavery itself is destroyed in its essential nature by Jesus Christ. When He takes away the consequences of sin, He, the Lord, has taken the form of a servant, in order that the servant may be lifted up and exalted to the dignity of the master. Freed by Him, men are equal in Him; for in Him there is no difference between the master and the slave.

In the Church, accordingly, slavery exists no longer save in name. It is merely an external, accidental condition of life, which has no influence upon the moral worth of a man. A Christian could not be a slave in the old sense of the word. Those whom the world separates and subjects one to the other, are brought near and united in the fellowship of brethren. There is no longer any shame attached to the position of a slave; it is not even a disgrace to serve under a bad master. The Christian endures servitude without murmuring just as if free; he makes his freedom no cause of boasting. And more than this is revealed in the kingdom of God. Not only is service no longer a dishonour, it is the highest form of charity. It is in this principle, that we see the completest overthrow of ancient ideas. If the pagan was confounded to hear Christians proclaim that work was honourable, how much more surprised he must have been to hear them speak of the dignity of service and of a servant's lot! All men, being finite creatures, are equally dependent upon God; no one therefore is absolutely free, all subserve the end of God, who being alone free, is their universal master, having a supreme right over them. Their destiny and their glory consists in acknowledging this dependence and accepting their true condition of serving God, not with constraint or without conscious intention, but with

willing love and a full consciousness of what they do. This free submission to God, which is the crown of human perfection, has been manifested by Jesus Christ, who gave the example of perfect obedience. "He thus lifts up those that are bowed down," at the same time that He shows that the greatest love consists in serving God, by consecrating ourselves freely to the service of men. Nothing perhaps has contributed more to the elevation of the slave than this idea, so profoundly and exclusively Christian, that charity consists in *serving* others, an idea which was personified in a manner, in the life and death of Jesus Christ (*est sapienti et servire libertas*). Tertullian, indeed, has boldly said that the world denatured and changed the meaning of the words, by giving the name of liberty to a state which is tantamount to slavery, and by calling the state of true freedom service. Accordingly, the names of servant and slave, so despised in pagan society, have become the most honourable titles for the Christian: they desire to have no other name than that of "servant" of God and of Jesus Christ.*

Those who held the first rank, because of their office in the Church, took this title to themselves by preference, adding that they were at the same time the servants of the family of Christ—which was His Church.†

For to serve men as Jesus Christ had done was the noblest way of serving Him; it was a gift of God's grace, and Christians should covet

* It has been thought that this title (servant or slave) designated only priests and monks, but this is an error. Hermas calls all Christians *servi Dei* (l. 1, ch. 2, p. 76). Tertullian, in speaking of the Christian wife of a pagan calls her *ancilla Dei* (ad. ux. l. ii, ch. 6, p. 170), and Christians in general are called by him *servi Dei* (*de spect.* ch. 1, p. 72). The Christians of Vienne and of Lyon, writing to those of Asia, call themselves *δούλοι Χριστοῦ* (Euch. Hist. eccl., l. v, ch. 1, p. 154). They gave children and women the same name—see the inscriptions in Muratori, l. iv. p. 1834, No. 102.)

† Note. This custom was introduced in the fourth century. (See Augustin ep. 155, 220).

the honour of naming themselves the servants of all men for the sake of Jesus Christ.

In presence of these principles which we have exhibited, it is no longer surprising that the first Christians did not demand the immediate abolition of slavery. In a society when all men are equal by nature, and in Jesus Christ, and where free service is the highest act of love, slavery is nothing more than an accident, in a sense infinitely more true than the stoics had conceived. The accident itself must indeed disappear, for it is the result of an injustice, of a want of respect and love for man; but the Church can leave to all-conquering charity the task of abolishing one day an institution so incompatible with the kingdom of God.

The gentle influence of this charity was felt by the slaves and the masters alike. If the first Christians continued to have servants, we need not accuse them of contradicting their faith by their conduct: that contradiction was effaced by charity. The external distinction remained, but this was, so to speak, only an effect of custom; in fact, the love of the master for his slave, and of the slave for his master, would annul it—they would consider themselves as both brothers in spirit, and equally the servants of Christ. Faithful to the apostolic precept, that every man, in whatever state he is, should be content therein, and full of the thought that spiritual liberty is more precious than all worldly advantages; the first fathers even did not wish Christian slaves peremptorily to demand their emancipation, in order that they might not appear to be the slaves of their own desires. "Let them continue to serve," writes Ignatius, "and God will give them a better liberty than that of men." Some centuries later, the synod of Gangra in Paphlagonia pronounced anathema against those who taught slaves, under pretext of piety, to seek to liberate themselves, and not to serve their masters any longer with respectful devotion. Doubtless there were many occasions on

which Christian slaves exclaimed against both the severity of their masters and slavery in general. There were some who pretended, that having acknowledged their true Lord they should have no other: but they were recalled to obedience by the strongest considerations. Is the slave in the house of a Christian master, he will love him as a father; he will be doubly attached to him, by his bond of service for time, and by the spiritual bond of charity for eternity. Is the master a pagan, and thus, perhaps, severer towards his slaves than Christians, the duty of obedience still remains the same, save where the master would compel them to act contrary to their consciences or to their faith. In general, slaves were exhorted to gentleness and submission; they were to show by their conduct, how different the virtue inspired by Christianity was from that of philosophers. They were recommended to endure their servitude in this world of exile, where no creature is free, and beyond which the Christian receives deliverance and celestial glory. In addition to these exhortations, which were not always heard amidst the anarchy of the later ages of the Empire, prohibitions were enforced which prove how Christianity was able to combine a regard for prescriptive rights with its doctrines of spiritual freedom. Thus the Council of Chalcedon, in 451, forbade convents to receive slaves without the consent of their masters, "in order that the name of God might not be dishonoured;" that is to say,—in order that Christianity might not be accused of favouring disobedience. Not, indeed, that the Fathers of the Church did not acknowledge the hardship and sorrow of the lot of the slaves. It is a hard lot, says Hilaire of Poitiers; and Augustine declares that all servitude is full of bitterness: but they taught the slave to emancipate his spirit, to humble himself by overcoming his anxiety for liberty, and to raise himself thus above his outward condition, which in itself is not opprobrious, so as to attain the true freedom and noble-

ness of the soul, for they said, the slavery of the soul is infinitely more cruel and miserable than that of the body.

We might be tempted to believe that Christianity, because of these exhortations to obedience, could not have gained many adherents among the slaves. However, it was quite the reverse. We know that, from the second century, numerous slaves of great families had received the Gospel. These slaves, freed by Jesus Christ, yet not seeking violently to break their yoke, remaining slaves upon earth, because they knew they were citizens of the Kingdom of God, present, by the side of the heathen corruptions of their time, a most touching spectacle of one of the noblest effects of Christianity. One fact belonging to this first epoch reveals to us the sentiments with which faith inspired the slave. Euelpistus, a slave of the imperial palace, when led with Justin and others before the tribunal of the Prefect Rusticus, and examined by him as to his condition, cried out: "I am a slave of the emperor, but I am a Christian, and it is from Jesus Christ that I have received my liberty. By His grace I have the same hope as my brothers" (*æta Mart. Just. l. c.*) The stoical resignation of Epictetus is admirable, but the freedom of spirit of this Christian slave is far nobler, for it is holy. The despised race of slaves, which antiquity believed to be incapable of any manly virtue, has furnished the Church with some of its most glorious martyrs. Preferring death rather than consent to the infamous desires of their masters, or renounce their faith, Pontamiana, Eutyches, Victorin, Maro, Nerea, Vital, and many others, have thus given the most splendid witness of the enfranchisement of their soul by Jesus Christ, and of their love for their Divine Liberator.

The Church did not, however, only give counsels of patience to the slaves, she had also precepts of humanity and gentleness for the masters. If she was unable to tell the one class to free themselves by force, neither has she demanded

of the other class to summarily dismiss their slaves. To make use of the expressions of the learned historian of slavery, "It was not the slave whom the Church appeared anxious to take from his master; it was the master whom she felt it necessary, first of all, to detach from the practice of slavery, by proclaiming the sentiment of the dignity of man" (*M. Wallon, vol. III. p. 318*); and we may add, by awakening the sentiment of charity towards the slave, who was to be respected both as a man, and as a member of the Kingdom of God. Let no one imagine, it was said, that we may despise the slave (*Ignat. ad Poly. ch. iv.*), and treat him as a beast of burden (*Clem. Alex. Pædag. vol. III., ch. ii. p. 293*); "or that we may refuse him the rights of justice." Chrysostom exclaims,—"Do not imagine that what is done to slaves will be pardoned, as though it were a matter of indifference because done to slaves. The laws of the world acknowledge the difference of two races, but the common law of God ignores it." (*Hom. 22 in Eph.*) Masters were to recollect that they are slaves quite as much as their servants; that though free civilly, they endure none the less the yoke of sin; that they are redeemed from it by Jesus Christ, only in order to enter His service; and that this Divine Redeemer humbled Himself to serve man, that He might give them an example to copy. Against those masters who, deaf to her counsels, disregarded the principles of the Gospel, the Church took measures as severe as against those slaves who refused to do their duty. She declared them unworthy of being her members; she refused the offering of a master who maltreated his servants by blows, starvation, or by excessive work. A woman who, in her rage, beat her servant so as to cause her death, was cut off from the communion of the faithful.

The Church purposed to found, in a true sense, the family which ancient Rome had sought to realize by the rigorous subordination of all its members to the power of the

Father and of the Chief; for in the Church the family was to be bound together by the ties of reciprocal love. The master, says Ambrose, is called the Father of his family in order that he may govern his slaves if they were sons (Conc. of Elvira, 305, canon 5). Augustin demands that the slaves live in the house of their master as sons, save so far as regards the rights of inheritance. From this principle, duties devolved upon the owners of slaves which antiquity never conceived. It only knew of the duties of the slave, without imposing any on the master. Henceforth, however, the slave being the brother of the master, the master must have a care of his soul; he is made responsible, in a measure, for his salvation; he must, therefore, watch over him and correct him, and especially show him the example of a faithful, grave, modest, sympathetic life. In the first ages of the Church there were many homes where masters and slaves formed only one family in the Christian sense of the word (see the classical work of M. Wallon, *Histoire de l'Esclavage dans l'Antiquité*, vol. III. p. 339, and the inscriptions which he cites). When Thecla was cited before the tribunal, fifty of her slaves, impelled by gratitude, hastened to give their testimony on her behalf. Paulla, the descendant of Paulus Emilius, Lea, Fabiola, are said to have been rather the servants than the mistresses of their slaves.

There remained, however, another step to take. Civil emancipation was to be given. So the Fathers do not confine themselves to recommend humanity and mercy to the masters, they neglect no means of convincing them that slavery is contrary to the nature of man and of the kingdom of God, and so to induce them to enfranchise their slaves. It is by the force of persuasion that they desire to gain this result. Emancipation must be a free act of love, a result of the honour set upon man by Christianity. If the doctors of the Church insist so much upon the duty of masters to educate and train their slaves religiously, it is because

in their eyes the surest method of preparing for their emancipation was to make them worthy of it. Gregory of Nazianzum represents to masters that the emancipation of their slaves was simply the re-establishment of the order of nature. Chrysostom especially, employs all the resources of his eloquence to enforce this great object, despite the murmurs of some members of his Church. He recommends that only those slaves who are quite indispensable to the household should be retained; that all the others should be liberated after being taught useful trades, and that other slaves should be bought only in order that they may be instructed in like manner, and then in their turn restored to liberty. He expresses the desire that slavery might disappear because of the mutual services which believers rendered to one another in love, and that the Christian community should thus be a family of brethren, equally free, and equally the servants of each other. "Let there be," he exclaims, "a mutual interchange of services, and there will then be no more slavery; let not one rank among the free and another among the slaves: it were better that masters and slaves should serve one another, such servitude would be preferable to any other liberty (Hom. in Eph., § 5, &c.)

These ideas did not remain without effect. Early—long, indeed, before Chrysostom had raised his voice in favour of the slaves—there had been glorious examples of Christian masters emancipating their households. The first instance that is known is that of Hermes, Prefect of Rome, under Trajan, who embraced Christianity with his wife, his children, and his household of 1,250 slaves. On the Easter Friday, the day of their baptism, Hermes gave to all these their liberty, and abundance of means to enable them to establish themselves in trade. Shortly afterwards he suffered martyrdom with the Bishop Alexander, who had instructed him in the Christian faith. Another prefect of Rome, under Diocletian, Chromatius, who

was famous in the Church for his zeal and his munificent charity, emancipated 1,400 slaves, saying that those who have God as their father, should not be the slaves of men. He, too, gave them liberal means for starting in life. Melania gave, with the consent of her husband, liberty to 8,000 slaves; Ovinus to 5,000. These examples were followed by Christians who were less wealthy. In the beginning of the fourth century three brothers liberated their seventy-five slaves. Augustin announced to the people in one of his homilies, that several of the clergy of the Church of Hippo had emancipated the slaves whom they possessed. There can be no doubt that there were many acts of this kind, but the historians, struck only with the most splendid instances recorded, fail to take account of the less notable.

Whilst rich Pagans arranged in their wills that the blood of the slaves should flow in the circus in honour of their memory, the Church taught Christian masters to bequeath liberty to their slaves, and to leave their legacies in their wills. Enfranchisement itself was clothed with a solemn ecclesiastical character. From the third century onwards, masters were accustomed to emancipate their slaves in the Church, and in presence of the clergy and of the faithful, without the old formalities of the heathen ritual. That this pious custom might be stamped with authority and properly regulated, the African councils, held at the beginning of the fourth century, asked the emperor to decree that all acts of emancipation should be made in the Church. He who wished to manumit a slave led him by the hand to the altar; there the act of manumission was read, by which the master set his slave at liberty because he had found him faithful in all things; the priest then gave his benediction, and the

act, elevated thus to the dignity of a religious ceremony, had a profounder sense and a more real value than civil emancipation in the Pagan world. The Christian slave, thus enfranchised, obtained a complete and honourable freedom; he entered the community of his brethren surrounded with as much respect as if he had never been a slave.

NOTE.—At the close of a learned article, on "The Works and Discoveries of Greek and Roman Archaeology in France and other countries in recent years," which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 1, 1864, written by the distinguished scholar, M. Gaston Bousquier, this striking passage occurs. After describing the formulæ of Emancipation that were enforced in Greece, and the growing frequency and the security of emancipation even among the pagans in the Roman empire during the first three centuries of the Christian era, M. Bousquier writes:—"The Greek religion which could thus, by accident, come in aid of the slaves, and protect them, never created any doubt as to the legitimacy of the masters' rights, or condemned the principle of slavery. Not to it was reserved the honour of its destruction. In order that we may feel what was wanting on those acts of enfranchisement over which it presided, and what made those acts fruitless for humanity, M. Foucart, at the end of his 'Mémorial,' compares the inscription at Delphi with a papyrus lately discovered in Upper Egypt. It is the letter of a Christian to his slaves, which ends with these words: "I declare, voluntarily, of my own free will, and without regret, that I give you your freedom in homage to God, who is full of compassion, and in grateful acknowledgment, of the good will you have always shown me, of your affection and your services." There is here no ransom for the slave to pay, no hard restrictions or burdensome obligations. Freedom complete and immediate is given to him freely, but, above all, how the tone of him who speaks is changed! How little does this tender and touching manner of speech resemble those hard formulæ engraven on the wall of Delphi, according to which the master 'sold to the god a body male or female, named Menaschus or Sosia.' We feel that a profound revolution has been effected, and that a new spirit has breathed over the world."

THE PRIDE OF THE LATYMERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "FROM DARK TO DAWN IN ITALY," ETC.

VL

THE HELTER-SKELTERS.

THE neighbourhood of Kyle was what is called a sporting country; and the hounds which hunted it were the renowned Helter-Skelters, whose meet on the first Monday of the new year took place at the Earl of Bar-sinister's.

This was one of that nobleman's duties to his county, performed every season after Christmas. He would give a hunting breakfast, not one of the *déjeûners* which may occur at five in the afternoon, but a genuine morning meal; and, punctually at eleven, the company would issue forth to examine other covers than those redolent of fried ham and kidneys. Not that the noble host cared himself for what our French neighbours designate "le sport;" he would merely ride on his steady grey cob to see the hounds throw off, and "gone away!" was his signal to go home at the quiet jog-trot which suits the gout. But he was lord-lieutenant of the county, and considered himself at the head of everything generally, and bound to patronise everything, from the national school to the coursing-club.

The long tables of the dining-hall were packed with men in many varieties of costume, from the conventional "leathers and tops" to the common shooting-coat and gaiters; the room lit up by patches of scarlet in several shades, including the stainless new coat fitting like a glove on my lord Argentine, heir to the earldom, and the faded "pink" of the *habitué*, who had aired it at a hundred meets. And to overhear the conversation, you would think that there was nothing in the world of interest besides horses and dogs, nor anything to do in life but hunt foxes and hares.

Meanwhile, people were gathering outside; not only grooms with horses, and the ragged fringe inseparable from any assemblage in Ireland, but also people in vehicles, and lady

riders, come to see the meet. The hounds were also arrived, and restless enough, running off on false scents in twos and 'threes, and recovering themselves from the mistake with a whine. It was a pretty sight; all in front of the grey old castle, which looked quite as much of a cotton-mill at one end, and of a Gothic church at the other, as of a fortress in the midst, that had stood a day's siege from Oliver Cromwell. But this *mélange* of styles was owing to the varying tastes of the Bar-sinister ancestors; and the result was too comfortable within for censure. What cared the noble owner for certain caustic remarks in the book of a tourist to whom he had not been civil, embodying chiefly Dean Swift's observation that an Irish residence is generally close to a good site? He knew more than one *litterateur* of the lighter sort, who was perfectly ready to produce "Ireland and her Institutions," (two vols., foolscap octavo, gilt harp smothered in shamrocks, on grass-green cover, with the usual humorous illustrations and bad spelling interspersed, amid a final settlement of Irish questions, social, political, and religious,) on being invited for a week to partake of the hospitalities of Bar-sinister castle; which compliment would be returned by a delicate typographical eulogium on the architecture, or anything else.

Of course Lancelot Latymer was among the guests; indeed some people, envious at having no grand relations themselves, were good enough to intimate that he was one of the retinue of poorer cousins generally hanging about great houses. For his father's embarrassments were widely known in the county, notwithstanding the four-in-hand, and the baronial entrance, and other ostrich-like expedients; of which, in so far as they were intended to hide anything, the head of the family must be acquitted. He would as soon have believed in the falling of that sky which is to net

all the larks, as in the collapse of the house of Latymer through want of the vulgar necessity called money. But his lady-wife had a very lively notion of the value of keeping up appearances.

"Good scenting weather, eh, Phil?" remarked her son, riding up alongside the grizzled huntsman as they crossed the park towards the nearest cover. "I was afraid we were going to have too much sun."

The old man turned up his sour-looking, weather-beaten visage to the clouded sky. "'Tisn't so good as you think, sir: they'll be apt to be disturbed by cross-scents, it lies so heavy; but sure, its no business of mine, as long as the quality is plased;" and he administered a cut of his long whip to an errant hound at his right hand, which produced a yelp in a diverse key.

"Foxes are not so plenty as to confuse them, I fancy:" and then ensued a highly instructive conversation respecting the pack and its performances. Thus Lancelot escaped the company of sundry young ladies celebrated for cross-country work and following the hounds at all hazards, among whom he had gained the name of a woman-hater and a bear. But he had his own ideas—and not so incorrect, either—about feminine perfections; among which the topping of a five-barred gate was not included.

"They've found!" shouted he presently, as half-a-dozen of the hounds cocked their heads and ran a few yards, howling that howl which is music in the ears of a Nimrod, though a most evil discord in the ears of anybody else. "Stole away!" After some excitable flourishing of the lash on old Phil's part, the whole pack were in full-cry, rushing forward carnivorous with one accord.

"Splendid burst!" quoth the human wiseacres who followed the dogs, who followed their instinct. The traces of poor Reynard's morning walk had verily been discovered, and a large odds of animal force, to say nothing of human intelligence, was bent on capturing his brush,—which is a polite euphemism for the amusement of taking away his life.

And to preserve his brush (which foxes have a great objection to losing, since *Æsop's* fable), as well as the other trifle involved in its loss, Reynard made for an earth that he knew well,—a deep hole among large mossy crags in a thick copse about two miles off; where, to say truth, his wife and young family found summer quarters. But soon he found the pace was too fast on level lands, and he was obliged to double, and head up a long hill intersected with watercourses and walls of loose stones, at sight of which tactics most of the young lady riders "slowed," and drew off, with lengthened faces.

Now, the other side of this long hill, facing south, presented more of a cultivated aspect; there furze-bushes, and heather, and scrubby pasturage, gave place to efforts at tillage; and on the lower slopes stood the bran-new house and grounds of Mr. Charley, looking as if they, and the spiky trees, had been just popped out of a toy-box, clean and fresh-finished. And here Reynard experienced an unlooked-for deliverance. He had been compelled to double again, and take the hill-side along under a wall for some distance; and as the pack neared the plantations they wavered, divided, scattered on some new scent.

"Another fox!" thought Lancelot, who generally made it a point of honour to be in at "the death;" "it's true for that crusty old Phil." But this was not another fox; he caught sight almost immediately of a terrified bound given by some creature greatly larger than a fox, and who got away by long jerking strides distinctly visible.

"Miss Charley's pet deer!" and Lancelot pulled his horse on its haunches in a sort of consternation. He had seen her fondling the pretty bright-eyed beast, and feeding it from her hand, only the day before. It must have somehow strayed from its paddock beyond bounds; and now the poor animal rushed frantically up the hills away from help, in its bewilderment.

"If she would only make for the house and offices!" But whatever

sort of simulation of thinking goes on at any time in a fawn's brain, was quite dissipated in the maddening desire to get beyond the reach of the horrible dogs. The entire pack were after her now with a dreadful unanimity; while Reynard nestled at the root of a hollow tree, among fir-cones and a strong odour of turpentine, gathering breath as he listened to the receding music, and scarce believing that his brush was safe for this time.

"A pound-note for you, Phil, if you save her!" roared Lancelot, striking spurs into his steed. "She'll be torn in pieces before anyone's up, unless there's some way of making a short cut."

"If she'd only head down to the water, and break the scent," muttered the old huntsman, gathering up his reins. "But the crathur wont have the sinse. Bad manners to thim that owns her, for spoiling our day's sport, anyhow!"

Young Latymer was far beyond the reach of his growl ere it concluded. He rode as if on a steep-chase, every nerve and sinew strained, as he had scarce ever ridden in his life before. Two or three of the more daring riders followed him, though they had not much liking for the loose walls aforesaid, and kept a careful look-out for the breaches. Old Phil, quickened by the prospect of the "pound-note," was doing his best to cut in between the dogs and their prey; but not being so well mounted as Mr. Latymer, he also declined sundry difficult leaps, as he had an allowable regard for his own neck. And a muttering of this sort ran through his brain:—

"Take the sunk fence, is it?" seeing how the dogs were tumbling down a wide ditch with grey stonework making one side perpendicular. "Faix, an' I hope I know better than to risk my ould bones where the major split his skull last Aisther Monday was a twel-month. For all the deers in Connaught I wouldn't; an' I'm afeard it'll put the Blue-bottle himself to the pin of his collar."

This was the name of Lancelot's

hunter. "Troth, an' maybe he remembers the major's little misfortune: see how he baulks at the fence, the image of a human Christhen! Misther Lance! Misther Lance!" he shouted, "that's no leap for the likes of the Blue-bottle—he'll never do it: an' sure, the weeshy crathur of a deer isn't worth yer killin' yerself?"

If young Latymer heard, he heeded not, but flogged and spurred his gallant horse to another attempt. After which he remembered little more than an apparently general concussion of nature, caused by his being pitched headlong amid a whirl and rush of sparks, extinguished in universal blackness.

VII.

NURSE'S SUMMARY.

Once or twice a lapse into semi-consciousness—once or twice a glimpse of knowledge that somebody was in pain, and fevered, and restless, yet with no distinct apprehension that it was himself, or that he had any surroundings beyond a general wavering of objects, liable to settle back into the universal blackness: once or twice a looming of faces as if evolved from a fog and a sounding of voices as over a distance filled with surging sea: these were the sole sensations of Lancelot Latymer, ere he one night opened calm eyes again.

Calm, but undiscerning at first, like a baby's. He did not recognise, for some little time, that he was in a totally strange place, in a room which he had never seen before, and where the furniture certainly looked unearthly by reason of the strong shadows cast from a hidden light set low. How wonderfully weak he was! Why had he slept so long? Something had happened, but what it was he could not recall to mind.

Perhaps somebody was sitting up with him. Indeed, from the shaded candle, it was more than probable. Bright thought! Having arrived at this stage of his reflections, he proceeded from cogitation to action.

and uttered a quavering—"Halloo there!"

"Cushla machree!" was the immediate answer, amid the hurried rustling of a woman's dress. "Sure I was only strainin' yer barley-water at the fire in the other room. Oh, then, Misther Lancelot, darlin', the core of my heart, it's meself that blesses the Lord above in heaven for to say I hear yer own sweet voice again, sinsible, this night!" The poor woman fell on her knees by the bedside, clasping his hand, and covering it with kisses, and then poured forth her thanksgiving and love in a fervid outburst of the Irish language, half prayer, half rhapsody of joy.

"Nurse, where am I?" when she had subsided into gazing on the beloved face of her foster-son with tearful eyes. "Not at Kyle, certainly."

"Oh! musthore mavrone," as she sat back on her heels and rocked herself, "but he doesn't know where he is, afther all!" Then, in a coaxing tone, "Sure yer at Mr. Charley's house, honey, an' gettin' the very hoighth of good tratement, though they aren't the rale ould quality all out; more's the pity."

"In Mr. Charley's house!" He required a few minutes to digest that statement. Other things dawned on him. "And how long is it since, since?"

"Since Blue-bottle pitched ye head foremost at the sunk fence, bad scan to him? Why, thin, it will be a week to-morrow, if it isn't twelve o'clock yet, an' a week to-day if it is."

Events in his background at once became clear. He lay thinking of the run with the Helter-Skelters, the effort to save the fawn, the baulk at the desperate leap.

"Sure ye came against the stone wall, honey, an' no mortal head could stand *that*: an' they said ye had a cursin' o' the brain afther it; an' signs-by they didn't lave a hair on yer beautiful head but was shaved as clane as the palm of me hand, wirrasthru!"

This accounted for a remarkable lightness and coolness of which he

was conscious about the skull. And so he had suffered concussion of the brain! Aye, and a touch of brain-fever afterwards.

"It was the doctors took off my hair, I suppose, nurse?"

"Aye, the docthors! Bother 'em for docthors; sure ye had four of 'em, tall an' short, fat an' thin. An' when I see the fourth comin', oh," sez I, "they're determined to do for my darlin' child entirely! I never hear of anyone to recover afther three, let alone four. An' 'twould disthract a rookery to hear 'em talkin' about the bones in yer head: an' then they wint down stairs to have a consultation, which manes cake and wine, maybe, for it's a power of that same they ate an' dhrank, as Pat, the butler, tould me afther. But there's only two of 'em comes now, our own Docthor Magan, an' another, a little chap. An' be the same token," she said, rising to her feet, "they tould me not to dare tell ye a word if such a thing happened that ye opened yer eyes an' spake sinsible. I forgot it till this minit', an' troth, I'll be kilt, for they're mighty cunning intirely for knowin' what goes on behind their backs. Go to sleep now, honey, an' compose yourself comfortable, though I don't think meself it was they did it at all!" she added whisperingly, as she arranged the counterpane.

"Did what?"

"Cured ye, acushla. Shure, I promised a score o' rounds at St. Synan's blessed well next Lady-day, an' a score more on Peter an' Paul's, one mornin' they thought ye were very bad altogether; an' 'twas that done it."

"How are my father and mother?" he asked, wearily.

"The poor masther comes over every day regular, sir, an' sits in that chair, lookin' at ye; an' once I see the tears a-rollin' down his cheeks when he thought nobody was mindin' him. The missus took to her bed, awful bad intirely wid that new Ralgy she do have;" thus nurse pronounced the fashionable malady for which our grandmothers had a plainer name, and which she firmly believed to be a novel ailment expressly appertaining to the higher orders.

"An' Miss Berry, she'd ha' given the world to come an' help in nursin' you, honey, but she wouldn't be let. 'Tisn't no house for the likes of my daughter to stop in,' sez the missus, very grand in herself. 'They're only shopkeepers an' people in trade,' sez she, 'such as we ought never to consort with,' sez she, which its very right, in course, the rale ould quality should keep away from : but there's a young lady down stairs, an' indeed an' indeed she's just fit to be the daughter of the Queen. so she is—so sweet-spoken an' so lovely in herself!"

A faint colour tinged poor Lancelot's pale, half-averted face as he inquired—"what became of the fawn?"

"Oh, thin, it's wishin' the same fawn far enough I am," was the reply, "an' you mostly to lose yer life by the manes of it! Troth, its below, wid a blue ribbin round its neck, an' made a pet of like a young child. Sure, Phil, the huntsman, brained a couple o' the dogs before they'd let it go. An' here," producing a wine-glass, "here's a draught you was to take the minit you woke."

A highly inflammatory proceeding was all this conversation, but happily the patient was none the worse for it; having fallen into a deep sleep, he continued so for many hours, until the shaded candle had given place to shaded daylight; until the doctors had quietly come and quietly gone, stealthily counted his pulse, and listened on the landing to nurse's discreet account of the night (which omitted a good deal of irrelevant matter, such as the above conversation), and assured Mr. Charley that nothing could be more favourable than the state of the patient; wrote some hieroglyphics, nevertheless, on note-paper, with an intention (whether well or ill-founded, shall the homœopathists judge?) of making him still better, and so departed.

The first object on which Lancelot's waking eyes lighted was that most unusual figure for any apartment he inhabited—a man kneeling. It was Mr. Charley, who rose after a few moments, took his outstretched

hand, and breathed fervently. "Thank God, the hearer of prayer!"

Young Latymer tried to utter a few words of gratitude. "Don't think of it, my dear sir, don't think of it! It's the very least we could do. Hurt yourself in trying to save Dora's pet, too! That showed the amiable heart I like to see in youth—feeling for the dumb creatures. No thanks, no thanks, my dear young gentleman. There now—you see I positively have to go away." And he looked back from the door to charge Nurse that he should not talk or excite himself.

"Misther Lancelot," said she in a whisper—"there's what he's been doin' every single day since you come, prayin' for you at the bedside as reglar as the mornin'. Sorra sich a religious man ever I see, barrin' a priest; sure his soul must be made long ago?"

Of enjoyment in the exercises of religion—of praying because he knew he was listened to by a living God, and because he loved to speak to his Almighty Friend; of being a Christian not in order to be saved, but because he was already saved with Christ's everlasting salvation; of these peculiarities in Mr. Charley's character and conduct, this Romanist and this nominal Protestant could equally understand nothing. Lancelot lay wondering that he had not a very long face and sour aspect, and did not speak with a drawl through his nose.

Wearisome days were appointed for Lancelot thenceforth during a little space. At first he did not chafe, being too weak; he dozed and dreamed through the hours of light quietly enough, after the couple of events of his morning—the physician's visit, and that of his kind host, who, the next day after Lancelot had been pronounced out of danger, drew forth his pocket Bible, and said, "I thought a few words of this might do you no harm, my dear young friend: I find it the greatest comforter and soother whenever I've anything the matter with me in mind, body, or estate:" and with no more preliminaries of leave,

he read a few verses from one of the Gospels, embodying a miracle done by our blessed Lord. What struck Lancelot about the reading was this: that the simple earnestness of uttermost belief sounded in every word.

"And if you'd like to know the link that holds *you*, who lie here on your sick bed, to that miracle wrought so long ago, my dear young friend, I'll give it you: 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' That's what we've to do with it; it shows us what He is, living in heaven at this hour, and what sort of heart He has."

The reader's annotations were never longer nor more abstruse than this. And young Latymer certainly began to think more than he had ever done about the universe of invisible things opened up to us in the Bible—that interpreter of the Unseen into the actual and tangible. But it is a solemn truth that the soul must hunger before it can be filled with the bread from heaven, and thirst ere it can be satisfied with the water from the wells that spring up unto everlasting life; and so, on the whole, the listener deemed these readings stupid and tedious enough, as was to be expected.

Another incident of his day was the visit from his father. There never had been much companionship between them: the illness of one of the parties could not alter this. Mr. Latymer would sit in an arm-chair facing the recumbent figure of his son, and endeavour to make interesting talk for him, occasionally solacing himself by taking snuff in his superb manner, out of a gold box with all the quarterings on the lid. The petty dabbling in literature which was Mr. Latymer's chief pursuit, was almost as unintelligible to his son as it would have been to his hunter Blue-bottle. Having never read a line of Bacon in his life, all the "blemishes" escaped him as well as the beauties. Round Towers another favorite subject of essay with his father, on which he had long been making notes and emendations, were to him simply objects in a landscape, not objects of archaeological disquisition; for truly he cared not a

bawbee who built them, but was content to accept them as an established fact. Consequently he lacked sympathetic feeling when he was told—

"A fact of real importance has come to light, my dear Lancelot: I have at last found the key to the round towers."

"I didn't know that any of them had doors remaining, sir," was the reply, uttered in real good faith. "I thought they were all ruins."

"That figurative expression means," said Mr. Latymer, becoming very stately, "the solution to their architecture, their style, their period. Clearly Cyclopean: the same sort of masonry as is to be seen in the walls of Argos and Messene."

"Indeed, sir!" said Lancelot, thinking that adverb safe not to betray his ignorance.

"Yes: do you see how it bears upon the migrations of the Indo-European races? Establishes a distinct relationship between the Celts and the primitive Hellenes, you perceive. The train of reasoning is minute and delicate: when you are sufficiently recovered—"

"I am to be moved to the library to-morrow, father."

"These excellent people seem to make you very comfortable. Never met with a more excellent man than Mr. Charley:" (now had he considered the latter to be of his own rank, he would have used the surname alone: but as he was far from such equalisation he was punctilious about the "Mr.") "A little too religious for a man of the world, to be sure—persons of his class are so liable to carry matters to extremes: but still a most excellent man. I was remonstrating with him only this morning about his refusal to subscribe to the race ball. 'Prejudices apart,' I said, 'why don't you do it as a matter of policy? You are here amongst us as a *novus homo*—it's expected from a man in your position, a magistrate and a landholder. You can't expect to be popular without making such—we'll say, sacrifices.' Then he said something about not wanting to be popular. Now I happen to know that there was some difficulty made in

the managing committee about applying to him at all; two or three of the more blue-blooded would have nothing to do with a retired tradesman. I interfered personally: "and even Lancelot's small imagination could picture the ineffable grandeur with which that interference was effected. "I said, 'Mr. Charley is my friend, a most worthy kindhearted, excellent person as ever lived!'" (We fear it was said with a loftiness and condescension suitable to a declaration of character for steward or servant.) "And you see, under the circumstances, and after my having thus stood sponsor for him, as it were, his refusal to have anything to do with the races or the ball, places me in an awkward—to say the least of it, an awkward position."

But as he tapped the gold box in his grand way, it was easy to know that he did not believe in any possible awkwardness besetting a Latymer of Kyle.

Mr. Charley had told Mr. Latymer that he could not subscribe to the races, or to the ball that would follow, because he did not believe that either scene was such as a Christian man should encourage by his money or his presence.

"But, my dear sir, it will be considered so singular if you act upon such ideas!"

"And I must even dare to be singular for my Master's sake, who has given me the charge, 'Be not conformed unto this world.'"

The conference broke up here. Mr. Charley found generally that conferences did break up at a straightforward avowal of his Christian principles.

VIII.

THE OLD OLD STORY.

With what longing does a convalescent look forward to that great event, the leaving of the sick room for some room where nobody has been sick, but everything savours of that common health which now seems happiness! How is the day spied from afar, and marked with a red letter by anticipation, and those

reckoned enviously in a black list which intervenes! Lancelot relieved himself by saying hard things of the doctor.

"Faix, yer fairly gettin' so cross that I'll have to turn you out," said Mrs. O'Leary, gazing at her nurse-ling with eyes of brimming affection. "O my honey, but it's I that's thankful to have ye cantankerous—there's no finer sign of gettin' well."

And after he had gone downstairs—somewhat gaunt and unsteady on this occasion,—the poor woman indulged in a private cry of joy over the empty nest where she had lovingly tended him so long.

What a charming room was that library! Mr. Charley was no great reader, and so the apartment could scarcely be so-called from the number of books it contained. One side was a miniature crystal palace of flowers, a conservatory which weighed the air with perfumes blended like harmonious music. Some little hope had the convalescent when he perceived the flowers, that he might perhaps see a lady in their sweet company.

But I doubt that the lady was Mrs. Charley, though she came in shortly with her soft kind manner and placid face to express her pleasure at his recovery, or even Miss Margaret Charley, who echoed it all, and on whom his eyes lingered because of a certain likeness to another person. They were very cordial, but where was Miss Dora? The conscious blood rushed to his forehead at the bare idea of asking for her. The fact is, that he had thought a great deal too much about her during his solitude upstairs; and considering that he never saw or heard her, the pertinacity of her little image was surprising. Verily he had thought himself into some sort of fantastic affection for her—being by no means the first that has learned (without a teacher) Love-in-Idleness.

"All the family was well," Mrs. Charley had said; and these few words saved him no end of conjectures subsequently as to Dora's being ill. "Then she didn't choose to come and see me—she stayed

away on purpose," was his last jealous cogitation. "And I think she owed me some little politeness after my risking my neck to save her pet. I'll put her out of my head altogether, the little witch!" After which, he of course thought about her harder than ever.

It was the evening, subsequently to a day full of visitors, but never the one he wanted; when her father entered the room, bringing her on his arm.

"Mr. Latymer, this little girl of mine sings for me most evenings to that harmonium in the corner; she says she fears you may not like it: I say you'll have no objection. Shall she go away?"

Lancelot had risen from his sofa to greet her, scarlet with a glow which might have been combined action from the fire and the crimson hangings. "What!" said Mr. Charley, "didn't she come with her mother to thank you this morning? O Dora, that was very bad manners on your part, when you remember his kindness about your pet!"

"Indeed, papa, I am greatly obliged. O, Mr. Latymer!"—and he

could see that her beautiful eyes trembled with tears—"I cannot bear you should think me ungrateful!" and she extended her little hand a second time. "I thank you with all my heart, only I am sorry you have suffered so much on our account—very sorry."

Whereupon Lancelot uttered something incoherent (and untrue at a cooler period) about rather enjoying the suffering. He really felt (just at present) as if he should have little objection to another fling from Bluebottle in the same cause. But the young lady vouchsafed no explanation whatever of her non-appearance in the middle of the day.

No matter—she had appeared now; and he would cavil at nothing with that fact facing him. Who was happier than Lancelot, as he presently lay listening to her delicious voice, singing (after short preface of chords) the Crusader's Hymn—the quaint music of which seems yet to echo with the tramp of multitudes marching eastwards to the "Holy Places."

"Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son;
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honour,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

"Fair are the meadows—fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is lovelier—Jesus is fairer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

"Fair is the sunshine—fairer still the moonlight,
And the twinkling starry host;
Jesus is fairer—Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels Heaven can boast."

"That's the sort of hymn I like," observed her father. "Exalt our Lord Jesus—sing about Him and

His glory; not about our miserable selves and our feelings.

"Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honour,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown."

repeated Mr. Charley, with more than a crusader's fervour. "Sing it again, my love; we cannot have too much of the subject, at all events."

Afterwards came the glorious old "Martyrdom" tune, bearing aloft the immortal words of Cowper, which have showed to so many the way of salvation:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

Why had Lancelot always thought hymns must needs be stupid and ugly? Perhaps because his best-

remembered sample of them was Mr. Chetwynd's Gregorian music. He wondered whether Beresford

could not learn such as these. His very heart's core was thrilled; and not altogether because of the voice that sang.

Certainly the music haunted him. It was repeated the next evening, and the next, with other music likewise; and as he was growing stronger, he mingled more in the family circle. On the mild February days he was in the flower-garden, laying in other lore than the names and natures of the bright blossoms which began to gem the ground; helping the ladies in their gentle culture; and dreading more than all things the day that

should see him so fully recovered that he must go home to Kyle.

Yet well he knew that he ought to withdraw from the temptation; he branded himself as a coward (when out of the presence) for not doing so; what pretension had he to the hand of Dora Charley? It will be seen that the pride of the Latymers had got a proper humbling in his spirit; for in this world there is, perhaps, no such abaser of haughtiness as real love. He appeared to himself at an immeasurable distance beneath her sweet simplicity and grace:—

“Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all its chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling passed in music out of sight!”

And so Lancelot chafed under a sense of his own nothingness and unworthiness. How clumsy he was—how uneducated—how penniless—all these disqualifications filled his heart with gloom.

“My poor mother!”

For he remembered all her vehement prejudices; her dislike of this family, for no reason but the absence of ancestors; and the utter scorn with which she would receive any hint of an alliance. Even if all things else were favourable, how could he ever hope to get over the family pride of his parents? Dora had not money enough, he knew, to buy it down.

Only when he was out of the presence did these misgivings visit him: in the presence he was simply happier than ever he had been before. No cloud lowered over all the blue sky of his hope. And as happy people generally are seen to advantage, Lancelot was not con-

scious of the glorification his own self experienced. But how surprised his sister Beresford would have been to witness the refinement, the tact, the thoughtfulness now displayed by her rough diamond of a brother! Sunshine brings out the flower-buds, when sharp winds might blow in vain; and happiness is analogous to sunshine, being equally powerful in eliciting perfections.

“Fool's paradise,” does anybody call it? The fashion now-a-days is to laugh at first love, or any love that hath not a foundation of plethoric money-bags. But here we stand up for the emotion, pure and simple, as constituting a grand civiliser and ennobler of mankind. He is a pitiable person, narrow in heart, and probably narrow in brain, who never has himself lingered in the pleasant places of that “fool's paradise,” and tasted the utter earthly bliss of loving and being loved.

THE FIRST COMMUNION.

BY THE EDITOR.

“The Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner, also, he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.”—1 COR. xi. 23—25.

“For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.”—MATTH. xxvi. 28.

Life-giving words! The blood of Jesus, shed
For us, for *all* who meekly come to Him!
Lo! generations on their way have sped,
And softly through the lapse of ages dim
Sweet echoes clearly whisper in our ears,
Brightening our road, and calming all our fears.

We cast our gaze adown the stream of Time,
And seem to view that sacramental board!
'Tis a fair evening in an eastern clime,
And sad disciples gather round their Lord;
Breathless, they list to every sacred word:
The very air seems silent and unstirred.

The Saviour sits with pale and holy brow,
Amid His followers; and His gentle eye
Is sorrowful, yet radiant with a glow
Loftier than e'er was fire of prophecy;
With glance of love, He breaks the blessed bread,
And pours the wine,—type of His life-blood, shed.

And then straightway the solemn charge is given,
In His dear memory that Feast to keep
Until He comes with majesty from Heaven,
And from the dust calls all His saints that sleep:—
Then shall they drink together of that wine
Press'd from the clusters of the Immortal Vine.

And since that hour, how many souls have fled,
Bursting their mortal bonds to dwell on high!
How many slumber with the righteous dead,
Who laid them down to rest, full peacefully:
And all their hope, and all their quenchless trust
Was fixed in Him, the Crucified, the Just!

That precious, priceless, all-atoning Blood!—
Thy children, Saviour, still are gathered home,
Their guilt all washed away in that pure flood,
With spotless heart and soul to Thee they come:
That Fountain leads them to their bright abode,
Cleansed in its waves, they dare approach their God.

Oh! by the grief of all Thy sojourn here—
Oh! by Thy passion on the Olive Mount—
Oh! by each burning, agonizing tear—
Leave every guilty sinner in that Fount.
We cast away all merit of our own,
As worse than vile—for Thou canst save *alone*!

Now draw us, Saviour, nearer to Thy shrine;
Now from Thy throne, in glorious light above,
Illumine our pathway with a smile divine,
And bless and keep us ever in Thy Love;
Till, by that Testamental Blood, once shed,
All Thine elect are safe to Heaven led.

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELD.

JAMAICA—the scene of so many missionary successes and solicitudes, especially on the part of our Baptist brethren—has of late increasingly engaged the anxious attention of the Christian Church. Though certain parties, true to traditions and instincts of always being infallibly wrong, have been trying to defend the indefensible, yet even a certain leading journal now admits that it was not till the arrival of Sir H. Storks in Jamaica that the whites have been “unmuzzled,” and that there has been a “massacre” of the negroes.

As the effort has been laboriously made to disparage the condition and character of the black population of the isle, our readers will be interested with a sketch of a scene given by the correspondent of the *Times*, who describes what he had just witnessed. He speaks cheerfully of the “many good qualities” of the negro who appears to be “a likeable fellow, good tempered, sociable, joyous, easily pleased,” though these qualities, as in most other people, are crossed by “much that requires humouring, management, and firm control.” The writer describes the wife trudging patiently by the side of her husband, generally poising on her head a big basket of yams, bananas, or green oranges. “How well she poises it, too, and with what a royal air she walks! Her lithe shapely figure and well set head, the light clean dress and gay turban, the basket-full of tropical fruit—perhaps gold-coloured, perhaps flaming red—and the good-humoured black face, which returns your nod, and shows the reddest (also the thickest) of lips and the whitest of teeth, make up a study of form and colour which would delight an Academician. . . . She is a daughter of Eve, and on Sundays, at all events, likes to be well dressed, according to her notion of good dressing. Let me assure all who may be inclined to think poorly of her in this respect, that the black woman seems to possess an instinct for dressing well, that she evidently has an eye for colour,

and is gifted with a taste *very far beyond* that of her class in England. Her turban is gay, as I have said; but its bright colour contrasts well with the dusky face and gleaming teeth below. Her dress is a cool, clean print, always light, hardly ever gaudy. In the early days of emancipation, I am told that the negress bought dresses of flaming colours, but for these there is now no market in Jamaica—a proof that, in matters of taste, the negress is, at all events, an improvable being.” Such are the women who have been flogged in shameful nakedness by hundreds, though there was no more evidence of their guilt than of that of the reader of this page, except that they committed the crime of wearing a black skin.

How complete has been the reign of terror in that unhappy island will probably never be known. But fresh and fearful facts are daily coming to light. Thus we learn from the last number of the *Missionary Herald*, that the Rev. E. Palmer, one of the native ministers, was, like Mr. Gordon, arrested in Kingston, where martial law did not exist, and, by order of the governor, was sent to Morant Bay for trial. “All information as to his offence was refused. At the end of martial law he was returned to Kingston, and we are now happy to say that he has been released on bail, after a very cruel imprisonment of two months, to appear, if called upon, to take his trial. It is said his offence is sedition, but no indictment has as yet been framed, and the attorney-general *refuses to give the slightest clue to the charges* which are threatened against him.” During his imprisonment his hair was cut, his hands were tied behind him, he was put in irons, he was led about by a rope tied in a choking manner round his throat, the food and water given him was so bad that they made him and his companions sick; two of his fellow-sufferers were flogged, and died of ill-treatment, and every day they were marched out to witness the hanging of the people, and were

told that such should soon be their lot. "No tongue can tell," writes Mrs. Palmer to Mrs. Underhill, "what my poor husband, with others, had to suffer, and for what he knows not, except it be for saying that the statements in Dr. Underhill's letter are correct."

The effect of these disasters upon the mission work in Jamaica could not fail to be serious. "Recent events," writes a missionary on the south side of the island, "show that our mission will, for years to come, need the fostering care of British Christians." Mr. Parnter, of the Wesleyan Society, says: "Among those who have been executed, or otherwise punished, we reckon some who were members of our societies;" and many who were known to be loyal have suffered "by the destruction of their houses, the loss of their clothes, their little furniture, and other articles. Lamentable occurrences," he adds, "only prove that Jamaica must still be regarded as a field for missionary enterprise." The Wesleyan Baptist and United Presbyterian Missionaries of St. James's, Jamaica, have sent a memorial to the Queen, soliciting inquiry into "the rumoured cruel and barbarous proceedings of some, at least, of those who were engaged in the suppression of the riot, and especially by the reckless and terrible destruction of life and property, which, as it is asserted, has been perpetrated;" and "also" they add, "into the reasons for the *astounding allegation*, that seditious and murderous designs are entertained by the black population in general, and that a mighty danger thus threatens the land."

We are glad to notice that the "Jamaica Special Fund" of the Baptist Missionary Society includes an item of £500 from Sir S. Morton Peto, for the Jamaica Missionaries, "as an expression of confidence and esteem."

Under the good providence of God, the new missionary ship, the "John Williams," survived the perils of the fearful January gales, and found refuge in Portland Roads. The scene on board during the hurricane was most affecting. "We prayed con-

tinuously," writes Mr. Saville, "that we might be delivered from our danger." Yet for a while the storm darkened and thickened, sea after sea broke over their heads, the water forced its way into some of the port-holes, a heavy wave carried away the whale-boat with its iron davits, and at length the pilot announced that the ship was running upon "the Caskets," as they are called, on the French coast, while the sailors entreated the passengers to pray for a change of wind. "Though this was an alarming period for us all," continues Mr. Saville, "yet our hope remained sure; we felt that we were upon the great sea at God's command, and that we were bound on a mission, and were carried in a vessel which had been consecrated by the prayers of thousands of our countrymen. We thought we could not do better than hold a prayer-meeting at this critical time, and we strove, amidst the noise of the tempest and the tumult of our feelings, to sing and pray together. We sang, 'Rock of Ages, 'Jesus, refuge of my soul,' 'Begone unbelief,' and other appropriate hymns, with doubtless more feeling than we had ever sung them before. Oftentimes our voices were choked with tears, which rose too strong to be subdued, but we had, amidst all, a quiet trust in our Heavenly Father, and as we one by one addressed the throne of grace, we felt that we had nothing to fear, that all was well." Then the clouds began to break, and the storm to abate, the wind fell, and there arose from the lips and hearts of the grateful company, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!'

We have fresh tidings this month from the West African Mission. Few Christian enterprises have demanded more of the "patience of life" than this. Forty Missionaries fell before that inhospitable clime; and "nothing," says Dr. Livingstone, "in our opinion, is wanting to complete the title of many of these men to take rank with the saints and martyrs of primitive times. There may have been some who thought," he adds, "that the

societies and the men were alike unwise to sacrifice so much valuable life. "These may be proofs of folly to some, but to others they are telling evidence that our religion has lost none of its pristine power." Further experience of the climate has led to a great diminution of mortality; the hundred and ten mission stations are the reward of that dauntless fidelity; Missionaries are now being pushed forward beyond the limits of the Sierra Leone peninsula—where the profession of Christianity is now general—into three further distinct fields of action. Agencies of various kinds are enlisted in these aggressive toils in order to reach the people; and by "the preaching of the Word in the place of worship, street preaching, or religious subjects introduced for discussion in their houses," the truth as it is in Jesus has been pressed home with encouraging results. "There are now five stations on the banks of the Niger, extending from the mouth of the river to its confluence; at two of them congregations have already been gathered. This mission is purely native, and under the superintendence of Bishop Crowther." "At Puitsa," says the Bishop, "things are decidedly improving. The Christian Sabbath is generally known about the country; the people are more becoming in their manner and habits; many are more decent and tidy even in their native clothes about their persons; many of our early school-children can read the New Testament fluently in their mother tongue, and join in the responses of the Church-service with feelings of devotion. Some of the young persons speak English, and may be employed in ordinary matters as interpreters with safety. These are tangible improvements upon the state of the people when we first landed here in 1857, eight years ago, and met them, very poor, filthy, and rude."

In the North-west American Mission of the Church Missionary Society, several native-born clergymen have been introduced to mission work—men who have the spiritual qualifications that are indispensable,

and who have also the physical vigour which enables them to accomplish long journeys on foot, and whose arms can ply the axe and the oar. From a new settlement, with an unpronounceable name, in British Columbia, we have striking evidence of the altered temper and character of the people. "I am sure," writes Mr. Duncan, "did you see this village on the Lord's-day, or at weekly prayers, you would not believe that you were in a land of savages, and that less than twenty miles away, ghastly heathenism still holds undisputed sway."

A year ago, the Christian Church in England heard with sorrow that the labours of their missionaries in the Loyalty Isles of the South Seas had been interrupted by the violence of the French authorities of New Caledonia. An appeal having been made to the Emperor of the French, he gave the assurance that the acts perpetrated in his name should be renounced; and that, for the future, Protestant and Roman Catholic Missionaries should enjoy equal freedom. We regret to find that the orders of the Emperor were either not sufficiently explicit, or have been but partially obeyed. It is true that the missionaries may now teach whatever they please on the subject of religion, and "liberty of worship" is enjoyed, but they are not allowed to impart secular instruction, which is taught only in the Government School, where the boys are simply taught the French language. "Still," says Mr. MacFarlane, "the cause of Christ has gained by its having been tested. The natives have witnessed the attempt of the French to sweep Protestantism from the island, and they have seen their failure; so they are more deeply impressed than ever of the power and truth of the Gospel."

Mr. MacFarlane states that he is deeply impressed with the importance of using every effort to procure a correct translation of the Scriptures in the native language as soon as possible. "If these natives," he says, "had the Scriptures in their language, I should consider

one Missionary, with a horse and a boat, quite sufficient for the whole island; but, under the present circumstances, there ought most decidedly to be *three* here. Instead of this, I am alone." He mentions that the oppression of the natives by the French continues with little abatement. "In addition to the loss of life and property, the natives are forced to work at the camp in turns, many of them drawn fifty miles from their homes, without either remuneration or food. Surely such acts as these cannot be known to and sanctioned by a humane and enlightened people like that of France!"

"Everything in relation to the general work of the Madagascar mission continues in a cheering state." Thus writes the Rev. Robert Joy. The new chapel at Analakely,

built of unburnt bricks, is nearly completed; a good substantial clay church in another town, capable of accommodating 600 or 700 people, is almost finished; at Amparibe, 100 new members have been added to the Church; and the attendance at nearly all the chapels has greatly improved during the last few months.

We have interesting intelligence also from India, China, Labrador, and other parts of the Mission-field; but must reserve any further remarks to our next.

[It has been thought that a monthly epitome of the results of missionary labour would not only be welcome to our readers generally, but would be helpful to our ministerial friends in preparing for their missionary prayer-meetings, as well as in other similar services.—ED. *C. W. M.*]

THANKFULNESS.

"IN EVERY THING GIVE THANKS."

"There is no evil quite unmixed
In this world of ours,
But we, in our willfulness,
Gather thorns for flowers."

How sad it is that the human heart is so prone to look upon the "night-side of nature," ignoring "Heaven's distant lamps," kindled though they be by the hand of the Great All-good! Stars in the spiritual world, as well as the material world seem to be disregarded by the majority, or looked upon as things so unimportant, that though they let in light "through many a chink which time has made within the soul's dark cottage," though they surround many a pathway with a halo of hope and gladness, these precious tokens of a Father's love for His children are forgotten, or entirely unnoticed by the very beings they were employed to benefit.

That this morbid misapplication of God's providences flourishes greatly cannot be denied—a readiness to "gather thorns for flowers" and to remember only the bitter drops in life's cup, heedless of their

strengthening tendency—a regretful looking backward till, if not like Lot's wife actually turned into a pillar of salt, the feelings become fossilized and indifferent towards whatever good may be in store; a terrified looking forward to ills that may never arrive; the anticipation of future evil casting its baleful shadow over the joys of the present. We all know that such things are. Every heart has more or less with which to charge itself, but every heart is not so ready to take itself to task and by candid self-examination search out the cause of its delinquency and try to effect a cure.

There are temperaments which find it difficult, through physical or mental infirmity, to take a rational and hopeful view of any circumstance of life; for them the Great Physician only can prescribe, by making His strength perfect in their weakness; but it is in the power

(God helping them) of those, who, unfettered by such a drawback, grow morbid and dissatisfied with their existence, to cultivate such a spirit of gratitude and thankfulness to the "Author and Giver of all good things," that they may no longer "see through a glass darkly" but view even their heaviest sorrows in the light of "heavenly benedictions," rather than suffer their blessings to appear less by reason of their griefs.

We are advised not to despise "the day of *small things*," and if little by little we progress towards success and completion, so do we add up a list of what we denominate "*Every-day occurrences*." How many should we write down *mercies*; and how few would seem the thorns we are so ready to gather up, in comparison with the fairer blossoms which bedeck our life-journey!

A great pleasure or a great pain we consider worthy of notice, because, in all probability, it works some change in either feeling or circumstance; but the stream of "*slender joys*, which, oft repeated fall as sunshine on the heart," meets with as little consideration as the material sun-rays shed upon our path. What a blessing is the glorious light of day! and yet how few ever thank God for a *sunbeam*. It is such a *little thing*, we say; yes, *singly*, but united into one focus by a mighty concentrative power with millions of tiny counterparts, it forms an universal world-wide blessing! Take these minute sunbeams away, and what would our life be? an everlasting shadow, a continual groping in the dark, putting an end to man's employments and ambitions all at once. Then let us be thankful for the sunshine, and all the beautiful gifts it ensures us; the very flowers lift up their heads in gratitude to the kind Hand which dispenses to them this benefit. And shall we be less thankful than the blossoms? Truly "your voiceless lips, oh flowers, are living preachers," and in many cases we may do well to "consider the lilies of the field."

The preservation of our life from day to day, is a fact we seldom com-

ment upon save, of course, in the usual thanksgiving we offer up at the Throne of Grace; but friends, has it never occurred to you, has it never been brought before you practically, as well as theoretically, that there is indeed but a *step* between you and death? Methinks it must—not only by the hand of sickness when "the head is sick, the heart faint," and slowly, but surely the wave of life seems ebbing out, but suddenly—by the sharp cut of a knife—a false step upon the stair—a careless crossing of the street—the unexpected meeting of a vehicle. Have you never been reminded that, but for an Almighty, All-merciful Providence saying unto each or all of these common occurrences, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther," you might have been laid low in the grave—your "sun gone down while it was yet noon."

These trifles may seem little to remember, little to be thankful for, and many an one has uttered in the bitterness of some *unsanctified trial*, "I wish I were dead!" never thinking how soon and how *easily* that impious prayer might be answered, never heeding the "*afterwards*" which should ensue. Oh! our being was not bestowed upon us lightly that we should thus lightly yield it up; though some moments in life are agony, life itself is a blessing, the greatest of all talents, for even "the *hours* are golden links (God's tokens) reaching heaven," an account of which will be required of us in that day when the Lord shall make up His jewels; and shall we grudge a greater process of refining and purifying here, that we may be made more meet to shine in that glorious crown of life and light hereafter? Then why allow the present suffering, which is at most "but for a moment," to deaden our faculties, weaken our affections, and blind our eyes to that greater glory which shall be revealed to us? There must be something wanting in the spiritual education of each one of us, when we persistently choose the evils of life for our text and preach from them, instead of showing by the smallest word and action that in

everything we give thanks. It is not to be supposed that in the midst of some great heart-sorrow (and God knows there are many) we can look up and say, *at once*, "Thy will be done;" but how much more easily it could be said, if during our hours of freedom from care, we were in the

habit of numbering our mercies, and in love and thankfulness treasuring them in our memory. Then, when the dark cloud of sorrow came, what a bright lining would it wear from the sunny reflection of remembered blessings.

It has been said that—

"Those who have *rarest* joy know joy's *true* measure;
Those who *most* suffer value suffering's pause;
They who but *seldom* taste the simplest pleasure
Kneel *oftenest* to the Giver and the Cause."

And it is so, for who so well able to appreciate the fresh pure draught as they who have toiled through the desert weary and footsore? How sweet to them those green oases, few and far between! how they rest beneath the welcome shade of some giant tree! and the terrors and hardships of the way are forgotten in the luxury of peace and cessation (temporary though it be) from labour; only those who have seen happiness at a distance, have watched her stand afar off, heard but echoes of her distant music, can tell what it is to feel her hand placed in theirs, if it be but for a moment, and withdrawn even while the lin-

gering pressure is warm and thrilling!—they only know how impulsively and entirely the heart goes up to high God in a gush of thankfulness and tremulous gratitude; while those who live ever in an atmosphere of prosperity receive God's blessings as rights rather than free gifts, and when the Great Giver sees fit to recall His own, consider themselves deeply wronged and injured. The tried, and the sorrowful, learn to value life's good things as they ought to be valued, and if the high-minded and self-righteous were to take themselves to task, they would soon find reason to exclaim—

"Not more than others I deserve
Yet God has given me more."

And were only glimpses of heaven occasionally vouchsafed us—were these all we had to be thankful for, would they not outweigh whole years

of anguish? But it is not so; daily, hourly, blessings innumerable are showered down upon us, the wonder is that we can *forget* them. But

"Though grief and tears may dim our joys,
And care and strife arrest,
'Tis *man*, too often, that alloys
The lot his Maker blest."

And we should see with every evil a corresponding good if we were not so blinded by the deceitfulness of sin. The bitter waters of Marah and the fertile groves of Elim are totally opposed to each other, yet the same desert holds them both. And He who has provided an antidote to sin, the greatest of all evils, did not overlook those minor concomitants which follow in its train; but for them also He has appointed a remedy. Human nature is so weak, and unable, of itself, to accomplish any "good thing," that, unless an indwelling power pervades it and re-

news it in the spirit of the mind, it cannot but fall into murmurings and repinings. Religion—the religion of the Cross—the religion preached and practised by the God-Man, whose pathway from the cradle to the tomb was one of unmitigated and unparalleled suffering—alone can teach the heart a *true* submission. Contentment is not always thankfulness, it may spring from varied motives. Many persons are "content" to let things "go their own way," literally but wrongfully fulfilling the command, "Take no thought for the morrow," &c.; while others, in a

spirit of stoicism and indifference, bordering on infidelity, say to circumstances, "Do your worst, we care not." There is even a content more praiseworthy than this, which can take its daily cross, calmly, quietly, murmuring not, rejoicing not, owning a Father's hand alike in each trivial occurrence and harsher dispensation, but lacking the great vital principle and key-note of submission "in everything *give thanks*."

Another great feature in the life of many besides their proneness to look regretfully back upon the ever-vanished past, is that of imagining they could bear the trials of others so much better than their own. It is a great mistake. The Father puts upon us just exactly the pain and the sorrow most calculated to work for *our* good; could we bear each other's burdens, we should find that though sometimes they might be lighter, they would not bring forth such "an exceeding weight of glory" as our own rightly applied, mind—*rightly applied*. There is a little poem which all who can would do well to read, called "The Changed Cross." It represents one who "weary with the conflict and the strife, and all the *needful* discipline of life," deemed her cross too heavy, and would fain exchange it for some other, beneath whose weight she should not droop so sadly. A shining one takes her by the hand and pointing to "crosses of divers shape and size," bids her choose from among them. Her choice quickly falls on "a *little* one, bright with jewels set in gold," but soon she finds that too heavy, and casting it down, she again renews her search. Presently her eye falls upon a sculptured cross entwined with lovely flowers—but soon she discovers thorns lurking beneath the rose-leaves, and she lays that one down in its turn. Again and again she tries; but "not one to *suit* her need could there be found." At last she takes up one "of plainest form, with only words of love inscribed thereon," and while "she bent her burden to sustain, she recognised *her own old cross again*." So it is with ourselves, were we to try to bear the crosses of others, we

should find them equally unsuitable; but so prone is the human heart to think its own judgment best in opposition to His "who doeth *all* things well," that we would fain take our destinies into our own hands and dispense with any higher guidance.

Mortality looks so much to the present, its limited vision cannot pierce the clouds which veil futurity. Oh! if we would but remember that "*He* knows the end," and that we also shall one day view life's strange and solemn mosaic, mingled though the pattern be, from a height we do now even dare to contemplate, and whatever has seemed out of harmony in form or colouring, will then be fair and plain. If we would only bury our doubts, our fears, our retrospections, in the grave which each hour digs for itself, believing that "the sweetest surprisals of eternity will be resurrections of the works of time," how much more thankfulness would our hearts pour forth; not by words merely, but by our lives. Every action would be an oblation to the King of Heaven—every heart-throb a hymn of praise—every memory a temple (the "Holy of holies") where God's name should be enshrined, the Alpha and Omega. Even the sweet singer of Israel, whose life was chequered by so many strange vicissitudes could exclaim, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul! and forget not all His benefits." In the midst of his sorrows, when the water-floods had gone over his soul, he could remember the loving-kindness of the Most High; and shall we who live not in times of persecution and oppression, we to whom the blessing of being born in a peaceful and Christian land is one of no little magnitude, shall we be found wanting in gratitude to the "Father of all mercies and Giver of all consolation?" Not so; let us from this time forward resolve that the sweet incense of our hearts and *lives* shall ascend heavenward daily, hourly, and mingling with the prayers of God's saints around the throne, prove us not unmindful of the smallest mercies we receive. It is a great thing to be "content," but that is not enough, and if, instead of

a passive endurance of those trials which for our soul's good are given us to endure, we would turn our attention to the innumerable blessings

which (small though they may be individually) are so continuous, we should always be

"Ready to give thanks, and live
On the *least* that God may give!"

For His "least" is more than by any works or deserving, of our own, we are entitled to.

Our great laureate has written

"So fret not like an idle girl,
That life is dashed with flecks of sin.
Abide;—thy wealth is *gathered in*,
When time hath sundered shell from pearl."

"Gathered in!" what a consoling idea to think that so much we deemed lost here, has only been safely garnered by the loving Hand of the All-merciful; not only the human hearts whose absence we deplore, who no longer make our path bright by their presence, but all our undying hopes,—our deepest aspirations—our yearnings after the good—our (improved) opportunities—our very gratitude and thanksgiving stored up for us, till the day when, having reached to full fruition, they will clothe us in the mantle of their own ineffable joy!

Then "*abide*!" We may well do so when we think of the "wealth" for which we wait! Life is indeed "dashed with flecks of sin," more than "dashed," but "thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift," it has rays from the Sun of Righteousness so bright, that in His beams we may well forget the spots that blemish

wise words; taken to heart they might silence many a complaint and murmur—

nature and the heart of man. To a soul saved by grace," each circumstance in life is a cause of thankfulness, and the sunshine of a perfect love will manifest itself in a consistency of word and action, not otherwise attainable.

We need not always walk in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, we enter it far sooner than is necessary by taking so dark a view of our surroundings; then naturally, they cast their unpleasant colouring over our life-path until we are filled with despair, and enshrouded by a gloom of our own making.

A cheery little poem by Mrs. Hemans may throw a comforting beam across the darkness of some brother or sister who is inclined to say "all these things are against me," who persists in extracting the bitter only from his or her draught, and will not by any means receive it as a cup of blessing:—

"The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it—
And twinkles through the cloudiest night,
Some solitary star to cheer it.

"The gloomiest soul is not all gloom,
The saddest heart is not all sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest tomb
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

"Despair is never quite despair,
Nor life, nor death the future closes,
And round the shadowy brow of care,
Will *Faith* and *Hope* still twine their roses."

MARGARET HOUSMAN.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

An old man sat and thought one night in a solitary chair,
The mist of age was in his eyes, and its whiteness in his hair.
Holding a bag of gold, he sat through all the cold dark night,
And waited in impatience for the early flush of light.

"I have it safe!—the bank may close, as people say it will,
And hundreds may be ruined, but I shall be happy still.
I have it safe, my gold, my gold! and every happy day
I'll count it over merrily, and hide it safe away."

A moody, discontented man sat thinking in a chair,
More misty were his eyes that night, more white and sparse his hair,
More dark, and cold, and comfortless was his solitary room,
And grumbling to himself he sat amid the increasing gloom.

"To think that I have saved my gold for such a thing as this!
I almost hate the orphan, yet she met me with a kiss;
But she will rob me of my gold—I would not take her in
But that the harsh backbiting world would say it was a sin.

"An orphan placed in care like mine! Well, she is but a child;
She recks not of a wasted life, she is not yet defiled!
I can but take her (grudgingly), and if she must be fed,
The orphan poor and penniless shall earn her daily bread."

So the stranger orphan came next day, and she knelt beside his chair,
And her deep grey eyes looked out at him from her clustering thick brown
hair;
She crept into his heart at once, the dry and withered heart,
And he vowed, and angels heard the vow, to do a father's part.

The man had heaped gold all his life, but now he garnered wealth
More precious than the ore of mines, more dear than light or health,
The love of that young girlish heart was the richest gift of Heaven,
That to the miser's cheerless life had ever yet been given.

The summer's sun came softly in, and turned her curls to gold,
A hand laid on her fair young head—a trembling hand and old;
But what has thrilled the worn old man, and brought the silent tear?
Only a little simple word—she calls him—"Father, dear!"

The autumn's russet leaves float down so sad and silently,
But the old man watches through the night to see his darling die.
He gently smooths from off her brow the clusters of her hair,
She only breathes, "I'm going now; O, father, meet me there!"

She was the only thing he loved, but they laid her down to sleep.
And the stricken mourner turned away to pray as well as weep,
For in his ears there rang all day, "O, father meet me," till
He who had sinned so greatly, said, "God helping me, I will."

An old man sat and thought one night in a solitary chair,
The mist of years was in his eyes, and their whiteness in his hair;
But the blessings of the poor were his, and in his sweetest prayers
Rose evermore the orphan girl—"his angel unawares."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A GOSSIP ABOUT MUSIC.

I HOPE, my dear Madam or Sir, that you will not be very much alarmed at the title of this paper. I am not a pedant about to discourse learnedly upon "tones and quarter-tones," "diminished sevenths," or "consecutive fifths;" if I were to attempt such a dissertation I expect that my poor MSS. would be attacked by the Editor with the point of the scissors, or "returned with(out) thanks."

I am very conscious of the sublimity of my theme, and also of my inability to treat it as it ought to be treated; the subject is so vast, so fine, and so replete with associations of the highest order, that an ordinary body like myself ought, I suppose, to "despair of doing it anything like justice:" this is, I believe, the orthodox phrase to use. But then, you see, I am not even going to write an "Essay on Music," but only some "gossip." This is to me very comforting, as it is just possible that I may know something more about Music than my good readers. But, bless me! I remember that the Editor commanded me to be "not too long," and I keep on introducing myself and standing on the threshold of my subject; I will at once enter, trying not to be either "too slow," or "too flat."

The *origin* of Music is involved in great obscurity, and it has been thought by some writers of great note that song and speech were coeval. Lucretius says that the birds taught man—and woman too, I suppose—to sing, and that the invention of musical instruments of wind was suggested to him by the sounds produced from reeds when the western wind blew over them.

"The birds instructed man,
And taught him songs before his art
began;
And while soft evening gales blew o'er
the plains
And about the sounding reeds, they
taught the swains,
And thus the pipe was framed and
tuneful reed."

This idea is certainly poetical and fanciful enough, but whether it be true or not I cannot say. Jubal, we

read in the "Old book," was "the father of such as handle the harp and organ;" neither harp nor organ though, were such as we now use. The ordinary musical instruments mentioned in the Bible are,—bells, cymbal, dulcimer (bagpipe?), flute, gittith, harp, mahalath (a guitar or lute), neginoth (a stringed instrument something like a lyre), organ, pipe, psaltery, sackbut, timbrel, shawm, trumpet, and drum! Besides these there are others, as someone—I think Josephus—mentions thirty-six as having been kept in the Sanctuary for the use of the priests in their worship, and on all of which David is said to have been able to perform. All David's Psalms breathe of music and of his love for it; but I think it is quite unnecessary for me to pursue this part of my subject further, as all my readers have Bibles of their own which they can consult for themselves.

A clever writer, whose book is dated 1837, says, "Seven primitive colours are placed at the disposal of the artist, by the judicious blending of which he breathes into the inanimate canvas the image of his fancy; in like manner are seven tones allotted to the musician, which being combined, interwoven, and adapted to each other, cause new and unlooked-for beauties to sparkle into light. The feelings are moved when the painter touches them by means of the eye; the works of the musician act upon them through the agency of the ear. Music joined to art is the very Alpha of the educated musician. Three ladies of the names of Melody, Harmony and Science were called upon to display their talents in the presence of a competent judge who, after listening to each in her turn, thus gave the verdict: "Melody charmed me, Harmony delighted me, and Science astonished me; let the three form a union and I shall be enchanted."

Music is both a science and an art, and now, if you please, I must convert myself into a miniature Dr.

Dryasdust (N.B.—The above eminent and much quoted gentleman is still living, and may be consulted daily), and be a little bit heavy, but not for more than a paragraph or so. Music being, as I said, both a science and an art, is divided by the learned into two great parts, speculative, or theoretical, and practical; speculative music explains the nature of musical sounds, and shows, by demonstration, how they are related to each other; it is in short the philosophy of the art. Practical music is the application of theoretical principles, and is the art of composition, or of performing things composed. Speculative music is divided into acoustical, mathematical, and metaphysical, practical music into vocal and instrumental. Now I ought by rights to have something to say upon each of these divisions, but I propose to throw speculative music overboard altogether, and for my present purpose to divide the practical into two parts, sacred and secular, which shall be sub-divided into vocal and instrumental, and then again into natural and artistic music.

Of Sacred Music.—The first recorded song is probably that which Moses sang after the passage of the Red Sea. This song seems to have been like a duet, being responded to by Miriam, who had a timbrel—or tambourine—in her hand. Solomon in all his glory, employed a vast army of singers and trumpeters; Josephus says 200,000, but I am inclined to think that, under the infliction of their "*music*," Mozart, had he heard it, would instantly have expired. It would be easy to multiply examples of sacred music from the Bible, but leaving these, I come to more modern times.

Chief amid the poets of sound, I suppose we are all agreed to place *Handel* on the topmost pinnacle, and to consider his "*Messiah*" the first in the list of his many works. What *Raffaello* was in painting, and *Shakspeare* was in poetry, old *Handel* is said to have been in music. Greatest amongst giants for power and massive combinations the piling of voices one upon the other; the fulness of his harmonies and

grandeur of his choruses, the sweetness of his melodies and the general construction of his themes place him, to my mind, in the first niche in the temple of Fame. *George Frederick Handel* was born at Halle, in Saxony, in 1684, and died in 1759; at ten years old he composed a set of sonatas, which was in the possession of *George III.*, and I think still forms a part of the Queen's library. Even in his lifetime he achieved great popularity, and was much appreciated—this is in great contrast to the usual fate of genius—by royalty. *Queen Anne's* pension of £200 was doubled by *George I.*, and afterwards, when appointed to teach the princesses, *Queen Caroline*, consort of *George II.*, added another £200, making altogether £600 a year; no small income a century ago! The number of *Handel's* works is prodigious; in *Her Majesty's* library are the original MSS. of nearly all his compositions, filling eighty-two large folio volumes, most of which your humble servant has inspected. These include thirty-two Italian operas, twenty-three Oratorios, eight volumes of Anthems, four of Cantatas, three of Te Deums, and a Jubilate! Not in the royal collection, are eleven operas, harpsichord lessons, organ fugues and miscellaneous music—in short, the great *maestro* was inexhaustible! The "*Messiah*" has been called a Christian "*Epos*," for this work contains in its fragmentary construction the whole convolution of Christianity—true, faithful, and poetic. Of course you have heard how that *Handel* believed he had the ideas of the "*Hallelujah*," if not the actual chorus itself, given him in a vision from heaven, with angels singing to their harps of gold? The custom of rising when this superlative chorus is performed, dates back from the time when King *George I.* and his court set the example in acknowledgement of its sublimity.

"Anecdotes of *Handel*?" my good friends, they are legion and so well known, that I don't believe I know one you have not heard; this, I beg to say, *en passant*, is a very great hardship upon me. I will only risk

two as being not quite so hacknied as most of the others are.

G. F. H. was, I regret to say, rather more partial to himself than to anybody else; he was, in point of fact, somewhat *greedy*; he certainly had a burly tabernacle to sustain. On one occasion a friend sent him a case of "Clivot's best"—his favourite beverage—and which was kept by him in a sly cupboard in the study. Shortly after, some company came to see Handel, but alas! they remained so long "gossiping" that the poor man was put to great torture to find an excuse for getting away to the cupboard; suddenly he shouts out "her have von tort." In speechless admiration his friends let him depart to put said "tort" down. Soon after came another "tort," then more, and more, until at last, finding most of these corruscations of genius followed by a suspicious pop, one of the friends had a "tort" too, and rushing after poor H., stormed him in his sanctum, catching his victim *flagrante delicto*.

This master's method of taming obstinate and opinionated prima donnas, and others who thought more of themselves than they did of his music, was, to say the least of it, very energetic. It was also very characteristic, and generally successful, as thus:—A certain fastidious lady having to sing at one of Handel's concerts, attended him at his house to rehearse; my lady kept on finding fault, suggesting, and

even making "improvements," and finally declined to sing at all. Up bounced old H., "Vat te tefil! you vill not sing my song? *I vill trow you out of te vindow.*" Thus encouraged, her ladyship resumed, and the song was very successful; so says my authority.

To criticise Handel, is, of course, great presumption in me, but it really is quite possible to do so. He is reported as saying of himself "between you and me, her have wrote some shocking things, but ve mustn't say so!" I prefer, however, leaving this invidious task in other hands; I know what *I* think of him,—that he was the greatest poet of music that ever lived. The distinctive criticism between Handel and his great compeer Haydn, I take to be this: that Handel composed for *voices* with an *instrumental accompaniment*, and Haydn for *instruments* with a *voice accompaniment*. This difference is very marked, Haydn overflowing with sparkling and graceful instrumentation. His "Creation" is the best known of all his works. Then there are Mozart, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Cherubini, Beethoven, and an entire and glorious brotherhood, the names of which even, I have not room to mention. I suppose I must make an end of my sacred music, as the exigencies, both of this magazine and the reader's patience, require that I shall not have *all* the gossiping to myself! So, *s'il vous plait*, you must just wait a month. A. S. P.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRIVILEGES.

Rest for the weary mind;
Balm for the wounded soul;
Light where all else are blind;
Freedom from sin's control.
Trust in the darkest day;
Calm in the direst woe;
Help in temptation's way;
Comfort 'neath every blow.
Strength in the hour of trial;
Peace to "the world" unknown;
One without aught of guile
Aye as a "FRIEND" to own;
Riches of grace revealed,
Deep in the gospel-mine,—

Treasure to worldlings sealed—
Meed of a faith divine!
Temporal joys not few,
Freer from earthly leaven;
Promises precious too
Telling of bliss in heaven!
Such are the boons *they* win
Who in "the truth" abide;
Casting their load of sin
Down where their Saviour died!
Living in holy love;
Learning at Jesus' feet;
Fixing their hearts above;
Longing their Lord to meet!

CARACTACUS.

presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A. by General B., and innumerable bishops, admirals, and miscellaneous functionaries, are advancing gallantly to the anointed presence; and I strive, in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity, on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand, the—shall I speak it?—the clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps; and dukes, grandees, bishops, generals, anointed presence itself, every mother's son of them stand straddling there, not a shirt on them; and I know not whether to laugh or weep. . . . Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords? The question is extraordinary, and we should think that there is no man who could perform the imaginative operation alluded to, except one who lives at Chelsea.

But we have been drawn somewhat away from Mr. Bright's proposal that court dress should be discontinued at the Speaker's dinners. To that we give our full assent, believing that no reason whatever can be adduced why members of Parliament should not appear at the table of the Speaker in the same dress in which they appear in ordinary society. In spite, also, of the magnificent appearance which Lord Mayor Phillips's robes make in the print-shops, we must own that the Lord Mayor's show, and all the dressing and procession which pertain to it ought to be abolished. That the affair is useless—a mere show and a very foolish show, for London children—is indisputable; but if it were in no one's way, if it did no practical evil, it might, like Punch and Judy, and other time-honoured entertainments, be preserved. It is, however, in many people's way; it does great practical harm; it brings business to a stand-still for a considerable part of a day in the heart of London. Its folly, therefore, is pernicious, and ought it to be done away with.

"Ubi homines sunt, modi sunt;" men will not be without manners and forms, customs and costumes;

but there ought surely to be some connection between these and reality, appropriateness, good taste and original significance. It is the invariable habit of nature to throw off the husk and leave it to perish when the kernel is gone, and this habit of nature is and must be imitated in a general way by mankind. But who shall say when the use and meaning of a symbol is exhausted? Squire Cavendish or Howard would hardly admit that the crest which he uses with so much ostentation, and for the use of which he pays an annual sum into Her Majesty's treasury, is a mere nonentity, absolutely devoid of meaning; yet what ingenuity is able to connect the falcon or the lion which appears on his seal to-day with the banner on which, "in the mist and storm of battle in the thirteenth century," the falcon flew or the lion flamed, while the retainers of the old Baron pressed after it for life or death?

Even the swallow-tail coat and dangling sword which confine the person and disturb the legs of Mr. Bright at the Speaker's dinners, may once have been looked upon with feelings of respect by human beings. They can indeed at no time have been in the least worthy of respect, for unfortunately the costume which is set apart for purposes of State ceremonial in our day, is borrowed neither from the middle ages, when beauty of dress was considered and understood, nor from the Elizabethan age, when men and women still retained some sense of dignity in wearing apparel, but from "those tea-cup times of hood and hoop" when poetry sank into versification, and beauty became a stiff and modish elegance, and the nadir of ugliness in dress, as opposed to the zenith of comeliness attained in the middle ages, was reached. The pity is that if we discard our court dress, we have nothing better to put in its place. Our ordinary attire is as void of all grace and dignity, all fineness in form or nobleness in colour, as any that could be devised.

PETER BAYNE.

PERSONAL AND RELATIVE INFLUENCE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Of all the sources of influence, perhaps that which, next to personal character, has the chief power, remains yet to be mentioned, viz: the use we make of the tongue or pen. There is a power in words. Ever since the invention of Printing this power has been on the increase. Never was it greater than at the present moment. Good words, rightly aimed, have been the cannon-balls which have battered down many a stronghold of error. Tyrants, and all whose prejudices and interests are inwoven with systems of evil, dread them. But those who desire only the discovery and diffusion of truth have nothing to fear from the multiplicity of voices now being addressed to mankind. For a time there may be the appearance of confusion—a perfect Babel of jarring and discordant sounds; but truth will be eliminated from error, and will reign in her own majesty and purity. It has been debated whether words spoken or words written, have the greatest influence in the world: each has its own advantages. The public speaker wields a mighty power. Impressions have been produced by his words which no time nor change of circumstance can efface. For immediate action he is doubtless the superior; but the present is emphatically a reading age. The writer, sitting quietly at his desk, pens those words which will be read by hundreds and thousands. Thus he helps to form the character of his age, and moulds the habits of his own generation, and of many that will come after it. One good thought, well expressed, is a boon to mankind; nor will the world let it die. The value of thought is now too well understood. Once expressed, they are the heritage of the race; and, for good or evil, will run their course till time shall be no more.

Public opinion now rules the world; but what is public opinion but the expression of the thoughts and feelings of the intelligent portion

of mankind? and the words we utter, either by tongue or pen, help to form that public opinion; by the private conversation and the public address, by the personal letter and the printed paper, we may exert an influence which shall be felt throughout the length and breadth of the land, and even to distant generations. The books which have come down to us from former generations are the most precious heirlooms they have transmitted. Of all the sources of influence, that of words must be the greatest; for this is the mode employed by the Infinite Creator Himself for the preservation of His truth, and its diffusion throughout the earth. The very Son of God is emphatically designated “the Word of God.” Evils yet abound in the world; error has taken too firm a hold upon the mind and heart of man to be easily dislodged, customs of pernicious character still have great power; but there is one mode by which these errors and evils may be assailed—by the use of our lips and pen. Though words are “but air,” they have a force mightier than that of sword or cannon. Let no one refrain from speaking the right thing by the fear that his words will have no weight, worth will give them weight; truth always finds some hearts prepared to receive it; these respond to its expression, until at last it becomes an acknowledged Influence in the world.

In all these various modes, then, by our personal character, our education and intelligence, the position we hold in the world, the use we make of our property, and also that we make of our power, of speaking and of writing, we can exert a powerful influence for good. And the fact that we have this power, binds us to make use of it. It can be no matter of indifference whether the powers with which we are endowed, are employed to promote the welfare of our fellow men or to promote their ruin; for in one way or the other they will be employed.

The sentiments above advanced

derive their chief significance from the fact that there is a contest now going on in our world between good and evil, right and wrong. This contest is, indeed, much older than our generation, or even than the existence of man upon the earth; how it originated we are not exactly informed, and this will probably ever remain a very mysterious subject to us; we might have supposed that such a contest never could be—that the Almighty Ruler of the universe would not suffer it to spring into existence, or, if it had sprung into existence, that He would have crushed it in a moment. It is one of the things which we cannot understand that the Infinite Being should have opposition in His own domain; that creatures whom He has made, and whom He sustains in being, should yet be allowed to use the powers with which He has endowed them, to fight against the Author of their existence; did not the Eternal foresee this when He created them? might He not have forbore to create them, and thus have saved the universe the infliction of so vast an amount of misery? Could not Jehovah, even now, by His mighty power, in a moment, put an end to the conflict? These are questions which have been asked again and again, and perhaps no satisfactory reply has ever been given to them; perhaps all we can say is that so it seemed good in God's sight; it was to His glory that creatures should be called into being, not like the earth, inanimate, nor like the brutes, unintelligent, but possessed of reason, will, conscience; capable of being swayed by motives, rather than of being governed by force; is it not better for the universe to be peopled with such creatures rather than with mere unreasoning brutes? and if so, we must take this with all its liability. Angels and men being created free must be liable to fall; no irresistible power must be exercised over them to prevent them from falling, or they are no longer free; should they fall, no irresistible power must be exercised to restore them to their original purity, for this would not be to deal with them

as creatures influenced by reason and motive, so that it seems to us inevitable that, if beings are created who are to be free agents, they must be left in their freedom to fall if they will, and to wander further and further from God if they will. Doubtless God could crush every rebel creature in the universe,—in that way He could put a speedy end to the contest; but a resort to mere force does not reflect the highest honour even upon man. In such a case as this it seems to be nothing less than failure; God has some higher end in view; a means of redemption and of restoration has been devised; meanwhile time must be allowed for its accomplishment, and the contest still rages.

All this, like every other attempt to explain the mystery, may be very unsatisfactory to some minds; but we need indulge in no speculation on the subject—evil is here, and a conflict is still being carried on between light and darkness, truth and error, holiness and vice. This world seems to be the battle-field on which the conflict is being fought; ever since Satan first brought evil upon our race it has been going on upon earth, and will continue until God's purpose of mercy and holiness shall be fully accomplished in the salvation which is by Christ Jesus. Well then, with a contest going on, are we to stand by and take no part? if it is possible for us to engage in it, dare we refuse to do so? To make this refusal will it not be treason to the interests of truth and righteousness, to the claims of God and of man? Can any more powerful reason be advanced why we should place ourselves on God's side, and fight under His banner, than that a warfare is continually going on around us in which the interests at stake are so tremendous; and that it is possible for us to promote the success of the right, we are endowed with a capacity to discern between the evil and the good, with a power to choose the right and reject the wrong? Let every one who may read this paper bear in mind, that though the interests for which this contest is being

waged are transcendently important, it is possible for him to do something towards deciding the issue of the conflict. Though truth and right may seem to be all powerful in themselves, yet it is possible even for each one to do something towards securing and hastening their triumph. Though God must be capable of attaining an easy victory by Himself, yet even He gives us the power of uniting with Him, and of hastening the fulfillment of His plan; it is possible for us to "come to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty;" this is not because Jehovah needs our help, it is because it is to our honour and advantage that we should render it. With all His power and with all the fulness of His purpose, with all the gushing of His love, God yet works by means; if the means are withheld, what is it but that God's work is hindered! In how many instances is this statement verified!

The subject of this paper has led the writer to dwell chiefly on the use of means for the subjugation of the enemies of God and of man, and on the right direction of our influence for this purpose. All this may be true; he believes it is; but it is also true that a higher influence than ours must be exerted in order to the attainment of this object; it is still as of old, "not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit," that God's great work is to be accomplished. While diligently using the means which have been indicated, doubtless our dependence should still be placed upon that Higher Power, without whom all these efforts will be ineffectual; but God is working and will work. His work will be done in our world, by others if not by ourselves, but by us if we are willing to be "vessels unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work."

THE JUBILEE OF TRUTH.

BY DR. MORTON BROWN.

Shout it from the caverns deep,
Shout it from the mountains high;
Truth shall not in dungeons sleep,
Or in thrall for ever lie.

She will rise an angel bright,
Full of beauty, grace and power;
Turning darkness into light,
In her own appointed hour.

Bursting fetters, setting free
Prisoners long in darkness bound,
Till the cry of liberty
Be echoed all the world around.

Then shall error cease to reign,
Then shall freedom cease to bleed;
Man by man no more be slain,
All be men in word and deed.

Dungeons shall to Temples rise,
To unfold God's mighty plan;
That great lesson of the skies,
The Brotherhood of man!

Not a spot on earth shall be,
Unredeem'd, uncultur'd then;
Free as light shall men be free,
All the world a school for men.

Thought shall rise to welcome thought,
'Mong the noble and the good;
Truth shall be the gold then sought,
Love shall be the daily food.

Every house shall be a home,
Of large heart and lib'ral mind;
For that era shall have come,
Long predicted to mankind.

Yes! the day is in its birth,
When the nations shall be free;
Yield thine increase, mother earth
Give thy children jubilee

UP THE THAMES TO OXFORD.

BY FELIX REMEX.

THE LAST DAY.

GREAT MARLOW is a most agreeable spot; and I think that the morning bathe here is better than at any other weir on the river, for a good fall of some six feet gives the bather any kind of *douche*, or shower-bath, which he may want, as well as a plunge after that, with not less than twelve feet depth of water. Then comes breakfast; and oh! ye who who have tasted Mrs. Parslow's fried eels, gudgeons, and divers Thames fish, and other triumphs of her culinary skill,—say, if ye ever can forget them? After *my* breakfast, I had a rather sad pipe; for, on the other side of the river, just under the church wall, lie the remains of my old friend, Frank Smedley, the well-known author of "Frank Fairleigh," "Lewis Arundel," &c. I could not but think of our pleasant, unbroken twenty-years-long friendship, and wonder, pensively, whether I should ever make a new friend, who would be to me what he had been, for the same length of time!

But here I was joined by a living friend, one of the most eminent photographers in London, and we proceeded past Bisham Abbey and up to Temple Lock. The river here is very trying to the oarsman, as the locks are very close together, and the requisite patience is not always at every one's command. At Hurley Lock is Lady Place, where the Revolution of 1688 was concocted in a cellar.

But, to our surprise, we heard a pleasant voice, from a meadow a little above Hurley Lock; the voice of a rowing-man, who knew the boat by sight, and hailed us. Two of his party knew the boat, and knew my brother, to whom the boat belonged, but only one of them knew me. In any case, our reception was most kindly; our friends were rowing up, and *camping*, that is to say, taking their tent with them, and sleeping under it, on a meadow, every night.

This is all very pleasant for those who like it; but in spite of the jollity of that sort of thing, I am not courageous enough, or perhaps rash enough, to forget the chance of rheumatism.

But we spent a most agreeable hour at Wedmonham, and had a look at the Abbey, or rather *sham* abbey, which was the scene of the orgies of the *Hell-Fire-Club*! Then we paid a visit to Mrs. Bitmead, who lives next door, and speaks German perfectly, which is not very remarkable, as it is her native language. Also, she sells good beer, and her husband can find good fishing! This little house of entertainment is a favourite haunt of a marine artist, whose weekly pictures in the *Illustrated News* may be known by the "E. W." in the left-hand corner. Up to Hambledon Lock is an easy row; and, after getting through that, you have some three quarters of a mile to reach a pretty eyot, at the further end of which is a summer-house; and that end of the eyot is the starting-point for the Henley Races. The course is the most famous on the river, and the regatta is only second in interest to the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race. The course is but a mile and a quarter long, and perhaps takes six minutes to row; yet, in that short time, I have seen a beaten crew so exhausted, that, although fine men, and in first-rate condition, they could hardly speak for ten minutes; while the winners walked over the bridge amidst the congratulations of their friends. It is a curious fact, that in all the boat-races I have seen, the winners are less fatigued than the losers!

Henley Bridge is chiefly remarkable for the masks of the Thames and Isis, from the chisel of the Honourable Mrs. Damer. A little above Marsh Lock is Park Place, the seat of Mr. Fuller-Maitland; and the boat-house belonging to the mansion is celebrated as being one of the prettiest structures on the

river. Park Place itself is one of the show-places of England; but I never could bring my mind to go and see it, because, in the grounds, there is a Druid temple, which was originally at Jersey, and presented to General Conway, the then owner of Park Place. Now it is well to have a monument like this preserved, but its removal appears to me an act of nothing less than desecration.

The river Loddon joins the Thames in two branches, a little above and below Shiplake Lock; and Dr. Phillimore's house is an interesting feature on the river, which presents little to attract any one save the disciples of Izaak Walton, from this point, until we reach Caversham Bridge, which is built half of stone and half of wood, owing to some local dispute about material. The Caversham people, by the way, have the credit—and I can testify that it is well-earned—of being the most uncivil people on the river!

The scenery now assumes a more pleasing aspect; and at Mapledurham, the house of the Blounts (Pope's correspondents), it is very beautiful. The Great Western Railway passes along the south side of the river; and river, rail, and

hill combine in very interesting association. The locker at Pangbourne Lock has been celebrated by Mr. Hughes in his "Scouring of the White Horse." But no praise is too great for Pangbourne; from here to Goring the scenery is only inferior to that at Clifden; and we notice the commencement of the range of the Chiltern Hills, so famous in the history of many gentlemen who accept the stewardship of the Chiltern hundreds, and thereby resign their parliamentary duties and honours; in a word—they cease to be M.P.'s.

The river is now comparatively sluggish; in fact, it is not much better than dead water, and there is little of interest to be observed until the oarsman reaches Wittenham Clump, a great big hill, which he will keep in sight for many miles. This hill is remarkable on account of recent discoveries of ancient British graves which have been made there, by John Yonge Akerman, late Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries. We are not long in passing Abingdon and Nuneham, and are heartily glad to see the Oxford spires, and to pass by the handsome boats used by the University Clubs.

PARTING.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Too fair! I may not call thee mine;
 Too dear! I may not see
 Those eyes with bridal-beacons shine,
 Yet, darling, keep for me,
 Empty and husht, and safe apart,
 One little corner of thy heart!
 Thou wilt be happy, dear; and bless
 Thee, may'st thou happy be!
 I would not make thy pleasure less,
 Yet, darling, keep for me,
 My life to light, my lot to heaven,
 One little corner of thy heaven!
 Good-bye, dear heart, I go to dwell
 A weary way from thee:
 Our first kiss is our last farewell,
 Yet, darling, keep for me,
 Who wander outside in the night,
 One little corner of your light!

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

MARCH.

"First, stardy March, with brows full sternly bent,
 And armed strongly, rode upon a ram,
 The same which, over Hellespontus swam;
 Yet in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
 Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
 And filled her wombe with fruitful hope of nourishment."

SPENSER.

THIS third month of the year, anciently the first, derived its name from *Mars*, the god of war. the reputed father of the founder of the Roman Empire. It was also called by our Saxon ancestors, *Lenct-moneth*, or *Length-moneth*, "because," says Verstegan, "the dayes did then first begin in length to exceed the nights. And this moneth being by our ancestors so-called, when they received Christianity, and consequently therewith the ancient Christian custome of fasting, they called this chiefe season of fasting, the fast of *Lenct*, because of the *Lenct-Monat*, whereon the most part of the time of this fasting always fell; and hereof it cometh that we now call it *Lent*, it being rather the fast of *Lent*, though the former name of *Lenct-Monat* be long since lost, and the name of *March* borrowed in its stead."

Nelson, in his "Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England," thinks the practice of keeping *Lent* to be of extreme antiquity. Irenæus, who lived rather less than a century after the Apostle John, and who had been on familiar terms with Polycarp, as Polycarp had been with St. John, mentions incidentally, that it was observed in his time, and in that of his predecessors. Nelson proceeds to quote a letter, which Irenæus wrote to Victor, the intolerant bishop of Rome. "There is a disagreement," says the gentle Gallican prelate to his fiercer brother on the banks of the Tiber, "not only about the day (of Easter) but even the very form of the FAST (before Easter). Some think they should fast *one* day, some *two*, and others even more.

Some measure their days of fast by forty hours, nocturnal and diurnal. This variety did not originate in our time, but long before, among our ancestors. Yet they lived peaceably together, and so did we. The difference in the observation of the fast, confirms the concord of our common faith."

Another writer (Mr. Shepherd) differs from Nelson, and expressly says: "The Paschal Fast, considered as a fast of thirty-six or forty days, was not known in the earlier ages of the church," and altogether there are so many and such conflicting opinions pronounced on this question, that it seems now quite impossible to determine, whether the season of humiliation, now called *Lent*, was of apostolical, or merely ecclesiastical institution. One thing, however, is clear, it was variously observed in different churches; and it is highly probable that it grew from a fast of forty hours to one of forty days.

Herrick, our poet of Times and Seasons writes, how "To keep a true *Lent*."

"Is this a fast, to keep
 The larder leane
 And cleane,
 From fat of veales and sheep?"

"Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
 The platter high with fish?"

"Is it to faste an houre
 Or rag'd to go,
 Or show,
 A downcast look, and sowre?"

"No: 'tis a fast to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat,
 And meat,
 Unto the hungry soule."

"It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate,
To circumsise thy life.

"To show a heart grief-rent,
To stave thy sin,
Not bin;
And *that's* to keep thy Lent!"

The first of March is St. David's Day. St. David being, as most people, and all Welshmen are well aware, the patron saint of Wales. St. David was bishop of the See, still bearing his name; he flourished in the 6th century, and is alleged to have been the illegitimate son of a Prince of Cardigan, and uncle to the renowned legendary King Arthur! Whatever may have been his family connexions, his name derives its lustre not from rank, or pedigree, but from the learning, eloquence, and, we trust, the piety, which made him the glory of the early British Church. Many miracles are imputed to him. "Manie thousands of other miracles have been wrought by the meritts of this holy man, which for brevities sake we omitt!" He died in 544 at an advanced age, and St. Kentigern "saw his soul borne by angels to heaven." In 962 his remains were transferred from their first place of burial, St. Andrews, to the Abbey of Glastonbury. The *leek*, the national emblem of the Principality, is said to have been adopted at the suggestion of the saint. The story runs thus:—"There was a great battle between the Saxons and the Welsh, and the latter, by the advice of St. David, ornamented their hats with leeks, as a badge whereby they might distinguish friends from foes. The reason of this somewhat singular choice is not to be attributed to want of taste, but to the fact that a field of leeks was close at hand, and they could at once transfer the token to their head-gear, without trouble or delay. The Welsh won the battle, and by some (to us) very inexplicable process of reasoning attributed their victory to the emblem they had adopted at the bidding of their prelate, and ever afterwards the leek was held

in veneration by the Welsh, and associated with the memory of St. David. There are, however, other legends respecting this ancient custom; one antiquarian thinks it more probable that *leeks* were a *Druidic* symbol, employed in honour of the British *Cendden*, or Ceres. The leek was once worshipped at Ascalon, as it was in Egypt, hence the modern term of "*scallions*!" Shakespere introduces the observance into his play of "Henry V."

"Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

GOWER: Why wear you your *leek* to-day? *St. David's day* is past."

In the household expenses of Mary Tudor, when princess, in 1544, there is an entry of money disbursed among the yeomen of the king's guard, "for bringing a *leek* to her grace, on St. David's day." We cannot help noticing two Spanish saints who flourish in the Romish calendar because they are "good against hailstorms." Their names are Sts. *Emeterius* and *Chelidonius*, and the third of March is their feast-day. When a hailstorm begins, the clergy proceed as follows:—"1. They make a procession to the church. 2. They put lighted candles on the altar. 3. They sing a hymn to these saints. 4. They chant the antiphone. 5. They sing the praises of these saints." After which the storm invariably ceases! Unless Spanish hailstorms are unusually protracted, we should imagine they would cease *long before* the termination of the service.

The 4th Sunday in Lent is called Mid-Lent, or Mothering Sunday; it occurs this year on the 11th of March. "Going a-mothering," is now chiefly confined to the lower classes; but formerly it was held to be a bounded duty for married people, and all in fact who no longer resided under the paternal roof, to visit their parents, if possible, on this particular day. This arose from the Roman Catholic custom of going to the mother, or native parish-church on Mid-Lent Sunday, to make offerings at the high altar; and this Romish custom was derived from the heathen

festival *Hilaria*, celebrated by the ancient Romans, in honour of the Mother of the gods, in the Ides of March. The offerings were voluntary, and became the property of the church; in course of time, the parish priests compounded with the church at a certain sum; and these free donations of the people have become the dues, now known by the name of *Easter-offerings*, or *Dues*.

Now because father and mother and parish church were frequently in those old stay-at-home days, to be found very near together, it probably was a matter of course to visit parents on the same day, to receive their blessing, and to be treated with *furmety*, or *frumety*, which is compounded of whole wheat, boiled in milk, and then sugared and spiced to taste: The first part of the institution has entirely passed away, the other and social part, to some extent, remains.

In the western counties, Mid-Lent is still observed with considerable *éclat*; the orthodox dinner being, we believe, roast veal and frumety pudding, the latter often superseded by the old fashioned plum-pudding, which is quite as good in March as in December, and eats equally well after fillet of veal as after sirloin of beef! Cakes are also made similar, to those prepared for Twelfth-day festivities; and the shop-windows of the confectioners present as resplendent an appearance as the juveniles can well desire.

Mid-Lent, or *Mothering Sunday*, is also called "*Refreshment Sunday*," Wheatley supposes because of the gospel for the day, which relates the miracle of our Saviour's feeding the five thousand with the loaves and fishes, or else, "perhaps, from the first lesson in the morning, which gives us the story of Joseph entertaining his brethren." It is likewise denominated *Rose Sunday*, from the Pope on this day carrying a golden rose in his hand, which he exhibits as he goes and comes from mass.

The 17th of March is St. Patrick's Day, which is commemorated as a high festival in the Roman Catholic Church. It is specially observed in

Dublin—flags flying and bells ringing, and not unfrequently heads are broken. St. Patrick is the tutelary saint of the Emerald Isle. He was by birth a Scotchman, and was, at the age of sixteen, carried off with many of his father's vassals into slavery. His father was evidently a man of substance and position, justifying the song we heard the other day, from an enthusiastic Irishman: "St. Pathrick was a gentleman!"

Gentle or simple, however, he was compelled for six months to herd cattle in the wilds of Ireland, from whence he happily escaped. He travelled into Gaul and Italy, and received from Pope Celestine an apostolical mission to convert the Irish to Christianity. He accepted the charge, baptized multitudes, founded monasteries, &c., and after sixty years of unremitting toil, died at Down, in Ulster, at the age of 120, Alban Butler says, somewhere about the year 464.

St. Martin, of Tours, the same whose old blue cloak furnished France with a royal banner, prior to the adoption of the Oriflamme, was Patrick's uncle; and it is said by some annalists, that with him the saint remained for *forty years*, qualifying himself for the great missionary enterprise he had undertaken! A marvellous space of preparation truly, when we reflect that there were no special difficulties of language to be overcome, and that with the love of Christ in his heart, and an earnest desire for His glory, he must have longed to be about his work. We can scarcely receive this statement as authentic. Popular tradition records many miracles wrought by this excellent man; but as they are of course mere monkish fictions, the bare mention of them would seem like an insane attempt to "gild refined gold!" Such attributes add nothing to the glory and dignity of the apostle of the sixth century, and yet we must just remark, that to this day, the lower Irish thank the good offices of St. Patrick for their exemption from noisome and

venomous reptiles, believing that he banished them for ever from the Emerald Isle. And, says Ribadeneira, a well known popish author, "so it is reported of King's College, Cambridge, that being built of Irish wood, no spider doth ever come near it." Certain household pests were decidedly not catalogued as "vermin," when St. Patrick cleared the island: since they still remain, as luckless travellers can testify.

The national emblem of Ireland, you know, is the shamrock; St. Patrick having used it to illustrate the doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

The 25th of March we commonly call Lady-day; it is noted also in the calendars of both the English and Romish churches, as "The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary." Our principal associations with this day are redolent of rents now due, stipends owing, and bills to be sent in.

The Sunday next before Easter is called *Palm Sunday*! This is a very ancient festival, designed to commemorate the entrance of our blessed Lord into Jerusalem, when the multitude strewed branches of trees in His way, saying, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." There is little or no observance of the day in the English church, though the ceremony of "bearing palms" was retained after some others were dropped, and was one of those which King Henry VIII, in 1536, declared were "not to be contemned or cast away." In Roman Catholic countries, branches of the palm or of some

other tree used as a substitute, are blessed by the priests, and then carried in procession, attended with all the show and pomp that circumstances will allow. From the impossibility of procuring an adequate supply of real palm-branches, English Roman Catholics are obliged to use slips of budding willow, and even sprays of box, yew, and other evergreens.

Anciently, there was a Romish custom on Palm Sunday of drawing about the town a wooden ass, with a figure on it, representing Christ entering Jerusalem, the people strewing palms in the way; indeed, the whole sacred history was turned into a pageant play. In the accounts of the parish of St. Andrew Hubbard, occur sundry charges for Palm Sunday representations. In 1520, eightpence for *the hire of an angel*. In 1535-7, another eightpence for a priest, and a child who played messenger, the angel that year costing only fourpence, and in 1451, the churchwardens of St. Mary-at-Hill paid fourpence; to a certain person for playing the prophet on Palm Sunday. Palm-bearing was discontinued in England in the second year of King Edward VI.

Maundy Thursday is the day before Good Friday. "*Maundy*" is supposed to be derived from the Saxon word *maud*, which afterwards became *maund*, a name for a basket, and subsequently for any gift or offering contained in the basket. Shakespere uses the word in the sense of a basket or satchel, and Herrick says:—

'Behold for us the naked graces stay,
With *maunds* of roses, for to strew the way."

He also uses the word *maundie* to signify alms:—

"All's gone, and death has taken
Away from us
Our *maundie*, thus
The widdowes stand forsaken."

Thus, *Maundy* Thursday, the day on which royal donations were, and are still perhaps, distributed in the chapel at Whitehall to poor people, are so named from the *maunde*, in which the gifts were formerly contained.

In former times, the kings and queens of England, used on this day to wash and kiss the feet of as many poor men and women as they were years old, besides bestowing their *maundy* on each. This was in imitation of our blessed Lord, who

washed His disciples' feet. Queen Elizabeth performed this ceremony at Greenwich, when she was thirty-nine years old; thirty-nine poor men and women having had their feet washed *first* by the "yeomen of the laundry," with warm water and sweet herbs; *secondly* by the sub-almoner, and *lastly* by her Majesty herself, who performed her office kneeling, attended by thirty-nine ladies and gentlemen. Clothes, food, and alms were then distributed among the poor. James II. is recorded as the last of our monarchs who practised the usage in person; but as lately as 1781, the Archbishop of York, as Lord High Almoner, performed the annual ceremony of washing the feet of the poor in the Chapel Royal of Whitehall.

Good Friday needs scarcely to be touched upon. No day in the whole year brings with it memories of so solemn and so sacred a character, and it is universally observed in some shape or other throughout Christendom; it is the only day, except Christmas Day, on which all places of business are closed, and all Anglican churches opened for divine service—the first of the two solitary general holidays of the year! The bakers, however, we should fear, are exempted from the general release, since all the world eats "hot cross buns," and dough and ovens must be in constant requisition, requiring of course, no small amount of attendance from master bakers and their journeymen. The "hot cross bun," says Mr. Hone, in his *Every Day Book*, "is the most popular symbol of the Roman Catholic religion in England that the Reformation has left;" alluding, of course, to the cross mark on the cakes, which formerly was made with all devoutness and reverence, as the sign of the blessed cross.

There was a singular superstition belonging to the buns, which I believe has scarcely yet died out among the ignorant and credulous, that even a portion of a real hot cross bun, baked on Good Friday, and preserved during the year, secures the house from *taking fire*;

some add, that it also keeps away the plague. One would scarcely, however, like to rely upon the charm as a substitute for the regular fire insurance!

On the 20th of March, the sun enters the constellation *Aries*, or the Ram, which is the first zodiacal sign, and this day is supposed to be the first day of spring. The sign *Aries* is said to have been derived by the Greeks from the golden fleece brought from Colchis by Jason, about 1260 years before Christ. But that it is of still higher antiquity, its presence on Egyptian monuments, symbolizing the season of *lambling*, pretty clearly proves. Jupiter Ammon, who personified the sun in *Aries*, is represented in ancient sculpture and on coins with the horns of a ram upon his head. Now is the time of the vernal equinox, the days and nights being equal, or nearly so, all over the world. And now we may sing, though with some inward misgivings from past experiences:—

"The winter is gone
The spring cometh on."

And "*cometh*" is precisely the term on which we linger, for March is certainly to be considered rather as neutral ground between the seasons than actual spring itself; unless, indeed, as may happen once now and then, we have a singularly mild brief winter. A modern author says:—"Let no one speak harshly of the March winds, however rough and rude though they be, for they have an important work to do, and what is more, they do it right bravely."

And what is their work, forsooth? Why! gathering-up the damps which February Fill-dyke has left behind, making the soaked and sloppy earth firm and dry, and covering it occasionally with that particularly valuable dust, a peck of which, we were assured in our childhood, was "worth a king's ransom!" Verily! we have often seen enough in one day to enfranchise all the potentates on earth!

Still—though winds may bluster, and north-easters keen and cruel,

nip our budding hopes, though even the white flakes may fall again, and wrap the reviving earth in snowy shroud, we need not [make our moan over the reign of winter re-established, for *spring is near!*

"It was not thus some months ago,
When darkly drooped the dying year;
I could not then rejoice to know,
That spring was near.

"But now those dismal months have passed,
And though the woodland still is sere;
I little heed the hectoring blast,
For spring is near.
Oh yes! Oh yes! the season gay
Of song and bloom will soon be here,
When these rude hours the rapturous day
Will more endear.

"Oh! sad one—does this death-like scene,
A picture of thy heart appear?
Has thy life's sky once all serene,
Become as drear?
Suppose not 'twill be always so,
For surely as the sunbeams clear
Entice the flowers from crypts of snow,
Thy spring is near!"

R. J. D. HULL.

HISTORIC PUNS.

THE hinges of history are often things so trifling as words. A single syllable may be the pivot on which the largest circumstances turn; as the paltriest pebble will alter the direction of a rivulet near its source.

And sometimes the words thus signally important have been words played upon—secondary meanings wrung from them: historic characters have become punsters, with rather more result than when the more verbal offence is perpetrated in modern society. An instance will occur to every schoolboy in the well-known anecdote of Gregory the Great, and the "Angles" of whom he would fain have made "Angels." That mediæval saint found a direction from heaven, as he believed it, in the string of puns which his mother-wit enabled him to make upon the answers of the fair English slaves: and the issue was the sending of Augustine and his monks to convert Ella, king of Deira, "from wrath" (*de ira*) to "alleluiahs." Which proved rather an important step for Britain in the long run.

Opening the works of the Father of History, we find in Herodotus more than one play on words which was influential upon the fate of nations and individuals. We read that when the Grecian fleet anchored off

Delos, some Samians of rank came on board, and entreated the admiral not to lose the opportunity of liberating the Asiatic Greeks from the Persian yoke. He hesitated until he heard the name of the chief of the deputation, Hegesistratus, which signifies "leader of armies," on which he repeated it as a good omen, and actually sailed to meet the enemy's fleet in strength of the augury: the result being the famous victory of Mycale. Another story showing what may be in a name, is that concerning Cleomenes, king of Sparta, who went to Egina to ascertain why its people had sent earth and water to Darius. One of the party who advocated the slavish submission was called Crius, signifying "Ram:" whereupon spoke the Spartan—"Make haste then, Ram, and get your horns gilded, for soon you'll come to a mischief," alluding to the custom with animals for sacrifice. And Crius was sacrificed soon after, accordingly.

It has indeed often proved unfortunate to have a name capable of being twisted by a punster: as when the emperor Diocletian beheld before his throne an offender called Aper (wild boar). Upon imperial memory flashed the fact that a Druidess had prophesied he should gain his highest

wish if he slew a wild boar : in his hunting expeditions he had always been on the look-out for the monster, spear in hand, but unsuccessfully : here was the human prey ready. He descended the steps of his throne and stabbed the hapless prisoner, exclaiming—"I have killed the wild boar of the prediction."

A set-off to this story may be told of Sir Thomas More, who loved a play upon words as well as any punster of us all. Before him was brought a poor man named Silver, charged with heresy. "Ah, Silver," said the chancellor, with grim pleasantry, after the examination, "thou must be tried by fire!"

"Yes, my lord, an't please you," was the ready reply; "but you know that quicksilver cannot abide the fire!"

"Marry!" quoth Sir Thomas, "'twere well said:" and thenceforth bore him favour. So he who for his heresy might have been burned, for his pun and presence of mind obtained his life.

An English celebrity, with a name tempting to the punsters of his time, was Cardinal Pole. They made good use of the facility on a rather solemn occasion, when he returned as legate to England, and was received at his palace-door by the notorious Harpsfeld and his clergy, amid the glare of torches and other pomp. "He commenced his oration as the legate alighted, so beautiful, so affecting, that all hearers were moved to tears by the peroration. 'Thou art Pole, and thou our Polar star, to light us to the kingdom of the heavens,' with much more in the same style. The cardinal very properly stopped the flood of adulation. 'I heard you with pleasure while you were praising God: my own praise I do not desire to hear; give glory to Him.'"

When Sir Edward Coke was sent to the Tower, he was lodged in a chamber formerly a kitchen; and read upon the wall the mocking inscription—"This room wants a cook." Thus was his name pronounced. A kindred prison anecdote is that of king Mathias Corvinus, of Hungary, who being greatly

incensed with a certain archbishop, for the manner in which he had drawn up a treaty with the Turks, committed him to the dungeons in his fortress of Arva, with the bitter pun (in Latin, which was the Court language)—"Petre, Arva fuisti, Arva eris, et in Arva morieris"—"Peter Arva (Hungarian for orphan) thou hast been, so thou shalt be, and in Arva shalt thou die."

A broad pun always gains the popular ear: our rough-and-ready forefathers were particularly susceptible to such. Edward IV. thought it dangerous to permit a trader named Walter Walker, who kept shop at the sign of the Crown in Cheapside, to boast to his neighbours that he intended to make his son "heir to ye Crowne:" and for the poor pleasantry he was hanged opposite his own door, by a tyrant who had himself reigned only eight days.

Thus, also, the populace of George III.'s early years showed their appreciation of his favourite minister, John, Marquis of Boote, by many a rural bonfire, into which they cast a "jack-boot" as significant symbol. This is a sample of the pun practical, which was so largely made use of in the masquerades and dramatic "mysteries" of bygone ages. We read of one, for instance, at Luxembourg, in 1564, devised by the enemies of Cardinal Granvelle, in order to turn him into ridicule: when a figure with red hat and stockings, riding on horseback in his Eminence's usual manner, was hunted and well scourged by a (dramatic) demon with a whip of foxes' tails, causing him to scamper about the lists in great trepidation, to the unfeigned delight of the spectators. All understood the allusion to his bitter enemy, Simon Renard, who never ceased persecuting him with squibs and pasquinades, and in his work received largely of the public sympathy. Again and again had the emblematic scourging to be repeated, while roars of laughter broke from the portly Flemish burghers and their good-humoured "frows."

Once, at least, we have record of

a pun being perpetrated within the awful precincts of the Privy Council. The notorious "Orator Henley," as he was called, was summoned before the King in council in 1745, and asked why he ridiculed the exertions of good citizens endeavouring to preserve the peace of the empire? and especially why he had satirized Archbishop Herring, who in his zeal for the House of Hanover, had proposed a general arming of the clergy? "I thought it no great harm, my lords," was his audacious excuse, "to crack a joke on a red Herring!"

Pictorial puns were much in vogue during the centuries when reading was an accomplishment of the few. The earliest printer in York had the humility to adopt for his emblem (his name being H. Goes), a goose standing beside the independent letter H. The abbot Islip has three different punning emblems to perpetuate his name in his chapel at Westminster Abbey: a human eye and the slip of a plant—a man cutting a slip—and the capital I. beside a slip. And one Bolton inscribed himself as a bird-bolt (or arrow) inserted in a ton weight: Bishop Alcock, of Ely, has a cock standing on a globe. A singular custom yet in force at Oxford has a similar origin. Every New Year's morning the bursar of Queen's College presents a needle and thread to each student, with the words—"Take this and be thrifty:" a souvenir of the founder, Robert de Eglesfeld, chaplain to the renowned Queen Philippa, of Hainault. The words

"aiguille et fil" (needle and thread), are intended to embalm his name for the admiration of posterity. Such varied efforts do men make after the fleeting glory of human remembrance!

A celebrated person who never sought such honour yet has gained it largely, and being satisfied to be forgotten has nevertheless a fame widening and undying:—we mean Thomas à Kempis, author of that "Imitation of Christ" which has comforted Christian souls for many generations—shall come before us in connection with our last anecdote. "The said Thomas," writes a brother monk, with a miserable pun to suit the monastic intellect—"is as fond of the Psalms as if they were salmon." It reads stronger in the Latin original, and was doubtless deemed a happy exertion of wit. "He loved them particularly, and joined in chanting them with all his heart." One would have expected it from the devout soul of this mediæval believer.

Many another "historic pun" might be drawn from the *ana* of annals and biographies: but the foregoing will serve to amuse the reader for the present. Why these rockets of wit, as puns may be called, are so much out of repute at the present day, appears to be chiefly due to the dictum of Dr. Johnson, connecting their manufacture with the picking of pockets: on the same principle which recalls Tenterden Steeple when we hear of Goodwin Sands.

A TALK ABOUT TOOTHACHE.

"There was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently."
Much Ado about Nothing.

WE wonder, dear reader, have you ever been afflicted with that "sores*t* ill that flesh is heir to"—the toothache? We take it for granted you have; for who has not, we would like to know? Here and there, we believe, individuals do exist whose masticators never ached; but they are such rare exceptions to the

general rule, so seldom met with or heard of, that when one of them does fall under our notice, we are inclined to instance them again, as we would any other curiosity in nature, under the title of "A curious fact."

Unfortunately, we cannot number ourselves amongst these favoured

curiosities.. We presume we have your practical sympathies in this confession ; that, like ourselves, you have been caught in the fangs of that merciless tyrant, and, to appease his tortures, have run through, in quick succession, the whole category of Infallible Cures, Amelioratives and Preventives ! But after they have parboiled your poor mouth, and reduced that little unruly member, the tongue, to an unspeakable condition, you find they do but mock your woes, and aggravate your sufferings ; so, gathering up the whole fraternity—the dainty little bottles, with their dainty little gold-enamelled labels, setting forth so daintily the infallible (?) properties of the remedies within—you cast them from you in a fit of righteous indignation, and, flinging yourself upon the hearth-rug to try what heat will do, you hold up your poor jaw to the blazing fire until it feels scorched and brown as a roast goose or a toasted ham.

Then comes the reflection that it is both useless and ungenerous to annoy the family group with our unavailing groans and grimaces. We feel, too, that although poor dear mother looks up from her knitting, and exclaims “ poor, dear child ! ” and all the rest *encore* her little words of sympathy, yet because our sufferings are not dangerous, and our sickness not unto death, their sorrow for us is not so great but that we fancy we can detect something like the least ripple of a smile about the lips, and a smothered sparkle of fun in the eyes that look upon our agonies ; therefore we rise from our cowering attitude, and, leaving the room with the air of “ Tragedy rebuking Comedy,” seek our own apartment, hoping that quietude or change of posture may do something for us.

O vain hope ! O fatal speculation ! The cold air maddens us, until we rave round the room like one demented. Finally, we dash our head—not against the wall, happily, as we had some desperate thoughts of doing just now, but upon our pillow ; there we lie moaning out our agony between the

closed lips we dare not open, lest the cold air rushing in should drive the tyrant nerve into even fiercer paroxysms of pain.

Ah ! there we did it ! we opened our mouth just once to fetch a sigh from our troubled heart. Bang ! twang ! bang ! goes the outraged nerve ; and forthwith it gives us to understand it has established for itself a cork-screw passage with the eye and ear, now in close alliance with the foe. Even the sinews of our neck take part against us, and draw us on one side like a puckering string.

We now begin to comprehend the possibility of a poor Irishwoman's paradoxical statement. Entering her small thatched cottage one day, we found her sitting disconsolately by the fire, sighing and muttering to herself, and swaying backwards and forwards, as is the manner of people in her rank of life when visited with sickness, or sorrow, or distress.

“ What ails you, poor woman ? ” we inquired, in a tone of sympathy and concern.

“ What ails me, mavourneen ? ” she replied. “ Oh, I am murdered and kilt outright wid the toothache ; I have had it goin' and comin' for the last fortnight ; I may say almost constantly durin' all that time, it has given me rest nayther by day nor by night. It has kept me sitting up wid it like a cross child, and sorra a wink of sleep can I get, nor sorra one bite can I ate, until I have grown as weak as water gruel, and am gone to a shadow ! ochone ! ”

“ Ochone ! ” we replied, taking up her note of lamentation ; “ poor thing ! poor thing ! ”

“ Ochone ! indeed then you pity me, acushla me darlin' ? ” she cried, looking up at us kindly. “ Of course—oh of course we do ! ” we replied, drawing ourselves nearer.

“ Ochone ! ochone ! ” muttered the poor woman.

“ Where have you the toothache ? ” we inquired—meaning which side of her face.

“ Oh, it's dreadful bad here ! ” she replied, drawing her hand down her neck, and resting it emphatically on her *shoulder*.

And now when the sinews of our own neck take part against us, and settle as it were, in one aching claw in our shoulder, we comprehend the truth of the poor woman's paradoxical statement, and what can we do but utter her words—"Ochone! ochone!"

Thoroughly outraged, we at length declare we will "stand it no longer!" and starting bolt upright, we perform a round of pugilistic gestures, whilst declaiming from our heart of hearts, like poor Burns of old—

"My curse upon your venom'd stang
That shoots my tortured gums along,
And through my jaws gies mony a
bang
Wi' vengeance sair!"

And now the maledictory fit is past, and next comes on the dignified and heroic. We will be calm—we will endure with patience the ills we cannot conquer! Yes; with the patience of Job himself. By the way, we wonder was toothache numbered amongst the afflictions of that good man? If so, we feel for him as we never felt before! Next we think of the hero of Trafalgar,—the mighty Sea Warrior; whose chiselled statue looks down upon us from the tops of noble monuments erected to his glorious memory in Britain's mighty capitals. How he winced under the attacks of this small enemy, and feared it more than all the bristling companies of his foes. We wonder do our agonies equal his when he exclaimed that he "would rather face two French engagements, than one attack of toothache!" But of course they do. No one's teeth ever ached as our teeth ache, we feel assured of that. But now we will exceed the grand old hero, and show him—or ourselves rather—what fortitude and endurance, in the highest sense of those terms, mean. We will arise, and wrapping ourselves in our dressing-gown, we will sit in our easy-chair, and, during a momentary pause—a cessation of hostilities on the part of the tyrants, Tooth, Eye, Ear & Co.—we feel even strong for the contest, and ex-

claim, after the fashion of James the Fifth. James to Roderick Dhu—

"Come on! come on! this chair shall fly
From its stout props as soon as I!"

O vain boasting! always vain! Never so vain as now! back hastens our tormentor as if to punish the presumptuous thought of our heart. Swiftly speeds he on; surely clutches he his victim in his merciless claws once more.

Rising in a perfect paroxysm of agony and vexation, we seek relief in motion, and walk the house at dead hours of night, fearing no ghostly ill; and seeing none as we stalk along, startling the sleeping inmates with the appalling vision of a spectral figure clothed in white; hurrying through their apartments with rapid gestures and smothered groans, we make them "quake from top to toe," like that extraordinary child, *Pet Marjorie*, the chosen friend and favourite of the immortal Scott. She tells us she got just such "a scare one night with cousin Isabella, who had a terrible fit of toothache; and she walked in a long white night-shift at dead of night like a ghost, and," continues the quaint child-genius, "I thought she was one. She prayed for 'Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' but did not get it. A ghostly figure, indeed, she was; enough to make a saint tremble. She made *me* quake from top to toe!"

Like "Cousin Isabella," we explain that "it's only me;" and vexed at ourselves, and annoyed at the silly terrors of our half-conscious neighbour, we hurry back to our own apartment, and gathering the drapery of our couch around us, we fling ourselves once more upon our bed in the last stage—the Despairing Fit. This reduces us to the same state of mind to which it did an odd old character—a stone-mason, who once lived near our paternal home. On state occasions he used to impart great dignity and importance to his language by clothing it in a sort of scriptural phraseology. He further added weight and dignity to his words by uttering them in a solemn, sepul-

chral voice. Such a profound occasion he deemed the present, when, after a three-weeks' toothache he started up in a frenzy one cold March night, and poking up his old spouse (another curiosity in her way), he thus addressed her:—"Margaret"—she was always Margaret on state occasions—"Margaret, arise and dress yourself, for I am about to depart!"

"Oh Robin, dear!" replied "Margaret," at once waking up to a lively sense of the inexpediency of this proposal, you "mustn't die—for if you died, how would I live? I'd starve; so die you shan't, Robin, dear!"

"Margaret," rejoined her old man, with great solemnity, his great large gray eyes rolling as Robin's eyes only knew how to roll, his hair naturally stiff, sparse, and sooty as

a chimney-sweeper's patent brusher, now thrice stiff, sparse, and sooty.—"Margaret, it is vain for you to insist further; neither do you show much feeling, you daughter of Belial, heaven may provide for you as best it likes; as for me—I will struggle thus with mine adversary no longer!"

So saying, he leaned back, and closing his weary eyes—not in death, we are happy to say—but in sleep, that gentle emissary of nature came, and for hours rested the worn out faculties of the poor old man. At length, on awaking, he found his "adversary" had really departed; and, as he often thankfully related to us afterwards, that was the last he saw of him; for as old age advanced, the tooth fell out piecemeal and troubled him no more.

EMERALD GREEN.

FRUITBEARING.

FRUITBEARING is the great object sought in all agricultural arrangements. Why does the husbandman rise with the lark, plough, harrow, sow, weed, till, the fertile ground? It is for fruit. What waits he for during the long months of subsequent and anxious suspense? It is for the "precious fruit." Would anything less satisfy him, repay his toil? Nothing. Whether he be farmer or vine-grower, this is the object according to which he shapes his entire course, and in proportion to which he estimates his losses and gains.

It is not otherwise with the Great Husbandman, the "Lord of the Vineyard." His arrangements who can conceive? They span eternity, embrace worlds, include the gift of His Son, the mission of His Spirit, the revolutions of Providence, the breathing of inspiration; they are "from everlasting" and "to everlasting," including time between. The object of all is fruit. Fruit in His people, His Church. He comes "seeking fruit." This the Saviour both implies and declares. The thought underlies His entire discourse on this subject. It is also solemnly expressed, "I have ordained you that you should go and bring forth fruit;" and you are not fulfilling My purpose or wish unless so

you do. How great the value, even of material fruits, "As the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself." What a mint of wealth does she annually yield to ungrateful and sinful man? Fields of golden corn, orchards of russet apples, mountains of purple grapes, what an immense money value they express; sufficient to tell upon the national exchequer, to regulate the markets of the world.

God is "glorified" variously. His essential glory and excellence are infinite, and therefore, incapable of addition. His manifested glory is promoted in many ways. "The Heavens declare his glory," the firmament reflects it, the sun blazes it forth. All His works praise Him. His saints bless him. Their praise is voluntary, conscious, intelligent, therefore, higher in its nature, more acceptable and worthy! They render it according to their fruitfulness. When you are most fruitful, most fully bearing the "fruit of the Spirit," you most glorify your Father. Can there be a higher motive than this? It is that which alone is worth living for, and that which sheds a halo over the most familiar scenes. Angels so recognize it, and in proportion as we rise in the scale of moral excellence we shall regard it so too.

REV. J. VINEY.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

EMILY WISHART ; OR, SOMEBODY'S HELPER.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun had set some time, and a thick veil of twilight had stolen over all objects without, but a bright little fire twinkling merrily in the grate of a small parlour of Burnham Manor maintained there something of an imitation of day-light ; to be sure the fire could not do any great wonders in the way of illumination, but it succeeded in revealing several pieces of furniture, and in proving pretty plainly that the room with its ample red curtains and rich carpet was a thoroughly cosy one. It had two inmates at this moment, one a lady, seated in an easy chair before the fire, and the other, a little girl of about ten years old, who, stationed on a low stool at the farthest window, seemed to be watching the gradual fading out of the landscape as the night fell heavier and heavier.

The clicking of the fire and the occasional fall of ashes on the hearth had been for a long time the only sounds that had broken the silence, for neither Mrs. Wishart nor her little daughter seemed inclined to converse, both seeming wrapped up in their own reflections : at last a slight movement on the part of the latter attracted her mother's attention and she glanced round : "Emily!" she exclaimed, "I had almost forgotten you were in the room, my darling, what are you doing over there in the cold? Will you not come to the fire?"

"I am very comfortable here, thank you, mamma," was the reply, "I am not at all cold."

Another pause, then Mrs. Wishart spoke again : "What was that sigh about, Emmy? Come to mamma, and tell her what you are pondering over so deeply."

"Pondering over, mamma!" replied Emily Wishart, with a laugh, "What makes you think I am doing that?" and she rose and stood gazing gravely into the fire.

Mrs. Wishart looked fondly up at the little face beside her and examined the thoughtful brow and eyes for a

few moments, and then remarked : "I think my little daughter is trying to settle some question or other ; is she not?"

"Yes, mamma, I am," was the frank reply, "I am thinking of something aunt Kate said to me ; shall I tell you what it was, and then you can help me to understand it better than I can by myself?"

"I will do my best to make the matter clear, at all events, my darling ; bring your stool and let me hear all about it." And Emily was soon comfortably established at her mother's side with her hand in hers, and Mrs. Wishart's arm placed protectingly round her, just as she always liked to sit when according to her own expression, she was going to have "a good long talk."

"You know, mamma," she began, "I went down just after dinner to bid good-bye to aunt Kate, for papa says I shall have to start so early that I thought it safest to say farewell to her to-day. We talked of my visit and all that I expect to see and do at grandpapa's, and she told me a great deal about the house and grounds, and all that : really it seems as if I could hardly feel strange in it now after hearing so much about the place, but when I had asked her all the questions I could think of, and it was time for me to come home, she said she had one thing to say to me, and that was, she wanted me to remember all through my visit that I might always be 'somebody's helper,' that even little girls like I am had frequent opportunities for doing what was right and kind towards those with whom they might happen to be, and she hoped that I would keep this constantly in my mind. I think she was going to say more, mamma, but her cough came on and I did not like to ask her to speak any longer, so I bid her good-bye, and came home."

"Do you not understand what aunt Kate meant, dear? I think it is not difficult to discover."

"Oh mamma, I know very well that I shall often be able to help

grandmama, that is if she will let me ; I can find her spectacles, and run on messages for her, and for grandpapa the same, and perhaps there will be messages to do for uncle Robert too, but some way it seems to me as if aunt Kate meant more than that, mamma."

"I think she did, darling, she knew that you would easily find out these little duties for yourself, and she wished to show you that there were others not so very evident which you would have to perform. Shall I tell you what I fancy she intended to point out?"

"Oh yes, do, dear mamma; you will make it all so plain to me, I shall understand it well."

"I think that aunt Kate knew that you are about to go to a very different life from the one you lead at home; you are under my care here, and I can show you what is right and what is wrong, and watch over you constantly, but when you go to Arden Hall matters will be changed; grandpapa and grandmama will be so glad to get their little grand-daughter that I am afraid that they will not be disposed to restrain her at all, they will think only of her present pleasure, and of making as much of her as possible. Now perhaps aunt Kate knew that such a life would not be the wisest or safest for her niece, and so she determined to give her a talisman against its dangers: perhaps she was afraid that Emily would begin to think that every one ought to take care of *her*, and plan amusements for *her*, and give up their own wills to do her bidding, and she hoped that by shewing her that instead of being only *helped* herself, it was her duty to be a *helper*, somebody, or any-body's helper, *she* would be *helping* to save her from danger! If we are thinking of others, how we can spare them pain or trouble or make them better and more comfortable, we have no time to remember ourselves, and we are much wiser and happier too. Do you understand me, Emily, darling, do you not think that aunt Kate intended this?"

"Yes, mamma, I am sure she did, and I do think it is true. I remember that when grandmamma was here ever so long ago that one day papa said she indulged me too much, telling me stories when she wanted to go to sleep after dinner: he said that I ought to remember other people, not

to think only of myself and my enjoyment. If I had done as aunt Kate wishes me I should not have asked for any stories, but have got grandmamma the footstool and the easy-chair, and pulled down the blind that she might have a snug nap; that would have been like a 'helper,' mamma, would it not?"

"Yes, Emily, you have caught my meaning perfectly, and now you can easily extend it to other things; there are so many ways in which even a little girl can assist grown-up persons if she only thinks about it. I am sure you will always find something to attend to, and by and by you will be surprised to see how quickly you will observe these opportunities, and how pleasant it will be to follow them out! I think aunt Kate was very wise in her advice, and when my little daughter comes home I hope she will be able to tell me that she has remembered it all through her visit."

"I will try, indeed, dear mamma," was Emily's fervent response, "though I am half afraid I shall often forget, and be selfish; but I will try to remember."

"And remember, my precious child, that it is God's will that you should be regardless of self and careful for others. Do you recollect that text, 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others?' That is what we must all try to do, with God's help; mark the verse in your Bible, dear, and think of it often during your visit. Ah, here's papa; ring for the candles, darling, it must be nearly tea-time!"

Emily Wishart was an only child, and consequently a great treasure to her parents; her father, the master of Burnham Manor, was a gentleman of considerable property and influence, and throughout her life his little daughter had enjoyed a singularly untroubled existence; everything that wealth could purchase or love devise, had been liberally lavished on her, and her welfare had been the peculiar care of the household; happily for her, a safeguard against the temptations and dangers of such a halcyon lot had been granted her in the untiring watchfulness of her mother, and in a minor degree, that of her aunt Kate, the invalid lady to whom allusion has been made, whose residence, a pretty cottage on the grounds of the manor,

was almost as familiar to Emily as her own home. But a season of trial was approaching, a long projected visit to grandpapa, and all the delights of Arden Hall, whither her mamma could not accompany her, were about to put to the test the good teachings that our little friend had received, and both Mrs. Wishart and her sister were somewhat in anxiety respecting the result, though the little girl's unselfish disposition gave them much ground for hope,—hence arose aunt Kate's warning and the ensuing conversation.

This visit had been for long the centre of every day-dream that had entered Emily's imagination; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that, as the moment of departure drew near, she felt rather excited. The wonderful railroad journey, so novel to her experience, and all the anticipated marvels of Arden Hall—the lake where the swans were kept, the tanks for gold and silver fish, and, above all, the pony that was to be her especial property, rose up in long array; but at the bottom of her heart was a very decided regret at the idea of leaving papa and mamma and all the home-faces; if she could but carry everyone along with her how much happier it would be! but of course such a thing could not be; and so she was reduced to making the most of this evening's pleasure, and clung to her mamma with redoubled tenderness. Mrs. Wishart easily divined what was passing in her little daughter's mind, but she wisely abstained from making any remark, fearing to increase the trial by so doing.

The sun rose brightly; a more delightful day for travelling could scarcely have been desired; and Emily, in all the glory of separate luggage, was ready and waiting full half-an-hour before the time for starting, much to her papa's satisfaction; and though the parting kiss to mamma was not given without two or three tears, Emily went through her departure bravely, and shook hands cheerily with Captain Thurston, the gentleman under whose care her journey was to be accomplished; for unexpected business had prevented Mr. Wishart from escorting his little girl, as he had at first intended.

Once seated in the railway-carriage, where a place had been chosen for her

by the window, Emily felt as if the journey was really begun, and when, after a last kiss to her papa, and a last wave of the hand, she found the train gliding away with her towards her destination, her heart beat high with expectation, for when she got out of the carriage again, if all went well, it would be at the Warkley station, within three miles of Arden Hall. What a wonderful thought that was. She had to ponder over it for five minutes before she could quite realize it, and then came the question of who would meet her; would it be grandpapa?

Looking up, she saw that Captain Thurston was deep in a newspaper; there was not much expectation of his talking to her, and Emily was rather glad of this, for she did not know whatever she could converse on if he had happened to be in a communicative mood. But if her tongue were likely to have a holiday, her eyes were not, and before long they were pretty fully employed in taking in various particulars of the scene, both within and without the carriage, far more the former than the latter. Besides herself and her guardian, there were two other passengers in the compartment; one an old lady, very infirm and very nervous too, the other a younger one, who seemed to be her companion or friend. There was some subject of annoyance it was plain between the pair, and though Emily was by no means inclined to listen to what did not concern her, she could not help becoming quickly aware that the senior was urgently requiring of the junior some piece of service which the latter was very unwilling to perform; a few words, sharply uttered, were pretty audible to the whole company:

"I assure you, Jane, I can't find my bag, it is under your seat; do, please, give it me!"

"I have looked, ma'am, and there is not a trace of it; you must have left it behind you at the hotel."

"Oh! don't say that!" exclaimed the poor lady, in a piteous tone. "Whatever should I do if I had? Why, you don't know what was in it!"

To this last remark the companion vouchsafed no reply, but began an industrious examination of the prospect. At last, baffled and disconcerted, the poor old lady took refuge in a few quiet tears. All in a moment the remembrance of her aunt's parting words

flashed on Emily's mind—"Somebody's helper." Surely she had somebody to help *now*; and, turning to the old lady, she politely said:

"Perhaps I could find your bag for you, ma'am; I am little, and can see very well all under your seat."

A look of pleased surprise came into the aged face, and the eyes were wiped in order that they might see more plainly who it was that was thus interfering in their owner's behoof; and a grateful "Thank you, dear, you are very good to trouble yourself about such a fussy old woman as I am," was enough, and Emily began a quiet but effective search for the missing article. At first without success, seat, shawls, anything that could be supposed to afford a covert to the truant bag was carefully examined, but to no purpose, and there seemed, indeed, but too much reason to fear that Jane's surmise was the correct one. Just, however, as the old lady had relapsed into despair, and Captain Thurston, who had been roused from his newspaper studies by the commotion, had uttered a decisive "No use in the world, I fear, madam!" Emily exclaimed "There it is, under the mat at your feet!" and, stooping down, she lifted it to light.

"Well, to be sure, what a blessing young eyes are!" was the comment of the captain, as he reinstated Emily in her seat and returned to his reading; while the old lady, Mrs. Kent, as she soon took occasion to inform Emily, was profuse in her thanks to her little friend, and diving into the bag brought thence, from a crowd of other articles, several gingerbread nuts, which she distributed with a liberal hand.

All reserve being dissipated, a pleasant chat ensued between the old lady and Emily, a very fortunate circumstance for the latter, as her companion was well acquainted with the country, and could enlighten her respecting most of the places of interest that they passed. When about two-thirds of the journey were accomplished, a bright, intelligent boy of twelve or thereabouts, with a small carpet-bag in his hand, entered the carriage, and a greeting between him and Mrs. Kent showed they were acquaintances; a very slight recognition from the other lady, in answer to a stiff bow from the lad, proved that she knew him also, and testified likewise that he

and she were no great friends, but Mrs. Kent was too eager in her enquiries after his grandmamma, with whom she seemed on intimate terms, to allow him at first to take much notice of anyone but herself; she had afterwards several questions to put regarding the surrounding scenery, and Charlie, as he was called by Mrs. Kent, seemed to know every inch of ground, every house, every ruin that they saw, and their histories too. So the hours sped away, and the time for arriving at Warkley station drew near, and Emily had almost forgotten to count the minutes, so engrossed was she in listening to the tales and legends Charley was narrating. At last Mrs. Kent began to gather together her scattered possessions, and Captain Thurston, putting away his newspaper, commenced consulting a list of articles belonging to his charge; and these proceedings recalled Emily to her own immediate affairs.

"Are we near Warkley Station, Captain Thurston?" she asked eagerly, but with a tinge of regret at the thought of so soon parting from her new friends.

"Indeed we are," was the reply, "We shall be there in ten minutes, so look out for your uncle, Miss Emily; your papa said he would meet you, and take you on to the Hall."

Perhaps, if Emily had been less engaged, she would have noticed the look of surprise and interest in the face of her boyish companion, who had caught the mention of the Hall and the expected uncle, but she was too intent on securing her packages to see anything in that quarter, or, indeed, to be aware that he was preparing to vacate the carriage at the same station as herself.

A loud whistle, a patch or two of garden ground beside the rails, and in a few moments neat palings and out-buildings, and then the Station house itself. "Now for uncle Robert and your luggage!" exclaimed Captain Thurston, as Emily started to her feet with the first shock of the stoppage, and a "There he is! I saw him this moment." An instant after, and a porter unlocked the door and made way for a tall, handsome gentleman, who looking into the carriage scanned the faces of its occupants eagerly.

"Ah, Emily, there you are!" he ex-

claimed, lifting her from the carriage and giving her a very hearty kiss; then turning to Captain Thurston he warmly thanked him for his care of her through the journey, and pressed him to partake of the hospitalities of the Hall. Fruitlessly, however, for the captain's mind was evidently made up, and now that Emily was safe with one of her relatives he had no reason for altering it, so he bustled out to search for her luggage, notwithstanding the protestations of uncle Robert, who tried in vain to induce him to retain his comfortable seat and allow him to make the necessary enquiries; but the good captain was resolute, and, paper in hand, hurried off to fulfil his commission to the very letter.

"We may leave him safely, Emily," was her uncle's smiling remark, as he watched the retreating figure. "He would not let the train go if he thought anything belonging to you were in it," and relieved on this point, he turned to assist the old lady, whose eager vociferations were becoming very audible.

"Mrs. Kent! Is it possible I see you? I was so much engrossed by my little niece that I did not observe who was in the carriage: tell me your luggage and I will secure it. Eh! Charlie, and you're here also? come, my boy, and stay with your cousin while I am off on my search;" and with these words, Mr. R. Wishart hastened away to assist Jane, or Miss Pyne, for by that name she was introduced to him by Mrs. Kent, in her investigations.

Before he returned, the train was ready to start, and Emily flew off to bid good-bye to Captain Thurston and to thank him for his kindness to her; in reply he gave her a general permission to command his services at any and all future times, a proof that she had gained his favour, and with a parting message to her grandpapa, he shook her by the hand and jumping into the train was soon borne off on his onward route.

Returning more slowly, Emily had time to realize the curious fact that the boy to whom she had been talking in the carriage was a real cousin, a very extraordinary sort of personage to her, who had passed her entire life almost without once meeting with such a phenomenon; she felt a little shy of him, it must be confessed, and hardly knew what to say when she was once

more standing beside him, waiting for the re-appearance of her uncle, but few could resist the influence of the open brow and cheery demeanour of her young relative, and after two or three monosyllabic answers in reply to his remarks, she began insensibly to thaw, so that by the time the summons for setting off was given, the two had exchanged various pieces of intelligence. They knew each other well by name, but as the reader is not so fully informed I may mention that our new acquaintance, Charlie Wishart, was the son of Emily's uncle John, who was at present with his wife residing in India. Charlie had been sent home to England a year or two before, and had been placed at a preparatory school near London until within a week of Emily's arrival at Arden Hall, when he had returned to his maternal grandmama, Mrs. Euston, of Oakhurst, to stay with her until further arrangements for his education could be made, his father rather inclining to the idea of a private tutor for his son. Thus it happened that no notice of his vicinity had been given by old Mr. or Mrs. Wishart in their late letters to Burnham, and an item of happiness far beyond any that had entered into Emily's calculations had been reserved as a surprise for her at her new abode. Their present meeting was owing to a day's visit to an aunt at a distance, from whose house Charlie was returning, when we first caught sight of him in the train.

"Well! have I been long?" said uncle Robert, returning. "I could not get away a minute earlier. Why, Charlie, what will Mrs. Euston say to you for not assisting her guests? There are Mrs. Kent and Miss Pyne gone off to Oakhurst and no Master Charlie to do the honours! Wood was asking after you, but I reported you safe, and promised to send you home presently; your carpet-bag is in his custody. So come, children, let us be off," and leading the way to the entrance gate of the Station, Mr. Wishart lifted Emily into the chaise waiting there, and desiring Charlie to perch up behind, cantered off through green lanes and under overhanging trees in the direction of Arden Hall.

There are ups and downs in this world certainly, and poor Charlie Wishart had cause to realize this fact now,—one minute he has been rejoicing over the vista of happiness that his

pretty little cousin's arrival and promised society had opened before him, the next moment he had learnt that this pleasant prospect was to be clouded over by the presence of such an undesirable home-guest as Miss Pyne. I said that at their meeting in the carriage it was easy to see that no great friendship existed between her and him; the fact was that last vacation had been spent in her company, and Charlie had a vivid recollection of Miss Pyne's ascerbity of disposition; and he had hoped that Mrs. Euston had then been too much annoyed by it also, to allow her to venture on another trial; but it so happened that Mrs. Kent was an old and valued friend, and she could not deprive herself of the pleasure of her society, even with the drawback caused by her companion's faults. Mrs. Kent would not dismiss Miss Pyne for reasons of her own, and Mrs. Euston could not dispense with Mrs. Kent, whenever she had an opportunity of welcoming her, so Charlie had no redress; the present visit had been so unexpected as to leave no time for apprising him of the impending calamity, hence his surprise was considerable; a low whistle of dismay followed his uncle's announcement, and when once seated in the chaise remarks and innuendoes were heard.

"Oh, uncle, if you only knew Miss Pyne; she is so cross! Grandmamma will have no peace, nor shall I, that's certain; she'll worry our very lives out! What *could* have induced grandmamma to ask her again? Oh dear! oh dear! I thought I had seen the last of her at Christmas!"

"Perhaps Mrs. Euston could not ask Mrs. Kent without asking her companion: the old lady is getting very infirm; that must be your comfort, Charlie."

"My comfort! oh, indeed! I like the old lady very well, she is good-tempered and kind, is she not, Emily? But Miss Pyne! Well, I must spend my whole day at the Hall, and you'll not be cross to me, Emily, will you?"

On and on the pony cantered, past the lodge, past the clumps of evergreens, along the smooth gravelled drive, between the wide reaches of luxuriant grass just sprouting into fresh verdure and stretching away under the trees in the distance, where here and there a deer glanced into the sunshine or sprang away into the shade of the covert; on and on, until with a bend of the path the old Hall came in view, with its grey-stone front all weather-beaten and stained with age, its curious deep windows, and large overhanging portico, and on the steps, grandpapa and grandmamma, early watching for the arrival of the chaise and its precious burden.

I need not relate the meeting, it was just as all such meetings are; nor the pleasant sociable gathering round the tea-table, where plenty of substantial viands were collected for the travellers' refreshment; nor the many and minute enquiries respecting the welfare of the home-circle which the old lady and gentleman were for ever making, and then checking themselves and each other, and saying how selfish it was of them to oblige the poor child to talk instead of allowing her to eat in peace. All these parts of a visit like the present are, I hope, familiar to a great many of my young readers, so that I need not take up my space with their description, nor even tell how, when Charlie had reluctantly bid good-bye and departed with repeated assurances of an early reappearance on the morrow, Emily willingly assented to Mrs. Wishart's proposal of a speedy retiring to bed, for which her long journey and the many incidents of the day had very completely prepared her; so completely, indeed, that she scarcely knew more than that when her head was laid on the pillow, some one tucked her up cosily and gave her a very tender kiss; for all became a blank, not even one little dream venturing to disturb her repose with the least echo of his footsteps.

ANNA DEFE.

THE COLD MARCH WIND.

Oh! the old March wind: oh! the cold March wind;
It rattles the window, and lifts up the blind,
And groans down the chimney, enough one to scare;
And peeps through the keyhole, and runs up the stair;
And, regardless of manners, slams loudly the door,
And then tries to blow it wide open once more.
Oh! the old March wind; oh! the cold March wind;
Can we anything pleasant to say of it find?

Then, meeting, it gives one a sudden embrace,
 And pushes the hair all away from one's face,
 And kisses one's cheek in a way that's not nice,
 Then wickedly whisks off one's hat in a trice,
 And stirs up the dust till it flies in one's eyes,
 Then melts all its boisterous mirth into sighs.
 Oh! the old March wind; oh! the cold March wind;
 Can we anything pleasant to say of it find?

It enters the farmyard in rough, uncouth play,
 And turns all the hen's feathers up the wrong way;
 Then starts off to waltz with the straws on the ground,
 And makes the pigs squeak as it chases them round!
 And old Towler barks as it twirls round his tail,
 On its way as it goes to turn over the pail.
 Oh! the old March wind; oh! the cold March wind;
 Can we anything pleasant to say of it find?

Then in the old churchyard that stands on the hill
 Where, under the sod, lie the dead, cold and still,
 It shakes the bare trees, and it stoops to the stones,
 And fills all the air with its shrieks and its moans.
 It darts into church, and then hurries about,
 As though vainly trying to find the way out;
 Then scans the inscriptions that stand on the wall,
 And whispers mysteriously over them all.
 Oh! the old March wind; oh! the cold March wind;
 Can we anything pleasant to say of it find?

It flutters one's garments; it pinches one's nose;
 And makes blue the ends of one's fingers and toes;
 It knocks down one's chimneys; it roots up one's trees;
 And still goes on whistling as pert as you please;
 It makes the fire smoke, and the good housewife scold,
 As she finds all her doors will not keep out the cold.
 Oh! the old March wind; oh! the cold March wind;
 Can we anything pleasant to say of it find?

Yet there once was a time in the long years ago
 When little recked I howe'er hard it might blow.
 When I laughed out with glee as my hat blew away,
 And joined with delight in the old wind's wild play;
 For I knew that the cold winter soon would be o'er
 And then we should have bright, warm summer once more;
 And the dear old rough wind seemed to join in my glee,
 And to laugh out, "How happy the summer will be!"
 Oh! the old March wind; oh! the cold March wind;
 I love it when thoughts of "lang syne" fill my mind.

R. STONE.

THE FAMILY VISITOR.

OUR DAILY FOOD.

BY ERNEST ETHERINGTON.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. vi. 11.

"Feed me with food convenient for me."—Prov. xxx. 8.

RICE: PLANTAIN: SAGO: THE CHILI
 PINK: TAPIOCA: ARROWROOTS OF
 VARIOUS KINDS: THE POTATO: POT-
 ASH IN VEGETABLES: CARROTS AND
 TURNIPS: CABBAGE, &c.: SALADS.

WE turn now to those farinaceous
 foods we had not space to include in
 our last month's chapter, and first of
 all we will have our little gossip about

RICE, with which everybody is suffi-
 ciently familiar, from the highest to the
 lowest grades of society. The grain is
 indigenous to India, but the finest sort
 we receive from South Carolina. In
 China, Rice is the principal diet of
 those whose indigence does not compel
 them to subsist on something cheaper.
 It was cultivated extensively by the
 Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, and

other Oriental people: it is nutritive, and being easy of digestion, is eminently adapted to children and invalids, as well as to adults in strong health, especially when combined with milk, eggs, sugar, &c. It is, however, considered less nutritive than other grains, because it contains little nitrogen, and a comparatively small quantity of *gluten*, not indeed, more than 7 or 8 per cent., less than half the quantity contained in oatmeal. In rice countries, the natives devour enormous quantities of the grain, without becoming overfed, or very plump and sleek, and this circumstance is ascribed to the small proportion it contains of the highly nutritive or flesh-forming *gluten*. Rice is also deficient in fat, and hence it is less laxative than other cereal foods, and is one reason why the too constant use of it would be injurious to certain constitutions. In cases of diarrhoea it is generally a very safe and most admirable regimen. It has sometimes been substituted for potatoes in our workhouses, when the potato has failed, and after a few months, scurvy has been the result; but this, Professor Johnson thinks, may be quite as attributable to the effects of a sudden change of diet, as to an inherent evil property in the grain itself. The fact, however, suggests, as many other indubitable facts, "*the utility and wholesomeness of a mixed food.*"

The PLANTAIN, about which, however, as an article of food, we know nothing in this country, approaches in its composition very nearly to rice, and like that grain, swells out the stomachs of those negroes who feed exclusively upon it. It is nevertheless, in tropical countries, very valuable, and is so exclusively consumed as to take the place of the cereals to which we are accustomed. *Rice*, then, is a nutritive and wholesome food, especially when dressed with milk, sugar, &c.; but it is doubtful whether the English constitutions would not feel the evil effects of making it at all a staple article of diet. It may be constantly, but not regularly at our tables, and, simply boiled and treated as a mere vegetable, it is not so nourishing as when presented in a more complicated form. Children generally like it, and except in a very few cases, it suits them excellently.

SAGO is the meal extracted from the pith of the Sago-palm, which is the chief support of the inhabitants of some parts of New Guinea, and some regions of the African coast. The pith is rubbed to powder and then washed in water upon a sieve, and the fine granulated meal remains.

The natives convert it into a hard cake, and it has been stated that 2½ lbs. of the meal is sufficient to serve for a day's sustenance to a healthy, full-grown man. The Chili pine, with which we are chiefly familiar as an ornament of our lawns and gardens, grows to a great size on the slopes of the Andes, and it extends freely in natural and lofty forests, bearing huge cones six inches in diameter, and the large seeds contained in these supply the natives with the chief part of their daily food, and it is asserted that "the fruit of a large *Araucaria Tembricata*, or Chili Pine, will maintain eighteen persons for one year!"

Each tree of the sago-palm, when cut down in its seventh year, yields 700 lbs. of sago meal. It is manufactured in the Moluccas chiefly, and imported to us from Singapore. There are three kinds of sago, viz., sago-meal, pearl-sago, and common sago. Pearl-sago consists of small pinkish or yellowish grains, about the size of a pin's head, and is the kind most generally used for domestic culinary purposes. Sago is nutritive and easy of digestion; it has been recommended that it should be washed in two or three waters and then soaked in cold water an hour previously to being cooked. It makes a nice milk pudding, and when cold is extremely gelatinous; it forms a light nutritive supper, and is a desirable dish in the nursery and invalid chamber.

TAPIOCA is a substance procured from the tuberous root of a poisonous plant, (*Jatropha*, or *Janipha Manihot*), growing in British Guiana. The farina, or starchy matter, is dried on hot plates, and assumes the form of irregular small lumps, in which state it is called *tapioca*. Though consisting largely of starch, it is said to contain about three per cent of gluten; it is purer than sago, and yields a more consistent jelly. Like all other starchy matters, it becomes soft and almost watery after it has absorbed all the liquid with which it is prepared, if

cooked too long. Tapioca being hard, requires maceration previous to culinary treatment; but being more soluble than sago, it does not require to be kept at boiling-point so long.

Curiously enough, the root of the *Jatropha* contains hydrocyanic acid, and it is believed that the Indians poison their arrows from the juice, before they begin to prepare the wholesome and nutritive tapioca, which, as it is imported into this country, contains about three per cent. of gluten.

ARROWROOT is one of the most costly forms of starch consumed as diet. It is obtained from both hemispheres, and known as East Indian and West Indian Arrowroot. It is a very pure white and amylaceous powder, obtained from a plant called *Maranta arundinacea* in the West Indies, from *Ocimum augustifolia* in the East Indies, and from *Tacca pinnatifida* in the South Sea Islands. But that from Bermuda is most esteemed. There is another kind of arrowroot sold in shops, by the name of "*Tous les Mois*," and is the produce of a plant called *Canna edulis*, closely allied to the *Maranta*. It yields a stiffer jelly than common arrowroot; it is very soluble and extremely digestible; its starch granules exceed in size those of any other starch, giving root or seed. English arrowroot is obtained from potatoes by a simple process. Wash and pare potatoes, grate them into a sieve standing in a bowl of cold water, and the starch will sink through the sieve to the bottom of the water, squeezing out the fibre till all the starch is expelled. As soon as the starch has settled pour off the water and fill up with clean, and stir the whole so well that every portion of the starch may be thoroughly washed. Repeat the washing till the starch is white, and after pouring away the last water, dry the starch carefully before the fire, or in the sun, taking care that it is not exposed to too great a heat. This arrowroot, which is excellent for some cooking purposes, does not, however, yield so firm a jelly as that which is produced from the *Canna*, the *Maranta*, &c.; and it is not so good for infants, or for persons of delicate digestion, inasmuch as it is more apt to cause acidity than the foreign arrowroots.

As for the POTATO itself, it is the

most important root we cultivate, and extremely valuable as an article of daily human food. Potato-meal, in itself, is unfit for making into bread, but mixed in proper quantities with wheaten flour is generally held to improve the lightness and appearance of the bread. Professor Johnston tells us that the dried potato is "less nutritive, weight for weight, in the sense of supporting the strength, and enabling a man to undergo fatigue, than any other extensively-used vegetable food of which the composition is known, with the exception only of rice and of the plantain."

Though approaching very nearly to rice in its character, it is, however, superior to that grain; for it contains rather more of gluten. But there is a remarkable similarity between these three kinds of food—potato, rice, and plantain, in so far "as they all differ from our cereal and other grains and roots, in containing a smaller proportion of the ingredient represented by the gluten of wheat." And it is observable that the tribes of people who live nearly exclusively, or even chiefly on any of these three vegetable productions, are distinguished by the size and prominence of their stomachs! The Hindoo, who lives on rice; the Negro who feeds on plantain; and the Irishman, who is altogether nourished on potatoes, are all what is commonly called "pot-bellied." And this is partly ascribed to the large bulk of food eaten, in order to obtain a sufficient supply of nourishment; and the reason why the Irishman's deformity is less conspicuous than that of the Chinaman, the Hindoo, or the Negro, is probably because the potato contains a somewhat larger proportion of gluten than either the plantain or the rice.

Bear in mind we are censuring these productions as *exclusive*, or nearly exclusive means of sustenance. Potatoes especially, though containing less starch and less gluten than some cereals, contain *potash*: and the exclusion of potash from one's general diet gives rise to very serious evils. Potatoes were introduced from America in the year 1584, but they were not generally cultivated in England till nearly a century and a half afterwards; and there are some writers who trace the departure of the plague, and other frightful epidemics from our shores to

the common use of the potato. There cannot, indeed, be a doubt but that the *potash* we obtain from potatoes, small as the quantity is, really accounts, in some measure, for its influence on the health of Europeans. Dr. Lankester believes that potash may sometimes save a man's life; if a man live on bread only, he will have scurvy; and even in the potato-famine, though the people were supplied with rice and other substitutes, for the regular *tuber*, scurvy broke out with great intensity, and went on, proving that the potash is of incalculable service in keeping the blood, bones, and muscles in their normal state.

But salts of potash are found in other vegetables: in cabbage, turnips, carrots, parsnips, and water-cresses. If you would have your family in health, accustom them to *variety in vegetables*; have potatoes, if you like, daily, but let them not exclude other vegetables. Turnips and carrots are highly nutritious; the meal of both these roots containing gluten, associated with sugar and starch; that of the turnip being quite equal to Indian-corn meal, only deficient in *fat*. Hence with turnips, some oily or fatty food should always be eaten; boiled neck of mutton is therefore a very proper accompaniment to this vegetable; "boiled" I say from mere habit,—*steamed* meat is infinitely preferable to boiled, as thereby the nutritive juices are retained, which otherwise are lost in the liquid used for cooking, unless, indeed, this liquid be converted into good and palatable soup or broth.

The CABBAGE is eminently nutritious, and contains more gluten than any other vegetable food which is largely consumed: greens, also, should be eaten with fat and oily food; thus bacon and greens, pork and pease-pudding, are not only popular as they are from force of habit, or from prevailing taste, but from being in reality

better fitted to the constitution of every healthy individual, than when eaten separately.

ONIONS, also, are worthy of notice, not only as a condiment, but as an article of food; Spanish Onions being delicate in flavour, and very much milder than our own. In Spain and Portugal, indeed, they form one of the common and universal supports of life: the onion being to the humble Spaniard that which cheese is to the English labourer.

Neither should peas and beans be neglected in the ordinary bill of fare; in their season, they should be seen at table as frequently as may be convenient. In fact, you cannot err in providing as great a variety of vegetable food as circumstances and prudence permit. I am convinced, that if food and cooking were more practically considered, if a very little chemical knowledge were imbibed by heads of families, many forms of disease would be, under God's blessing, averted, and a doctor's bill would not be an annual draw upon the purse.

Some quantity of *uncooked* food it is good to eat every day; a small portion of raw ripe fruit; and *salads* are by some eminent chemists held to be "essential to the diet of those who would maintain their health in perfect integrity." Lettuce in its season, celery, garden-cress, but, above all, *water-cress*, contain, in their juices, certain active principles, which are beneficial to the ordinary human constitution. Take judiciously of that which God has given you,—"every herb bearing seed, and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed. To you it is for meat!" Eat, and be thankful.

Next month, if we are spared to meet as usual, through the medium of this magazine, we shall consider *Animal Food*; and, if possible, the common beverages in which we indulge.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REJECTED Articles cannot be returned, unless accompanied by postage-stamps for the purpose. Persons sending short pieces, poems, &c., should keep copies, as the Editor cannot in any case be responsible for contributions of this nature. It is also *indispensable*, that the full name and address of the Author should be legibly written on the first page of all MSS. forwarded for approval.

THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1866.

THE PRIDE OF THE LATYMERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "FROM DARK TO DAWN IN ITALY," ETC.

IX.

HIS HEART ON HIS SLEEVE.

It may appear a blot on the pride of the Latymers to hint that if the plebeian little Dora Charley had been sufficiently gilded, she would have passed muster as a daughter-in-law. But there is distinguished precedent for such abasement. Did not my lord Bar-sinister himself, though boasting descent from "loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth," condescend to delay the progress of his house towards the famous sixteen quarterings of perfected aristocracy, by his marriage with the daughter and co-heiress of Cellaret Binns, Esq., the great wine merchant—a man who had to invent his own armorial bearings? The redeeming feature of the case was the lady's dowry of £100,000. Likewise he had arranged and carried out an alliance between his own daughter and her kinsman, the present head of that distinguished firm; and she was now the Lady Belgravia Binns. So the wine merchant's fortune had become absorbed into the vacancies of the house of Bar-sinister, lending that infusion of gold to the "sangre azul" which is essential to its proper sparkle in society.

Lancelot went home in a subdued state of mind, which his sister easily perceived was not altogether because he was yet rather invalided. He offered to read aloud for her the first evening of his return, a performance which had formerly been wrung out of him by coaxing and other feminine arts. He expressed a wish for self-improvement with a big blushing countenance. "I know I'm a stupid fellow, and I haven't been half educated, but still I might read something now and then, Berry, mightn't I? You don't think it's too late for me to begin to improve myself, do you? The fact is"—and here he used his handkerchief so as to conceal the greater part of his face—"the Charleys made me quite ashamed of myself; I felt as ignorant as Leo—did, 'pon my honour."

The shaggy, slight-limbed deer-hound which answered to this name raised himself, and gazed at his master with great grave eyes.

"No, old fellow, I don't want you." But the hound persisted in laying his damp nose in Lancelot's hand for a caress: had he not found his master again only the same afternoon? And he wanted to be reassured about that little black silk cap on Lancelot's head, covering close the

tonsure where his hair had been excised, which was edged with only a curling fringe of the olden tawny crop.

"I didn't understand half what they talked about when they got hold of books and papers. Ah, Berry, I've often thought lately what a great fool I've been in the way I've spent my life."

He leaned his head on his hand, and looked so profoundly pathetic that Beresford indeed compassionated him. They were alone in the drawing-room, with a decaying fire warning them that it was time to go to bed.

"Fit for nothing, is the result!" cried Lancelot, flinging out his arm energetically. "Twenty-two, and fit for nothing, unless, indeed, the noble occupation of a gamekeeper or a horse-breaker."

"I won't allow you to disparage yourself in this wholesale way," said Beresford. "You are a gentleman, when all's come and gone."

Now, she had often desired to awaken some such sentiments as the above in his breast in bygone days, and even made herself disagreeable to him by certain suggestions not far removed; and truly, he did idle his time most abominably. Yet now that the work was done without her, and his state of placid animal contentment quite broken up, she was disposed strongly to doubt the benefit for which she had striven.

"You are no worse than others, Lencie," she said, by way of comfort, while casting about in her mind for what could have caused this remarkable access of moral consciousness. "You have not been trained to a profession, that's all; but when lord Bar-sinister's party come into power—"

"I'll get a clerkship of £100 a year. Noble object of ambition, certainly!"

"Papa seems to think they will have splendid appointments to give away," observed Beresford.

"My dear, you don't understand politics," Lancelot rejoined, with a trifle of masculine assumption which she rather liked to see. "Girls never do. Ministers are always obliged to give their best places to

political adherents—to people they expect will help them. And what's a clerkship to live on? Besides, I hate quill-driving and high stools; I don't wonder at Hugh Lake running away from it."

"And, dear old fellow, what would you like?" asked his sister, pushing from his forehead some of the tawny curls.

"I—I don't know. Look here, Berry, I—I've a great mind to tell you all about it."

"About what?" inquired the young lady demurely; but suddenly she had seen "his heart upon his sleeve."

He looked straight at her. "I want to marry Dora Charley," he said. "O Berry, I never really cared for anybody before." And he closed his eyes as he leaned back in the arm-chair, to conceal some glittering moisture that had sprung to them.

Beresford kneeled down beside him, and laid her arms upon his knee. She had seen Lancelot *épris* once or twice, but nothing like this. "Tell me all about it," she said. A love-story was the richest treat to her, as to most young women, and she was really moved by her brother's emotion.

"I haven't spoken to her," he went on in a husky voice; "but I think she knows it—I don't think she can help knowing it. And I don't think she dislikes it, Berry," he added, blushing furiously. "We used to work in the flower-knots together, and put down seeds."

The reader may think he was hard up for a symptom of undeveloped affection, when this was his utmost to allege. But he had in his memory a certain unspoken and indescribable language of glances, as he scraped the soil with a hoe, and she shook out the dull dust that would germinate in flowers, or as he trimmed the purple tufts of odorous Russian violets, and she directed the exploit.

"I'll bring you over to see her, Berry. You must know her, and then you'll be sure to love her—the darling! We'll pay a visit, just you and me alone. Bother!" in reply to

some doubt of Beresford's. "My mother shan't interfere. We'll ride over after breakfast to-morrow and be sure to catch them at home."

Then they fell to talking on the probable issue of such a piece of news at Kyle, as the probability of a Latymer becoming allied in any sense to trade. And Lancelot gave expression to some very just opinions (all formed within the last two months) concerning the natural superiority of a refined, well-educated young lady over all considerations of pedigree. Indeed, he scouted the prejudices of birth and blood with the ardour of a thorough democrat. Beresford almost laughed at the violent change wrought in his sentiments, since the time that he would not admit that the Rev. Oriel Chetwynd was a gentleman, because he was a schoolmaster, and the son of a schoolmaster.

"All moonshine," said he. "What do we gain by being the purest blood in the county? or that my father traces his estates straight from Strongbow? Perhaps it's something for Hugh to brag about in his regiment, but the end of it all, so far as I am concerned, is that I can neither dig nor beg."

Likewise, he entertained his sister (till the small hours struck, and the fire was quite out) with warmly-coloured sketches of the perfections of his beloved, to much of which Beresford listened with an under-current of wonder as to whether anybody would ever discover from equally slender data, anything like equal perfections in herself.

The result of the conference was that she went to bed with a loaded conscience, and rose with the same. It was some minutes before she could remember that the weight was Lancelot's confidence of the previous evening: and she felt it to be quite a guilty secret, foreseeing domestic commotion. How they got away for the early ride she scarcely knew; her brother arranged it somehow with their father.

She enjoyed horse-exercise greatly, having ridden from childhood with the freedom of a country resident:

and now Lancelot had put her on the back of the best mount in the stables, a fine-drawn high-couraged Irish mare; while he himself rode the Bluebottle. Leo accompanied them, half-wild with delight, which he expressed in a series of yelps and ungainly gambols, and endeavoured his utmost to travel the distance twice over by insatiate runs to and fro. How delicious to Beresford was the rapid rushing through the cool clear morning air, with the spring sun shining brightly on all the hoarfrost and gossamer of the hedges! She could fully enjoy it, riding easily and firmly at a hard canter, never swerving or shaking in her saddle, scarcely with a quickened breath, but undoubtedly with richly heightened colour. Thus the Rev. Oriel Chetwynd beheld her as he picked his way through the village on his dainty little feet, with the slenderest of all possible umbrellas between his fingers; and thought within his little soul how well she looked, and how gracefully she rode.

"People love other than themselves, and the *otherest*," writes Emerson. It is that very clever but abstruse American's way of saying that dissimilar qualities from one's own excite admiration and affection. Thus are the world's discrepancies made up as by a law of compensation. Beresford thought she had never seen two people more opposite than Lancelot and this lady-love of his. We fear that she did not admire Miss Charley as greatly as her brother did, but very soon discovered the damaging fact that "there was not much in her," as clever girls are apt to express themselves. Certainly some cloud hung over the little Dora this morning. Miss Latymer thought she noticed traces of past tears in her blue eyes; and she scarcely spoke a word in answer to Lancelot's endeavours at conversation. His handsome countenance lengthened as he regarded her; his heart made wild conjectures. She walked before them quite gravely to show Beresford her pet daphne (Dora was of a nature that could scarce exist without half a hundred pets). The botany books call it *Daphne*

cneorum; it was trained over some frame-work, and covered with richly fragrant pink tresses of blossom from the end of every shoot.

"Oh what a beauty!" ejaculated Beresford, stooping to inhale the perfume—greater than that of any other spring flower.

"Yes," said Miss Dora: "and I don't let the gardener touch it. Margaret has promised to take care of it while I am away."

"You are going away!" exclaimed Lancelot with the blankest face in the world.

"Yes. To the North. Don't you think the colour lovely?" which was addressed to Beresford. And they grew deeply interested over a neighbouring bed of dwarf red Van Thol tulips, and a white Banksia, already in bud about a vase, vesting it with drooping sprays.

And as they moved from place to place, noticing such sweet incidents as make a garden ever-living company, it chanced that Margaret Charley and Beresford passed on so far before that Lancelot could say to little Dora (over a bed green with promised lily of the valley) the prosaic words—"Why are you going away?"

"Because—because papa and mamma like," she answered, flushing up. Then, more composedly, as an assignable reason, she added, "You know my eldest brother is alone:" and cruelly wounded herself with certain sweet-briar spines meanwhile.

"O Dora, don't go away, for—for my sake?"

It all came out after that; and, somehow or other, he got possession of the little fingers in which the thorns had stuck, under plea of taking them out: and the tears in her eyes were not all caused by their smart. The mischief is done, and prudent Mr. and Mrs. Charley are too late with their precaution of sending her to the North.

X.

A REFUGEE.

NEVER had Lancelot felt more brave, never had Dora felt more

timid than in consequence of that little conversation in the garden. There was a tumult of delicious happiness in her mind, poor child, as she thought of it afterwards, when her hero had ridden away. Yet she shrank unspeakably from confession to even her mother; she told Margaret only in the twilight that evening, when it was too dark for her foolish face to be seen. No more than the birds of the air did she realize the imprudence of the whole business; for instance, that should they set up housekeeping, there was nothing to live on; whence any body who likes may conclude that she was a little goose. The future was all a delightful, golden haze, enveloping a garden of Eden.

Her parents enjoyed none of the agreeable illusion. Happy Mr. Charley and his placid wife were sorely troubled. They had foreseen, but rather late, whither matters were tending; and, with a jealous guardianship for their child's happiness, had resolved on sending her out of harm's way. For they considered it harm to have her affections touched in anywise, unless by such a marriage as they could heartily approve. They believed there was a bloom upon the heart that could be brushed off without any overt act; after which experience the smile would not be so bright, nor the voice so joyous for a space: they believed they ought to save her from this suffering, if possible. And so they devised the journey to their original home in the North, which Mr. Lancelot's precipitancy rendered nugatory, as aforesaid. The magnificence of the alliance which they were trying to escape, alliance with a Latymer of Kyle, never struck either of these simple parents.

Meanwhile Mrs. Latymer could never say enough about their artful cunning. She was far too wise, knew the world altogether too well to believe one word of the story that the young lady was about to be withdrawn to a hundred miles' distance without Lancelot's knowledge. She knew better; she could unravel the whole tissue of scheming by which

he had been trepanned. As if she had been present she detailed manœuvres that never had occurred; and found great relief to her feelings from her own eloquence.

"My poor boy has fallen a victim to the artifices of these designing people. I had a distinct presentiment of it from the beginning. And what will Lord Bar-sinister say?"

After which climax her neuralgia would wax again; and there is no doubt that the pride of the poor woman endured agonies enough at the idea of her son being suitor to a tradesman's daughter.

Mr. Latymer on this occasion simply wrapt himself in his dignity. And what an ample cloak it afforded his kinsfolk and acquaintance knew. It concealed the man entirely, heart and all, and was apt to blind his eyes. Thus covered, he viewed the affair as preposterous, pooh-pooh'd the whole business, and utterly refused to open any communication with Mr. Charley.

Shut up in his stronghold of a study, with his book-shelves and his cases of Irish curiosities, and his pigeon-holed cabinet of rigidly-ticketed papers, and his petty literary pursuits, and his pedigree on the wall, among maps of the Latymer estates,—he was perpetually the principal figure of his own contemplation; he grew into an egotism sadly disproportioned to his true value. Scarcely did he perceive that the house (both race and mansion) was decaying and falling away. Except when Mr. Etough came to visit him, he rarely looked at the facts of his position. And that gentleman had an insinuating way of putting the circumstance that most of his patron's rental went to pay the interest on mortgages and other incumbrances. But Mr. Latymer never said in words—*"Après moi le déluge."* He simply (and comfortably) did not think about it. He lived mainly in an unreal world, and scribbled sentiment (in a faultless handwriting) concerning the past. Also concerning a certain ideal future, when he should have shuffled off this mortal

coil; for poets (especially in Germany) have long ago discovered a "Spirit-land," or a "Silent-land," where the souls of men (quite irrespective of God and Saviour), pace about among kindred shadows, and converse chiefly of deeds done in the body. Their views of things don't seem to differ much from what they had on earth, nevertheless they gaze on mortals with chilling eyes. "The land of the great departed" is this heathen *dépôt* called; but whither the souls of the vulgar departed wend has not yet been poetised. Any common Tartarus or Elysium is presumably good enough for them. Mr. Latymer felt interested about the distinguished "Spirit-land," and had even composed some blank verse on the subject. Yet he occasionally read (when he came to its turn in the scanty evening prayers) such words as, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord;" but he could see in that nearness neither glory nor joy.

Lancelot grew stormier in the conference with his impassible father than he had ever been. He was accustomed as a boy to have his own way, and so the parents were but reaping as they had sown, which harvest is as sure as any from grain. "She's good enough to be a princess," he averred. "I only wish I were a prince, to make her one. If I have any younger son's portion, sir, as you, intimate, give it to me, and let me go and make a home for her."

"The ardour of youth!" observed Mr. Latymer, with the air of a dissector of emotions. "The impetuosity of ungoverned feeling! the eagerness of the untried heart! Ah! how well I remember—"

"Sir, if you remember having loved as I love, surely you must excuse me."

More than a little colour rose to the high, white forehead of the Master of Kyle; some string of early recollection must have been touched: he even shunned his son's eyes.

"I am not one of those who, in the coolness of riper years, disbelieve or despise the passion," he

said, "but I would reduce it to reason. Hereafter you will be grateful to me for the determined veto that I put on this subject. As the admirable Mr. Locke says—"

"Father," returned Lancelot, his eyes growing luminous, "hear me before you speak further. I was drifting into a mere animal, when this love came to save me. Nothing has ever roused my higher feelings like it. I have longed to be better, and—holier. I—I was getting into bad habits—Beresford can tell you. I've gone many a night to drink at the 'Arms' with sporting fellows of my acquaintance. Now I'm lifted out of that, thank God. I couldn't do it now."

"Glad to hear it," said his father, with severity. "I had hoped that the traditions of his race would prevent any son of mine acting unworthily. But it was youthful effervescence—just a freak of youth: like this."

The offences were much on a par, then! An opportune knock came to the door: old Devlin with a card on a salver.

"M. Guido Pescara, Professor of the French and Italian languages."

Now, Mr. Latymer much enjoyed dispensing any little patronage that came in his way; and he had received a letter from a maiden sister who dwelt in Cheltenham, and had some money, concerning this gentleman, "a delightful refugee," as she termed him. The lady had commanded that her niece and namesake Beresford should, therefore, receive lessons from him. But before Mr. Latymer gave audience to the foreigner, he had one last sentence for his son, which he declared with the advantage of his full height and most martial air, standing on the faded rug, and the gold snuff-box in his hand:

"Lancelot, it is the duty of a race like ours to be self-denying—to preserve intact the purity of blood transmitted to us from prior generations. Private feelings must be sacrificed to this imperative public duty, which could never be fulfilled were a man to yield to every fancy that crossed his brain, like this

fancy of yours. Not a word more on the subject, I beg," waving his hand, majestically, "nothing more!"

Lancelot flung out of the library with such vigour as nearly to knock over a dark-brown gentleman, with very black moustache, and eyes to match, who was being ushered thither by the old servant. Sympathising eyes followed him from Devlin, the ancient retainer. Perfectly well the latter knew what it was all about, and he was sorry for his favourite young master, at the same time that he thought Miss Charley guilty of the highest presumption. The lower classes of Irish are essentially the stanchest aristocrats in Europe.

"M. di Pescara!" said Mr. Latymer, with a courteous bow, by way of introduction, and not being very sure of what vulgar tongue was comprehended by the stranger.

"Thanks, M'sieur, but without the *di*," said the other, with a deprecating motion of his fingers. "We, poor exiles, must lay aside every token of what you call pretence—pretension. Guido Pescara, if you please, Monseigneur."

He spoke English very well, as Italians often do, yet seeming to speak it more easily than he comprehended the rapidity of its colloquial use. And Mr. Latymer, who had all an insular's abhorrence of expressing himself in any language but his own, experienced a large sense of relief.

"Your name is not unknown in history, Signor," observed Mr. Latymer, conquering that irrational inclination to speak broken English to the foreigners by way of being more readily comprehended, which we all have felt in like position. Now, if he had been questioned as to what the Name had done, his answer would have been indistinct; but only a Civil Service Commissioner knows everything,

"Ah, M'sieur, in times long past, my ancestors—but why speak of them? The glory is gone—my Italy bows beneath a foreign yoke—my Italy is degraded, and her faithful sons must fly."

Pescara's countenance had as-

sumed a most miserable expression; it seemed as if a very little would make the black eyes overflow with tears. The face was not young, consequently could not bear emotion well; perhaps it had reached forty years, but it was still eminently handsome, which a scar across cheek and chin scarcely marred. "O, my Italy!" he reiterated, and checked himself with something like a sob.

"Then my sister, Miss Latymer, of Cheltenham, is not misinformed when she states that political circumstances have compelled you to become a refugee?" The speaker might have chosen simpler words for a foreign understanding, but his vocabulary was in general magniloquent.

"My Italy is oppressed. I tried to make her break the chain; I tried to help her in crushing the tyrant; I failed: I am here. Guido Pescara can tell no more. A necessity of my nature and position is retirement—an avoidance of spies. The tyrant has spies everywhere on the poor refugee; but will they find me out in Irlanda? No, I say to myself, no. Therefore go secretly to Irlanda, dive under the water, and rise for breath far away."

All this, delivered with much gesticulation and emphasis, with falterings for words which only added to the effect. Mr. Latymer was profoundly interested. "Bless my soul!" he thought, "some nobleman in disguise—perhaps a Prince or a sovereign Duke." All the romance of his romantic nature was appealed to and responded.

"M. di Pescara," he began, with a bow.

"No, no, Signor! not the *di*, I beseech!" his olive-hued hand raised deprecatingly.

"Permit me to differ with you, Sir; in the private circle of society, allow me to add, in the privacy of friendship," with a very low obeisance, "your rank may surely be remembered without danger. I was about to mention, that I shall to-morrow do myself the honour of making a formal call at your hotel; and if you can confer on us the

favour of giving lessons to my only daughter—"

"With pleasure," said the poor Italian, sensibly gladdened by the only hint of substantial help he had received. "Also, Mister Latymer," he pronounced every syllable as distinct as a separate word—"it is not an hotel."

The fact came out that he had procured a lodging the night previously, in the house which also lodged Rev. Oriel Chetwynd for a permanency, and had received from that gentleman a letter of introduction to a certain "M'sieur Carley," as one likely to give him employment.

Mr. Latymer at his bookshelves afterwards (*Cosmopolitan Biographical Dictionary*, vol. vii., letter P.) found such an array of distinguished deeds (in statesmanship and war), under the name Pescara, that he was more than ever confirmed in his impression (founded also on the mysterious hint about spies) that his visitor was a person of great rank and distinction, who found it convenient for political reasons to conceal himself. These impressions being conveyed to Mrs. Latymer, she also must study the articles "Pescara;" and was edified by finding that he of the sixteenth century was husband to Vittoria Colonna, and a generalissimo. The incident somewhat relieved the sombreness that had settled on their minds in connection with Lancelot's unfortunate love-affair.

XI.

SOWING SEEDS.

Though there was nothing in the world to be done among Mr. Charley's juvenile shaving-brush plantations with a "spud," he was fond of carrying that implement as his companion about his grounds. It looked rural, and occupied his hands. Most of the newly-budding twigs on his little trees he knew by sight, and would fain have caressed them into more rapid growth. Armed with his implement, he had been this morning inspecting his labourers

[*Christian World Magazine*, April, 1902.]

as they sowed some breadths of land with the most approved modern mixture of grasses for the summer meadows; with proper proportions of foin, timothy, sheep's fescue, Italian rye-grass, cocksfoot, "best known for feeding and milking qualities," said the advertisement. Mr. Charley was noted for doing things in the best manner, as per advertisement and latest discoveries, yet it was wonderful what a sum his farming cost him, and how slender was the return.

While walking about on the edges of the field, and thinking many things apart from the meadows: thinking, above all, with sinking heart, of his little Dora, and how she had hidden her face in his breast when he essayed to talk to her on the previous evening, and whispered, "O dear papa, I could not help it; I could not indeed! I did not know it myself; but, O dear papa, I'll give him up if you think it wrong!" and trembled so that he could only soothe her, and blame himself in his thoughts;—while thus chewing the cud of sweet and bitter reflection, he became aware of the approach of no less a personage than the priest of the parish. It was by a loud breezy voice, shouting,— "Boys, God bless your work!" on which all lowly doffed their hats and caps as they answered, "God save yer reverence kindly."

"Morning, Sir," he said to their employer, with an air which rendered the courtesy almost discourteous. "Fine day for the season. Grass-seeds, eh?"

So they exchanged a few sentiments on that subject, for the priest was a keen practical farmer, who could have bought and sold Mr. Charley with all his theoretical Treatises on Agriculture. But it was not to look at hayseeds that he had undergone the toil of leaving his gig (which stood by itself in the road, a strangely high-hung vehicle, yellow-lined), and Father Sylvester had attained a size which rendered such exertion laborious; though worse the getting back.

"To tell you the truth, I was going up to your mansion, Mr.

Charley, on a little matter of business."

Now he had come at Christmas on another little matter of business, being to evolve from Mr. Charley's pockets a contribution towards an enlarged Roman Catholic chapel; likewise to persuade that gentleman that himself (Father Sylvester) and his coadjutor would be the most disinterested channels possible for transmission to the poor of Mr. Charley's Christmas bounties. Failure in both instances had stamped Mr. Charley as a highly illiberal Protestant; and the shadow of the interview had never left Father Sylvester's ecclesiastical soul.

"Perhaps you have done it on this very day, Sir, here, with these very men." He spoke in a suppressed tone, with his little blue eyes fixed (in a manner meant to be penetrating, but which was only arrogant) on Mr. Charley.

"Done what?" enquired that gentleman, though he had more than an inkling, now, of the crime to which the priest alluded. The honest, pleasant, straightforward gaze met full that other gaze, which was merely arrogant; and the latter felt at a disadvantage, though it was accustomed to much conquest.

"Interfered with my flock, Mr. Charley. You know as well as I, Sir, that you have done so scores of times. Preached to them Protestant doctrines, Sir; tried to draw away my poor suffering people from the faith of their fathers, by blandishments and — and — bribery, Mr. Charley."

It seemed to be (perhaps was) a little slice from a florid altar oration.

"Mr. Slattery," was the reply (his reverence's name was Sylvester Slattery), "I never gave a bribe in my life, nor ever used a blandishment, to my knowledge. But I am truly glad to hear from you that my poor words have produced some result."

Father Sylvester's naturally red face could grow no redder; but his little eyes glared. "I did not say you had been successful, Mr. Charley; I said you had tried to seduce my poor sheep from the fold;" and

the shepherd caressed a thick whip he had brought from the gig. "And it is unprincipled work, give me leave to tell you, Mr. Charley, to tempt them to barter their hopes of eternal happiness."

"My dear Sir, what are you talking about?" interposed the other, in his mild pleasant voice, "I would give no man a shilling for changing his religion; but if the spending of a thousand pounds could bring a soul to Christ, gladly would I pay the money. But never as a bribe, for that would be buying a soul for Satan."

"You never said a truer word," acquiesced the priest, slapping his long boots resonantly with the whip. There was also a triumph in his eye which Mr. Charley did not understand. "Now, by your leave, Sir, and I'll just speak a word to these parishioners of mine, telling them your opinion, which does you credit, Sir."

Raising his breezy voice, he called out, "Boys!" and signalled with his pastoral crook (being the afore-said whip), and the dozen drew together, shuffling and touching hats. To them the shepherd said, in precisely their own tones:—

"This honourable gentleman, your employer, is just after sayin' a word I thought it would be no harm for ye to hear in these days of souperism, boys. He's just after sayin' that changing your religion would be Satan's work, and he wouldn't pay a shilling to turn the whole batch of ye Protestans; so now let ye give three cheers for the honourable Mr. Charley, an' go back to yer work, an' don't let me hear any more of ye coming sneaking to me with stories. I wish you a very good morning, Mr. Charley."

Before the third cheer was done, his reverence was clambering into the high yellow-lined gig, and smote his sturdy horse into its regular jog-trot.

Mr. Charley certainly felt rather as if he had been outwitted by his reverence. But as soon as he could be heard, he tried to undo the mischief. "My men, what I said was not stated with perfect correctness

by your priest." This in itself was an unfavourable beginning; and when he had made the correction, he was aware that the wits of his hearers, unused to unravel language beyond their own dialect, either did not understand the difference, or preferred Father Sylvester's version.

"And I add this, my men: that no priest on earth shall prevent my speaking of my God and Saviour, whenever the thought of Him crosses my mind, and I feel in my heart to thank and praise Him for all His goodness, and especially His goodness in giving me heaven. And no priest on earth shall prevent my taking every opportunity of declaring that the way to heaven is trusting in our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, and not in the Blessed Virgin, who never died for us."

Perhaps Father Sylvester had not gained so much, after all, by his overreaching bit of monologue. The men went back to their work, slouching; with a perception that the spiritual and temporal powers in their world were at variance. Mr. Charley walked forth upon the road.

When he came to the turn he beheld the curate of the parish picking his way along. Mr. Chetwynd had, as before intimated, symmetrical and dainty little feet, which it was his glory to keep untainted from a speck of mud. Therefore he did not see the other gentleman till they were mutually close at hand; and then he made a graceful bow. All the curate's actions were graceful, and he knew it.

"I was just going up to your house," he said (almost the words used by Father Sylvester, but in tone how different!) "I wanted a few words with you, Mr. Charley."

"We can walk up together," said the latter, swinging open a little gate in the plantation. "Something about my churchwardenship, eh? Some new improvement in the ritual?" He suggested these topics, smiling.

"Not exactly," and the second clerical visitor hesitated somewhat; "but I have thought it my duty to

speak to you about a rumour that reached me."

"A rumour!" What naturally rushed into the father's mind was anything in connexion with Dora.

"Yes, I can hardly believe it; but I am credibly informed that you, the night before last, assisted at a Wesleyan prayer-meeting in the village. When I say 'assisted,' I mean that you took part in it. You have also opened a cottage reading—"

"Oh!" Mr. Charley, uttering this sound in much relief, gazed at the young ecclesiastic, and asked in a curious tone, "Do you really think my conduct worthy of censure?"

"Most certainly I do. As a churchman, and holding your position—"

"O my friend, can you not swallow up the churchman in the wider name of Christian?" Mr. Charley heaved a great sigh. Was this other feeble effort to do good, and show himself about his Master's business, to be condemned? His next remark was very irrelevant. "My dear fellow," taking the young man's arm kindly, "I am old enough to be your father. It is probable that I was a redeemed soul, born again and serving my Saviour with all the energies of a renewed nature, when you were in the cradle."

The Rev. Oriel Chetwynd did not relish such allusions to his youth; he had the misfortune of an appearance even younger than his years, though the sacerdotal element was strong in him over all laics of whatever age. "I don't see what that has to do with the present case," he observed, rather stiffly.

"Because when you've been twenty-five years a Christian; aye, or twenty-five hours a Christian, you will see differently; you will rejoice in every effort, no matter how poor and small, and even irregular, which tries to promote the glory of our

ever-blessed and precious Saviour." Mr. Charley paused, and reverently took off his hat for a moment; I know not whether he had ever heard of Robert Boyle.

The conversation, now on the avenue, was broken by the sound of swift-nearing horse-hoofs; and Lancelot Latymer, the rider, looked so unmistakeably his conviction that the curate was out of place, as to corroborate the same idea in Mr. Chetwynd's own mind. So the latter bowed his farewell, and went away on the faultless feet which scarcely denied the soft gravel.

Unsuccess was written on Lancelot's face and mien. He alighted quite heavily; "O Mr. Charley, my father won't listen to anything. He's as dead against it as the first day. It's no use to talk to him—at least for me. I don't know what to do, it's so senseless—nothing but family pride, and all that sort of thing. And I can't give her up, Mr. Charley. I can't give her up."

The great fellow leaned his forehead on Bluebottle's saddle, and it was afterwards wet with tears. Very weak and womanish, it may be; but he had yet to learn the priceless lesson of self-control and submission.

Perhaps it is a conclusion not always justified by facts: but it seems to me that when human parents neglect the education of their children in this point, and allow them to grow up wilful and uncontrolled, the Divine Parent is (as it were), compelled to teach by thorns in maturer years the lessons unlearned in childhood. A fiercer struggle with the hard facts of life must be the lot of such unsubdued spirits.

"Try to look beyond second causes to the will of God," was what Mr. Charley said. He had tested the anchorage himself, and found it hold; even when neither sun nor stars for many days appeared.

THE STORY OF THE OLD SOHO FACTORY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE commencement of the latter half of the eighteenth century was remarkable as the period when our national energies were aroused to a state of activity which produced the most happy results to our country. Dr. Johnson was engaged in consolidating the English language and in conducting the thoughtful among his countrymen to foster views of social life, and to a taste for pure and elegant literature. Wesley and Whitfield were rebuking the formality of the age, and stirring up all classes of society to earnest religious life and activity. Some of the ablest statesmen that ever lived were then at the zenith of their power, or were rising to eminence in the British senate. When George the Third commenced his long and prosperous reign, in 1760, he declared that "he gloried in the name of Briton." His youth, his amiability, and his thoroughly English sympathies drew towards him the confidence and affection of his subjects.

Prosperous and hopeful as were the circumstances which surrounded the youthful king, the British citizen of the latter half of the nineteenth century would find himself greatly perplexed if suddenly surrounded by those circumstances and forms of social life. He would find it very difficult to adapt himself to dark and muddy streets and rough stage-waggons, after having enjoyed the convenience of gas, and cabs, and railway carriages. The inhabitant of Birmingham who has not troubled himself much about former times, may be astonished to learn that little more than a century ago the first stage-coach was advertised to run from Birmingham to London, "if the roads permit," and that about a century ago the first stage-waggon was started to London, thus rendering it unnecessary for the manufacturers of the town to send their merchandize to Castle Bromwich to meet the pack-horse train, or the stage-waggon from Chester to

London. He will be equally astonished to learn that his forefathers in the midland metropolis had not a regular bank in which to deposit their savings until Messrs. Taylor and Lloyd commenced one in 1765; and that then they would have to wait seven years before the first Hackney coach would be seen jolting through their streets; or before the seventy-six commissioners would be appointed to cleanse the streets and set up 700 oil lamps, very much to the annoyance of the good townsmen, who had to meet the expense by a small rate. But even then the men of Birmingham were remarkable for energy and skill. Hutton, the historian, entered it as a youth seventeen years of age in the year 1741. He thus records his earliest impressions. "I was much surprised at the place, but more at the people. They were a species I had never seen; they possessed a vivacity I had never beheld: I had been among dreamers, but now I saw men awake; their very step along the street showed alacrity. I had been taught to consider the whole twenty-four hours as appropriated for inaction, but I found people satisfied with only half that number." "I could not avoid remarking that if the people of Birmingham did not suffer themselves to sleep in the streets, they did not suffer others to sleep in their beds; for I was each morning, by three o'clock, saluted with a circle of hammers. Every man seemed to know and prosecute his own affairs."

The traveller from Birmingham to Wolverhampton a century ago, as he crossed the brook which separates Staffordshire from Warwickshire, stepped upon the margin of a desolate and barren heath. Scared rabbits darted to their holes as he ascended the hill, on the bleak summit of which stood a hut, on the very spot where now stands the Soho mansion. In the hut dwelt a warrener, who looked after the wild

inhabitants of the hill in the interest of John Wyerley, Esq., lord of the manor, an arrangement which was, doubtless, very necessary considering the proximity of Birmingham, and the fact that on the west side of the hill there was a colony of huts, "filled with idle, beggarly people, who by the help of the common land and a little thieving made shift to live without working." Local tradition speaks of an old public-house which stood somewhere on the hill, on the signboard of which were painted an huntsman and his dogs, and underneath the field-cry, "So! Ho!" a circumstance which gave the name to the hill.

The rapid increase of population, and the growth of our manufacturing and commercial interests during the last century, have wonderfully changed the face of many a once dreary spot, and have invested with deepest interest places which to our forefathers were remarkable only for their dreariness. But few places were destined to undergo more rapid transformation, or to become associated with more striking incidents illustrative of the progress of the arts and sciences than the Soho rabbit-warren.

We pass over fifty years, and come to the commencement of the present century, and what a change has taken place. The barren heath has been transformed into a beautiful park where lakes sparkle and fountains play. Tall trees throw their shadows across the turnpike road as the sun approaches the west. On the east side of the road stands Prospect Hill House, where Egginton, the celebrated painter on glass, resides. The warreners' hut has given place to the Soho mansion, which commands a view of Birmingham and the hills beyond; and in the valley, a few hundred yards from the mansion, stands a vast, solid brick building of no mean architectural beauty, wherein a thousand craftsmen toil. This is the Soho factory.

A wonderful tide of energy and intellect had ebbed and flowed around this spot during its short existence. The "princely Boulton" had emerged from obscurity, and by

the consecration of his great genius and untiring energy had built up a commercial and manufacturing establishment unrivalled in its bearings upon our national progress. The thoughtful, ingenious, but retiring Watt had been brought from his northern home to work with head and hand in perfecting the steam-engine. Kings, princes, nobles, men of science, and men of letters had been attracted to Soho to admire, to learn, and to offer their portion of thought and effort to the development of art and science.

More than another half century of time and progress has elapsed, and what a further change has taken place! So mutable are all the works of man. The men of great genius, energy, and industry have passed away. The remains of Boulton, Watt, and Murdock rest together in the parish church of Handsworth. The whole aspect of the Soho estates is changed. The park fence has disappeared; the old trees are gone; the urns which affection raised in the park to the memory of some members of the Lunar Society have been removed. The park is for the most part occupied with residences of the respectable and well-to-do merchants and tradesmen of Birmingham. The mansion still stands, and is the residence of the respected incumbent of the beautiful church which has been built on the brow of the hill. But the glory of the whole scene is gone; the old manufactory has disappeared, and there remains nothing but rubbish to mark the spot where once stood one of the noblest of England's buildings.

The story of the original transfer and transformation of the Soho rabbit-warren, and of the rise of the manufactory is soon told. In 1757 John Wyerley, Esq., lord of the manor, granted a lease of the Soho Hill land, for ninety-nine years, to Messrs. Ruston and Evans, with liberty to turn Hockley Brook, and to make a pool to work a water-mill for rolling metal. In 1762 Matthew Boulton, toymaker, purchased the lease of the estate, rebuilt and en-

larged the mill, and removed his manufactory from Birmingham. The accommodation was soon found to be insufficient, and in the year 1764 the foundation of the Soho factory was laid, which was completed in the following year at a cost of £9,000, and was designed to accommodate 1,000 workmen.

Let me now introduce the man whose great genius and enterprise laid the foundation, and so wonderfully developed the resources of this great centre of skill and industry. The originators of great movements by which the material resources of a nation have been developed have generally ascended from the lower and middle classes of society. Few of the men who have accelerated the growth of our national wealth and power have come from the upper ten thousand. Not that the great and noble of our land are deficient in true genius or are wanting in patriotism, but they lack the stimulus which the aspiration after wealth and higher social position affords. Already high in the social scale, in the possession of wealth, influence, and glory, they feel secure, contented, and happy. From men so circumstanced little aid can be expected to further the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country; but rather from the intelligent, thoughtful, and energetic middle class may be expected those who will advance our solid material progress.

The middle class of our country may claim Matthew Boulton as belonging to them, and may justly be proud of him. It is probably true that the ancestors of Matthew belonged to the country gentry of Northamptonshire, and that his grandfather had married into one of the old genteel families of Staffordshire. If it will add anything to the fame of young Boulton, he shall have the credit of having had a little genteel blood in his veins; still, it is nevertheless true that he was the son of Matthew Boulton, silver stamper, of Birmingham. It is equally true that young Matthew received only an ordinary English education, under the direction of the

Rev. Mr. Anstead, of Deritend; that he left school early to enter his father's workshop; that he had to don the apron, and with his own hands make buttons, buckles, watch-chains, and other trinkets; and that it was by a course of self-instruction in the midst of business duties that he gained what knowledge he possessed, and it was doubtless considerable, of Latin, French, and other branches of an advanced education.

Matthew became possessed of considerable property at the death of his father, which occurred in 1759. The next year, having reached the mature age of thirty-two, he sought for a wife a distant relative on his grandmother's side. But although Matthew had good property, good looks, and good character, and though he doubtless entered into the interesting business of courting with his usual energy, he had great difficulty to overcome the opposition of the lady's friends, who seem to have objected to an alliance with a Birmingham Toy-maker. He was not, however, one of those whom small difficulties discourage, and so his suit was crowned with success, and Anne Robinson became his wife.

The graphic portrait of Mr. Boulton, sketched by Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, from the recollections of her childhood, indicates a man naturally formed to make an impression in the age in which he lived. "He was in person tall, and of noble appearance, his temperament was sanguine, with that slight mixture of phlegmatic which gives calmness and dignity; his manners were eminently open and cordial; he took the lead in conversation, and with a social heart had a *grandiose* manner like that arising from position, wealth, and habitual command. He went among his people like a monarch bestowing largess. His forehead was magnificent." This dignified manner, combined with his strong intelligence and keen perception of character, made him from the first a successful man. Even before his removal to Soho his business had become very large.

The rapid development of the

business at Soho is a remarkable illustration of the immense energy, skill, and discernment displayed by him who was its presiding genius. It was by no sudden turn of the wheel of fortune. No gold or coal-mine was discovered on the Soho estate. There was no single happy invention meeting a felt want of the age which, monopolised, made its inventor a rich and prosperous man. Fortune is often somewhat fickle in the bestowment of her favours. A happy thought has flashed through the mind of an individual who naturally possessed very little of talent or of energy, the thought has been embodied without much labour, and a great name and a fortune have been made. We would rather eulogize the plodding, daring, and patient energy of a man of genius whose success, under divine providence, was the reward of labour, than the good fortune of one who made a *happy hit* and was raised to a position of influence and of affluence for which he never toiled. The early Soho prosperity was not of the mushroom kind; neither did it drop down from the clouds to the astonishment of beholders. It was the just reward of the consecration of mind, muscle, and energy, the like of which has seldom been seen, and never surpassed in the history of the material development of our country.

The wonderful business energy displayed at *Soho* is most graphically illustrated in the correspondence and documents published by Mr. Smiles in his lives of Boulton and Watt. It seems as though nothing less than imperial commercial supremacy was aimed at. Not only were agencies opened in different parts of our own country but also in the midst of the great centres of wealth and political influence on the continent. Agents travelled through France, Germany, and Italy to collect models and drawings of the most beautiful works of art, and to induce the most skilled artists and workmen to throw in their lot with Soho. Mr. Boulton wrote to one of his agents on the continent thus: "If in the course of your future travelling you can pick up for me any metallic ores or fossil

substances, or any other curious natural productions, I shall be much obliged to you, as I am fond of all those things that have a tendency to improve my knowledge of mechanical arts in which my manufactory will every year become more and more general, and therefore wish to know the taste, the fashion, the toys, both useful and ornamental, the implements, vessels, &c., that prevail in all the different parts of Europe, as I shall be glad to work for *all Europe* in *all things* that they may have occasion for,—gold, silver, copper, plated, gilt, pinchback, steel, platina, tortoiseshell, or anything else that may become an article of general demand. I have lately begun to make snuff-boxes, instrument-cases, tooth-picks, &c., in metal, gilt, and in tortoiseshell inlaid, likewise gilt and pinchback watch-chains." In another letter Mr. Boulton thus describes the rapid growth of the Soho business: "From 700 to 800 persons are employed as metallic artists and workers in tortoiseshell, stones, glass, and enamel. I have almost every machine that is applicable to those arts. I have two water-mills employed in rolling, polishing, grinding, and turning various sorts of lathes. I have trained up many, and am training up more, plain country lads into good workmen; and wherever I find indications of skill and ability I encourage them. I have likewise established correspondence with almost every mercantile town in Europe, and am thus regularly supplied with orders for the grosser articles in common demand, by which I am enabled to employ such a number of hands as to provide me with an ample choice of artists for the finer branches of work; and I am thereby encouraged to erect and employ a more extensive apparatus than it would be prudent to provide for the production of the finer articles only."

Mr. Boulton lost no opportunity of making himself acquainted with the purest works of art in his own country. He was often a student amongst the literary and art treasures of the British Museum. He visited

sales in London where he was likely to meet with choice specimens of art. Many of the leading nobility of the land were among his warm supporters. The king and queen were his generous patrons, even lending him works of art to copy. He was often received with great cordiality by the royal family. He writes: "I have been with the queen and all the children between two and three hours. There were likewise many of the nobility present. Never was man so much complimented as I have been; but I find that compliments don't make fat nor fill the pockets." Again he writes: "I am to wait upon their majesties again so soon as our tripod tea-kitchen arrives, and again upon some other business. After the king and queen had talked to me about three hours they withdrew, and then the queen sent for me again into her boudoir, showed me her chimney-piece, and asked me how many vases it would take to furnish it, 'for,' said she, 'all that china shall be taken away.' She also desired me to fetch her the two finest steel chains I could make." These extracts show how rapidly Soho had grown into importance. Even before it had gained the celebrity of being the scene of the perfecting of the steam-engine and the great coin-ing establishment of the country, Lord Shelbourne described Mr. Boulton as "the most enterprising man in Birmingham." The remark of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck is perhaps somewhat extravagant when she calls Mr. Boulton the "Father of Birmingham;" but it is no doubt true that the Soho energy did more than any other agency for the elevation of the great hardware metropolis. Albeit, Birmingham has not yet recognized the obligation. In correspondence with his partner, Mr. Boulton wrote: "The prejudice that Birmingham hath so justly established against itself makes every

fault conspicuous in all articles that have any pretensions to taste. How can I expect the public to countenance *rubbish* from Soho while they can procure sound and perfect work from any other quarter?"

But it was not all prosperity. Works of art produced at great cost were not appreciated. "I find philosophy at a low ebb in London," writes Mr. Boulton, "and I have therefore brought back my two fine clocks, which I will send to a market where common sense is not out of fashion. If I had made the clocks play jigs upon bells, and a dancing bear keeping time, or if I had made a horse-race upon their faces, I believe I would have had better bidders. I shall therefore bring them back to Soho, and some time this summer will send them to the Empress of Russia, who, I believe, would be glad of them."

Thus, in eight years, the factory had been built and the wonderful trade created. On the crest of the hill the Soho mansion had been erected as a palace for the chief of the hive of industry. Soho became not only a place of interest to Englishmen but also a wonder to be visited by foreign travellers. So early as 1767, Mr. Boulton writes, as a reason for not executing an order for the queen: "I had lords and ladies to wait on yesterday, I have French and Spaniards to-day. To-morrow I shall have Germans, Russians, and Norwegians." "Last week we had Prince Poniatowski, nephew of the king of Poland, and the French, Danish, Sardinian, and Dutch ambassadors. This week we have had Count Orloff, one of the five celebrated brothers who are such favourites with the Empress of Russia; and only yesterday I had the Viceroy of Ireland, who dined with me. Scarcely a day passes without a visit from some distinguished personage."

REV. ROBERT ANN.

APRIL DAYS.

- THUS he mused before the firelight as the day died into night—
 "All my life is April weather—very stormy, very bright,
 Very cold with icy snow-drifts, very warm with April sun,
 Beaten down by angry whirlwinds, peaceful ere the day is done
- "All my life is April weather—I am dreaming here alone
 Of a father and a mother calling me their only son;
 Of the sweet and snowy curtains folded round my little bed,
 Of some dear lips warm and tender bending o'er my youthful head.
- "Then a loved voice speaks in weakness, bidding me be strong and brave;
 And I stand a lonely orphan raining tears upon a grave,
 Passing on in deepest sorrow to a rough unlighted way,
 Quite alone and broken-hearted, even as I am to-day.
- "But there came a tender healer—winning lips and dove-like eyes;
 She was but a little maiden, very noble, very wise:
 Many suitors rich and clever told her she was good and fair,
 But my darling loved me only—gave herself unto my care.
- "Scarcely like a day of April was my happy life that year,
 For the birds were always singing and the sun was always clear,
 And the clouds forgot to gather round the home which her dear eyes
 Lit with smiles of peace and beauty, and with sacred sympathies.
- "But a darker morning followed; she was proud as well as kind,
 And I let a foul suspicion creep into my angry mind;
 But it shook me with its torture like a viper at my heart,
 And the tempter subtly whispered 'All is over—you must part.'
- "So we let the darkling tempest beat upon the pleasant scene,
 And distrust and anger flourished where our love and trust had been;
 Maggie! Maggie! she forgave me, but my heart is bleeding yet
 That I caused her deepest anguish, which I never can forget.
- "I had said the law should part us; I had wronged her many hours,
 And my words were hard and pelting like the angry April showers;
 But her pride was all forgotten, and she crept into my heart,
 Chased away the base suspicion—whispered 'Nought but death shall part.'
- "'Nought but death,' but that was rapid; we had knelt together where
 The cup of sweet communion follows after solemn prayer,
 And the angels came to fetch her—but she blessed me with her eyes
 As they bore her, sweetly smiling, to her home beyond the skies.
- "None were left but little Lucy, and she grew about my chair,
 With her eyes so like her mother's, and her wealth of golden hair,
 That I half forgot my sorrows. She has left me with the rest;
 She had pity for her father, but she loved another best.
- "So I gave her to his keeping—'twas a sunny April day,
 And I blessed her for her mother as she passed upon her way;
 And they often make me happy with a picture of their bliss,
 And my Lucy's little children come with greeting and a kiss.
- "All my life is April weather—rain and flowers, and snow and sun;
 But a few more days of changing, and my pilgrimage is done—
 I shall go where spring eternal supersedes these varied years,
 Where the holy, peaceful sleepers little reck of April tears."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE FORTUNES OF CYRIL DENHAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XI.

AGNES' DIARY.

APRIL 9th.—Let me try to remember all that has been happening for the last few days. I sometimes wonder whether I have not been dreaming ever since the evening I and some others with me crossed the ferry at Southam Water! Shall I ever cross that salt-sea estuary again, I wonder? Never again, perhaps, in the same companionship: not till I can say with *Uhland*—

"Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave."

And then, will this wild, beating heart of mine be calm and still? shall I think quietly of the past, as one thinks of a dear dead friend, long ago gathered to his rest? shall I feel that I have fought worthily in the great Battle-field of Life? How does one feel at forty, I wonder? I suppose all the restless desires, and impetuous longings, and wild regrets, that haunt one at twenty, have ceased by that time, and one feels self-possessed, and self-contained, and resigned, or apathetic; which? I wish I were forty years old: it must be so good to have looked life fairly in the face, and to know that the best—by which I mean the largest half—must certainly be over.

Now, my Diary, let me keep my promise, and "tell you all about it." At first I could not tell even you; but I think without telling some one I shall never clearly know the exact state of things, and as for telling any one but you, why I would sooner go and cry fish in Billingsgate: aye, ten times sooner!

I was very happy when I came home that evening from Southam: if any one had asked me *why*, I am not sure that I could have answered. I only know that I was very quietly, serenely happy, that life seemed to me very fair, and the world most beautiful. The next evening was our grand party—a most brilliant

affair, as everybody said. Accidentally Cyril and I met in the library; and he told me, what I had never suspected, that he cared for Elizabeth, *not* in the brotherly fashion generally imputed to him! I am not going to write down all he said, or all I said: I am not sure that I remember it exactly. I only know that I went back to the drawing-room, feeling like one who has dreamt himself in bowers of Paradise, and suddenly awakes to find around him solitude, sordid misery, and gloom. For I *did* think Cyril Denham was *my* friend—my own peculiar friend; and my friend I suppose he was and is, but nothing more. It is I, for whom he cherishes fraternal feelings, I on whom he will rely as on a faithful *friend*. Let me be content with that title. I think I shall be soon: I am not a child to cry for the moon! I am too proud, too philosophical, I hope, to wear myself away for unrequited love.

But oh! the pain is very keen; for without ever actually considering our mutual position, I had taught myself to think that there was a link between Cyril and myself, which never could be sundered. And so there is, only not the link that I foolishly, presumptuously thought it was—the link set with life's most precious gems!

I went back to the laughing, singing throng in the drawing-rooms; and then I saw that Elizabeth resented what she had seen in the library. I felt stunned, and cold, and weary, longing only for silence and darkness: her cheeks were glowing like the roses in her hair; her eyes were shining with a strange, proud, defiant light; and she talked, and laughed, and played incessantly. I knew how she interpreted the scene she had witnessed; and I know now that she had a right to feel displeasure. How the hours went on, I scarcely know; I believe I talked brilliantly enough, and I even sang once, when Sir John asked me

—he wanted his favourite, old-fashioned *Kathleen Mavourneen*, and I found that I was in good voice, and could hold the notes quite steadily; but it all seemed like a dream, from which presently I should wake. At last the evening was over: it was very late, or rather very early, and all the guests who were going away took their departure. But many remained, who would not leave us till to-morrow, and then I remembered how it had been arranged that for one night Elizabeth should share my room, her own being given up to visitors.

A most unfortunate circumstance, but there was no help for it. We went up-stairs together, and Elizabeth's maid came to brush her hair, but she was summarily dismissed. Her mistress declared she was too tired to do things as usual, and she would rather unfasten her plaits herself; yet she did not attempt to undress, but sat looking intently into the fire. I asked her if I should be her maid, and I was going to take down the coils of plaits and braids, which I admire so much, when she put her hand up with an imperative gesture, and a very decided "No!" Then, recollecting herself, she said more quietly, "Thank you! I had rather not;" her tones, though perfectly courteous, were cold in the extreme.

I was nearly ready for bed, and still she had not made the slightest effort to undress. There she sat, in my reading-chair, her gauzy skirts flowing all around her, and the roses dying in her hair. Her bright colour was gone now, and I could see her eyes had lost their feverish lustre: she shivered, too, and indeed the room was chilly, for the fire was low, and it was that cold, weird, mysterious hour, that just precedes the dawn.

"Elizabeth," I said at length, "do let me assist you to undress; make haste into bed: you are shivering!"

"I am not going to bed," she answered quietly; but still not looking at me.

"You will be ill to-morrow!"

"Perhaps! but it is not worth

while; it is past four o'clock: it will be light directly."

"That is no reason why you should not take some rest: we shall not be expected to make our appearance at the breakfast-table very early. At any rate, take off that dress, and wrap yourself in my warm *peignoir*: I cannot let you sit thus, trembling and pale with cold."

"Miss Craven, I cannot be controlled: you——"

For a moment I was angry: she drew herself up, and spoke so haughtily; but I remembered in a minute how precious she was—precious to Cyril first, then precious to her parents and to Janet Anstruther; and I said, "Nevertheless, Elizabeth, you must be controlled just now, if you will be so unreasonable: I shall go to your mamma, if you do not come to bed."

Without a word she rose, and tore the flowers from her hair: her plaits unloosed, she pushed beneath her sleeping net. Her white dress she threw scornfully away, and in five minutes her night-toilet was complete. She hesitated a moment, and then sank upon her knees at the bedside, and I heard her sob convulsively. When she arose again, I saw that her face was streaming with tears: in another minute she was by my side, and in her wild impetuous way she threw her arms around me:—"Oh, forgive me, Agnes! I was very unhappy. I know I have been behaving shamefully."

"Why are you unhappy, dear?"

"I cannot tell you: do not ask me, please; I shall never be happy any more."

"I think you will:—if you would only tell me——"

"I cannot! and I beg that you will never let any person, not even mamma or cousin Janet, know how foolish I have been. But one thing I am forgetting: I ought to congratulate you, I suppose."

"Do you imagine that I have made a conquest of Mr. Sullivan?"

"Mr. Sullivan! he is married, I believe, only no one ever sees his wife: it was a shocking *mésalliance*. Of course I mean—you know what I refer to?"

"To what you saw as you passed the library to-night?"

"Certainly! why do you pretend not to understand me?"

"Because nothing happened there of the nature you imagine. Cyril Denham and I are *only friends*. As such we shall remain."

"Is that really true?"

"Quite true! It was because I had promised to be Cyril's friend, his *sister*, and to aid him, if I could, in accomplishing his most cherished wishes, that he kissed my hand so fervently."

Miss Ashburner replied by covering my face with kisses; and presently she said, "What is it that Cyril wishes so devoutly?"

"That I cannot tell you: for he spoke to-night in confidence: you will know soon, I dare say, from his own lips."

She seemed perfectly satisfied, and after a few more warm embraces and incoherent sentences, she fell asleep, and I was left at peace. And now, it occurred to me, that the suffering I had so often thought about, and discussed so philosophically, had come upon me: now was the time "to suffer and be strong!" Now I must prove myself not a weak, romantic girl, but a woman of sense, and fortitude, and generosity. The presumptuous hope I had almost unconsciously entertained was dashed to the ground: I might deceive myself no longer—my short bright dream was over: now must I gird my armour on! And then, I asked myself, what armour? Why, of course, the panoply of woman's pride, and woman's constancy—for I might be friend and sister, counsellor and comforter. And I might give myself more thoroughly to study, even settle down to a regular literary life; for in a humble way I have tried my pen, you know, my Diary, and you know, so far as it went, it was quite successful. While I thought, the grey dawn stole in, and I heard the birds beginning their morning songs, and very soon there was a ray of rosy light across the chamber. I looked at Elizabeth, lying in her sweet and placid sleep: how indescribably lovely she was, with her

perfect features settled in that calm repose: her ruby lips half parted, and her cheeks pink flushed, like a slumbering child's. My beautiful Elizabeth! Cyril's own Elizabeth!

At last I slept myself, and dreamed that I was wandering in some distant country—a land of vines, and olives, and purple hills, and violet skies, with Cyril by my side, and I knew that he loved me,—and all that came before was a dream. And then we stood together beneath the "high embowed roof" of the Cathedral at Southchester, and we were listening to the service chanted in the choir. But it was not the English form of prayer the choristers were intoning: it was a solemn monotonous mass for the dead, such as I often heard abroad, followed by a sad, wailing *miséréré*, that I once listened to with thrilled heart, in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. And then the great western door opened, and a bridal procession, in mediæval costume, came up the nave, and Cyril was the bridegroom, and I the bride, and we stood together at the altar, where tall tapers were alight, and a very old priest was still mumbling the litany for the departed! And my hand was in Cyril's, and the holy words were trembling on our lips, when Elizabeth came up the aisle, a proud, yet pitying smile curving her lips, and irradiating the wonderful beauty of her countenance. And she stepped between us, and Cyril clasped *her* hand, with that clasp that deathless love only knows, and claimed her as his own. And the ceremony was concluded, and Elizabeth, with the bridal crown upon her head, and her snowy robes floating like a cloud about her, took the bridegroom's arm, and left the cathedral; and I was alone in the great, silent, shadowy church. The solitude was awful, and I tried to rush away, but all the doors were fastened: and I heard low sounds sweeping up the nave, whispering round the tall cluster-pillars, and dying as they reached the dark choir-screen: strange unearthly murmurs, and I fancied that the sleepers in their cold graves were chanting again the mass, in which, long centuries ago,

they had been wont to join. And with a terror that I could not define, I looked wildly around for means of escape,—and awoke.

And lo! the sun was pouring his brightest beams through the half-shuttered window; it was a blithe April morning, and the ghostly music of my dream came from Janet's harp, which some unskilled hand was touching in the room below; and Elizabeth opened her lovely eyes, and woke up, all fresh and radiant, from her peaceful rest. The breakfast party was a merry one, only Cyril looked tired, and ill at ease. I had Vivian Gower for my companion: how I do dislike that man! but people call him "fascinating." Well! he is very handsome and aristocratic, and when he chooses, he can talk most brilliantly: he seems to know everything, and to be equal to any emergency; and he is rich, and it is reported, generous: nevertheless, I think Mrs. Denham was quite right when she called him "a son of Belial," though she might have been more courteous.

After breakfast, there was a general move to the garden and the conservatories, which are so beautiful at Forest Range: I did not see either Cyril or Elizabeth again till luncheon-time, and then I knew that Cyril had spoken explicitly, and that all was right between the pair themselves. Mrs. Erskine, I think, pretty well divined what was going forward, for there was triumph in her voice, and full contentment in her smile. I wondered very much what Lady Ashburner would think about it all!

Late that night I knew; for Lady Ashburner sent for me to her dressing-room, and there I found her in terrible distress, and Elizabeth drowned in tears. Elizabeth had sobbed out that I knew all about it, and her mother wished to question me. Cyril had spoken, I was informed, both to Elizabeth and to Sir John—to the former in the first place, and had been kindly but decidedly rejected by the latter. Sir John was perfectly amazed: Cyril had been playing with and petting Elizabeth ever since she wore long clothes, and that he

would ever regard her with other than brotherly affection, had never once occurred to him.

Lady Ashburner turned at once to me:—"My dear, you knew of this, and you did not tell me!"

There was as much reproach on that kind countenance as it could wear: happily I did not feel very guilty.

"I only knew last night," I said, deprecatingly; "Mr. Denham made me his confidante; and he told me that to-day he should speak to Sir John Ashburner: surely, it was no duty of mine to interfere?"

"No, no! only trouble has made me a little unjust, for I am sadly troubled, my dear,"

"Why, may I ask?"

"Agnes, my dear, you must perceive that a marriage between Cyril and Elizabeth is utterly out of the question: there is everything against it."

"You refer to the smallness of his income—his failing fortunes?"

"No! if Cyril were otherwise than he is, that would be no obstacle: but dearly as I love Cyril, I cannot receive him as my daughter's suitor. Surely you must have discovered his want of fixed endeavour; the utter absence of energetic perseverance in his character; his aimlessness, his dreaminess, his drowsy acquiescence in the evils that surround him. He knows that ruin is gradually encompassing his mother and himself, and he makes no effort to bring about a happier state of things."

"How could he, Lady Ashburner? You told me yourself that Mrs. Denham holds every thing in her own hands. Cyril only acts under her supervision."

"My dear, Cyril is old enough to act for himself: he is nearly twenty-four: he ought either to insist upon taking matters responsibly upon himself, or he ought to leave his mother to the sole management, and find work of his own to do—and do it perseveringly."

"What work could he find?"

"Any kind of work upon which he could ask God's blessing! I have urged him again and again to strike

out some path, whereby he may escape the poverty that like a strong armed man is coming on him. Post after post has been offered him, but to all some exception has been taken. Sir John has ceased to use his interest on Cyril's behalf, knowing that he only strives in vain: Cyril is not to be roused."

"You would not infer that he is idle?"

"Something rather like it, I am afraid: certainly he is foolishly fastidious. Agnes, I would sooner see him working at some handicraft trade, than I would see him wasting all his days in dreaming, and lamenting his inaction, and forming plans, most perfect in themselves, which yet he never strives to carry into action. Oh! the books he has meant to write, since he was a boy; the poems just sketched out—epics, lyrics, and idylls! I really believe that if he had worked, instead of dreaming ceaselessly, he might have attained no small measure of literary success: he has it in him, I am convinced. Many an author never writes his books, because he cannot, or will not, apply himself to the necessary drudgery: many a brilliant thought remains a thought, for the want of a little steady toil and quiet industry! Many a genius conceives an epic, which he lacks the energy to write. And many an one, whose gifts are small, whose talents are circumscribed, and whose spark of genius is so faint that it cannot be perceived by indiscriminating eyes, fans that tiny gleam into a glow, and then into a shining flame, by strenuous cultivation of the powers God has given him."

"But now, I think, Mr. Denham will exert himself effectually: he has an object: he said as much last night."

Lady Ashburner shook her head. "I hope he may: but I cannot trust him with my daughter's happiness. Her character, too, much resembles his: if Cyril had fallen in love with you, and you could have accepted him, I should have rejoiced; because I think, indeed I am sure, your nature comprehends the very elements which his nature lacks. You have

vigour of purpose, strength of mind; if you chose to become a poor man's wife, you would not suffer; and *very* poor I think you would not be!"

"No, indeed! I would work—I sometimes think it would be better for us all if we were obliged to labour."

"In one sense we are obliged to labour: we may not be compelled to toil for daily bread, but work there is for each and all: God does not love the idlers in His vineyard. However, we will not talk any longer. Papa has decidedly refused to sanction the rash engagement into which his daughter entered so unadvisedly this morning; and I would hold out, even if Sir John could be prevailed upon."

"Mamma, mamma!" sobbed Miss Ashburner: "you are most unkind, most cruel: I am sure you cannot care for me."

"My child, it is because I do care for you most tenderly, that I speak so. I blame myself exceedingly, and papa blames himself too, that we have permitted so much close intimacy between you. But because you have ever been as brother and sister, because there has been constant and unrestrained intercourse, we thought you would both be contented with such relationships, nor seek to alter them. We have been very wrong—very unwise: my affection for Cyril, my regard for his family, have made me unjust to my own child; and now I reap the fruits of my imprudence, for I cannot see you suffer, my child, and not suffer with you. Now, do not cry any longer in that hopeless way; you are a mere child, Elizabeth: it is absurd to think of your marrying any one."

"I don't want to be married, mamma, I only want to be engaged with your sanction and papa's. And I tell you it is of no use your opposing us so strenuously, because we shall love each other just the same, and be faithful always, even if we cannot openly be betrothed."

"Does my daughter mean that she would do anything undutiful and clandestine? I scarcely think Cyril, with all his faults, would urge that;—he is strictly honourable."

"I am glad you grant so much, mamma!"

"My dear! you mistake me: I am not doing Cyril any injustice. I have full confidence in his principles, or he had never been here, as one of our own household, as he has been so long. I acknowledge, too, the sweetness of his disposition, his purity of mind and life, and many very lovely traits which I need not specify. Take a one-sided view of Cyril's character, and it is eminently beautiful; but look at it in all its bearings, and we—who are not in love with him, though we may love him very dearly, must confess that it is eminently faulty."

"Well, mamma, I suppose I must submit; but you will not banish Cyril?"

"I am afraid it would not do for him to be coming here constantly, as he has done for so many years. For the present, I think, we cannot receive him: he feels himself that it must be so!"

Elizabeth replied only by a passionate burst of weeping: it was more the lamentation of a thwarted child, it seemed to me, than the dignified grief of a woman, separated from him she loves. Presently she went away to bed, for it was getting very late, and Lady Ashburner and I had some further conversation.

"It would never do," she said, as I wished her good-night; "neither Cyril nor Elizabeth would be rendered permanently happy by such an union. He wants a wife who can strengthen him, and lead him from the mere romance of life to its actual realities: she requires a husband who will be her guide, her prudent friend,—in some sort, *her master*, though a loving one! Two or three years will probably remedy many defects in my daughter's character; it is out of the question her forming now an engagement, which a very little more experience would teach her to decline. But I am keeping you up, and you look tired to death with last night's dissipation. Oh, Agnes! I am glad I do not live in the great world:—I could not bear it."

The next day—yesterday, the

Erskines went away: Mrs. Erskine very cold and haughty, and poor Mr. Erskine trying, but most unsuccessfully, to enact the rôle of outraged friend, which his arbitrary lady had imposed. On the same day, came also the great rickety carriage from Monkswood, and Mrs. Denham, with her sermons, her knitting, and Sally Hawkes, went back to St. Croix. Mrs. Denham looked sterner and grimmer than ever, and when I saw Sally get into the carriage after her patroness, I involuntarily thought of condemned criminals and the prison-van. Cyril preferred going home by rail: I do not wonder!

CHAPTER XII.

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

BUT Forest Range, though restored once more to its ordinary quiet routine by the departure of all its visitors, did not by any means regain its former peace, and placid cheerfulness. Elizabeth became seriously unwell: she suffered from severe headaches, and had hysterical attacks, which kept her up-stairs. Then she took a violent cold, and was ordered to stay in bed, and when the influenza and bronchial symptoms succumbed to prompt treatment and good nursing, it was supposed that she would rapidly recover. But instead of gaining strength, she drooped daily: she refused to get up and lie on the sofa in her mother's dressing-room: her appetite entirely failed, and not all the dainty little tit-bits that the housekeeper sent up could tempt her to a meal. She would not converse, she would not listen to reading: she wanted to be alone, she said, and her only comfort seemed to be in lying undisturbed in a darkened chamber, her face buried in the pillows, and the door shut upon any one who wished to make her speak. Cyril's name was never mentioned now: whether this was a wise procedure, I am sure I cannot tell; for we all thought the more, that we kept such rigid silence. Even the servants seemed intuitively to understand the merits of the case, for they never referred to Mr. Denham, or to Mr. Denham's room,

according to long-established usage.

Lady Ashburner was in deep distress, for Elizabeth repulsed her visibly. She would always be sleepy, or just dropping asleep, when her mother came to sit in her room; she took all her caresses gently, but very coldly, and seemed so perfectly indifferent to every thing in the world, that it was impossible to interest her for a moment. Sir John himself determined to rouse her, if it were possible: so one day, after dinner, he walked up to his daughter's room, and announced his intention of sitting with her for an hour. "And I want a little talk with you, my dear," was his concluding remark, as he settled himself comfortably near the bed-side.

"I cannot talk, papa!"

"Why not, my dear?"

"I am too unwell, and I have no spirits."

Sir John arose, and drew Elizabeth's face towards him: his kind but penetrative gaze was fixed upon her,—*"Elizabeth! does it hurt you to talk?"*

Now Elizabeth was always strictly truthful, so very reluctantly she was compelled to answer, "No, papa; only I feel weary, and I do not wish it."

"Wishes, my dear, cannot always be consulted; and as to your feeling weary, I do not wonder at it. You will never get strength by lying here, eschewing the daylight, and making us all miserable. You will never regain your appetite till you breathe another air, and to-morrow, if you still feel too weak to walk, I shall have you partially dressed, and carry you myself into mamma's dressing-room. It is many a year, Lizzie, since I had you in my arms, but it will be quite a treat to feel you are a little girl again. I could almost wish you had never grown into a woman."

Miss Ashburner was silent: she only flung her hands wearily about on the counterpane, while a few tears rolled down her pale cheeks, which just then were not flushed with fever. Sir John tenderly imprisoned one of the little hands, that were already

growing thin, and of ivory whiteness, and said gravely, but very lovingly, "My darling, what is it? Why are you grieving your heart out thus: tell me, dear, all about it!"

With one of her passionate bursts of grief, Elizabeth sobbed out, "You know, papa, you know: it is cruel to ask me."

"Am I cruel to my child? I think not. If any sacrifice on her father's part could ensure her happiness, it should be made: if any suffering of his would bring her real peace and consolation, it should be cheerfully endured. Is it because we cannot give you to Cyril Denham that you are grieving so terribly?"

"You have blighted all my life, papa, and Cyril's too."

"I hope not, Elizabeth. Lives are not easily blighted at seventeen, my love: it is astonishing how, through God's mercy, we live down the sorrows of our youth,—aye, and of riper years! Come, my dear, let me settle your pillows. I want you to sit up, and talk the matter over with me for a little while. Now then, my dear, to begin very prosaically, but very practically, supposing I permit you and Cyril to marry, what do you intend to live upon?"

"I never thought about it, papa: I have always lived somehow, and I suppose I always shall. Cyril has some money, has he not?"

"Very little, Elizabeth; and that little is not secure. Mrs. Denham, contrary to my advice, in spite of my entreaties, has invested the remnant of her fortunes in what seems to me the wildest, maddest speculations. She has been receiving very handsome interest, and she tells me how glad she is she trusted to her own unassisted judgment, ignoring mine: moreover, what she draws now, is nothing to the golden harvest she expects to reap henceforth."

"Who told her of these Companies, papa?"

"I am sorry to say, her son-in-law, John Erskine. He told her, and advised her in perfect good faith, for the great part of his own money is in these mining-shares. Whenever the blow reaches Mrs. Denham, John Erskine will go down also."

[Christian World Magazine, April, 1884.]

"Will the blow reach Mrs. Denham: is it certain?"

"Most certain, I am afraid. I know upon very good authority that the whole affair is upon the eve of collapse. I have warned Mrs. Denham and John Erskine: they will not see the danger; indeed, it is now too late, I fear, for extrication."

"There is Monkswood!"

"That must go: the entail was cut off long since, before Edward Denham's second marriage: I almost think in his father's life-time, but I am not sure. I only know that when my poor sister became his wife, in opposition to her own family, we none of us ever imagined that she wedded the heir of Monkswood."

"But Edward relinquished his birthright, and so also did Augustine and Gregory: Cyril is the heir of Monkswood."

"An heirship so little worth having, that but for the desertion of his mother, I should long ago have urged him to follow the example of his brothers, and act as if there were no Monkswood in the world. As it is, I have implored him several times to mark out his own path in life. He will no more succeed to Monkswood, than you to Queen Victoria's crown."

"Only I am not a princess, and Cyril is his father's son."

"There is so much distinction, I grant you, dear: my illustration was a faulty one, for whereas the wildest dream of castle-building could never picture you upon the British throne, from simple lack of *right*, Cyril *may* some day, if he pleases, be master of Monkswood again. Elizabeth! if that grand old house were mine, and those old lands, that were the Denhams when the Domesday Book was written, I would toil day and night, I would give myself no rest, till I redeemed to the full, and restored to something of its ancient grandeur, the inheritance of my fathers! But Cyril Denham, unless he alter speedily, will never do this. Can you wonder that I refuse my daughter to a man whose fortunes are just sinking into emptiness—to a man who neither inherits anything, nor pos-

sesses the requisite qualifications for building up that which might in time replace the fallen edifice of his ancestral fortunes?"

"Papa, you are rich; and I am your only child!"

"I am not startlingly rich, Elizabeth, for my station in society; and you know that Forest Range and the baronetcy go, after my death, to our kinsman, Percival Ashburner. You will have, my dear, a very comfortable fortune—much more than your mother had when I married her: but you will not be a bait for mere money-hunters."

"But Cyril and I do not care for riches. What is money?"

"A great deal, my dear, in spite of all that cynics say to the contrary. You have never known the sorrows of 'little coin, much care': your life, my pet, has been like a fairy-tale; you have only had hitherto to wish and have."

"Then, dear papa, let me wish and have now! Let Cyril and me have enough to live in some little cottage. We should not want much; a hundred a-year, or so, would do very well. We shall not care about society. We will have a good piano, and plenty of books, and a pretty garden, and the least little bit of a greenhouse, just for flowers in winter-time, and a dear skye-terrier; and I suppose we might have a little basket carriage, and some quiet dumpling of a pony, to take us through the lanes."

"And how many servants should you think of keeping?"

"Oh scarcely any, of course: just a cook to get our meals, and a housemaid to clean the rooms, and a boy who could work 'in the garden, and take care of the pony, and wait at table, as a sort of page."

"You seem, my dear, to have been studying 'love in a cottage' pretty closely: but I assure you that *two* hundred a-year would be insufficient for the very modest *ménage* you propose. How much do you spend in gloves alone, Elizabeth?"

"Oh! I would give up gloves."

"That would be injudicious, and scarcely civilised."

"I mean I would give up wearing

so many: I would only buy dark gloves, and have them cleaned."

"You must also give up wearing French boots and Honiton lace, and Cyril must renounce Moselle, and Sauterne and unlimited Rondoletia: he also must begin to study the clothes-philosophy, on the most economic principles!"

"But you will consent, papa? Dear, dear papa! you never refused me anything: and this is the only thing that I have ever asked with all my heart. I shall die, if you separate me from Cyril."

"My dear, that is scarcely a maidenly speech! And, Elizabeth, you have asked me many things, of smaller import, with an equal earnestness. You have wept many a time for favours, little valued when received; possession of any object, however coveted, has always been succeeded by satiation and neglect. How do I know that you might not in a year's time reproach me for giving you to Cyril?"

"Oh, papa, as if it were possible!"

"It is possible, my daughter. You are the child of impulse: what you dote upon to-day, you care little for to-morrow: from your first doll to the new Fernery, this has always been the case! Now, husbands are not toys to be picked up, admired, and tossed away; nor are they household pets, to be caressed one month, and then discarded. Marriage is so solemn a thing, Elizabeth; it is to be entered upon gravely and thoughtfully, under God's guidance; it is to be contracted with His blessing; it is not to be rushed into at the first promptings of an untried, undisciplined heart."

"Papa, you would have thought it very hard, if you had not been allowed to marry mamma."

"Perhaps I did; for I had to wait some years for your mother: but I loved her, and I could be patient: I was content to wait God's will, feeling sure that in this, as in every other exigency, He would order the course of circumstances. My greatest fear about you is, that you do not know yourself. I do not believe that what you feel is really love—the pure, and steadfast, and beautiful love of womanhood. Nay! hear me out:

this is a mere girlish fancy, a wild unreasoning passion; and passion never lives a lifetime! Trust me, Elizabeth, your true happiness will be to submit yourself to your parents: they are your best friends; they will not keep back anything that can do you good: can you not rely on their judgment? has not the experience of many years taught them what life really is? can you not cheerfully dismiss the whole matter for a while, and wait, and see what a few years will bring forth?"

"If you would give me any positive promise, papa, that some day you would consent; and if Cyril would come back."

"I cannot pledge myself, dear: your mother, on whose wisdom I implicitly rely, sees insuperable objections to this engagement: indeed, we all think you far too much of a child to be engaged at all. Your education is by no means finished; your views of life are romantic in the extreme: you want stability, patience, firmness—a hundred things, which we trust a quiet and wise home-training will impart. No! my dear, I cannot promise any thing."

And that was the end of the conversation; and next day Elizabeth was arrayed in a snow-lace-trimmed wrapping-gown, and carried in her father's arms to her mother's dressing-room. And there she had all the petting that all the house could give her: the gardener sent up rare flowers; the housekeeper wearied herself in devising new dainties suited to an invalid; Sir John promised her a new low carriage, and a pair of long-tailed cream-coloured ponies, real "clippers," for which she had begun to pine just before Cyril's declaration. And they were to be her very own, and at her sole disposal! Her mother talked to her about the Isle of Wight, whither they were going as soon as she was strong enough; and Elizabeth had been longing all through the winter months for Ventnor and Freshwater. And Agnes Craven and I ransacked the Southam and Southchester libraries, and consulted *Mudie's* list, in search of books that she might

like to read or listen to. All in vain; Elizabeth was not to be bribed, or persuaded into cheerfulness. She did not want the long-tailed ponies now, indeed she did not suppose she should ever drive out any more. All Mrs. Roberts' delicate achievements were slightly tasted, or sent away untouched; and she no longer wished to go to Ventnor. As for the books, which we selected with such exceeding care and pains, they lay unopened on the sofa-table, or were only glanced into to be thrown aside.

Meanwhile, she grew rapidly weaker, and her father, as he carried her at noon and at night between her chamber and the dressing-room, felt her continually grow lighter in his arms, till his loving heart misgave him, and he was ready to send for Cyril and the Rector of Ashchurch, and a special licence, and have the wedding on the spot! He would have done something very rash more than once, had not Lady Ashburner implored him to pause, ere he acted irremediably against his own convictions. But Elizabeth still drooped and drooped: her complexion began to assume that beautiful transparency which so often accompanies the most insidious of maladies: her hands became painfully diaphanous, and the cough which had resulted from her influenza increased in frequency, though it lost something of its force.

There came a day at last, when little Mr. Goldfinch, our family doctor, declared that he could take the responsibility of Miss Ashburner's illness no longer. She baffled him entirely; and he began to fear that he neither did, nor could, understand her case. More alarming symptoms were daily setting in; he would like to consult with Dr. Alickson, of Southam.

He might have consulted with every physician in the United Kingdom, had he thought it necessary, and he might have summoned the chief talent of continental capitals, had he made such propositions. But Dr. Alickson would satisfy him quite: he was a most celebrated provincial physician, and his prescriptions were eminently successful: he would de-

cide at once the real nature of Miss Ashburner's malady. And so Dr. Alickson arrived, and spent an hour with his patient, to whom he spoke cheerfully and kindly, and then he lunched with Sir John and Lady Ashburner in solemn conclave, and told them that the young lady was indeed in a most precarious state; consumption, though not actually set in, was threatened; and he hinted something about a mind ill at ease, and the difficulty of prescribing for such an invalid. "If, indeed, I am correct," concluded the doctor, sententiously, "the best medicine the young lady can take, will be a dose of *her own way*!"

The anxious parents told him something of the truth, and he shook his head, and condoled with them most heartily; but still persisted that no care of his would avail while the mind remained diseased. "You see," he continued, "it would be better to have a daughter badly married than no daughter at all, and if you lost her you would never cease to reproach yourselves."

Indubitably true! and both father and mother felt they must give way. After all, they had only themselves to blame for so implicitly putting faith in the brother and sister theory of young folks brought up very much together. And then, as Dr. Alickson, who had himself brought up a family, and given several daughters in marriage, observed—"It is after all only an engagement you are called upon to sanction. Your daughter is only seventeen, you say—seventeen last Christmas: stipulate for four years' engagement. Twenty-one is quite time enough for matrimony: I never let my girls go to the altar till they were of age. The probability is that the attachment, if it be not a very deep one, may wear itself out, and matters will arrange themselves. Miss Ashburner is of very impulsive temperament: the young man I do not know, but you say he too much resembles her in character: now, I think it very likely that if these young people are permitted to have their own way, Miss Ashburner will speedily recover: they will be ridi-

enviously enamoured for a while, and then they will calm down, and probably cease to desire the completion of their betrothal; they will settle the business for themselves, and your daughter will be still at your disposal."

"Only," said Lady Ashburner, "I do not like that my daughter should acquire the reputation of a flirt, or a flirt, neither would I wish her to be pitied as a young lady who has had a disappointment. There is always something objectionable in the aspect of a broken troth: and a promise is a sacred thing."

"I tell you what, my lady, that is easily arranged. Let the young folks know that their intimacy shall proceed *as before*! Mr. — shall visit her as usual, and they may talk of love if they like, only—there must be no *recognised engagement*, no solemn plighting of faith till this time twelve-months! Then, if they are still in the same mind, they may consider themselves formally betrothed, and the fact may be announced to all the world; but, *till then*—and on this point I would be very strenuous—there is no actual engagement, and the understanding between them must not be patent to society: I would threaten pains and penalties, if the secret were disclosed beyond the family circle. And that is my prescription, Sir John and Lady Ashburner: I will write one *en règle* if you please, to humour my good friend Goldfinch; but I do not anticipate any good result, unless you follow my advice."

And Dr. Alickson, having written down certain mysterious characters, known only to the initiated, and received his fee, went away, and Lady Ashburner and Sir John were left alone, to consider the adoption of the prescription.

Of course they did adopt it: in an hour's time the mother was closeted with her invalid daughter, telling her to grieve no more, for Cyril should come back again, and all things go on in the usual way: only, if in a year's time they were still in the same mind, they might be formally engaged.

"The same mind, mamma!" said

Elizabeth, "Do you suppose we could change?"

"We will not discuss that point, my dear: others have changed before you. But you quite understand: and Cyril will come as our friend still, and there will be no actual promise. If during the year either you or he alter your minds, no one must be blamed: you are both free, and must remain so, till your constancy is proved; and no one out of our own family circle is to know anything about it—that is, about the prospect of a decisive engagement in the April of next year."

Elizabeth was quite content: if Cyril were restored to his old place at Forest Range, and if their future union only depended upon *constancy*! she was quite happy, and could ask no more.

"But papa asks one thing more: Cyril must exert himself, and find some regular and remunerative occupation. Whatever betide, papa will not, cannot give his only child to an idle husband!"

"Oh, mamma! Cyril is not idle: he reads immensely, and he translates, and he is always going to do something which will require all his time, and all his energies."

"Well, now, he must be 'going' no longer, but set to work at once."

"You would not wish Cyril actually to *work*, mamma?"

"Why not, my dear? Every man and woman, who is good for anything, works and must work."

"Papa does not work!"

"I beg your pardon, there are few men in any rank of life who work harder than your father. He is one of the best farmers in the county: his own lands alone give him ample occupation. Then he is a public man—a magistrate, the president of several societies, the patron of all our local charities, and the Squire of the neighbourhood, to whom all the poor people, whether tenants or not, look for advice, and work, and help in many ways. My dear, I would rather see a son of mine making shoes, or turning market-gardener, than see him doing nothing, which could be reasonably accounted labour."

"But you will not insist on Cyril making anything with his hands, or keeping a shop, or dreadful 'works,' like those at Southam?"

"My love, do not be ridiculous. I have no wish to see Cyril engaged in any derogatory employment. There is generally, always indeed, work fitted to the station of life in which it has pleased God to place us. Only Cyril must not be too fastidious; and he must put his shoulder to the wheel, in whatever he undertakes; and having chosen his occupation, he must not flinch, but persevere courageously and patiently."

"I should like him to be a great author!"

"If you value his prosperity in life, Elizabeth, do not foster that idea. Cyril lacks the perseverance which is necessary to the smallest amount of literary success; that is, after all, the real fire of authorship, and if it were really in him, I think he would have distinguished himself long ere this. He has had every opportunity, and rare advantages."

"He has written some beautiful poems; Agnes says they are 'grand!'—only they want just finishing off, and making into a fair copy for the press. And he has notes on notes for that work about the cathedral; and he read me the opening pages of an historical romance, about Southchester in the olden time!"

"All of which proves, my dear, that Cyril does not possess the quiet industry, and the habit of patient toil, which alone can lead to the fulfilment of literary aspiration. There is a great deal of drudgery in authorship, as in every other profession. However brilliant the result of any labour, there is, and has been always, the *workshop-labour*, and the sweat of brow, behind the scenes! A waving field of golden corn at harvest-time, is a beautiful feature in the landscape, but what has it not cost the husbandman? what play of muscle, and what strain of sinew, and what weary hours of waiting? A finished piece of sculpture, or the painting of a famous master, fills us with enthusiastic pleasure: we seldom think how stroke by stroke the sculptor chiselled out the grace-

ful outlines and the perfect loveliness of form and feature, or how the mighty master stood for hours before his easel, working patiently perhaps at one little fold of the drapery that seems so natural. We are not gods, to *create* strength and beauty at our will: our productions must be carefully wrought out—the brain must work, and the hand, and eye, and cultivated judgment must assist the brain, or all our labour fails, and ends in nought. Now lie down, my dear, and rest awhile. Papa will find Cyril some useful, honourable work, be sure."

CHAPTER XIII.

MC CORMICK'S INVESTMENT.

NEXT day Miss Ashburner was wonderfully better: she took beef-tea at eleven o'clock, and dined with appetite at half-past one, on the breast of a fowl, and a charming little custard-pudding. She asked for pound-cake at her tea; and on the morrow, when Mrs. Roberts came up to see her, she ordered a lobster-patty, and preferred "Still-hock" at her dinner. In less than a week she was in the drawing-room again; and Cyril was there also, looking as if he had suffered somewhat in the storm that had ended so happily in a golden calm; and the lovers, though not acknowledged as such, were so blissfully content in each other's society, that Sir John began to think he must have been a regular flinty-hearted, tyrannical father, to think of keeping them apart.

The winter was past and gone now, and the sweet spring-tide was in its glory. By the meadow-trenches were the "fair sweet cuckoo-flowers!" and shining indeed like fire, was the "wild marsh-marigold, in swamps and hollows gray." From early morning to sunset, the lark's clear song rang out: the woods were lovely in their fresh green verdure, though the oak and ash, and other late-leaved trees, were still in bud. But the young larches were exquisite with their emerald fringes and their tender rosy blooms, and the

palm-like foliage of the horse-chesnut grew broader and deeper day by day, and the sycamore began to weave its tresses, and hawthorn, and lilac, and laburnum were giving promise of gay or fragrant clusters in a little while. The beautiful gardens of Forest Range were rich in early flowers, and Elizabeth's fernery was nearing its completion.

As Miss Ashburner recovered, she spent a great deal of time out of doors—at first not going beyond the lawn, then strolling through the shrubberies, and at last venturing beyond the grounds into the village, and soon upon her favourite downs, and through the bowery lanes, which in our part of the country are very lovely, bright with flowers from April to October, and overshadowed by tall graceful trees, and sometimes watered by clear tinkling rivulets, with pebbly bottoms, glancing in the sun, and delicate ferns growing in profusion on the shady banks. It was a fair, sweet spring-tide—the fairest, I think, I ever recollect; and I was proud to think that Forest Range would lose little or nothing, as it lay smiling in its southern sunny beauty, when compared by Miss Craven with her glorious mountain home, in the far-famed “north country!”

And as Elizabeth grew strong and well again, and her spirits rose in proportion to her happiness, she seemed to grow handsomer than ever. It appeared to me, who had watched her all her life, that her loveliness was of a higher type than before her illness: those days of sorrow had in some sort spiritualised her nature, and made her more serene, more contemplative, more dignified. I think we were all very happy together, and never had I seen Cyril to so much advantage. Much of the melancholy dreaminess of his character had disappeared: he talked less introspectively, and was more inclined for action; and he entered heart and soul into a correspondence carried on between Sir John and a friend of his in office, concerning a vacant post, which promised to be no sinecure, and yet would yield very fair emolument—

the which Cyril hoped speedily to secure.

Mrs. Denham offered no opposition: “Cyril might follow his own devices,” she ungraciously replied, when Sir John called at Monkswood to tell her what was in agitation. “She could manage her own concerns: she had just received most splendid dividends, whereas, if she had trusted to Sir John, and invested in some old-fashioned concern as he proposed, or tilled the Monkswood fields with a bailiff of his providing, she would scarcely have received four per cent. for her money.” Mrs. Denham, though she spoke irately, was, however, amiable, that is, she was grimly amiable; for her heart rejoiced at the notice she had had of moneys to be paid into her account, for as yet the cash in any shape had not arrived. “And Cyril might go to London if he pleased: it was very undutiful of him to wish to leave his widowed mother; but young men were undutiful in these days, and had and maintained opinions of their own, though Cyril was no worse, if so bad, as his compeers; but he agreed with her in nothing, and never saw things as she saw them, and was hopelessly carnal and irreligious, and she could get on very well with only Sally Hawkes to keep her company;—though Sally was not what she was years back: she had notions of her own, and presumed to think herself cleverer than her elders and her betters. And she listened to carnal preachers, and lost all relish for the sound and strong divinity on which she had been fed so long.”

That poor Sally should want something milder and sweeter as spiritual food, after the brimstone doctrines and narrow, sulphureous theology of her patroness' dimly printed sermons, was not very surprising, but Sir John knew full well that it would not serve her interests if he said so; although he was quite aware what a struggle Sally had had to establish the right of going at least once each Sabbath to a church in Southchester, where the gospel was proclaimed in all its simplicity and all its power. Mrs. Denham went nowhere herself;

(*Christian World Magazine*, April, 1866.

"there was no church of her communion in the neighbourhood," she said; and she kept her Sabbath for the most part in seclusion, holding a sort of service of her own, to which old Darke was admitted, and Susan the cook, and an elderly lady of sour countenance, who, ridiculously enough, got her living by selling *sweets*, in the village of St. Croix. Sally had been one of the congregation, till within the last year, when she had become contumacious, or in other words, had resolved to secure to herself the blessings of the sanctuary, and the teachings of a pious, earnest Christian minister. Cyril had emancipated himself long ago; hence his mother spoke of him as "a child of perdition." Now, Southchester rejoiced, as you know, in a glorious cathedral, in at least a dozen parish-churches and chapels-of-ease, —that is, taking in the immediate environs of the city,—in a Roman Catholic chapel and a convent of very old foundation, in a handsome Congregational church, ditto Baptist, ditto Presbyterian; in a Quakers' meeting-house, in a very tiny and obscure Jews' synagogue, and finally in three chapels professing Methodism of different kinds, on strongly antagonistic principles! What was wanting? surely every one might be accommodated, you will say, from the highest Churchman, nightly pitching his moving tent "a day's march nearer Rome," to the veriest Ranter who ever made himself hoarse in shouting "Hallelujahs?" Not so! Mrs. Denham remained unaccommodated, finding none with whom she could comfortably worship, and so she took *brevet* orders herself, to the infinite disgust of her Puseyite rector, the astonishment of all non-conforming bodies, and the pity of the better sort of Wesleyans, who held an afternoon service in an extemporised little building in St. Croix itself. She went to hear them once, but returned looking very stern and solemn; and assured Sally that these Wesleyans were "one and all in Egypt, and would never reach the Promised Land!" A prophecy which made the tender-hearted Sally shudder, albeit she knew quite well its

utter fallacy. She only said—"It seems to me, ma'am, that all who love Christ, and trust only in Him, may reach the Promised Land, whatever be their differing views on minor points of doctrine." And Mrs. Denham said she was a latitudinarian, and argued with her for the remainder of the evening; but Sally was not to be convinced.

Next, Sir John proceeded to speak of the expected union of their families, should Cyril and Elizabeth fulfil all the conditions required of them, during the ensuing year; but Mrs. Denham, although secretly delighted at the match, which she had been vehemently desiring ever since Elizabeth was twelve years old, would not express her satisfaction. She said, "she supposed the young people must have their way: Cyril never asked her consent; he always followed his own course, and always would! &c., &c." Altogether, she charged Cyril with pursuing the same line of conduct as the celebrated frog, whose daring exploits have been recorded in song;—the frog,

"Who would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no!"

Whether, as a punishment for his disregard of the maternal sanction, Cyril would metaphorically be "gobbled up by a lily-white duck," she did not say; but Sir John as he wended his way back to the village through the gloomy lane which led from Monkswood to the turnpike-road, felt that he could pardon many of Cyril's shortcomings, as the natural fruit of his strange and injudicious training, and in consideration of the morbid, melancholy atmosphere of his boyhood's home.

All this while I noticed that Agnes Craven was very grave and quiet: she spent much time in her own room, studying, she said; and she very seldom had those long and pleasant talks with Cyril, which previous to his engagement had so frequently recurred. She looked pale, too, and we all thought, rather thinner; but she assured us that she was in perfect health, only the spring, as usual, tried her a little:—she would soon be quite herself, and she

never had much colour. But in spite of what she said, I felt quite certain that something was wrong with her, and should have hinted my suspicion, had she been less reserved. But respecting her inner self, she was entirely taciturn, and she had a certain gentle dignity of manner, that repelled all approaches to intrusion. I guessed dimly at the truth notwithstanding, though I kept my supposed discoveries to myself, not taking even my dear Lady Ashburner into my confidence.

At last, Cyril received his appointment as under-secretary, or something of the kind, in a Government office. He would be above the other clerks, and amenable only to the great man himself—a gentleman well known in the political world. His salary would be £500 a-year, and he would have the best chance of succeeding to the honours and more lucrative position of his chief, when he in course of time resigned. One thing pleased Sir John immensely—there would be plenty of work to do before the £500 was earned; and that work was good for Cyril seemed the general opinion.

I think it was on the evening of the day that this matter was finally settled, that a small farmer, one of Sir John's tenants in the village of Ashchurch, was waiting in the justice-room, "to have a few words with his honour." Sir John went to Mc Cormick from the dinner-table, and found his humble friend in great distress of mind. Mc Cormick, as his name betrayed, was a thorough Irishman, and had settled in Southamshire, soon after Sir John succeeded to the title. He had learned English farming very thoroughly, and was fond of carrying out Sir John's experiments in crops, drainage, &c., and he was strongly attached to his landlord, and manifested his attachment in his own fervent Hibernian fashion. Mr. Erskine knew him also, for Mc Cormick had been born and brought up not far from the country seat of Mr. Erskine the elder, and the naturalised Southamshire farmer always expected a call from the son of his old Wicklow master, whenever

he happened to be in the neighbourhood. And according to custom, Mr. Erskine had stepped in more than once, and had several long conversations with his father's old retainer.

"Well, Mc Cormick!" said Sir John, kindly: "what can I do for you: is it about those sheep that Reeves is selling?"

"No, Sir John: an' I wish it were the craythurs of sheep that's troublin' me! I've been a fine judge of sheep and wool, since I came to live in these forrin parts, thanks to all the larning that yer honour's giv me. It's about the bit o' money, Sir John, that Biddy's rich uncle in Belfast left to her, and the bit that I've saved up, thank the Lord and yer honour, from being so lucky with my crops and the beasts!"

"I thought you were going to buy that tempting bit of grazing land in Twycombe parish, and a score or so of sheep, and send your son Phil to school in Southchester for a year, and then put into the bank any little overplus there might remain?"

Mc Cormick shook his head dolefully. "Thru for ye, Sir John, and ye advised me mighty sinsible-like; only I wasn't just sinsible enough myself to take your advice! Givin's one thing, and takin's another intirely, isn't it, yer honour? Well! I'd bin down to Woodward, the auctioneer at Southam, and found the meadows was to go by private contract; and Mr. Erskine comes in to see me and my Biddy, and I told him about Biddy's fine fortin, and my good luck last year. And he told me of a plan where nighst all his own money was bringing in, he said, twinty per cent. at least, and soon it would be *fifty*! I pricks up my ears at that, and says he—'It'll be cent. per cent. afore we've done; think of that, Mc Cormick! only you must make haste, most part of the shares are allotted.' So, like a fool, as I was, I listened to him, and put my money in the Grand United Cordillera and Alleghany Mining Company; and now they do say, yer honour, it isn't safe, and I might as well have gone down to Southam water, and chucked my

[*Christian World Magazine*, April, 1885.

guineas in the sea. Oh! what will I do, Sir John?"

"I really don't know, Mc Cormick: I am very sorry you acted without speaking to me; I'll enquire for you how matters are going with the Company, according to report, and if things look very ugly, you'd better try to sell out, even at a sacrifice; half a loaf is better than none, you know!"

"Indeed, ye'r mighty kind, Sir John, and it's an old fool that I am. But if the Company's all wrong, what'll become of Mr. Erskine, and the Monkswood folk, that I guess are in the selfsame leaky boat?"

"I tremble to think, Mc Cormick, if your fears and mine have any foundation. In the mean time, say nothing to anybody, and I will write up to my lawyer in town, and have the proper inquiries instituted."

The farmer withdrew, a little relieved of his heavy burden; but Sir John pondered the matter very seriously, and finally he told Cyril what had passed, and begged him to look after the Cordillera and Alleghany Mining Company as soon as he arrived in London, and if possible prevail upon his mother to join him in selling out, if still possible, at least half the shares she had secured through the influence of her son-in-law, and Cyril declared he would make it his first business as soon as ever he was settled in his new abode.

A fortnight after, on a glorious May evening, Cyril bade adieu to Forest Range, "going at last," he assured Miss Craven, "to be a man among men; to carve out his fortunes with unflinching purpose and unwavering hand!"

THE WITNESS WITHIN: A LAY SERMON.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

IN his "Testimony of the Rocks," Hugh Miller pointed out a most singular likeness betwixt a print pattern which was produced in Lancashire many years ago, and became very popular throughout England, and the pattern of an old red sandstone coral then recently discovered. Amongst the countless works and ways of the Divine mind, this little pattern was thrown off amidst all the incomprehensible fertility of forms, and hidden in the earth *aeons* of ages before the eyes of man were to look upon it. And a very similar pattern was produced by the human mind before the fossil had been discovered. I take this to be, in its way, an illustration that the human mind which threw out that pattern, and the strata which held its secret so long, were both impressed by the same divine hand, and in both cases we can point to the "witness within" for testimony. Now, we can hardly find a time so benighted, a people so dull, a clay-cast of humanity so coarse but what there is some fossil

remains, some "witness within" to show that man was formed in the image of God, and in his most fallen condition there will be a gleam and glimmer of the light divine. In the most earthly state, in the deepest darkness, in the most desolate ignorance, we may trace some slight sign of the handwriting of God on the mental tablets. Where the life of man is so low that the image of God seems totally defaced, and he has lost all the original likeness, he will still try to make a God in his own image. There are certain autotypal ideas to be found wherever the human mind exists, all of which bear testimony to the Creator's handwriting. Everywhere we meet with some paradisaical tradition, some hint of the higher life that has been, and of the better day to be. Everywhere we come upon some fossil in the dark that gives out its natural revelation of that which shall yet flash out in the light of a better day. There is an endeavour to build up the divine man, the king

or hero! And how easily nations will fall down and worship the nearest approach to their ideal!

Up to the time of Christ's coming mankind were, more or less, lighted by such "witness within" as is illustrated for us by the old red sandstone fossil. But in His person and testimony we get our new pattern, fresh from the divine hand, which corroborates the authenticity of the first, and gives a perfect embodiment in the full daylight revelation, of that which before had only been adumbrated in the dark! Many amongst the heathen had a "witness within" so strong that, without the revelation we have, it made them stretch out their hands unto the Unseen, and try to clasp their Creator, God, and some held out their hands so persistently, and with such mighty yearnings, that they seemed grasped by the Father, and were lovingly drawn towards Him. Also, there are many now living who have the "witness within" so vital and quickening, that if it were possible to cancel the revelation of the Bible, it would still feel its dim way to God, recognise Him in His works, and keep its lamp alight and shining until the angels should have theirs ready on the luminous side of death to light them over the dark river. If no fresh light had been thrown from the other side across the black gulf that surrounds our little life, it would still try to cast its frail beam through the profound gloom and awful silence. It would still be wondering what Music said when its waves touched our shore of time-like messenger³ from the invisible eternity. It would be dreaming of that better, lovelier land to which all our golden sunsets of happiness seem to have gone, and where the birds of hope and joy that sat and sang awhile amongst our branches and at our windows, have fled to build other and securer nests. It would be stirred by many secret motions from the Infinite, and thrill to many dim touches and weird whispers. Influences would come like angels of annunciation with their celestial hints. It could not look up at the starry midnight, glowing

like one vast burning bush of beauty all alight with the glory of God without feeling that the hand which shaped those shining creatures had also touched it, and there would rise a yearning of kinship.

A sweet thought in the twilight, a withered wild-flower, the spirit-tenderness of moonlight, the ecstatic gush of a nightingale's song, the wafted field-scents in summer air, the liquid lapse of lonely waters, the newly-turned mould of the dark, dark grave; the face of beauty in whatever shape it bears and looks from its inner heaven, whether it be the blue-bending sky, or breeze-tinted sea, on loftiest mountain-top, or down the lowliest wayside lane, the music that hovers and passes, but cannot settle down and be caught, the grace that glances, but cannot be grasped—these come according to time and place, and our whole nature starts with surprise. We look up and see the stars are out in the gray sky of our ordinary life, the immortal imagery is luminous on the walls that hem us in under earthly conditions. The "witness within" is awake.

But, in addition to all these, natural intuitions and "bright shoots of everlastingness" that pierce the soul's earthly vesture, we have the revelation of Christ, the second pattern, with its higher appeal to the "witness within," which is Faith. St. John says, "He that believeth hath the "witness within." And he that believeth not, after such revelation has been vouchsafed to us, must be without the "witness within." Some years ago I saw a good deal of a small band of men who considered themselves Atheists. I believe that at the time I tried my own utmost to doubt all I could. And one of the thoughts which staggered me most resulted from such faith as I had in phrenology. I still believe that the exercise of the Spirit is more or less symbolized in the shape it gives to the brain, and that what is done in the heart continuously is proclaimed on the house-top. But at that time my faith in phrenology was almost absolute. My Atheist friends were

also of the phrenological persuasion. I saw how brain was the organ of mind, and that function implies localization of power. I saw that special organs were adapted for special purposes. From observation I remarked that the painter had great width of brows, and the poet had a large upper ridge on either side of the head; that a man with little form and colour would never be a painter, any more than a poet could exist with but very little wonder, ideality, hope, and veneration. Therefore I argue that a belief in things unseen and undemonstrated to our logical and analytical faculties must imply the possession of veneration, wonder, and ideality, or rather, as I should now say, the indwelling spirit would show external signs in the directions so named, if they be truly named. But I found that my Atheist friends were woefully deficient according to phrenology, I could not lay my hand either on the writings or the heads of any one of them without finding them deficient in veneration and wonder, the heads of several being similar to those of the Newhaven fishwomen, who are said to have such a depression across the head, produced from generation to generation by wearing the band of their fish-creels. Well, then, I thought if these men do not possess the faculty of belief, if they have not the "witness within," how can they possibly give evidence in the matter? They are placed out of court altogether. We don't go to the blacksmith or the waggoner, or any man of known deficiency, to ask his opinion of a great work of art. We rather appeal to those who possess and have exercised the faculties required for judging. And we are content to wait for the blacksmith's and waggoner's opinion until such time as they have cultured the sense of form and colour to great perfection. Meanwhile, the work of art and its lofty value exist independently of *their* want of perception and powers for judging. I found, also, that the faculties of veneration, wonder, and ideality have been greatest in the greatest and best o men, the flower of the human

family, who have gone before to raise the loftiest standard, and that the ignoble and degraded, those who have the farthest receded from the height of the illustrious few were most deficient in these faculties. In truth, veneration and wonder are the clearest of the mental powers that we can turn to the infinite. These, with ideality, constitute the crown of the human development. They provide us with that theoretic faculty which feels its way where all is dim, and the light of absolute knowledge has not yet receded for the logical and analytical mind to set up its apparatus and work its weighing machine. They are the very "witness within" which believes what cannot yet be proven except by the evidence of things unseen. Without belief we could not know, and belief gives us capacity for knowing. This was the inspiring force of all past discovery—this "witness within." The blind require many facts before they will believe, but the few who have made the world's grand discoveries believed in the possibility before they could prove the fact. Belief is the fore-feeler of all spiritual progress. Then what should we do without veneration? Is it not good to be taken out of our miserable thoughts and conceits of self? Is it not death to the soul to live in an eternal round of conscious self, as poor blind horses grinding in the material mill? Hence the value of love to take us out of self, make us self-sacrificing and self-forgetful. And hence the greater value of reverence, which is more than love in taking us out of self, and making us lose ourselves in the light of another presence which bends us down in bowed humbleness while lifting our nobler thoughts and feelings to a finer range of life. These faculties, then, I argued, are as necessary to apprehend the facts of faith as other faculties are necessary to the apprehension of material facts. And as the eye can only see so much as it brings with it the power of seeing, the Atheist cannot see the soul in his own body, or the Creator in his own universe.

Again, I thought these faculties, this "witness within," being of the highest and most vital kind, there must of necessity be a region in which they can find food and exist. Now, faith is the evidence of things unseen, the substance of things hoped for. If there existed nothing but what could be seen, known, and demonstrated, there could be no such thing as faith. It is, therefore, quite necessary that there should be unknown regions of mystery to make continual appeal to these faculties which are the crown of humanity. So I soon parted company with my Atheist friends, and thought they had better go on their knees and pray for the gift of more reverence, more wonder, more faith, than to rush blindly about the world boasting loudly of their non-possession. I saw they had not the "witness within," and it is only by the help of this that we shall come to see how the most perfect manifestations of love which the child can show to the father is in having full and implicit faith in the fatherhood, and trust him where we may not understand. It appears to me that there are numbers of persons in the so-called religious world, "who really lack the 'witness within.'" They believe on authority, on the authority of the Bible, and what they have been told for years and years. But their religion is far more a witness without than within; it is an external robe, and not bread of life to the spirit. It is surely of little avail in the hour of temptation to shake the free hand of external authority before the eyes when one of the wild beasts of passion may have broken loose. The intimidation must come from within.

There are many that profess to believe who have so little of the true faculty of faith that if you present to them any unexplained psychological phenomena which does not lie within the region of their own experience, they don't believe a word of it, and reject it altogether. Like Thomas, they can believe if they may but touch, not otherwise. "And Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have

not seen and yet have believed." With many persons the belief that Jesus Christ is the Son of God merely amounts to this, "we accept the fact that it is so, because it is written, and we don't make any dispute on the subject." Not that they have any vital belief at all in the matter. There is no faith that works victories and overcomes the world. They go on still, expecting to get to heaven in their own way. They fill up their day-book of life nightly to the very edge of the page with their own plans and petty endeavours for self-aggrandisement, leaving no margin for God to write a word in. The world is with them all the day, and their hearts are with the world. They crucify Christ every hour in some shape or other, without seeming to have the least suspicion of it. And then, when they have made as much money as they can hold in both hands, and feel all their cherished plans of life secure, they will, perhaps, put up their shutters to keep out the devil for the night, and give God thanks. They don't suspect how the devil sits smiling behind the counter in the shop of the heart as he sums up his gains for the day! When all is safe for the future, and sons and daughters are provided for, and the prospect is pleasant all round, then their faith comes into play. But this is no belief in the Lord Jesus Christ; this is not the way to heaven; this is not having the true "witness within." If we had that it would show us, like Christ in the Temple, how we have profaned and desecrated the Temple of God, and made it a den of thievish thoughts that rob the next world to enrich this—a Vanity Fair of unhallowed revels in place of a sanctuary for high and holy service. If we really had the "witness within," if we really believed that Jesus was the Son of God, we should never believe that selfishness was to be the rule of our lives. One sight of Christ upon the Cross would tell us that not selfishness, but love, which gives up all that it may do good, was the path to honour and glory, happiness and peace."

God knows how much the poor have need of this "witness within" to carry them through their great tribulation, and to keep a little oil burning in their lamp of faith when the darkness is so thick around them. It is easy to believe in a God of goodness and a personal providence, when Plenty smiles on you and her cornucopia is continually pouring wealth into your lap, and the pathway is full of flowers. As the proverb says, "it's very easy to go a-foot when you lead your horse by the bridle." But how different is it in the midst of that poverty which someone has called a lantern that lights us to all miseries! Yet, from that standpoint, where it often appears the rule for Vice to ride on horseback, and Virtue to limp on sore feet; where Dives fares sumptuously and Lazarus is covered with sores; the unjust man prospers and the poor but righteous man suffers the fiercest afflictions—there have I seen the noblest faith alight and shining—the "witness within" affording the largest and clearest mirror to reflect immortal light. I know a poor woman who has suffered all the ills and woes of keenest want. I have seen her grow so thin that she seemed all spirit. She has heard her children wake in the night and moan for bread when she could only give them a mother's kiss and a drop of cold water to lull the pang of hunger. She was told that a sparrow could not fall without God's notice and care, and there her own darlings were starved almost to death, and providence sent no succour. Yet her faith never wavered. She never lost her trust in God, but felt that all the seeming anomaly and the inextricable perplexity of things would be made all clear in another light, and she could wait through the worst to see, and would believe where she could not understand. The gold was not yet separated from the dross of her nature, she used to say, and she must bear the furnace a little hotter. There were certain old snags of sin deep down in her life that had to be wrenched out. Some of the fierce teeth in her own mouth had only been broken off, not

thoroughly extracted. So she must bear on. And she toiled incessantly, and hoped and trusted to the end, thinking every now and then to reach some evening the better land, and feeling at times the great assurance that although she had not drawn one of this world's high prizes with her hand, she held an eternal prize clasped close and safe in her heart of hearts, the preciousness of which would glisten out even in her worst darkness here, but the full value of which could only be seen in the light of God's eternal smile. When in the midst of poverty and pain, the suffering soul is not necessarily left alone without help from on high because its cry is not answered by an immediate change in external circumstances. The miracle is not often wrought outside but within the soul. And if we are strengthened to endure and have supplies of food the world knows not of, the aid is still given, the miracle wrought, the end achieved. There is compensation in this life, to the character thus evolved; it does not have to wait for the next life for repayment for what it has suffered. It will certainly take larger possessions in the new world, but its capacity for stewardship will have been created through the adverse circumstances of this. It is a compensation for the struggles and hardships of this life, if greater faith, nobler energies, and trustier piety, are brought forth under their teachings. Happiness here is not so much the object of our coming, as the formation of that character which shall ensure happiness hereafter. If we have the "witness within" we can accept just what God sends, and trust Him for the rest. We shall not live as many do, as though this world were all, but as those who set the value of eternal life beyond that of threescore years and ten. And after all, it will not be by what we have professed that we shall be judged, it will be by this "witness within"—that must bear testimony before the bar of God—its record will be read in the eternal light. I often think that nothing will astonish us more if we get to Heaven than to find who are there

whom we did not expect to meet, unless it be to know how many are absent who made so sure of heaven. You may have read the Eastern Apologue, which tells of an angel and a young man who were walking together along the street of some oriental city. There lay a dead dog rotting in the gutter, and the young man held his nostrils to shut out the noisome stench, but the angel walked serenely on his way and never noticed it. The young man looked at the angel in wonderment. Soon they saw a lady coming near them, so gorgeously arrayed and looking so beautiful the young man's heart leapt with love, and his eyes danced with pleasure. In passing her, however, the angel performed an action analogous to that of the young man in passing the dead dog. There was nothing in the poor animal to offend his clear immortal sense. The mere decay of matter did not affect him. But the fine woman stank in his nostrils. He perceived the rottenness under the rich robe. Her spirit tainted the air he breathed. Just so great a difference will there be in much that we see, and that which is perceived by those other larger eyes than ours. And this difference will in many ways be made startlingly apparent as we cross the threshold of the next life, and spirits are stripped of all their earthly seeming, and realities are sternly laid bare before the eyes of heaven. You remember Mr. —, a most worthy man and pious too, they said in his own religious world. No one could point to any step of his across a single boundary line of morality, or any violation of the decencies of life. He paid his way, was just in his dealings, and sustained the relationships of life unimpeachably. He was a pillar of his chapel, a model of the virtues in his home, and a most respectable Christian, who took the Sacrament once a month. You would expect naturally enough to find him in heaven. I cannot enter into all particulars, and show you how it was that he did not gain admission, even when we saw him at the very door, but I tell you he's gone to perdition. He not only

deceived others, but more fatally deceived himself. A life of piety even will not take you to heaven. You must live the life of faith in relation to the other world, and the life of charity in relation to this. 'Tis not what you have done, nor what observance you have kept—not your walk and conversation merely—these may bear testimony and false witness in this life to your fellow-men, but nothing will avail in the next world save the "witness within." Not by appearances will you be judged—not by acts and words, but by what you are and have been in the soul's secret places, where she dwells in the presence of the awful Eye that penetrates all disguises. There was Mr. —, you could not have got at his "religious views," he was too shrinking and sensitive on that subject. He had, perhaps, a morbid delicacy regarding any public profession. I never once saw him bow down his head into his hand or hat the moment he entered a place of worship. He was passionate and irritable, and I am afraid he would use very hard words at times. Yet there was a secret sanctuary in his soul where his nature often knelt, and the holy dove hovered over, dropping down the dews of healing from its wings. The "witness within," first wakened by the hand of affliction, was quick and alive by night and day. He knew himself a sinner, he found a Saviour and a humble corner in heaven; though it is quite likely that none of the sects might have expected to find him there, and he himself would have felt inclined to apologise for his intrusion.

You knew Mrs. —, the deacon's wife, a devout member of her community. Nobody could say she was not pious. But when they stripped her in eternity, they found a withered, wrinkled little spirit that would only wriggle and could not stand erect. She managed to walk in the human image awhile on earth, but when the mask and wrappings fell, it was seen how selfish feelings and uncharitable thoughts had so dwarfed, and warped, and rent the Divine Image; it was so nearly defaced the angels could not

recognise any claim of kinship. Some few expected she might be in heaven; but I never heard of any that were sorry she was not. Well, there was poor Mrs. —, everybody reckoned on her being lost! And she did seem a choice darling of the devil doomed from birth, who had almost determined to be as bad as she could, and make the most misery in the shortest space of time. And so she went staggering on in her darkness, with clenched fist and cursing mouth, and only just light enough to see her shame. But it was not to be; she was saved at last. When on the outermost peak of peril and the crumbling rim of ruin, God saw her and heard her cry and answered, as though it were to show how far the outstretched arm of His mercy can

reach, and what mighty things He can do in a moment. That was not exactly the real face which we saw, there was another face behind it, down which the tears would run in secret, and that was the face God saw! Even at her worst, the "witness within" was alive, if only in the gnawings of remorse and the quickening thrills of conscience. One night, in the midst of great agony of soul when the "witness within" was mirroring the terrible wrath of the Almighty, she fell at the foot of the cross to plead for the help of Christ. He looked and lifted her up, washed and saved her soul that now walks in white. And He is still ready to save to the uttermost all that come unto Him.

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELD.

IN taking our monthly glance at the aggressive operations of the Christian Church, we cannot commence our survey more fitly than at that "home" where "charity begins"—the mission-field of the metropolis itself. Well has it been called "the million-peopled city." The mass are British born, but London includes the representatives of every country, and of every city and town in our own land. There are as many Scotch people and their descendants in London as in Edinburgh. There are more Irish and their descendants than in Dublin. There are as many Welsh and their descendants as in the united populations of Carmarthen, Neath, Welshpool, Denbigh, Conway, and Caernarvon. There are more Jews in the metropolis than in Palestine; more Roman Catholics in London than in Rome, and the population is increasing at the rate of 45,000 a year.

Stupendous indeed must be the appliances needed to meet the religious requirements of such a city; and, we may add, great is the activity and variety of the agencies that are employed. All sections of

the Christian Church join heartily in them. "We have no desire," says a recent and admirable number of the *British Quarterly Review*, "we have no desire to conceal—but, on the contrary, greatly and unfeignedly rejoice in the fact that the Episcopal Church in London is throwing off her apathy, and girding herself for renewed efforts to cope with the religious destitution of the metropolis; and our satisfaction is enhanced as well by the knowledge that her schemes of Church extension on either side of the Thames are the offspring solely of her own voluntary zeal, as of the belief that the field is wide enough for her utmost resources. It would, we are sure, be a matter of profound satisfaction to all Christian men, if during the next few years the Church of England should be able to double her spiritual appliances in London."

The various sections of the Wesleyan body are accomplishing a noble work in the metropolis. They often serve, too, as the pioneers of Christian enterprise for other communities. As a Primitive Methodist minister remarked to a

brother of 'another denomination: "We beat the bushes, and you catch the game." The United Methodist Free Churches have lately made rapid advances among the lowly and the lost." They rent rooms wherever there is a suitable opening, sub-divide among themselves the work of preaching in the open air and at the street corners; penetrate the workhouse, the common lodging-house, and the back slums of London, and speak to rough labourers in a homely style they can understand." The Wesleyans have expended in the metropolis in the erection of new chapels, since 1851, no less than £100,000, their later buildings each containing 1,000 sittings.

The Congregationalists of London also are making steady and substantial advances. Since 1851 nearly one-third of their chapels have either been re-built or enlarged, besides between twenty or thirty which have sprung into existence in the suburbs within the same period. "It is hardly an exaggeration to say," writes one who has devoted much pains to the subject, "that Congregationalism in London has doubled its power of Christian usefulness since 1851, and has shown its capacity for greater things."

Largely aided by the princely liberality of Sir Morton Peto and the exhaustless energy of Mr. Spurgeon, the Baptists have been making good progress in chapel erection, and have expended, since 1851, about £200,000 in this cause. It is estimated that no less than £57,000 a year, or £800,000 in all, has been devoted by the Nonconformists of London to chapel extension since the census of 1851. We may add that it has recently been mentioned in Parliament that, in addition to all the liberal offerings of Churchmen, no less than £3,000,000 is contributed every year by Nonconformists alone to religious objects.

It is, moreover, especially gratifying to find that in addition to all the regular appliances of the Church of Christ, so many especial agencies

are in successful operation for overtaking the neglected and out-cast of the metropolis. An army of 400 evangelists is now connected with the City Mission, holding their services in nearly 500 rooms, besides preaching some 4,000 times a year in the open air. The Ragged School movement gathers its 30,000 children out of the 60,000 of the neglected of London under 2,500 teachers in 173 schools, half of the rooms being also used for services, in which 4,000 persons are gathered together; and no fewer than a quarter of a million of children have passed under their instructions. Then there are the theatre services, providing accommodation on the Sabbath evening for 20,000 people; and there are 123 scripture readers, 200 city missionaries, and 154 bible women employed by the Church of England in the diocese of the Bishop of London.

At a recent meeting in connection with the London City Mission, it was mentioned that the value of public-houses in certain districts of the metropolis may be measured by the poverty of the people; that in one case in St Giles's £17,000 was paid by an incoming to the outgoing tenant, on transfer; and that in one part of Seven Dials, with which the speaker was acquainted, there are twenty-seven public-houses, the annual takings of which are estimated at £46,000. "The social degradation and cruelty," said Mr. McCree, "which the missionaries had to confront were fearful beyond description. Yet even among such as these the gospel—not secularism or Sunday oratories—was proving," as he showed by examples, "the power of God unto salvation. Yes," he added, "St. Giles's is changing and improving every day; old St. Giles's is ceasing to exist, and new St. Giles's is beginning to come."

All these are signs of progress, and afford encouragement to believe in yet larger results in the future. The marvellous success of Dr. Chalmers's scheme of territorial mission work, now carried out in fifty principal cities and

towns of Scotland, shows how the most heathen districts may be reclaimed to civilization and Christianity. And, "I confess I am hopeless, humanly speaking," says Mr. Samuel Morley, "of reaching the population of London, except by means of this kind—by mapping out the more destitute districts, and apportioning them amongst our various Churches, with other evangelical bodies, who will undertake to visit them. This ought not to be a work of any large organization; but we want individual Churches to say—we will undertake, God helping us, to work in this particular spot, another Church accepting a similar work in a neighbouring district, and so covering the whole of London. We owe this, as Christian people, to the country in which we live."

During the last few weeks a meeting was held of some 200 of the homeless boys of London, the object being to obtain information in regard to their habits of life and their willingness to amend them. The spectacle presented when the meeting was assembled was full of interest and of sadness. The faces of many of the boys were wan and sickly—old before they were young; while many who seemed robust betrayed that the seeds of disease were already at work. "In that assemblage of wild outcasts," says a contributor to *Christian Work*, "not a head but was shaggy in the extreme. In some instances the hair stood erect and tangled in hopeless confusion, imparting to the possessor a weird-like aspect and individuality of expression that would give animation to the canvas itself. As for costume, there was here variety indescribable; but a 'looped and widowed raggedness,' painful to the beholder, might be said to be the garb of all. Attempts had evidently been made, in a few cases, to brush up the person for appearance' sake; but, to use an American phrase, it was 'no go.'" After a sumptuous supper it was mentioned that the Boys' Refuge, St. Giles's, where the boys were assembled, had received 661 boys and 504 girls

since 1864; that during that period situations had been found for 600 boys; that the object of the meeting was to ascertain what could be done for the 10,000 homeless boys who infest the streets of the metropolis. We are glad to learn that since the meeting was held some practical measures have been commenced for securing employment for some of these unfortunates. It is probable that application will be made to the Government for one of the numberless useless hulls that crowd our naval waters, into which a number of these lads may be received, and where they may be trained to earn an honest living either in this land or in one of the colonies.

We are glad to observe that the Congregational Home Missionary Society is making an effort to enlarge its sphere of operations. The Society employs 164 agents and 60 lay evangelists, who during the last year visited 180,000 families, engaged in conversation with, or addressed in public 300,000 persons, and were the means of bringing 300 persons to a saving knowledge of the truth. This Society has solved the problem of how to combine local independent liberty with a wise confederation of action. No evangelist is placed in a county without the approval of the County Association, which in return is asked to contribute one-third of the necessary funds, the friends in the district the second third, and the Society gives the remainder. The growing activity of the County Association has however outstripped the resources of the Home Missionary Society, and it has been unable to provide its quota in new missions that are opening up. The committee therefore appeal for an enlargement of their general income from £6,000 a year to £10,000; several friends have come forward with liberal promises, and Mr. Samuel Morley offers £500 a year for three years, if the £10,000 a year be forthcoming.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society again speaks hopefully of its balance-sheet. The costs of the

missions for the year have been about £140,000, and the receipts amount to the magnificent sum of £130,000. There are, however, available for income, sundry grants from the Jubilee fund, amounting in round numbers to £12,000; which, added to the receipts leave a balance on the year of £2,000 in favour of the Society.

There has been a conference of pastors, deacons, and officers of the Baptist Missionary Auxiliaries at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, for the purpose of securing the more extended support of the mission in London. It was stated that during the last ten or twelve years the number of preachers and native teachers employed by the Society has increased nearly fifty per cent., while the resources of the Society have not been augmented in anything like the same proportion. After dinner Dr. Underhill made a statement in regard to Jamaica, and in the evening an enthusiastic public meeting was held. We trust that much additional strength will thus be afforded to that noble Society. When unscrupulous enemies assail, friends should rally the closer to the rescue. We are glad to learn that the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel gave a most interesting account of the life of the late Mr. Gordon, which is shortly to be issued from the press. Such a work could not be in better hands.

The atrocities perpetrated by British officers—civil and military—in Jamaica, come into more fearful distinctness as mail after mail arrives; and the marvel is how any person possessing a spark of humanity can offer the slenderest palliation for such deeds. "The utter disregard for sex or age," says the Rev. E. Palmer, himself one of the sufferers, "to the innocent or to the guilty—the utter recklessness with regard to the taking away of human life, heaven's own gift—beggars all description." Abused, sworn at, denounced with disgusting epithets by her Majesty's provost-marshal, taunted and jeered at by English marines, brought out day after day to witness floggings and

executions, reduced by filth and fever to the brink of death: such have been the sufferings of the pastor of Hanover Street Church, Kingston; and when he wrote last he had not been able to ascertain even the charges on which he had been arrested. Yet we are assured that so steadfastly loyal were the people of St. David's belonging to his congregation, that prior to the proclamation of martial law, when the authorities were affrighted at the report of the riot in St. Thomas-in-the-East, the people went and volunteered their services, and were entrusted with the protection of two of the largest and most thriving estates in that parish.

Tidings of progress continue to arrive from Madagascar. It is gratifying to observe that the Church at Amparibe has not suffered by the prolonged absence of its pastor, who informs us that the number of the members amounts to 580; 162 of whom had been enrolled during the preceding twelvemonth. This would be regarded as an evidence of great strength in the most prosperous community at home. During the past year 72 members have been admitted into the fellowship of the Church at Analakely, making the total number on the book 318. Here the new chapel has been opened, replacing what is allowed to have been the worst connected with the mission. The present one is made of sun-burnt bricks, will accommodate 1,200 hearers comfortably, and on the day of the opening more than that number were present. Half the cost has been raised among the Malagasy, the other half among the missionaries and their private friends.

In India the Rev. Mr. Shoolbred, of the United Presbyterian Mission, has been allowed to preach before a large number of native princes, as well as an eager crowd of city people, at Rajpore. After unfolding the story of our Lord's life and death, "I grew," he says, "more personal in my appeals, and that day within these ducal walls were heard such words of truth, as had

ne'er been whispered there before, and such as turned the smiling faces of courtly flatterers pale with wonder and fear. 'Thakoor Sahib,' I said, 'you and I, like other men, have sinned. You too are a prodigal son, who have wandered away from your Father God!' "What!" he exclaimed, in a muffled voice through the folds of muslin, and with a start, "I too a prodigal?" "Yes," I continued, "you too; and before God, who looks not upon the outward man, but reads the secrets of the heart, you are guilty and condemned. But now, through me, God makes you the offer of salvation through his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. God knows whether that offer will ever be made to you again. Accept it now. Close with the offers of mercy. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Oh!" broke in the Thakoor with a tone that spoke of firm conviction, "I believe that the Christian religion will become universal. There is no doubt of that, and it is fast coming." "But," rejoined I, "what will it avail you, if all others enter in, and you, through unbelief, are shut out?" After some further conversation, the prince accepted a copy of the New Testament, and promised to visit the missionary party at their camp.

The missions carried on in the province of Travancore are numerous and prosperous, and have been encouraged by the Maharajah and his chief minister. Though the members of the Churches have been chiefly of the poorer classes, there has recently been added to them one of a rank whom it is hoped will prove the pioneer of many more. It is touching to read the story of the long struggle through which the inquirer had passed while groping from the darkness of heathenism into the light of life: the early conviction

that he had an immortal soul—the mystic but vain incantations of his priest—the formularies—the ablutions—the rites of worship of the sun—the pilgrimages to distant cities and lands—the alms-givings—the fanes erected—the ascetic ceremonies and hardships endured, and yet all failing, as fail they must, to give peace to the conscience and purity to the heart. At last the missionary comes; the inquirer learns of Christ as a Saviour; and then kneeling down in his closet before the flowers that had been gathered for the performance of his heathen ritual, he implores of God pardon for his sins, finds peace dawning in his soul, and identifies himself with the servants and services of Christ.

In conclusion we would remind our readers that, while prosecuting their missionary enterprise at home and abroad, they should not be forgetful of the blessings that must enrich all who engage in them. "Converts and communities," says Richard Winter Hamilton, "have not been withheld from us; the wilderness and the solitary place have been glad for us. How unbounded has been their gratitude! As the newly-reclaimed savage retires to his bush, as the Sabbath-bell gathers the attentive crowd into the sanctuary, our land is not forgotten, nor our benevolence unreturned. The blessings of him that was ready to perish comes upon us. They bless us out of the house of the Lord! Who would not be the object of its simple fervid petitions—of the abundant thanksgivings to God who put this earnest care into our hearts for them, of their prayer for us, who long after us for the exceeding grace of God in us? On every wind now swells this votive intercession, and it comes wafted to us in pulses which break over our hearts."

MODERN CONVERSATION.

"Though conversation in its better part
May be esteem'd a gift, and not an art,
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture, and the sowing of the soil."

"Is conversation a gift or an art?" was once the subject of earnest discussion. Some, who shared in the debate, opined that man should be natural, and that language, as the vehicle of thought, should be used only to express lucidly the spontaneous suggestions of the mind; others, confusing the term "art" with artifice, strongly deprecated anything like craft, delusion, or hypocrisy in social converse; but, at the close of the discussion, all parties agreed to endorse the language of Cowper, with which this paper commences. Unquestionably, the art of thinking and the art of writing are extensively cultivated, but the art of clearly, methodically, concisely expressing our thoughts orally—the art of saying the right thing in the right way—is very much neglected. Moreover, the subjects calculated to generate wholesale reflections are proscribed. Society is enamoured of small-talk. The persons who are content to pass the time with common-place remarks, barren of all mental pabulum, or with retailing petty stories which have been told a thousand times, are general favourites; but the sensible men who, desiring to improve the opportunity, endeavour to turn the thoughts from trivial and circumstantial topics to those of a sterling and instructive character, are soon tabooed or banished. Certainly there are learned societies and clubs holding periodical meetings for the purpose of discussing literary and scientific questions. Within the rooms of these select bodies Miss Frivolity would confine all conversation on subjects beyond her ken, and society passively submits to her ruling. Hence men of known abilities come from the assembly of the wise, where they have uttered noble sentiments, to pass hours in the most puerile, empty talk. We have been in company when music has been introduced purposely to

while away time which the guests could not occupy with intelligent conversation. Our friend Brown was favoured with an invitation to a large party, his description of which is exceedingly amusing.

A "round game" could not be started, and there was no piano in the house. The result was that the visitors looked grimly at each other, ever and anon examined their watches, and struggled with the ennui for hours before supper was announced. Such cases are of frequent occurrence where friends, who have not cultivated the art of conversation, are thrown for a few hours in one another's company. For this state of things we must lay the blame partially at the door of modern conventionalism.

But one great cause of our colloquial inferiority is to be found in the unrivalled freedom of the Press. Every conceivable subject is thoroughly ventilated. The *pros* and *cons* of all questions are placed before the omnivorous public. We rejoice in this, but are not blind to the results. Men of kingly talents and disciplined minds reserve their choice thoughts for some member of the publishing fraternity. The writing is enriched whilst the talking is impoverished. We can quite understand how readily the ancients engaged in converse, how indefatigable the sages were in spreading their learned deductions, and how eagerly the multitude listened to their words. Having himself to propagate his theory, the philosopher would take his friend by the button whether in the shambles, the shop, the street, or the senate-house, that he might unfold his own thoughts, and fire a volley at those of others. To the ancients, conversation was the main road to wisdom.

But there has been a great change. Modern times have owned many talented writers who had not the faculty of speech—men who in

solitude could wield a pen with masterly skill, but in society were singularly taciturn. Gray was silent and meditative; Milton disliked to be pressed into conversation; Dryden was slow and heavy in speech; whilst Addison himself confessed he could "draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket." Sir David Wilkie could deliver a vigorous address before a public assembly, but in the drawing-room the only remark his friends could entice from his lips was the very instructive exclamation—"rail-ly!" Like him, there are notabilities of the present day who, away from the Parliamentary arena, the pulpit, platform, or assembly-room of the learned society, are like swimmers away from the stream. They can be eloquent after careful preparation for their deliverances, but they are mute otherwise. We do not advocate such reticence, believing that conversation is a charming medium of obtaining and imparting instruction. "The man," says Alexander Smith, "who can talk well has a great pull over the man

who can't. The two may be equally rich, but the one can get his money out of his purse when required, whereas the other can't, and with the onlooker seeing is believing."

Of the talkers of society there are numerous varieties. So many orders, genera, and species rise before us that we are puzzled to arrange them. Others will bear our burden. The celebrated Theophrastus divided the talkers of Athens, in the period of its decay, into three classes, viz. —The *ἀδολεσχής*, who occupied their friends' attention with silly prattle on trifling matters; the *λαῖος*, who, too lavish with their empty words, were the incessant bores of society; and the *λογιοποιός*, whose special vocation seemed to be that of a scandal-monger and retailer of exaggerated rumours. But more minute and more correct is the arrangement made by the Bard of Olney. He speaks of the *lewd*, who defile the minds of others by indelicacy; the *swearer*, who terminates his sentences with an oath; the *wrangler*, who opposes every assertion others make; the *noisy*, who boisterously declares his views; the *dubious*, who

"would not, with peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own;"

the *positive*, who never hesitate to pronounce the conclusion of the whole matter; the *weaver of long tales*, who embellishes his dry narratives with, "He said, and so

said I;" the *emphatic*, who seriously dilates on some unimportant whim; the *solemn fop*, who from his dress is deemed an oracle in many circles; the *morbid complainer*, who

"gives us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;"

the *bashful*, who with keen sensibilities imagines himself the butt of the speaker's remarks; the *hero*, who egotistically recounts his doings in the past; the *pharisee*, who makes canting allusions to things divine;

and the *man of enlightened piety*, who calmly, confidently speaks what he knows, and testifies what he feels. "I have seen," says the poet—

"A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield;
Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen-eyed;
A man that would have foil'd at their own play
A dozen would-be's of the modern day;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce,
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlighten'd page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear:

Yet above all his luxury supreme,
 And his chief glory was the Gospel theme:
 There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
 His happy eloquence seem'd there at home,
 Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
 But to treat justly what he loved so well."

To whichever of the above-named classes we belong, there is still room for improvement. Perhaps the reader does not think so—mayhap he thinks *his* conversation all that can be desired, and that any attempt to elevate it is presumption. If so, we have no wish to paint the lily, and therefore beg him to make a full-stop here, and turn to another article. But, undaunted by the credentials of *his* impotence, we will venture a word or two to those dwellers in the vale of humility, whose endeavours have hitherto come short of their desires.

Useful hints on conversation may be garnered by a perusal of the books of talk which, from time to time, have been presented to the world, beginning with the earliest Xenophon's "Memorabilia of Socrates." There is "Luther's Table Talk;" "Scaligerana," or the sayings of the scholarly but proud Joseph Scaliger; "Drummond's Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversation;" "John Selden's Table Talk;" "Eckerman's Conversation with Goethe;" "Boswell's Life of Johnson;" and the "Talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge." It is profitable to note the differences between these men of mark, as talkers—the solemn musings, caustic sarcasm, fervid imagination, brilliant fancy, bubbling wit, and buoyant humour by which they were characterised. We

cannot fail to learn, if we watch such celebrities disclosing to others their cherished purposes, covert cares, principles of action, and operations of thought—if, in a word, we see how they uncurtained the secrecies of the mental and moral realm of the world within; and how some, if not all of them, blended the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*.

But the reader says, "This is a case of fox and the grapes. You are apportioning a task for which, in this high-pressure age, I have not time." Then permit us to throw out a few simple suggestions for your guidance. So, assuming that you have burst conventional fetters, are not tongue-tied by fashion, but desirous of elevating the tone of social intercourse; assuming also that you are unaccustomed to the grosser ills of speech—that falsehood, profanity, and lewdness never characterise your remarks, our first counsel is, learn when to be *silent*. There must be two, or more, persons engaged to make a conversation. Each of these must be as ready to hear as to speak, and must in turn observe silence. "Talking," says the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "is like playing on a harp; there is as much in laying the hands on the strings to stop their vibrations, as in twanging them to bring out their music." George Herbert well puts it—

"a civil guest
 Will no more talk all than eat all the feast."

With the inspired injunction we are familiar, "Be swift to hear, slow to speak." Yet how frequently we meet in company garrulous monopolists who, with all respect for the host who invites them, must be pronounced social nuisances. With uncommon vanity, little wit, and less wisdom—reminding us of the proverb concerning empty vessels—they talk, and talk, and talk till all the guests grow wearied

and hungry. "I never heard that!" said one of these babblers, by way of contradicting what his friend had asserted. "I don't know how you should, for you never hear anything," was the reply. The quaint remark of Zeno deserves remembrance, "We have two ears and but one tongue, that we may hear much and talk little." Most generally these inordinate talkers are like barrel-organs, or self-acting musical snuff-

boxes. You hear all the tunes they can play on the first introduction, and you may prepare for a repetition of the same monotonous reiterations whenever they cross your path. To their magpie-speech may, generally, be applied the words of one who, in the presence of Wilberforce, at Richmond, said of the Thames, "There it is; it flows, it flows, and flows! but I see nothing in it!" What can be more disagreeable in company than to find a man who, like the friend of Charles Lamb, with his one anecdote, has a favourite topic which must be dragged in at all gatherings? There was a man of this description who seized every opportunity to intrude his opinions of the characters portrayed in Scripture. He received a severe but deserved reproof. "I affirm," said he on one occasion, "that this Samson was the strongest man that ever lived, or ever will live." "It is not so," said one in the company, "it is not so: you are stronger than Samson." "How can that be?" "Why, you have just lugged him in by head and shoulders!"

If there be one present of acknowledged superiority in any branch of science or art, much information may be gained by drawing him out in talk, as far as is expedient, on subjects pertaining to his calling. But we must be as ready to communicate of our knowledge as we like others to be in imparting theirs. Thus the conversation may flow on felicitously like a placid stream.

The less allusion to *self* the better. If we speak favourably of our actions we may be pronounced egotistical; if we abuse ourselves we shall be deemed angling for compliments; and either way the reference to self will lead to the suspicion that we are swaying the censor before our love of approbation. Allied to this is the equally unwelcome habit of parading our knowledge. The pedant is generally shunned. However vast his acquaintance with books, Dr. Bumpington shows, by his pretensions, great ignorance of men. Let it not be thought a satisfactory proof of

the correctness and depth of a man's learning when his conversation bristles with Greek or Latin—is brimful of professional phraseology, or spiced with lofty quotations. They who court golden silence are often richer than those who exhibit the silvern speech.

Exaggeration is another evil in conversation which should be shunned. There are scores of persons who shrink from the deliberate violation of truth who do not hesitate to employ very extravagant expressions. That they may appear on a level with their companions—conceal defects of memory—or render their statements more important, such persons indulge largely in hyperbole. Thus it often happens that the statement which would have been telling in its baldness is almost hidden beneath the excess of embroidery. The narrative, like an overcoloured picture, is falsified by the final touches. Why did not my young friend say, "It is a fine day" instead of pronouncing it "*most magnificent*?" Why should he speak of an ordinary surprise as a "*stunning blow*?" Why did he declare the poor photograph "*first-class*?" Why should he affirm there were "*more than 50 persons*" at the social party, when there were only 20? Or, why did he describe Mr. Palaver, a reader unknown to fame, as "*a prince in elocation*?" One of Dr. Johnson's finest sentiments is the following:—"It is more from carelessness about the truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world." Oh! that all who indulge the spirit of exaggeration would remember that they are lowering the tone of their minds, destroying the power of accurate perception, diminishing the confidence of their friends in their word, and sowing the seeds of much mischief in society.

Perhaps the greatest bane of social talk is *defumation*. Alas, that the slanderer, open or disguised, should be such a favourite with mankind! He is none other than an assassin at the midnight hour—a coward in a coat of mail. Some-

times the grim censor stabs by confidential whisperings, at others by distrustful looks, accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders. Now he begins by openly praising the man whose reputation he intends to damage, but slyly introducing the branding-iron, closes with suspicious hints. or unsupported innuendoes; then he becomes the innocent channel of a report which, of course he "*fears*" is too true. Why is this allowed? Is there such a dearth of topics that one must needs tell how Mr. W—— was once bankrupt, or Mr. S—— was seen in a state of intoxication, or Mr. R—— was discharged by his employers for fraud, and only escaped gaol by the skin of his teeth? When my friend walks in the cheering sunbeams is it a *sine qui non* to his enjoyment that I inform him that there are spots on the sun's disc? Who thinks it a proof of a man's understanding that he can discern the failings of his fellows, or an evidence of his discretion that he exposes them? In the absence of depreciation we need not be wanting in discrimination. To be anxious to publish a failure *known to be true* shows a lack of charity; whilst to speak disparagingly from *mere suspicion* shows the need of conscientiousness. That man's conscience is not to be envied who indulges in detraction. It cannot be very tender or he would feel that his tongue, as a sharp razor working deceitfully, is being misused, and that the words he has uttered, like poison in the blood, are spreading death where he cannot stay their deleterious influence.

There is a well-known story told of Swift to the effect that, at an evening party, he retired to a corner of the room and commenced noting down the talk of the company. He was asked what he was doing, when, to the surprise of his celebrated friends, he produced the verbatim report of their conversation. Each speaker was chagrined at the superficial and trifling character of his utterances. Dr. Lardner, being deaf, required visitors to write on paper all the intelligence they had

to convey, or questions they wished to propound. These papers the doctor preserved. Few conversations would pass creditably through such a test. Nor would we wish a disciple of the phonographic school to be always at our domestic board. Yet now and then we might profitably employ him. When the conversation dwindles into unwholesome gossip; when one of the company grows too talkative, egotistical, or pedantic; when any defame their neighbours, or speak with levity on matters of eternal moment, let the reporter use his pencil. When he has written it may be beneficial to the talker to see himself, to some extent at least, as others see him. But let none forget that every word *is* written though not by any visible agency. Our conversation exercises a power for good or evil on the mental and moral life of others, and no word as the vehicle of a thought can pause in its relative effect. We cannot separate the solemn responsibility from the privilege of speech. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." The thistle-down floating in the summer breeze is regarded as an airy nothing. But it carries a little seed. It will lodge somewhere, perhaps, in your neighbour's land, and there beget a long race to overgrow the ground. No word is an airy nothing. What is whispered in time echoes in eternity. The utterance of infinite wisdom is, "I say unto you, for every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

More than a century ago, in the "Gentlemen's Magazine," there appeared the following quaint "Rules for spoiling a conversation." "Your business is to shine: therefore you must by all means prevent the shining of others, for their brightness may make yours the less distinguished. To this end—

"1. If possible, engross the whole discourse; and when other matters fail, talk much of yourself, your education, your knowledge, your circumstances, your successes in business, your victories in disputes,

your own wise sayings and observations on particular occasions, &c.

"2. If, when you are out of breath, one of the company should seize the opportunity of saying something, watch his words, and if possible, find somewhat either in his sentiments or expressions immediately to contradict and raise a dispute upon. Rather than fail, criticise even his grammar.

"3. If another should be saying an indisputably good thing, either give no attention to it or interrupt him, or draw away the attention of others; or, if you can guess what he would be at, be quick and say it before him; or, if he gets it said and you perceive the company pleased with it, own it to be a good thing, but withal remark that it had been said by Bacon, Locke, Boyle, or some other eminent writer. Thus

you deprive him of the reputation he might have gained by it, and gain some yourself, as you hereby show your great reading and memory.

"4. When modest men have been thus treated by you a few times, they will choose ever after to be silent in your company; then you may shine on without fear of a rival, rallying them at the same time for their dulness, which will be to you a new fund of wit."

Thus you will be sure to please yourself. The polite man aims at pleasing others, but you shall go beyond him even in that. A polite man can be present only in one company, but may at the same time be absent from twenty. *He* can please only where he is, *you* where you are *not*.

REV. J. HILES HITCHENS.

THE RED BOOK.

"When in the troubled hours of night,
Temptation with its waves of migh',
Seeks my frail bark to overwhelm,
Stretch forth Thy hand to guide the helm
O Thou, who e'en in darkest hour,
Canst shield and guide me by Thy power."

It is alike startling and painful to discover as we do occasionally through the medium of public trials in England, how strong an influence is still possessed over the minds of many by pretenders to supernatural power, "*wise men*" as they are called, whose only wisdom it is to ensnare men to destruction; and it is well to observe that this dependance on human agency for a favourable intervention in domestic life, is to be found specially amongst those who shrink from a higher and holier stay, and who may be truly characterised as not "*liking to retain God in their knowledge*."

It is remarkable that amongst our Saxon kinsfolk on continental Europe, this appetite for the marvellous shows itself in a far healthier form than amongst ourselves; for while their traditional lore abounds with unearthly agency, the moral of these tales is usually admirable in its ten-

dency, evolving spiritual truth out of the visible forms in which the voice of time has clothed it.

This observation applies very pointedly to the following traditional tale of "The Red Book," and, whilst reading it in the original, we could not but agree in the sentiments expressed by Glaubrecht, the worthy narrator, whom we must now, without further preface, allow to speak for himself:—

"Those are strangely mistaken who consider popular legends merely in the light of idle tales, invented as pastimes for the thoughtless. Far more correctly may they be viewed as the history of the people, the story of their faith, their love, their sorrows.

"They are plants whose roots are firmly fixed in the hearts of the people—therefore are they instinct with life. Seek not these blossoms of legendary lore, however, in the gar-

dens of the rich or of the great of this world, where exotics bloom nursed by artificial heat. These lowlier flowers blossom near the churches in which the people have been baptised, amongst the graves in which their fathers sleep, and on the sunny heights of their loved fatherland, where the ivy climbs around the crumbling ruins of the past,—and where children love to play.

"In the midst of scenes such as these, gentle reader, did the legend of 'The Red Book' find its origin; and if you will lend me your attention for a brief space, I will gladly relate it you.

"In a small town of our beloved fatherland, there lived long years ago, a handicraftsman who went by the name of Master Martin. Day and night did he ply his trade with all diligence, often singing a hymn as he worked—for he feared God, and there was much peace in his heart and in his house, although it was scant of earthly store. Many of his neighbours who took less pains than he did, prospered more, and flourished like trees planted by the river-side, but as for Master Martin, he earned his daily bread, and that was all. One possession, however, he had which he valued much,—a garden plot on the town wall,—very small and very sunny, and containing an arbour covered with honeysuckles. This garden was Martin's delight, and here he might every evening be seen tending his plants, watching their growth with interest, or, perchance, sitting in his arbour, meditating over God's word and works, thinking how fair this world was *now*; how much fairer it would yet one day be, when that promise should be fulfilled, 'I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.'

"Absorbed in thoughts such as these, he sat one evening in his arbour, gazing upon the setting sun. As he was thus engaged, a stranger suddenly entered the garden, greeted him with friendly courtesy, spoke of the beauty of the evening and the sunny aspect of the garden, and was

altogether so kindly and gracious in his manners that Master Martin felt his heart drawn towards the stranger, and requested him to sit down and rest himself in the arbour.

"The stranger willingly accepted the invitation, laid his Spanish cloak aside, took off his plumed hat, and then placed a large book on the table. This book was bound in red leather, enriched with much gilding, and letters of foreign character in massive gold stood out in bold relief upon the binding.

"Every moment that Master Martin passed in the company of this stranger seemed to increase the attraction which he felt towards him, —there was something so condescending in his manner; he inquired with so much friendly interest after his wife and children, his work and his earnings, that poor Martin's heart opened itself out, and he told the stranger without reserve all his joys and all his griefs.

"'You might be a much more prosperous man than you are, Master Martin,' observed the visitor at length, in a friendly tone, 'and I have come to you in a happy hour. I am a travelling merchant, and require an abundant stock of goods; let us enter into partnership together; you will never repent the bargain. I will give your goods the preference, no matter how large the supply you have to offer me, and I will pay you a double price for them; but in return you must pledge yourself to *work for no one but me*. You must also work *every* day in the week, *Sundays included*; you can easily overtake the church-going thus neglected by-and-by, when you have become a prosperous man, and have nothing else to do. So, now do not waste time or thought upon the subject, but write your name in this Red Book; the partnership between us will then be completed—and here is the earnest-money for you,' added the singular visitant, throwing, at the same time, a well-filled purse upon the table. 'And,' continued he, 'as we have no ink at hand, take this small knife and make a little cut in your arm—*blood* writes as well as *ink*.'

"At first the words of the stranger had sounded like organ-tones of melody in the ears of the astonished Martin, but as he listened to the terms of the agreement—the Sunday work—the bloody signature—his heart sank within him; he cast his eyes to the ground—he fancied that he caught a glimpse of a cloven foot; and regaining all his energy, he exclaimed—

"Ha! now I know thee well, thou bird of evil omen!"

"So saying, he firmly grasped the knife, made a deep incision in his arm, and dipping the pen in the blood, wrote in the stranger's Red Book, 'Christ is my life!'

"No sooner had the stranger read this sentence, than he gnashed his teeth, and clenched his fists in impotent rage, and then hastily dis-

appeared; but he left his Red Book behind him!!

"At this moment the evening bells began to chime, announcing the approach of the blessed day of rest. Master Martin sank on his knees, and with clasped hands, exclaimed, '*Christ, Thou art my life.*'"

"Martin took the Red Book home with him, and then brought it to the town-councillor, who, after examining its contents, caused it to be burned by the hand of the executioner.

"Many names, alas! were found written in that book, names of poor and rich, of great and small.

"Reader, let us take heed that our names be not found written therein, but rather in the '*Lamb's Book of Life.*'"

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

APRIL.

"Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds;
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolick fluids.
His hornes were gilden all with golden stude,
And garnished with garlands goodly dight,
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he seemed in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight."

SPENSER.

THE Latin name of this month is *Aprilis*, from *Aperio*, to open or set forth, hence our April, referring of course to the general development of nature, its awakening from the icy sleep of winter—so to speak, its *opening* at this season of the year. The Saxons called it *Oster*, or *Eastermonath*, because at this time they celebrated a great festival in honour of the goddess Eastre or Eastor, probably the same as the *Astarte* of the Oriental world.

Though Spenser depicts April as a rollicking boy riding on a prancing bull (in allusion to the zodiacal sign Taurus), the more general representation of this month is that of a fair young virgin, clad in green, crowned with myrtle and hawthorn-

buds, holding in one hand primroses and violets, and in the other the zodiacal sign. April is also compared to a fickle maiden, coquetting with her lover, perpetually changing her mind, and perplexing her enamoured swain, whom one day she greets with smiles and caresses, and the next with frowns and pouts, and sullen looks, and ever and anon, when she has driven him away through her unkindness, weeping and sighing till she gets him back again.

The first of the month is popularly called *All Fools' Day*. Its observance, is, however, rapidly dying away, and is now confined to the very lowest circles of society; but the custom of making "April fools"

is undoubtedly of great antiquity, and not confined to European nations alone; for Colonel Pearce, in his "Asiatic Researches," proves it to have been an immemorial practice among the Hindoos, who kept what was called the Huli Festival on the 31st of March; and Mussulmans of

high rank, not half a century ago, were extremely fond of the joke of making Huli fools. Some authors attribute the origin of All Fools' Day to an eastern legend, too lengthy and ridiculous to transcribe in these memoranda. Suffice it to say that—

"From Chiecock's Isle, told by some sacred man,
The story got abroad and reached Japan;
From thence by story-tellers it was hurled
Into these islands of the western world;
And thus the legend of two thousand years,
The cause of April all-fool-day, appears."

The French call the person whom they make an April fool, "*un poisson d'Avril*:" a term not so easily accounted for as our own.

But this year, A.D. 1866, the customary jokes cannot possibly transpire, for on the 1st of April occurs the great sacred festival of Easter Sunday! We borrow the word *Easter*, of course, like that of Lent, from our Saxon and heathen ancestors, who kept at this season the feast of their goddess Eostor.

"Easter-day, on which all *movable* feasts of the Church depend, falls always on the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon, or next after, the 21st day of March; and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter-day is the Sunday after. Therefore if the 21st of March should fall on Saturday, and the moon be at the full, the next day, Sunday, would be Easter-day, March 22 being, it must be noted, the earliest day on which it is possible that Easter Sunday can occur; but I find on looking through a table of movable feasts for fifty-four years, it never once falls on the 22nd of March, and only twice, to wit, in the years 1845 and 1856, on March 23. Indeed, out of the whole fifty-four years, forty Easter Sundays are in April, and in the other fourteen years, Easter-day never occurs in March twice consecutively. This year, the full moon being on Saturday, the 31st of March, the next day, as a matter of course, must be Easter Sunday. The 25th of April is the very latest date at which Easter Sunday can occur."

But to understand the subject

clearly, it is necessary to revert to the origin of the festival, instituted in honour of the glorious Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, on the third day after His execution as a common malefactor. The early Church fixed on *Friday* as the day on which His death should be commemorated, and as that terrible and pathetic tragedy was enacted on the day of the full moon, the first full moon after the 21st of March was chosen as the regulator of the festival, the great point being to prevent the feast of Easter-day from being observed on the day of a full moon, but as near to it as circumstances would permit. The Jews observe their Passover by juster rules, for they celebrate it on different days of the week. The French call this festival *Paques*, derived from the Greek *pascha*, which comes from the Hebrew *pesech*, signifying passover: and hence is our English word *pascal* applied to the lamb which formed part of the evening meal, the last of which our blessed Lord partook! on the night of His betrayal, when He met with His disciples in the "upper chamber."

Easter-day is observed all over Christendom, by the Protestant, Greek, and Romish Churches; in the latter, High Mass is celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, and the Host is adored with the greatest reverence. This *host*, derived from the Latin word *hostia*, a victim, is a circular, so-called *consecrated* wafer, composed of flour and water only, because the bread which our Lord took was unleavened bread, such as is used by the Jews in Passover-

week, even to the present time. In many churches of the Anglican rule, the organ is silent during Passion-week, but on Easter Sunday bursts

into exulting strains of sacred harmony : hence Keble's beautiful allusion—

" As when the paschal week is o'er
Sleeps in the silent aisles no more
The breath of sacred song,
But by the rising Saviour's light
Awakened, soars in airy flight,
Or deepening rolls along."

The poet also refers to the custom of putting up evergreen boughs at Easter, as at Christmas-time, which custom is very prevalent in the south of England.

Easter Monday and Tuesday are observed as holidays in every part of the country: not at all as *holy* days, alas! for the multitude, as a rule, instead of innocently indulging in necessary relaxation from toil, and healthy rambles in the open air, spend much of their time in drinking and noisy revellings. The custom of "lifting" on Easter Monday and Tuesday is still extant in Lancashire and some of the midland counties: the men *lift* or *heave* the women, and the women the men, sometimes in a chair, sometimes in a horizontal position; and from every one *lifted* a contribution is extorted. The contribution will, however, generally purchase exemption from the ceremony, which to *gentlemen* who are unlucky enough to stray into certain quarters, far from aristocratic, on that particular day, cannot be exactly agreeable. Decidedly this custom is more honoured in the breach than the observance, as its absurdity, vulgarity, and oftentimes indelicacy, are unquestionable.

But still it is a very ancient custom, and was once practised in "high life," not "below stairs!" In the records of the Tower of London occurs an entry of certain monies paid to ladies of the Court and maids of honour for "taking King Edward I. in his bed, at Easter," from which entry it is presumed that he was *lifted* according to the custom then prevalent among all ranks throughout the kingdom. The usage is said to be a vulgar, and to our minds shockingly profane commemoration

or rather travesty of the Resurrection, which the festival of Easter celebrates.

Another, and far more refined relic of ancient times, are the *eggs* which pass about at Easter, under the name of *pask*, or *paste*, or *pace* eggs. In the north of England, a very few years ago, I had an opportunity myself of examining these eggs, several of which were sent to me as the proper compliment of the season. They were all ornamented in various designs and colours; on one my name being inscribed in white on a deep rose-coloured ground; on another certain designs being traced in white and green and amber. The common method of preparing the eggs is first to boil them very hard, then to write on them while still warm, with the end of a tallow candle, any letters you please, and then to place the egg in a hot preparation of cochineal and water, or any other dye you may select. The part over which the tallow has passed is impervious to the operation of the dye, and consequently the egg re-appears with a clear white inscription on a coloured ground. There are other and more laborious modes of ornamenting "pace eggs," but I need not specify them here. Suffice it to say that some of these designs are extremely pretty and fanciful, and require no small ingenuity and patience on the part of the operator.

Four hundred eggs were bought for eighteenpence in the time of Edward I., as appears by a royal roll in the Tower, which also states that they were purchased for the purpose of being boiled and stained, or covered with gold leaf, and afterwards distributed to the royal household. They were formerly conse-

crated : on Easter-eve and Easter-day the heads of families used to send to the Church large chargers filled with hard-boiled eggs, and there the "creature of eggs" became sacred by virtue of holy water, crossings and the like.

The old custom of eating *tansy pudding* at Easter is also derived from a bygone Romish practice, intended to symbolize the bitter herbs used by the Jews at their passover; but that the people might also show a proper abhorrence of these unfortunate Jews, they ate from a gammon of bacon at the same time ; "as many still do in country places," says Mr. Hone, in 1826, "at this season, without knowing from whence this practice is derived."

On the 6th of April, 1348, died the celebrated *Laura*, whom Petrarch has immortalized ! She was born in 1304, and the poet first saw her in a church at Avignon : she appears to have returned his passion with indifference, which was certainly very much to her credit,

"Poor proud Byron, sad as grave,
And salt as life ; forlornly brave,
And quivering with the dart he drave."

April 23rd is St. George's day, and St. George must be a personage of note, since he is our own especial patron saint ; and "St. George for merrie England !" was the old battle-cry of our stalwart warlike ancestors ages long ago ! Who, then, was St. George ? The Greeks long distinguished him as "the great martyr," and five or six of the churches in Constantinople were dedicated to him ; moreover, the Byzantine chronicles relate how battles were gained and miracles wrought by his intercession. He is said to have been a great soldier, and chosen by our forefathers as tutelary saint, under the first Norman kings ; and in 1222 the council at Oxford commanded his feast to be kept as a holiday of the lesser rank. Under his name and ensign our Edward III. instituted the most noble order of knighthood in Europe, and this institution was prior to that of St. Michael of

since she was undoubtedly married when he first beheld her. Petrarch fostered his love at Vacluse, where he composed sonnet after sonnet to her beauty : he survived her six and thirty years.

April 21st is about the average day of arrival of the cuckoo : at least its voice is commonly heard about that time ; but in early seasons it has been known to sing as soon as the 9th of April, and occasionally, when the spring is unusually retarded, as late as May 7th. About the same period, or earlier, the swallow is also seen, and towards the end of the month the martin appears, and we may occasionally listen to the corncrake's unmelodious note, if the weather be entirely favourable.

The 19th of April is the anniversary of Lord Byron's death. He expired at Missolonghi, 1824, in the flower of his age, a morbid, melancholy, disappointed man. Mrs. Barrett Browning, in her "Vision of Poets," introduces him as

France, by Louis XI., full fifty years, and eighty years to that of the Golden Fleece, by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy ; and, says Butler, the elaborate biographer of saints :—"The extraordinary devotion of all Christendom to this saint is an authentic proof how glorious his triumph and name have always been in the Church." Still the question remains unanswered—"Who was St. George, our patron saint ?"

We are told that he was a native of Cappadocia ; that he went with his mother into Palestine, where she had a considerable estate, being, in fact, a daughter of that country. This estate fell to her son George, who was a soldier, and became "a tribune or colonel in the army," wherein he was further promoted by the Emperor Diocletian, to whom he resigned his commission and posts, when that potentate waged war against the Christian religion.

Christian World Magazine, April, 1898.

The Emperor, exasperated at his conduct, when he ventured to remonstrate against his bloody edicts, threw him into prison, and caused him to be beheaded. Butler declares that his apparition encouraged "the Christian army in the Crusade, before the battle of Antioch, and again revived the drooping spirits of Richard I. in his expedition against the Saracens."

But what about the dragon? For "St. George and the dragon" are proverbially associated, and in recalling the memory of the one we instinctively think of the other. The story, taken from the famous "Golden Legend" runs thus:

There was a certain city of Lybia, called Sylene, and near this city was a stagnant lake or pond, like a sea, wherein dwelt a dragon, so fierce and venomous that he poisoned the whole country, and the people assembled with intent to slay him. But when they beheld the horrible beast they fled, and the dragon pursued them even to the city itself, and the inhabitants were nearly destroyed by his pestilential breath, and they suffered so much that they were glad to give him two sheep *per diem* to keep him in good humour. At length the number of sheep so greatly diminished, that only one sheep a day could be afforded, and they were obliged to give him a man instead of the second sheep, and at last, that all the men might not be eaten up, a law was made that they should draw lots to give him the youth and infants of all ranks, and so the dragon dined on young gentlefolks and young plebeians till the lot fell on the king's daughter! Then the king was very sorry, and begged the people to take his silver and gold and leave to him his child, but they would not consent to such an infraction of his own law; and the king wept sorely, and begged for the princess eight days, before she should be devoured by the dragon. But the eight days being expired, the king caused his daughter to be clad in rich attire as if she were going to her wedding, and having kissed her, he gave her his blessing,

and the people led her away to where the dragon lived. Just then *St. George* arrived! and seeing the princess, he asked why she was there, and she answered kindly—'Go your way, fair young man, that you perish not also.' Then *St. George* again demanded the reason of her being there, and why she wept, and he strove to comfort her; and when she saw he would not be satisfied, she told him all the truth. Then said *St. George*—'Fear not! by the help of God and our Lady I will deliver thee!' But the princess naturally distrusted his power, and again besought him, for his own sake, to go away.

"And even as they talked came up the dragon, a very scaly, forky, horrible beast, belching out fire, and stinking, poisonous vapour, and he ran savagely towards the saint and the lady. But *St. George* being on horseback, drew his sword and signed himself with the cross, and rode valiantly, and smiting the dragon with his spear, wounded him so sorely that he threw him down. Then *St. George* bade the princess bind her girdle round the dragon's neck, and not be afraid, and when she had done this, 'the dragon followed as it had been a meke beast and debonayre;' and she led him into the city, which when the people saw, they fled for fear to the mountains and valleys, till being encouraged by the champion of their princess, they returned, and he promised to slay the dragon if they would believe, and be baptized. Then the king and upwards of 15,000 men, besides women and children, were baptized, and *St. George* slew the dragon, and cut off his head, and the people took four carts, and drew the body with oxen forth from the city; and the king built a church, and dedicated it to our Lady and *St. George*!

And "this blyssyd and holy martyr, saynt *George*, is patron of this realme of englond, and the crye of men of warre. In the worship of whom is founded the noble ordre of the gartre, and also a noble college in the castel of wyndsore by kynges of englonde, in whiche col-

lege is the hert of St. George, whiche Sygysmond, the emperour of almayne (Germany) brought, and gave it for a grete and precyous relyke to Kyng Henry the fyfth; and also the sayd Sygysmond was a broder of the sayd gartre, and also there is a pece of hys hed."

Butler thus interprets the legend :

Why should we boast of Arthur or his knights,
Knowing how many men have performed fights ?
Or why should we speak of Sir Lancelot de Lake,
Of Tristram du Leon, that fought for ladies' sake ?
Read in old stories, and there you shall see
How St. George, St. George, he made the dragon flee.
St. George he was for England, St. Denis was for France,
Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*."

In the romance of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," the performances of St. George far exceed those of his brother heroes. Shakespeare makes use of his name

—" St. George is usually painted on horseback, and tilting at a dragon under his feet; but this is no more than an emblematical figure, purporting that by his faith and Christian fortitude he conquered the devil, called the dragon in the Apocalypse." There is an old ballad which says :—

as the war-cry of England, in his "*Richard III.*" Richmond, addressing the soldiery, concludes with—

" Sound drums and trumpets bold and cheerfully,
God and *St. George*, Richmond and victory !"

And again, when Richard hears of Stanley's defection, he exclaims—

" Advance our standards, set upon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage, fair *St. George*,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !"

Richmond, in the 10th year of his reign as Henry VII., really prohibited the Irish from using their favourite battle-cry of "*Aboo !*" and enjoined on them to call upon St. George, or the name of the King of England for the time being. His late majesty, King George IV., as you may perhaps remember, changed the annual celebration of his birthday from the 12th of August, the real date of his nativity, to the 23rd of April, *St. George's Day* !

April the 25th is, according to the calendars of the Anglican and Romish Churches, *St. Mark's day*, and both Churches have a special service for the occasion. It is little observed, however, either by clergy or people in England, except it be by one particular section of the Establishment; but under Romish rule it was of more account, and *St. Mark's Eve*, or vigil, and day were strict fast days. An old writer remarks that though *anciently* there was not any fast-day between Easter and Whitsunday, yet the popes had

devised "a monstrous fast on *St. Marke's day*: all other fasting-days are on the holy-day *Even*, only *St. Marke* must have his day fasted."

On *St. Mark's day* it was the custom to implore blessings on the corn. Also it was customary, in old times, especially in certain districts, for the common people to watch in the church porch on *St. Mark's eve*, from eleven at night till the clock struck one ! This they did three years running, and on the third year they were supposed to see the ghosts of all who would die during the next year pass by into the church. This superstition was in such force that if any one sickened, and was it whispered about that he had been seen on *St. Mark's eve*, the patient himself, if he heard of it, immediately despaired of recovering, and very frequently died by reason of these imaginary fears. Let us be thankful that such senseless and harmful absurdities have now died out, or are in rapid process of dying

out in the remotest rural parishes of our land. Education and superstition cannot breathe the same atmosphere, and certainly gas and the shriek of the railway-whistle have had some share in exorcising hundreds of ghosts, who may be supposed to prefer darkness, and silence, and solitude.

Out of doors the month is showing itself worthy of its name, for the beauties of the natural world are revealing themselves more and more fully every day. The winter is past and gone, and though a snowy day *may* come, to damp our sanguine joy in bud and leaf and opening flower, it is but for a day or

so; the sun, like Samson awakening from his sleep with unshorn locks, shines out again, and the snowy wreaths are melted quickly from the freshening sward, and all is brightness and hilarity once more.

In April come the rosy blossoms of the almond-tree, and the delicate blooms of peach, and apricot, and nectarine, and the gardens are gay with polyanthuses, white rock, and daffodils; the lilacs are thick with bud, and the crimson peony expands her flaunting posies, and in the field and hedge-row, lo! "the milk-white slae," as Burns calls the black-thorn—

"Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf."

Townfolk coming out into the country for a day's ramble have been known to take it for the veritable *May*, or common hawthorn of the month succeeding; and in the orchards pearly sheets of pear and cherry blossoms gladden the eye; and as April wanes, the delicate loveliness of apple-blooms is seen, though not till May is their loveliness in full perfection! Wild flowers begin to abound; primroses, like pale yellow stars, nestling among their wrinkled leaves; "freckled cowslips" nod their heads on mead and bank; the frail wood-sorrel, and the elegant wood-anemone expand their white veined petals—the latter sometimes very pinky, and in one species—the *pasque-anemone*, growing chiefly in chalky soils—a full, clear purple! Children gather golden daffodils and

early hyacinths, commonly called *bluebells*, in the leafing woods, where all day long the birds keep up perpetual anthems. Nor must we forget the violet, which is still to be found shedding her fragrance on the April breeze, nor the lark carolling rich melodies in her own "glorious privacy of light;" nor the sense of gladness which the vernal sweetness of the April day awakens in many a heart long bowed with care or grief! And we say with the Psalmist:—"Thou visitest the earth and waterest it: thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof! Oh, Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches!"

DEAR LITTLE WINNIE.

BY NELSIE BROOK.

It was a time of darkness and distress with the Johnson family. Mr. Johnson had just passed the Court of Bankruptcy, and with broken spirits, and in actual poverty, was trying to make a new start in life. He had suffered heavy losses; but it would be too great a stretch of charity to say that his failure was

attributable to this merely: the fact was that during the past few years he had been gradually growing careless of his interests, and had allowed things to go on in a dreamy, dangerously calm way, until a crisis came, and awoke him to life as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet. He *failed!* His once flourishing

business came to an end; and after going through humiliating examinations, and other trying ordeals, he found himself with a reduced home, seven children almost wholly dependent on him for their maintenance, and himself occupying only a subordinate position in another man's business. It was all very sad—and more so, as Mr. Johnson doggedly neglected to seek that grace which would have sanctified and sweetened all his bitter trials. Indeed this heavy storm of adversity seemed to have hardened him in some respects. He keenly felt his change of position, his "degradation," as he called it: and out in the world he was gloomy and taciturn; at home he was snappish and irritable. His wife, who at such a time certainly needed all the comfort he could give her, had a double sorrow in seeing him so; but she bore up bravely, and tried all the more to make sunshine in the home which looked so gloomy. She was a gentle, God-fearing woman, and she strove to trace a providential hand in everything, and hopefully looked for light in the darkest hours.

It was winter-time. Heavy, depressing fogs came, cruel storms of sleet, and wind, and seasons of biting frost—utterly regardless of whether poor folks were able to withstand their rigour. Brave as she was, and firm as was her trust in God, Mrs. Johnson's heart nevertheless failed her a wee bit sometimes, as she looked round on her young children, and at one fragile little thing of a month old, that had been laid in her arms, one dim, snowy day. Never had one of her children received such a cold, undemonstrative welcome as this one. The mother greeted it with tears, not altogether thankful or happy ones; the father accepted it as one accepts evils which cannot be averted; and the more thoughtful of the children dolefully wondered, "whatever would be done with baby!" Generally it is settled before a baby is three days old what its name is to be; but three weeks and more passed by and no pretty, exciting consultation had been held relative

to the naming of number eight of the young Johnsons. No merry christening party was on the tapis as heretofore had been the case; and one day Mrs. Johnson said to her husband, "I should like to have baby christened on Sunday; what name shall we give her?"

"Anything you like, Catherine," he replied.

"Well, I was thinking, dear, that 'Winnie' would be a pretty name for her: what do you think?"

"Yes, that is very pretty: let it be Winnie!" he said.

"But then, mamma, it will sound too babyish when she is a woman," said Charles, the eldest son, a fine youth of seventeen, who was a clerk in a lawyer's office.

"Never mind that, Charlie! she shall always be our dear little Winnie," said the mother, speaking more prophetically than she thought for. And so the baby was called Winnie in baptism, but "dear little Winnie" at home.

In spite of winter cold, and poverty, the unconscious little one thrived; but she was a tender flower, and the mother had to exert herself to the utmost to give her the tending she required. Paradoxical as it may sound to all but mothers, baby-Winnie seemed to lighten the poor wife's cares and sorrows, and was her greatest earthly comfort. Mrs. Johnson often saw with pain what a shade seemed to rest on the brow of her son Charles, when he came home from business. He had been used to see an elegant home, and his mother surrounded by every comfort, and receiving attendance, instead of working like a servant in a little meanly-furnished house. "It was hard, very hard," thought the boy, as he looked at her, gloomily. Then, with true womanly tact, she would perch wee Winnie on his knee, with a cheery, "There Charlie, try your hand at minding baby for a few minutes! Tea will be ready directly." And in "less than no time" this pretty dimpled charmer, with her soft coo, and vain attempts to gurgle something, baby-fashion, that should be intelligible to him, would dispel all the gloom from

his face, and absorb his entire attention.

"Dear little Winnie!" he would say, all the tenderness within him waking up as he dandled her, and give her a finger to clutch in her chubby hand. "She is a quiet, sweet-tempered thing: so unlike all other babies, isn't she mamma?"

"I think she should be so to fulfil her mission," Mrs. Johnson would gaily respond.

"Her mission?"

"Yes, surely! Doesn't it seem, Charlie, that she is come to comfort us and charm away our sadness?"

It did seem so, in truth. And they appreciated her all the more, because the one who had hitherto been "the baby" was now nearly four years old. Very soon the other children changed their tune from "Whatever will be done with baby?" to "Whatever should we do without her?" A wonderful peace-maker was dear little Winnie. When Mr. Johnson came home in a scowling, irritable mood, as he too often did, the soft baby hands patting and stroking his face, would soon smooth all the cross wrinkles away; and in spite of himself he would laugh, and talk, and toss the little one, who ruled him like a queen. One evening he came in jaded and gloomy as usual. The baby was asleep in her little cot, in one corner of the room that served for kitchen and family sitting-room. Charlie was reading, the three elder girls of the family, Jessie, Margaret, and Emma, were engaged in different kinds of work. Three younger children, two boys and a girl, were just gone to bed. The time was about half-past eight, the season, early spring. The evening was so mild that the bit of bright fire in the grate was scarcely needed; but it gave the room a homely, cheerful aspect.

A shadow seemed to fall on the place when Mr. Johnson entered. He looked unusually depressed, and resisted all his wife's efforts to draw him into conversation.

"How has the world served you to-day, papa?" said Mrs. Johnson, cheerily.

"O! I don't know — about as

usual," he replied, fidgetting on his chair.

The table was spread for a tea supper, which the elder children took every evening at that hour with their parents. Mr. Johnson could never join them earlier, so Mrs. Johnson arranged that he should take tea with them, and the younger children had theirs an hour or two before.

"I am going to have a savoury fry this evening," said Mrs. Johnson, getting from a cupboard a dish of chopped-up vegetables which were left from dinner, and putting them in a pan over the fire. They hissed away for some time, and then were put smoking hot upon the table, around which all were gathered. The meal proceeded for some time in silence; then Mrs. Johnson began to speak of passing events. Charles and the girls joined in intelligently; but the father seemed too mentally-absorbed to take much notice of the conversation. By-and-by family prayer was engaged in, Mr. Johnson reading a prayer from a book of Family Devotions. This habit of household worship would have been given up long ago had it not been for Mrs. Johnson; but she clung to it with firmer tenacity than ever when the storms of adversity beat upon them; and much as she would have preferred extempore prayers, as in the earlier years of their married life, she was yet glad to have her husband conduct them in any way; and so he read them from a book.

Jessie was a nicely-grown girl of fourteen. She was engaged all day as an apprentice to a dressmaker. At the time of her father's failure she attended a fashionable school with her other two sisters; now she was obliged to prepare to earn her daily bread, and Margaret and Emma attended a cheap school in the neighbourhood of their humble home.

Jessie looked tired this evening; her mother said she had better put sewing away and go up to bed at once, which she was quite willing to do; so she left the room with Margaret and Emma.

After looking up from the paper which he was reading, to wish his

daughter good-night, Mr. Johnson laid it aside, leaned back in his old arm-chair, and twirled his thumbs in a contemplative fashion. He was watching his wife at her sewing: she was preparing frocks for Miss Winnie. The little lady was now three months old, and the important business of "short-coating" was to commence on the next Sunday.

"Heigho!" said Mr. Johnson, suddenly, after a long silence. The interjection startled Charles, who was leaning on the table, intently reading. It also disturbed the pretty occupant of the little cot in the corner, who moved uneasily for a minute or two, and then lay perfectly still again.

Mrs. Johnson watched the heaving of the coverlet almost breathlessly, but when it was still, resumed her sewing.

"I've no energy for anything, no ambition in the world: I shall never be good for anything again in life: it's a dark, dreary world!" said Mr. Johnson, speaking his doleful thoughts aloud.

"Gur-r, gur-r!" said a sweet voice in the corner. And turning round, Mr. Johnson saw a pair of wide-open blue eyes staring at him.

"Well! if I ever knew such a deceiver!" said Mrs. Johnson, laying her work on her lap, and leaning forward to look at the smiling face, rosy with sleep, that was turned towards the candle. "I thought she had dropped off again." No indeed; for since her father's exclamation had disturbed her slumber, the young lady thought proper to wake right up, and in the interval of silence she had been attentively studying the wall paper. But when he commenced his dolorous speech, she thought well to second it by a musical "Gur-r, gur-r!"

"Isn't she a beauty!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, with motherly admiration. "Won't she look a pet in this scarlet frock and a little white pinafore? it's a shame though that she shouldn't have a new one. But it can't be helped, so she must be content to come in for the boy's left-off ones: she will look just as pretty in them. See, papa! how nicely I've

done up this little dress for her." And Mrs. Johnson held a pretty scarlet doll-like dress towards him. He merely nodded, and then leaned towards the baby again, who was crowing merrily at the candle.

"I wish she had never been born," he said, gloomily, as he passed his fingers through his hair.

"Why, Robert?" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson in astonishment. "What makes you utter such a thing?"

"O! I don't know. See what a family it is to bring up, and nothing coming in to do it with.

"Nay, now," interrupted his wife, "you are wrong to say so. We are living very well on what you and Charlie get. We must be content to live so for a while: things will mend after a bit, you know, dear."

"It seems to me that nothing will ever mend," he responded, gloomily. For myself I don't care; but I'm troubled about you and the children; I can't bear your having to put up with the present state of things. I really didn't feel it so keenly till Winnie was born. To see you attending to her without any help, besides doing everything else—it's dreadful. And then on her christening day! we never had such a shabby christening before; and yet she's a sweet darling," he added, with sudden tenderness, "and deserves the best of everything."

"She's happy enough with the second or third best of everything," said Mrs. Johnson, cheerily, though tears were in her eyes. "And it's naughty of you to say she had a shabby christening, Robert: I'm sure I thought it was all very nice, only we had no fuss with company; and weren't we just as well-without?"

Mrs. Johnson had folded the tiny garments away, and now she went and took baby up and set her on her father's knee. He couldn't help being pleasant when nursing her, for she smiled up at him, and gurgled and cooed out her opinions of himself and surrounding objects, till he was obliged to respond smilingly, and talk mother-fashion or whistle to her.

Presently Mrs. Johnson said,

Christian World Magazine, April, 1902.

"When she was born I was tempted just for a little moment to wish that she had not come. I thought of our reduced circumstances, and the other helpless children, and that I should be so fettered as not to be able to earn a shilling to help. But now, Robert, I feel that I wouldn't lose her for the world. She so cheers and comforts me sometimes. What if we cannot give her what we've given the others? she is just as happy, the pet! She must grow up a little cottage girl, and flourish in a kitchen instead of a parlour, and eat brown bread instead of such things as her brothers and sisters have had before her. O! she'll do well enough with papa!" And Mrs. Johnson stooped to give her a kiss.

Presently she took up a pair of tiny faded blue shoes, and said, "Let us try these on her pretty pink feet, papa." Mr. Johnson held out one of the little feet, and the shoe was tried on. It was too loose, and very much rubbed at the toes; but Mrs. Johnson said it would do capitally with a sock.

"Couldn't you manage a new pair for her, mamma?" said Charles, looking up from his book.

"Nay, Charlie, I've been reckoning up to see if I could squeeze a shilling or two out of our allowance, but I find I cannot just now. It wouldn't be fair to buy things which are not absolutely necessary, when those which are wanted."

Charlie said no more; but having resolved something within himself, he resumed his reading before many minutes had elapsed. Miss Winnie had wrought such a transformation in her father that you could scarcely imagine he was the same man who had sat, so sad and gloomy, at the tea-table a while before. He laughed, and chuckled, and snapped his fingers at her, entering into the fun of the proceedings with quite as much zest as she did. As for baby Winnie, she crowed and laughed at such a rate that Mrs. Johnson averred sleep would not visit her eyes again that night; but the good woman did not protest against the noisy doings, for she was too glad to see her husband in a healthy mood.

By-and-by he was left to silence: Charles went up to bed; and Mrs. Johnson made her exit too, with baby. The fire died out in the grate, but still he sat in his old arm-chair in the chimney-corner—thinking. He thought of his good wife, and her hopeful sayings; of his children in their poor home; of the dark, dark wishes that sometimes entered his mind regarding them—wishes that they were dead; and then he thought of his unmanly utterances of that evening: "Nothing will ever mend;" "I shall never be good for anything again!" Remembering these things, and also what he had said about dear little Winnie, he straightened himself up, and said half-aloud, "I suppose the world is just what we make it. Heigho! I think I'm a fool at forty-three to be saying I have no energy, no ambition! Certainly I haven't much; but by exercising what I have, I may get more. Ambition! well I won't aim at the sun just now; but I'll have the simple, homely ambition of giving Winnie such a bringing-up as the others have had. Of course wife and all the rest will get the benefit of it, too; but still I'll set the little one before my eyes, and be just so ambitious for her sake. In after years wife shall tell her youngest daughter that she—a tiny unconscious babe—was the means of rousing her father from the deadly state of lethargy into which he had fallen. Winnie shall have new shoes, poor dear! and new everything that she wants! Henceforward it shan't be my fault if she grows up as a poor cottager, feeding on brown bread; and her mother, poor brave mother! it is I who have been the weaker one lately; she has been strong and courageous! for the future she shall be comforted, for dear little Winnie's sake."

As he rose to go upstairs, he picked up the little blue shoes, and turned them over with an absent air; then with a sigh he replaced them on the tiny clothes that were neatly folded up on the table, and left the room.

On the following Saturday evening he was home rather earlier than

usual, and said he should have to go out a little way after supper. Miss Winnie was ready to go to bed, but Mrs. Johnson had allowed her to stay up for papa to see how pretty she looked with her bright face and clean frilled night-gown. Mr. Johnson took her out of Margaret's arms, and began talking to her in a quiet, pleasant mood. In a few minutes Jessie came in from work with Charles, who had met her on the way.

"O! I'm glad dear little Winnie isn't gone to bed," said Charles, taking a little parcel from his pocket. "Here is something for her; look! her first pair of shoes shan't be left-off ones!" And he brought to view a tiny pair of delicate blue shoes, which were forthwith put on the little feet, and pronounced "an excellent fit!"

Mr. Johnson looked a little disappointed. The fact was he had intended buying some shoes for her himself; but now there was no occasion for him to prove in that way that he was waking up to his duties.

"Never mind," he said, mentally, "wife shall have the benefit of the money that I had reserved for Winnie."

So later on he came home from his errand with a pair of gloves for her. "I think I heard you say that your gloves were not fit to wear," he said to her, "so I have bought you a pair."

"But, Robert," she replied, in pleasant astonishment, "we cannot afford it: you know I can make any old ones do."

"Yes, but you have been used to have proper gloves, and I hope you will soon again have all that you used to have."

Mrs. Johnson's heart rejoiced at these words, until her eyes filled with tears, and she was obliged to turn away to hide them. Not that she was anxious to be reinstated in the position she had lately occupied for the sake of what it gave her; indeed she had learnt to be content in any state, but it gladdened her to hear her husband give utterance to words which implied that he was

rising out of that lethargy which had unmanned him to such a degree, and that he was filled with a healthy determination to rouse himself to action. His thinking of the gloves, which she had merely alluded to in a passing way some days before, gave her peculiar gratification; because it was a proof that he was beginning to care again for appearances of respectability, about which he had been very careless since their failure, much to Mrs. Johnson's grief. It followed that he grew particular to have his boots always clean when he went out, and his person altogether trim and tidy, and this without having to be reminded by his wife, or held back to have his coat and hat brushed.

He had taken a turn, drawn—humanly speaking—by the chubby, helpless hands of dear little Winnie; and things were going to mend, undoubtedly.

So the summer came on, and passed away, and the following winter found them in decidedly improved circumstances.

Charlie was getting on famously, and had got an increase of wages for his exemplary conduct and diligence. Jessie had obtained a situation in a milliner's show-room, as the confinement of a work-room had proved injurious to her health. Her quiet, lady-like deportment, and attention to business, won for her the regard of her employer, who gave her higher wages than one of her age could expect. Mr. Johnson had so exerted himself in behalf of the well-to-do merchant in whose employ he was, that the old gentleman began to throw out hints about taking him into partnership. "You see, Johnson," he said to him one day, "though you have nothing, not a farthing of capital to take into a business, I have abundance; and you have a large family, I have none; so I have an opportunity to play the father to your children. You have energy, vigour, which I am fast losing, at my time of life. Bring me that and I'll make up all pecuniary deficiencies for you. You have been faithful to me since we have been together, so talk to your

good wife, if you like, about throwing in your lot with me. I respect your wife, Mr. Johnson; I have known her from her girlhood; and I should like to see her raised to, or above, for the matter of that, the position she occupied before your failure.

Mr. Johnson murmured his thanks in some fashion. His heart was almost too full for words.

How he managed to tell his wife when he got home, I don't know. It all seemed to her too good to be true. "God gives us in answer to prayer exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think," she said, with grateful tears.

Baby Winnie was trotting about the room, rather doubtful of her locomotive powers, when Mr. Johnson caught her up suddenly, and whirled her over his shoulder, saying, "Bless thy bright eyes, Winnie! Do you know, my wee lassie, I once wished you had never been born? Do you remember, wife?" Mrs. Johnson nodded as she stood by watching her little daughter's pretty antics. "Well, Winnie, my pet," he resumed, addressing the saucy, curly-headed little Miss who was now standing on his knee, "I'll never say that again of ye. Nay; I'll bless the day that you were born; because, perhaps, I should never have been anything but the poor, hopeless groveller I had sunk to, if it hadn't been for thee, my pretty dear!" To which Miss Winnie coquettishly nodded her head, and babbled a pretty reply, as if she understood every word that was addressed to her, and was conscious of her power.

As Mrs. Johnson got the books for family worship that evening, she said, "What a pity it is that there is nothing special in our prayer for this evening, in the way of thanksgiving. I am sure we have reason to offer heartfelt thanks for God's new and undeserved mercies to us, and to pray especially for our good benefactor." But Mr. Johnson did not take the hint; he merely read what was in the book, and nothing more.

Mrs. Johnson was often pained to mark his indifference to high and

holy things. For some time after his failure he lived in such a dead-alive sort of way that he cared as little for things spiritual as he did for the things of this life. And since he had roused himself from that state, he had become so absorbed in business, that he "must set aside the claims of religion for a time, until he was more settled," he said to his wife, when she broached the subject in her gentle, anxious way. But the fact was, he had little inclination for anything beyond the present and actual. He attended a place of worship on Sundays, but while there his mind was oftener in business than present with his body; and while his circumstances were improving, and worldly prosperity seemed about to return, his soul was starving and languishing. While remembering his duty to his family, he was forgetting his duty to his God, and omitted to recognise the Hand that was crowning him with blessing. It was sad; and Mrs. Johnson often thought of it with sorrow of heart.

Another year passed away; and now the Johnsons occupied a house almost worthy of being styled handsome; and baby Winnie had a nurse, and Mrs. Johnson had no longer to do menial work, but had all requisite attendance for herself and her family. Jessie had left business, all the wiser and humbler for the experience, and was from home at a good school, finishing her education. The sun of prosperity was shining full on them, and in the pleasant light Mrs. Johnson rejoiced, though not without trembling; for she saw that her husband, far from presenting himself a living sacrifice to God for his mercies, was growing more indifferent to what was good. So utterly absorbed by business was he, that he even grudged the time taken from it by the Sabbath, and actually wanted to attend to ledgers, &c., on that day: but Mrs. Johnson remonstrated so earnestly, that he yielded to her, and gave up the idea of putting seven working days into every week; though I must confess he gave it up reluctantly.

Perhaps, as is so often the case with people, the sun of prosperity dazzled his eyes. However, God in his mercy brought a shadow over his life that enabled him to see clearly.

Again the season was early spring. Baby Winnie had some time passed her second birthday, and was a fascinating little household pet, who could hold her position in the family with becoming dignity—joining in conversation, and song-singing with her brothers and sisters, in a graceful manner peculiarly her own. She was the very light of the house: every one in it acknowledged the fact. But alas! the angel of Death entered, and his wings fanned the little light so that it flickered and went out.

Dear little Winnie died unexpectedly, and almost unaccountably, as such children often do. When at last the grass, starry with daisies, was spread over her last little bed, the family sat around the darkened hearth and marvelled how it had all come about. Baby Winnie had taken cold as she had done before. She continued to grow worse just when they were expecting her to grow better; and at length, almost before they were aware of it, she had slipped out of their arms into eternity. It seemed all a dream, a very agonising, wretched dream; and the family were agonising, as if in sleep, to awake and assure themselves of its falsity, by clasping the little one

to their hearts, with kisses, and saying, "What a horrid dream we have had about dear little Winnie!"

There was no waking from it, however. Mrs. Johnson was the first to recover, and say with white, trembling lips, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Mr. Johnson was the last to do so. He rose up against the Providence that had deprived him of his child, and wrestled with it to his own hurt, until at length he gave up, wounded and sore, and lay prostrate in the dust of despair. So great was his grief that Mrs. Johnson feared for his reason. The blow that came upon him two or three years before, and hurled him into the depths of poverty, was crushing; but this was infinitely worse. Mrs. Johnson needed comforting under so heavy a sorrow, but she had to comfort instead. She hovered about her husband, trying to soothe him, and speak words of consolation and hope, while her own heart was bleeding. And with all gentleness she spoke of the rod, and tried to impress upon him wherefore it had been appointed. She felt that her husband had a lesson to learn from this bitter dispensation; and she prayed that he might learn it without further smiting. But although he was slow, very slow, in doing so, yet after a while

"A silent resignation
Made his spirit calm and blest."

And he turned to his forgotten God, and blessed the Hand that had so sorely stricken him.

"Henceforth," he said to his wife one evening, as he sat musing in his arm-chair, "Henceforth I trust I shall see all things clearly. The heavens were as brass to me before; I could see no glory there; but now even the pearly gates of the city are visible, and it seems to me that our darling left them somewhat open when passing through, so that in future our eyes may be attracted thither. I bless the day that gave us our darling: she has not lived in vain. My heart aches while I say

it; but now, thank God, I can say it: I bless the day that took her from us; she has not died in vain!"

"And she is still ours," said Mrs. Johnson, softly.

"And always will be our dear little Winnie," said Charles, who was present. "Don't you remember, mamma, that when she was christened you said she should always be our dear little Winnie?"

Yes, the mother remembered; though at the time she little thought that her words would come to pass. So the time slipped on; the seasons came and went and brought many changes; but the hearts of the family

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ever lingered around a little grave upon the tablet of which there was

just this simple inscription: "To the memory of dear little Winnie."

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

SERMONS v. LEADING ARTICLES.

OUR readers have probably heard of the lectures on preachers and preaching delivered last month, in Edinburgh, by Dean Ramsay, known in his immediate circle as a pious and energetic clergyman, and to all the world as the compiler of various books of anecdote and jest, illustrative of Scottish manners and of Scottish humour. His lectures on preachers were not particularly effective, being composed, in large measure, of after-dinner chit-chat, but there occurred one passage towards their close which has attracted a good deal of attention, and deserved it. It consisted of a calculation of the number of sermons preached annually in these realms, which number was found to be nearly four millions. The lecturer suggested that this might be a few too many. The suggestion was vehemently seconded by our weekly contemporary, the *Spectator*, and by way of giving precision to the somewhat vague hints at curtailment ventured on by the Dean, the figure of eighty, which happened in the calculation to come in handy at the end, was specified as indicating the proportion to the entire four millions' of those sermons to which "any reasonable man could be expected to listen." The *Record* took up the cudgels for the clergy; the *Patriot* for once gave its stroke on the same side with the *Record*; and the gentlemen of the press, who had dared to sneer at the gentlemen of the pulpit, were sternly called to account. The controversy is one of interest, and without formally pleading the cause of either party, we shall say a few words on its general merits.

The feeling prevails that sermons are a weariness. That is a fact,—to deny it is useless. Sensible preachers, instead of denying it, are keenly alive to its existence, and know that

it bears hard upon them. They feel that they have to address audiences preached into listlessness and apathy, audiences which have been hearing sermons all their lives, which will probably be offended if they do not hear the usual common-places, and, if they do hear them, will still more probably fall asleep. Journalists constantly allege that the preacher has an immense advantage over themselves, inasmuch as his congregation must sit to hear him, and have no opportunity of controverting him. But they who write thus are shallow and superficial observers. In the first place, it is positively incorrect to say respecting a large proportion of the preachers of this country that their congregations must listen to them whether they will or not. In England, Scotland, and Wales, there are at least 10,000 ministers of unendowed denominations, and every man of these knows that, if his preaching is tiresome to his hearers they will not only go elsewhere, but render him conscious of a growing hollowness in that quarter in which clerical nature, and indeed human nature in general, most sincerely hates a vacuum, to wit, the breeches-pocket. To all curates who are not specially favoured by circumstance, a similar rule applies; if, in preaching, they turn out what is vulgarly called "sticks" they have the less chance of employment. But this is not all. Every man who addresses his fellow-men must be cheered and encouraged by their attention and pained by their indifference; and there is no department of the clerical profession, Church or Dissent, in which a man's reputation and advancement do not, more or less, depend on his success as a preacher, using the word "success" in that rough sense in which it is taken in this discussion. We have no

hesitation in saying that the criticism of a sermon by an audience reaches a minister more directly and with keener force than the criticism of a leading article by the public reaches its author. The latter has, in fact, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, no means of knowing how his piece has told upon readers; but the preacher who, with tingling pulses, sees a thousand eyes kindling with rapture at his words, or, on the other hand, meets nothing but cold, cynical, contemptuous glances, here and there a nodding head or an apathetic, somnolent face appearing in an expanse of empty pews, knows how present, how pressing, how terrible a thing is the criticism of a congregation.

We have said that there is no preaching in connection with which this does not more or less hold good, but there are preachers in England in relation to whom it has as little force as possible. We allude to country clergymen in remote localities; not curates, but incumbents. They hold their benefices for life. No freeholder in the parish feels himself more securely planted on his land than the rector in his parsonage. The people who live in the village are all known to the preacher. The Church is probably very small, and it is as sure as the tolling of the bell that there will be a sufficient number of them in the pews to make a decent appearance. They are not of critical nature; they have but the smallest tincture of biblical knowledge; they have heard of Antichrist, Dr. Colenso, and the devil, and might have some difficulty in distinguishing between the three. In such circumstances the parson does not feel that he preaches much less comfortably when his twenty-minutes' sermon has cost him no trouble, than when he has really mastered his subject and put his thoughts upon it into the best language which care and revision can command. The result is what those who know the clergy of the established Church in remote districts have too often had occasion to observe. The text is taken probably from the lesson for the

day. Fifteen of the twenty minutes are occupied in diluting this lesson with the water of the preacher's own language, the narrative of Scripture, always brief, grand, natural, being dissolved and destroyed in a flood of twaddle. Five minutes are devoted to application and enforcement, the platitude being here more oppressive from the absence of the Scriptural undercurrent. If you asked a man who had heard such sermons for forty years how much he remembered of them, he would have to answer, Nothing. He could no more tell you what Dr. Dozer had been preaching about than what wind blew on Ash Wednesday ten years ago. But his mind has not escaped influence. The sound, passing weekly over him, has lulled his brain into a deeper intellectual torpor. Forty years of sermons have done him ill. It is an awful thought that there may be the matter of 10,000 Dr. Dozers in England.

But this class, though large, is exceptional, and preachers of all denominations in towns are under the influence of the stir and hurry of the times. The intellectual calibre of sermons preached in large cities is at least as high as that of leading articles in the cheap daily newspapers. What sermons can you hear in London more confused and stupid than the articles of the *Standard*, more silly than those of *John Bull*, more heavy and platitudinarian than those of the *Record*, more ranting and bombastic than those of the *Telegraph*? The pomposity, the oracular *ex cathedra* air, of certain preachers, is absurd; but what is there in the world more exquisitely ludicrous than the tone of omniscience assumed by every threadbare gentleman who indites leaders for a daily paper? There is nothing in heaven, on earth, or under the earth, which this *magnus Apollo*, generally in a very bad hat, cannot discuss and determine. To see him turning the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton inside out, and explaining that the greatest metaphysician of the century is henceforth extinct and annihilated,

is one of the finest things in modern manners. It would have thrown Swift or Rabelais, as it throws Carlyle, into roars of laughter. The fellows who write the kind of article we refer to would have little chance before an audience, and a large proportion of them are probably ministers who have preached their chapels empty, or who never got the length of having chapels to depopulate.

It is not our object, however, to institute a comparison between the press and the pulpit. To strike again into the line of remark with which we set out, we would observe that one important cause of the feeling of impatience and dissatisfaction with which sermons are regarded is that the task of the pulpit is now more difficult to perform than it was in those days when the pulpit first became great among modern institutions. At the time of the Reformation the knowledge of Scripture possessed by the commonalty was so slight, and the class influenced by literature so narrow that the pulpit was the grand vehicle of intellectual instruction as well as of moral improvement. What was communicated in the pulpit was new to the ears of men, and as books were almost, and newspapers altogether, unknown, there was nothing to blunt the eager curiosity with which sermons were listened to. The immense interest created by this new power had probably, in one respect, a pernicious influence upon the Protestant Churches. It rendered them comparatively indifferent to prayer and praise in worship, and produced the amazing conception, which three hundred years' acceptance does not cure of its inherent and intense absurdity, that the principal part in an act of public worship of God is a dissertation by man. An arid intellectualism has been the bane of Christianity in the Protestant Churches. The preaching, not the worship, has been the affair considered. The pulpit is expected to create in the present day as much interest as it did at a time when it was the chief guide of public opinion and the principal instructor of the

nation. Its topics are virtually curtailed; it has no political force; an allusion to a public question in a sermon, unless very skilfully made, would be thought unbecoming; a preacher attempting to play the part of Knox, and clothe his political opinions in pulpit thunders, would be laughed at; and yet he is expected to afford, twice a week, to a cultivated, critical, cold, and clever generation, that powerful intellectual stimulant, that racy intellectual enjoyment, which sermons occasioned three hundred years ago. Genius, indeed, will triumph over every obstacle; and when a man of genius enters the pulpit he finds that the themes on which he has to expatiate are exhaustless in their variety and glorious in their character. He ranges over Scripture, touching upon subject after subject in its boundless multiplicity of topics, and making each the occasion of new and exquisite thought. But rules are not made for men of genius, and it must be admitted that there are not at present many men of genius in the pulpit. The average preacher feels that the labour of continually imparting interest to his pulpit ministrations is overwhelming, and we shall close with two hints, one or both of which may be of use to him.

In the first place let him impress his congregation with the idea that to the act of worship, strictly so called, the sermon is a mere adjunct. It is an accompaniment of worship, a seemly, appropriate, divinely sanctioned, and most beneficial accompaniment, but not worship itself. Ministers should accustom their people to look upon them as leaders in public worship rather than as preachers of sermons, and to blame themselves as well as their pastors, or more than their pastors, if worship is unedifying. Attention also ought to be devoted to the securing of perfect order, decency, and comeliness in the externals of worship, by which we mean not a sensuous adorning of divine service to make it pleasing to man, but a natural and reverent preparation of the soul to do homage to its Creator. In the second place,

let the preacher cultivate those legitimate sources of novelty and attraction in preaching which are accessible to him, and were not accessible to his fathers. No one who has any idea of the progress made in the knowledge of God's works, and in critical elucidation of Scripture, within the present century, can doubt that preachers who choose to make their sermons objects of intelligent study may render them interesting. With the sources of interest to which we refer many laymen are now acquainted, and it is highly probable that the existing dissatisfaction arises in large measure from the fact that laymen, familiar with the new lights which have

been thrown upon scriptural passages, find these passages constantly treated in the old hum-drum, cut-and-dry fashion. Ministers ought at least to familiarise their hearers with those modifications in our acceptance of various statements in the Old Testament scriptures which undisputed discoveries of science have brought about. It is not safe in these days to eschew every difficulty, and the sceptic has a great advantage over the inexperienced mind when he startles it with objections which have been sedulously veiled from it in the pulpit.

PETER BAYNE.

A SECOND GOSSIP ON MUSIC.

SECULAR music, what is it? I find the word "secular" to mean "worldly, not bound by vows;" this is not very explicit, but I think we may take it that secular music is "worldly music." Where worldly music ends, and sacred begins, or *vice versâ*, it is nearly or quite impossible to say—the two are so intimately blended. Look at our Psalmody! the number of tunes taken from songs, glees, and actual dance-music, and "adapted" to hymns, even in the present day, would astonish many good people, who think they are singing purely *sacred* music, if they knew it. The "Union Tune Book" contains many striking examples of this; a few will suffice. Near the beginning is a certain tune which is part of a once famous glee, "Drink to me only with thine eyes;" further on is an old Scotch ballad; then another glee; then "The manly heart," &c., &c.! All these airs are very beautiful in their proper place, but are they in their proper place when used for public worship? Then, per contra, look at many of Mozart's and Haydn's "Glorias," or even Handel's Gloria Solos in the "Messiah," "Judas," "Solomon," &c.; who could tell from simply hearing them, that they were sacred? I confess I could not.

The opera bears the same relation

to the secular school that the oratorio does to the sacred; the pre-eminence, however, is not so marked in the former as in the latter. I mean that no operatic composer towers above his fellows as did Handel over *his* compeers. The talent in this direction seems to me to be more equal; but it must require, I apprehend, as much ability and more *ingenuity* to construct an opera than an oratorio; for whereas the oratorio is for the *ear* only, the opera is both for the ear and eye.

I do not purpose to say much about the opera, as I know it is rather delicate ground to tread on in the "Christian World Magazine," but I suppose we none of us object to secular music *out* of the theatre and off the stage! One great use in secular music is, I should think, to prevent sacred from being used for illegitimate purposes, and thus becoming in time absolutely profaned.

Beethoven wrote several operas, but they are more of a classical nature than suits the prevailing taste. With the exception of perhaps Cherubini and Gluck, who wrote "Iphigenia," most of the old operatic masters are forgotten.

Come we now to more modern times. Of the "modern school" I would say that probably Meyerbeer

is first for grandeur, Rossini for melody, Auber for sweetness, and Verdi for general effect. It is thought that the first three are nearly equal in their method of construction, but Meyerbeer is more *gorgeous* in his accessories than Rossini, who is however more *taking* in his style. Auber is more *plain* than either. Verdi is, to tell the truth, rather *rocco* in his manner. Of the *popularity* of Verdi's music there can be no doubt. I believe that no composer of modern times has been so be-drawing-roomed by young ladies, so be-played by street bands, and so be-ground out by barrel organists!

Most of our songs now-a-days are really the veriest trash that ever was—or, I hope, *could* be—written; they are nearly all made up to order, and out of other people's materials: the more senseless the words, especially of the "comic" variety, the better they *sell*. Of course there must be a certain amount of *jingle* of "ping, ping," and "ding, ding," but as for *poetry* or even *rhyme*, I don't believe it would be appreciated if it were even understood. The so-called "comic" is to me ghostly and dreary in the extreme: I can find nothing in it but a general flavour of impropriety and tum, tum. Then in the sentimental variety, look at "echo" songs. Goodness! what that poor young woman has to endure and is made to say! Why, words are put in her mouth which *she* never *thought* of even! I came across an absurd instance of this not long since. It was my province to look over a lot of "New and Popular Songs," one of which was an "echo" song, or rather duet. On the cover was, of course, a flaring illustration, a young lady in an appropriate dress of white satin—so very serviceable out of doors, you know—doing nothing, and a very insipid-looking young gentleman diligently helping her. Dramatised, the performance would be something like this—

Symphony, half a page.

Insipid Young Gentleman (sings)
—"I am tum, tum, tum," &c., &c.

Insipid Young Lady (sings)—"I am tum, tum, tum," &c.

Symphony, half a page.

Christian World Magazine, April, 1881.

I. Y. G. (sings)—"Will you, darling, love me ever, ever, ever, ever?"

To this unreasonable request I rejoice to say that "echo" is made to answer

I. Y. L. (sings)—"I will love thee darling, *n-ever, n-ever, n-ever, n-ever.*"

Oh! dear printer's-angel! you were probably nearer the truth than the I. Y. G. bargained for: I bless you for once, but I should like to kick you often.

"Ladies, dear ladies," good music and sensible words will never obtain so long as you will only buy that which is easy and flashy, sickly and trashy! Please try and remember this minute piece of poetry when you go to purchase songs, and pray give the good ones a turn sometimes. That there *are* good ones is equally as true as that no one hardly ever sings them: really, is this not too bad, come now?

The instrumental secular for pianoforte is of a higher order generally than the vocal; many charming pieces are to had and learnt with only a very moderate amount of application.

I have come across the following as to the origin of the polka:—

"Somewhere about the year 1831 a young peasant girl, who was in the service of a citizen of Elbeteinitz, in Bohemia, performed a dance of her own invention one afternoon, for her own special delectation, and *sang* a suitable tune to it. The school-master, Joseph Neruda, who happened to be present, wrote down the melody, and the new dance was soon after publicly performed for the first time in the before-mentioned town with a long name.

"About 1835 it first made its entrance into Prague, and then it obtained the name of polka, from the Bohemian word pulka, meaning half, from the half-step prevalent in it."

In some quarters quadrille and other dance music had rather extraordinary accompaniments to add to the *éclat* or noise of their performance. The "Musical World" in 1836 says—"Musard, in Paris, contrived to smash the chairs, to fire off

pistols, &c., for the purpose of giving effect to his quadrilles; his praiseworthy ingenuity has been overwhelmed by his antagonist, Mons Jullien, who conceived the happy idea of setting fire to the four quarters of the Jardin Turc, in the midst of which is heard the firing of musketry and the clanging of bells. We think in the winter time, when his performances take place in the salons, they must have gongs, copper-smiths, and howitzers, and set fire to the house, or their dance will be as dull as ditch-water." Another quadrille entitled "St. Hubert"—patron saint of hunters, was accompanied by a chorus of fellows barking like hounds, to the scandal,

I should think, of all the dogs in the neighbourhood. Mozart in his time complained bitterly of these things: in one of his letters he says—"The happy medium-truth in all things is no longer known or valued; to gain applause one must write things so inane that they might be played on barrel-organs, or so unintelligible that no rational being can comprehend them, though on that very account they are likely to please." Outrageous excitement was all the mode some years ago. Is it so now or not? let echo answer "it is so now."

But it is time we passed on to vocal music.

A. S. P.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

EMILY WISHART ; OR, SOMEBODY'S HELPER.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

EMILY, when she opened her eyes in the morning and peeped out, like a little bird from her nest, was as puzzled as possible, but before long, the recollection of yesterday's journey and of uncle Robert stole on her, and she jumped out of bed in a hurry, and began to dress very speedily. By the time she was ready, grandmamma had come to her room to show her the way down-stairs, and when she reached the breakfast-parlour, Mr. Wishart and uncle Robert were there with their renewed welcomes to the Hall; even the old butler looked at her in a benevolent way, as if he liked to have some one to patronize and to supply with the hottest and nicest of toast, and most desirable of new-laid eggs; and before breakfast was half over Emily was as much at ease as at home in Burnham Manor, and able to answer all questions, and laugh heartily too, at some that her grandpapa had still left to ask her.

"Ah, I see Master Charlie has not forgotten his engagements," exclaimed Mr. Robert, as he followed his niece's pleased glance through the window and saw a boyish figure crossing the park and hurrying towards the house. "I wonder, Emily, how he and Miss

Pyne are getting on together; really he painted her yesterday in very strange colours,—do you believe she is so very disagreeable as he seems to think?"

Emily could not tell; certainly she was not very good-tempered she thought, and she had just suggested that Miss Pyne might have been tired—a charitable conclusion, for many more trials of petulance than I have cared to mention had been displayed during the journey—when the window was unceremoniously lifted, and Charlie, clambering over the low sill, made his entrance in a very unusual manner. The cool morning air and his quick walk had heightened his colour, and when he snatched his cap from his head, and putting aside his clustering curls from his open brow, hastened round the table to give Mrs. Wishart his accustomed kiss, others besides Emily would have excused his abrupt appearance for the sake of his pleasant smile and hearty greeting. She for one at least at that moment thought him a very great addition to the company, and entered with eagerness into various schemes for her amusement that had been formed in his busy brain since they had parted on the previous evening: the fact was that, waiving all

remonstrance, Charlie Wishart and no other but he should be Emily's guide and guardian throughout her necessary initiation into the mysteries of Arden Hall and its belongings; that had been settled from the first moment of their introduction actually by the young gentleman, tacitly by the young lady, and as none of the elders would volunteer such daring services, however great their goodwill, perhaps the arrangement thus entered into was as wise a one as could have been proposed; so that as soon after breakfast as she could manage to join him, Charlie decided on commencing their tour of inspection; with wonderful forethought, Emily stipulating for a little time to unpack and arrange her clothes, a task for which she wisely reflected a delightful stroll in the woods, lasting till dinner-time probably, would be but a poor preparation.

All preliminaries having been settled, Mr. Wishart enquired after the health and well-being of the circle at Oakhurst, and an ominous darkening of the boy's brow showed how unpalatable were the recollections excited by the question.

"Oh, they are all quite well, thank you, grandpapa," he replied; then in an under-tone he remarked to Emily, "Just as I told you; she's so cross!"

"My dear boy," expostulated Mrs. Wishart, "what are you talking about? Poor Miss Pyne is to be pitied, I think, for her temper; if she can be as cross as you think on such a morning as this, she must be very unhappy."

"And she makes other people unhappy too, grandmamma," was the prompt reply. "I'm sure breakfast was miserable with her; she worries Mrs. Kent terribly."

"Do not let us sit in judgment on her, at all events, Charlie, my boy," interposed Mr. Wishart, "that will not mend the matter; perhaps if we think kindly of her, and act kindly too, we may help her to behave better. Eh, what do you say to that, my pretty one?" he continued, as he observed the pleased expression on Emily's face.

"I think it would be very pleasant, grandpapa," she replied frankly; "but I pity Charlie, though," she added, unwilling to join in the apparent reproof of her outspoken cousin, who had looked rather abashed while Mr. Wishart was speaking, but brightened

up considerably at her words, and nothing more was said on the matter, the company before long separating each to his or her pursuits, Charlie promising to be at the hall door punctually at ten, that being the hour fixed on for the commencement of the walk.

With the help of Allen, grandmamma's maid, all Emily's packages were emptied and their contents fairly stowed away in her wardrobe before a loud whistle, the signal agreed on between the children, was heard from the hall-door steps, where, mindful of his engagement, her guide had stationed himself to await her, and with a kiss to grandmamma and thanks to her handmaid, Emily flew down-stairs, tying her hat on as she went, and in a minute or two was taking her way to the stables, where, as I have already said, a pony of wonderful virtue awaited the eager little girl.

That was a day of delight, truly, that first day at the Hall! Emily's highest anticipations had for once fallen short of reality. The canter on the soft, short turf of the old Chase, which was all that the business-like Charlie could permit when so much lay on their hands; the springing fish, that really seemed to know that their visitors had crumbs to bestow; the swans sailing about in all their stately dignity; the beautiful avenue of horse-chesnuts which now for the first time attracted her attention and filled her with amazement, were so many intense enjoyments; the minutes flew by almost unheeded, and at last when Charlie exhibited his watch, she could hardly believe that its tale was correct and that one o'clock had come and gone, and two well nigh-followed its example; it was evident they must make the best of their way home, or scouts would surely be sent out by grandmamma in search of them. True to his boyish instincts, Charlie had had a store of biscuits in his pocket, and these had stood in lieu of lunch to him and his companion.

Dinner-hour at the Hall was three o'clock, they would be back in time for that, and they walked along the yielding turf rather more slowly than at first setting out. They were not much tired, however, for when on coming in sight of the house, the pony carriage, with grandmamma in it, made its appearance trotting up the avenue, both set off at a run to meet it, Charlie

first gallantly offering the assistance of his hand to his companion. Happily grandmamma was alone, so there was plenty of room in the little chaise for the two, and they were speedily ensconced in it, talking away as diligently as possible, detailing all the occupations of the morning, and setting Mrs. Wishart's anxieties to rest, for the old lady was quite alarmed at the idea of their long walk and longer fast, for as to the biscuits, she held them in light account for "growing children," as she called them, rather to her grandson's dissatisfaction. Her morning had not been quite so fatiguing as theirs, she had spent it in great measure at Oakhurst, where she had been to call on Mrs. Euston and her guests, and she had been made the bearer of a pressing invitation to the whole Hall party to pass the evening there, for the lady of the house was anxious to make Emily's acquaintance, it being plain that Mrs. Kent and Charlie had not been silent respecting our little friend. Aunt Kate's expectations were being verified, Emily was quite a heroine now compared to her position at Burnham Manor; we must hope that she will remember the motto given her before leaving home, and put it into practice too.

At dinner all the morning's adventures had to be narrated again for grandpapa's benefit, and many thanks were given to him by his little granddaughter for the beautiful pony he had provided for her. She was no novice at riding, and her uncle immediately proffered his escort to her at any time when an excursion of magnitude should be concocted; and, according to appearances, many such schemes would be planned, for Charlie's imagination had actually gone wild in arranging pleasures and amusements, which would certainly occupy her for many weeks to come.

Oakhurst and the promised visit soon came in to interrupt the general conversation, and Charlie, ever ready for a run, volunteered to go to the stables to order up the pony-chaise; uncle Robert and he would walk. He thought that Emily could do so too, and she agreed with him, but grandmamma laid her *veto* decidedly on the scheme, the child, she said, would have exercise enough by-and-by, she should drive as far as she could, and as there was really no time to be lost, the point was ceded.

If the party at the Hall were rather tardy in their setting off, it cannot be said that the one at Oakhurst was at all slow in preparation for their reception, at least, not the two elder ladies, who half an hour at least before the appointed moment for arrival found that they could not content themselves in the house, and decided on strolling towards the entrance gate to meet their guests, for Mrs. Kent was really anxious to see her young favourite, and Mrs. Euston, partly from her description, partly for Charlie's sake, felt almost equal impatience to be introduced to Emily. Poor Miss Pyne, whose friendship had not been conciliated by the little episode of the bag finding, retreated to her own room, where she not unfrequently spent her leisure hours. A good many turns to and fro had to be taken by the expectant old ladies before any pony-chaise was to be seen; and when at last, after a number of disappointments, the Hall carriage came in sight, poor Mrs. Kent had taken refuge on a rustic seat, which opportunely presented itself for her relief: but the magic sound of wheels strengthened her at once, and she hastened on to greet the party. Mr. Wishart drew up, and Emily, springing down to the ground, was received with a warmth that proved how good an entrance she had made into her friend's affections. Mrs. Euston, too, welcomed her sincerely, and the procession began to move to the house. To Emily's great delight uncle Robert and Charlie soon made their appearance across the fields. Of course, it would have been hardly polite for Emily and her cousin to set off at once on their exploring expedition round the demesne. Mrs. Kent had first to be attended to, and she evidently considered Emily as part of her share, as with one hand in hers and the other leaning on grandpapa's arm, she stood looking too happy to be disturbed, and, with a despairing gesture, Charlie agreed in a whisper to defer proceedings for the present so on to the house, and into the drawing room they went, at a pace that was ill-suited to eager little feet. Once seated there, out of door prospects became darker than ever, there was so much to be said and done, and Emily was in such request that hope seemed vanishing finally, for the twilight was almost at hand and then nothing could be done. But at last Mrs. Euston,

ever on the watch for her grandson's pleasure, proposed that he should take his cousin to view the place, and in high glee the two children departed, with many promises of a punctual return in time for tea.

There was no great distance to go in any direction about Oakhurst, for the grounds were quite small, still Charlie did the honours with great zest, and made as much of its beauties as possible, especially descanting on the merits of a pretty little stream and bridge, which seemed to him to be the gem of the whole affair. They lingered here, enjoying the creeping on of the twilight, and when at last not a moment more could be spared there was something in the climb up the rugged path to the more civilized parts of the grounds that savoured of an adventure, and in excellent spirits they returned to the house, discoursing of the various objects that they had visited; Charlie, however, had one more thing to display—his canary, the best songster of its species that was ever seen, and to the breakfast-parlour the companions repaired, before joining the elders in the drawing-room. The room was not vacant, as they expected. Miss Pyne, standing at the window, was the first object that presented itself on the opening of the door. Whether she had heard Charlie's "Oh!" of dismay, and interpreted aright its involuntary tone of dissatisfaction, I cannot say, but certain it is that when Emily politely went forward and offered her hand, the civility was but coldly returned, and the expression of the lady's face, as far as could be seen in the half-light, was not benevolent. Emily felt it, but made no sign. Charlie was not so wise; he whistled, partly to the bird, and partly as a vent for his annoyance, and Miss Pyne accepted his conduct as a challenge.

"I will thank you not to whistle, Master Wishart," she said, tartly; "I dislike it excessively."

"I was not whistling to you," he replied, "and Beauty likes it, don't you, my bird?" he added, chirping through the bars, and the little creature fluttered and craned its neck in acknowledgment of his presence.

A muttered reply came from Miss Pyne, and then the low talk of the two children about Beauty and his accomplishments was the only sound in the room, except the pecking of the

bird at the sugar that Emily held up for its delectation; but, alas! the storm was not over; in the excitement of Beauty's performance, and wishing to display them to the best advantage, another and louder whistle issued from Charlie's lips; Emily started and looked at him with alarm; Miss Pyne turned round in high wrath.

"May I beg of you, Master Wishart, to think of others? I thought I asked you not to whistle when I was near. Boys are the most selfish beings in the world."

"And women are—"

"Hush, dear Charlie," whispered Emily, drawing down to him, "do not say anything; I will tell you why by-and-by."

Charlie's temper had been touched, and was not to be easily appeased. "Emily," he answered, "I will not let her rule me; what business has she to stay here if she does not want me and my bird? Miss Pyne," he began, lifting his head—

"Dear Charlie, do not say anything!" was all poor Emily could utter, and happily the strife was put an end to by the offender walking out of the room in a stately manner. She had caught the whispering, but missed its meaning, and believing that both the children were leaguely against her, thought it her wisest policy to depart. The moment she was gone, Charlie blazed out:

"There she is, in all her true colours! What a cross old thing! Why did you stop me from answering her? I'm sure it would do her good not to have all the talk to herself."

Emily was not going to argue with her cousin; to tell the truth she was half frightened at her own temerity in interfering in his affairs so boldly, though she felt that she was in the right. She knew Miss Pyne was wrong to be so cross, but she was sure that Charlie's losing his temper and speaking disrespectfully would have been no improvement. "Somebody's helper!" the words were not exactly present to her mind, but she acted on them, nevertheless, as she laid her hand on that of her impetuous cousin, and said, gently, "But, Charlie, grandpapa says we ought to pity Miss Pyne for her ill-temper, and we cannot do that if we speak harshly, can we?"

The boy looked at her for a moment with a puzzled expression, and then

his own genial smile broke forth: "You're right, Emmy, as you always are; I will try to hold my tongue for your sake."

Emily would rather have had it for the sake of doing right, for she remembered her mamma explaining the difference between being good to please man and being good to please God; but she felt that at present she must be content with what she had gained, and with a lightened heart she turned to poor Beauty who had been industriously pecking at his bars for a long time, quite unnoticed amid the more exciting events of the last few minutes.

After tea, the whole party found plenty of occupation in inspecting a cabinet of Indian curiosities, the joint property of Mrs. Euston and Charlie. They had been sent over by Mr. and Mrs. John Wishart, at various times, and were very precious to their possessors. Many of the articles were especially beautiful, and even Miss Pyne joined in examining them with evident pleasure, and her remarks shewed that she was well-informed and intelligent; it was such a pity, Emily thought, for her to spoil everything by her ill-temper, but at this moment all was sunshine, and even Charlie could not object to her society, though it must be confessed that he did not make so many amicable advances to her as his little cousin, but altogether the evening passed off harmoniously; and when good-byes were said, entreaties were made for a repetition of the visit before long, Mrs. Euston begging Emily to come over as often as she liked to Oakhurst, where she might always be sure of a welcome.

I am not going to report minutely the sayings and doings of the various characters in my tale, such a record would require far more space than I am afraid could be allotted to me. I must, therefore, confine myself to the more important events of my history, leaving the details to the imagination and taste of my readers, many of whom, I hope, are no strangers to the country, and to a country life, such as my hero and heroine were leading, and they can therefore easily fill up the spaces left vacant by my pen; I need only say that every day Emily and Charlie became greater friends than ever, and more and more thoroughly appreciated

the enjoyments so liberally scattered around them. But you must not suppose that complete idleness was allowed to either, that would have been no kindness; "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Very true; but all play and no work does not make him a wise or a happy boy; so when a month of holiday had been permitted, grandpapa and grandmamma formed plans for their grandchildren, and Mrs. Wishart determined that Emily should study for several hours every forenoon, and Mrs. Euston and Mr. Wishart decided that Charlie should read with a tutor for the same time; after which, the two children might roam about and do just whatever they liked. Emily had been so well trained by her mamma that she soon recognized the wisdom of the arrangement, but poor Master Charlie, whose school-life had certainly not taught him to love learning very dearly, rebelled. Grandpapa, however, was for once inflexible, and all murmurings were in vain. It must be admitted that Mr. Johnson, the new tutor, was not a very prepossessing looking man, and the idea of being cooped up with him instead of wandering over the grounds as had been his chief employment since his recent arrival at Oakhurst, was not a prospect to suit any boy's taste, much less one so impatient of control as Charlie, yet he had sense enough to submit when the time came, and told Emily privately that he was determined to satisfy all parties.

One comfort, certainly, he had—the Hall, being nearer to the tutor's house than Oakhurst, was to be the place of meeting; a great consolation, for, of course, when once studies were over no time would be lost by either of the young people in searching for the other; not that Emily had much need of such aid. Her tasks were light and pleasant under the eye of her gentle instructress, and the hours ran on swiftly and happily at her side. But with poor Charlie the case was different, as I shall quickly have occasion to show.

Except for this one change affairs remained in much the same state as at first. Mrs. Kent was still an inmate of Oakhurst, and Miss Pyne, a less welcome addition to Mrs. Euston's circle, was a constant source of annoyance and anxiety from her petulance to everyone, but especially to the

children. Poor Miss Pyne! She made all around her unhappy; but if they had looked into her heart they would have seen that she was more unhappy still; for ill-temper is a worse trial to its possessor than to its objects. For the rest of the party at the Hall were as cheerful and unanimous as ever, and the letters that constantly came from and went to Burnham Manor shewed that home-love had not diminished since Emily bade adieu to her papa and mamma: indeed, only for these frequent letters, I am afraid that she could scarcely have stayed so contentedly at the Hall, for dear as everyone there was, Burnham held those dearer still; but for the present, at least, she decided that Charlie should have her company, and home her letters; by-and-by she would alter the division.

I have said that Charlie had not such pleasant school-hours as Emily, but before proceeding to show how this unhappy state of affairs came about, I must premise that several weeks elapsed before anything remarkable happened. Life went on in the quiet way I have described, and to a casual observer things were progressing favourably. Emily was the first to see that all was not right: kind and affectionate to her as Charlie was, she yet became conscious of a change; he was sometimes quite dull and heartless, and sometimes almost fierce in his way of talking and acting; then he never would let her say a word about lessons, they must be kept out of sight, he said, and yet they were often kept very fully in the mind of his anxious cousin, when day after day she found herself compelled to stroll about disconsolately with no Charlie by her side, for the very potent reason that the said Charlie was immured in his study by orders of Mr. Johnson, making up by extra tasks for alleged idleness during lesson hours; and at last this became so frequent as to be the rule rather than the exception, but as he was generally released before the elders had missed him, the fact of his imprisonment was kept between the tutor, the culprit, and the silent but bitterly grieved spectator out of doors. Of course, this was not a topic on which mamma could be consulted, it was Charlie's secret, and however deplored must not be revealed improperly. By-and-by matters grew

to a crisis, and, with much fear and trembling, Emily spoke out boldly to her cousin, and begged for an explanation of this miserable mode of learning, at first without much success. Charlie tried as usual to elude the subject, but she was resolute in pursuing it, she could no longer bear to witness his evident unhappiness, and her gentle persuasions, and more than all, the sympathy and sorrow that unknown to her looked out so truthfully from her eyes, gained her point, and, with a burst of long-repressed feeling, Charlie exclaimed:

"I will tell you all, Emmy. I'm tired of trying to please Mr. Johnson. At first I did, indeed, do my best, for I remembered what you said to me about—you know—about doing what is right, and all that, and so I did, indeed I did! I set my whole mind to the work; but what's the use? I can't be sure of him for a day; he's different every minute. Sometimes I might just say my lessons or not as I please, and sometimes he's so strict and severe that I can do nothing to satisfy him."

"Why don't you speak to grand-papa, Charlie? I'm sure he would—"

"No, no, I will not say a word; there is not another tutor in the whole country round, and it would trouble him so much to search out for what could not be found; and—and—to tell the truth, I'm afraid that if they knew how Mr. Johnson manages things that they'd send me off to school, and I could not endure to leave you, Emmy. No; I'll take my chance with him, and try to bear on as well as I can."

The tears rose to Emily's eyes at these words, and yet more at the tone in which they were uttered, there was something so hopeless and yet so resolute in it, and her heart quite melted at the idea of all these sufferings being endured for her sake. "Dear Charlie!" she began, and stopped with a choking in her throat; but before she had time to recover her self-command, her cousin had forbidden all further talk on the subject, and had challenged her to a race on the lawn, so for the present, at least, the matter dropped between them.

But though outwardly silent, Emily's thoughts were full of it. Day after day she pondered over all the various ways she could imagine for his relief.

Indeed, so anxious was she, that I fancy she had no time for remembering how truly she was in this instance carrying out aunt Kate's precept into actual practice. She did not speak again to Charlie, that would have done no good ; but she watched his actions and listened to his words, and came to the pretty decided conclusion that matters were, if anything, getting worse and worse instead of improving between him and Mr. Johnson. But no one else seemed to observe the mischief ; even uncle Robert, so quick-sighted generally, and so prompt to stand forth for the redress of wrong, appeared quite satisfied with Mr. Johnson's plans, and spoke frequently in praise of them. But then, to be sure, he was away till just dinner-time every forenoon, and so knew nothing of the troubles. To him, if to anyone, Emily determined to appeal if an opportunity for so doing ever occurred. It was not so far off as she imagined, though before it came she had passed through many an unhappy hour on her cousin's account, and if the truth be fairly told, had shed many a tear over his hard lot in his solitary study, for to her the idea of anything bordering on harshness or unkindness was terrible in the extreme ; she had had little experience of such woes in her short and happy life, and she trembled at the very notion of anyone enduring them ; prosperity, at all events, had not hardened her heart.

Matters went on pretty much in the same way for a fortnight, and as I have said, it seemed to Emily that Charlie's difficulties were increasing, and his seasons of relaxation wofully diminishing, and worse still, his temper was certainly getting soured. He was so often cross now, so often gave her sharp words and looks, and said that he was too tired to play. She never thought of these things as affronts and injuries to herself, oh ! no ; they were only so many proofs of her cousin's discomfort, and her whole mind was bent on finding some means of escape for him, of being an effectual "helper" to him in this extremity.

But how to set about her task she knew not. To interfere in matters so apparently out of her province appeared bold in the extreme ; for she was a shy and naturally timid child, far more inclined to ask for than to give advice, and to seem to dictate to

her elders was something quite beyond her courage. Often when a particularly unfortunate morning's work had sent Charlie out of all temper, and worse still, when hours and hours of seclusion had passed by without any opening of the dreaded study door, poor Emily's desperation would rise to such a pitch that she would feel equal to meeting and combating with the whole world on his behalf ; but before a suitable opportunity for appeal could arrive, some of the clouds would have cleared away, and the pressure being removed her courage would sink to the lowest ebb. It was no use to urge Charlie to complain, he constantly repeated it would be unmanly, and besides he should be sent to school, and anything would be better than that. Remember, I do not by any means take exactly the view of the affair that Emily and her cousin did ; she thought Charlie cruelly treated. I know he was used harshly, but perhaps he was not quite so faultless as his little champion believed ; certain it is, that the boy did try honestly in general to learn his lessons to his master's satisfaction, but the teacher and pupil were not at all fitted for each other. These were errors on both sides, though, of course, Emily saw them on the senior's part almost exclusively.

At last, one Thursday morning, a very memorable day commenced. The sun rose brightly. He came up above the horizon with all his company of many-coloured clouds, and gave token of a very splendid summer's day ; for in watching and reporting the actions of the young people, I have forgotten to take note of the change of the seasons. Emily had been more than two months at the Hall, and the beauty of early summer had arrived, the trees were in their first wealth of verdure, and the roses in the garden had come like a troop of blushing maidens to give a greeting to the sweet summer weather ; the horse-chestnut blossoms had faded away, and already Master Charlie, in his more cheerful moments, had taken an estimate of their probable yield of fruit, promising a goodly crop to the much interested Emily, who had a thousand schemes in her head of the grove of young chestnut-trees that she would raise from the nuts, her ambition having been fired by sundry descrip-

tions of her cousin's respecting the quick growth and general utility of such plantations. But I must not wander away from my tale in picturing the beauties of nature. I have more to do with animate than inanimate

things, and certain it is that at this especial juncture one, if not two, pair of eyes of my acquaintance was scarcely prepared to enjoy to the full the loveliest landscape that could have been discovered. ANNA DEFE.

THE FAMILY VISITOR.

OUR DAILY FOOD.

BY ERNEST ETHERINGTON.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. vi. 11.

"Feed me with food convenient for me."—Prov. xxx. 8.

ANALOGY BETWEEN ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE FOODS: WHAT IS MUSCULINE OR FIBRINE? ALBUMEN: ROASTING AND BOILING: SALTED MEAT: FAT: FISH: FOWL: EGGS: THE WHITE AND YOLK: MIXED FOODS: COMMON SALT.

BEEF and bread are commonly supposed to be the staples of English life: bread, I suppose, representing the different kinds of vegetable diet we consume, and beef the various sorts of animal food which are seen constantly on our tables. As wheaten and other corn-meals consist of certain proportions of water, gluten, fat and starch, so beef and other flesh-meats consist of water and blood, *fibrine* or *musculine*, answering to gluten and fat; but the flesh, it must be remembered, does not contain a particle of the starch which is so large an ingredient in the plant. Also, the proportion of *musculine* or *fibrine* in ordinary flesh, is about thrice in excess of that of the gluten in ordinary wheaten bread; thus a pound of beefsteak is as nutritive as three pounds of wheaten bread; and if we compare thoroughly *dried* flesh with perfectly dry oat-cake, oatmeal being as you will recollect, the richest of our common kinds of meal both in gluten and in fat, we find that the dried oat-cake contains but 21 per cent. of gluten, while dried flesh possesses in itself 84 per cent of the corresponding *musculine*!

What is this *musculine* or *fibrine* you will ask? Can we actually see it for ourselves in a joint of butcher's meat? If you take a portion of lean beef and wash it in successive waters, it will gradually lose its colour. The blood it contains will be washed out, and a whitish mass of fibrous tissue

will remain. Then, if this be put into a bottle with alcohol or ether, a variable portion of fat will be dissolved out of it, and the whole fibrous mass will become still drier and more contracted than before. This mass consists chiefly of a substance to which chemists, until recently, gave the name of *fibrine*, and there are some who still so distinguish it, believing it to be identical with the *fibrine* of the blood. This, however, has been disproved, or at least disputed, and it is now more generally called by the authorities *musculine*. And of this *musculine* the lean part of the muscles of all animals chiefly consists, and is, therefore, the principal constituent of animal flesh; and it so closely resembles the gluten of plants both in composition and properties, that for purposes of comparison between animal and vegetable foods, it may, without error, be considered identical.

Plain boiling, roasting, and baking are our general methods of cooking flesh-meals, and much, of course, depends upon the culinary process. On an average, moderately fat beef loses in boiling one pound in four; in baking one pound three oz., and in roasting one pound five oz. Mutton loses rather less in boiling, but more, at the rate of an extra ounce in baking and roasting. In baking and roasting, of course, the greater loss arises from the greater quantity of water evaporated, and of fat exuded.

When the juices of meat are extracted either by simple pressure, or by being finely chopped, and immersed in a small quantity of clean water, and then pressed, the removal of these juices leaves both beef and mutton very nearly tasteless. But heat these juices so extracted, nearly

to boiling point, and the result is a certain thickening or muddiness of the fluid in question, and the separation of certain flakes of whitish matter, which resemble boiled white of egg.

They are, in point of fact, *albumen*, most completely typified by the common *glair*, or white of eggs. They prove that the juice of flesh contains, in a liquid and soluble state, certain quantities of this substance. And note,—the presence of this *albumen* in butcher's meat is of very great importance, taken in connection with its skilful preparation for the family table.

A piece of well-cooked meat ought to be full of its own natural juice or gravy. In roasting, therefore, it ought to be exposed to a brisk fire, that the external surface may be made to contract at once, and the *albumen* to coagulate before the juices have had time to escape; of course the meat can be drawn back if the joint is likely to be over-cooked externally, and left underdone within. The cook also further protects the juices by pouring over the meat, as it roasts, the melted fat exuded, a process commonly known in kitchen parlance as basting. If you wish to make soup, your meat should be covered with *cold water*, so as to extract the nutritive juices as fully as possible, and the heat should be gradually increased and brought finally to boiling-point, your object being to make good broth or soup, not to present a dish of appetizing and nutritious flesh! But if you are boiling a joint for table, the case is exactly the reverse. The meat should then be plunged into *boiling water*, and for a few minutes kept boiling, that the outer part may contract, and the *albumen* about the surface be coagulated, and the *sapid* and nutritive juices thereby be retained in all their integrity; since they are prevented from escaping or from being diluted by the admission of water among them. In short, the quick heat causes the fibres to contract, and so squeeze out a little of the juice; and to a certain extent the pores are so closed up that the remainder does not easily escape; also the *albumen* contained in the juice is coagulated, and the pores thus effectually clogged up, the meat must necessarily retain within itself all its internal goodness.

But when the meat has boiled several minutes, and you have reason to suppose that the pores are set, the temperature of the water should be reduced to 160 deg., at which it should be kept till the process of cooking is complete. And in every case no more heat than is absolutely necessary should be employed in the preparation of food. The furnace of Nebuchadnezzar would not have made water hotter than boiling temperature, a point at which it can be retained by a very moderate expenditure of fuel; and the violent ebullition at which so many ignorant cooks seem to aim does no good, but great harm; more, it not only wastes coal, but carries off in the steam, "much of the aromatic and volatile ingredients of the food."

With *salted meat*, also, we are familiar, as part of the ordinary routine of fare, and the application of salt to the fresh meat has an effect very similar to that of brisk heat, for it causes the fibres to contract, the meat to shrink, and the juice to exude from the pores; and hence it is that salt sprinkled upon fresh lean meat gradually dissolves into a liquid brine. At the same time, by closing up the pores it prevents the entrance of atmospheric air, and thus diminishes the liability to corruption. "The preservation of flesh-meat by salting," says that most intelligent authority, Professor Johnston, "depends upon the separation of water, upon the exclusion of air, upon the saturation with salt of the juice which remains in the meat, and upon the formation of a weak compound of the flesh with common salt, which does not readily undergo decay. But this preservation is attended by a diminution in its nutritive qualities, for the juice which flows out contains *albumen*, *kreatin*, *phosphoric acid*, and *potash*. These substances are precisely the same as are more fully extracted by water in the method of making savoury beef-tea, and in proportion as they are extracted they diminish the nutritive properties of the meat. Hence one reason why long feeding on salt meat affects the health, and why vegetable and other substances, which are capable of supplying what the meat had lost, are found to be the best means of restoring it."

We have seen that there is considerable analogy between the fibrine of meat and the gluten of plants; and if we compare the fatty portions of both, we still trace a resemblance. Palm-oil and other vegetable fats or butters are solid in a natural state, and at ordinary temperature; and even the oily fats, as olive-oil, freeze partially, or congeal in a low temperature; and on the other hand those which are solid, yield under pressure a certain quantity of a liquid fatty oil. So that really all vegetable fats consist of two distinct substances, the one solid, the other liquid; and the same is the case with animal fats—with those of beef, mutton, and milk, and with the oil contained in the yolk of the egg; and herein is another point of analogy between our animal and vegetable foods, which, indeed, is not surprising, seeing that the animal life, which is sacrificed for our need, is sustained exclusively on vegetable produce.

FISH is generally less rich in fat and more abounding in *musculine* than our common flesh-meats, though some kinds greatly surpass others; as the salmon, which contains 22 per cent. of fat, and the eel, which gives us as much as 56 per cent.; and the herring varies considerably, according to the seasons of the year, and is even fatter on some coasts than on others. While the haddock consists of only 8 per cent., and the skate of not more than 3 per cent. of fat.

FOWLS also naturally contain less fat than butcher's meat, though when crammed and fed up for the purpose, capons, ortolans, geese, and turkeys become as rich as prize beef or mutton. The flesh of *wild* animals, too, seldom presents much fat. It is best represented in quality by the lean of ordinary beef. Veal and venison contain less fat than beef and mutton, while pork contains more; and it is remarkable that each variety possesses some peculiar flavour, or some slight odour characteristic of the species, and often of the variety of the animal.

Now, from all this, we observe that the flesh of all animals which we habitually consume as food consists essentially of fibrine or *musculine*; and also, that the fatty proportions are variable, and that those animal foods which abound most in fat are most esteemed. Also we may remark, that

when fat is naturally deficient in any kind of food, we generally take with it some other food in which fat abounds. Thus it is policy and not custom which teaches us to eat bacon or pork with our fowl, and with veal and liver; to use melted butter with our fish, or fry it in fat, while the herring, the salmon, and the eel can be both dressed and eaten in their own natural oil.

There is another form of animal food, still unconsidered, which is akin to flesh and fish, and that is the *egg*. Hens' eggs are most commonly used and most generally known, and they consist of three parts—shell, white, and yolk. The shell is composed of carbonate of lime, or hard chalk, and its chief use is the protection of the inner part; it is, however, penetrated by numerous minute holes, or pores, which let in the air to the young bird during the process of incubation; and it is to be observed that it is the entrance of the air by these pores which renders an over-kept egg unfit for use. Whereas, if the newly-laid egg be well rubbed over with fat, so as to fill up these pores, it may be kept for an indefinite period. The *white* of the egg, when heated, coagulates into a solid substance, insoluble in water and nearly tasteless, and this is what chemists denominate *albumen*. But though the white of egg may, for popular purposes, be regarded as the type of albuminous substances, it nevertheless differs essentially from true albumen.

The yolk consists partly of a variety of albumen, and therefore like the white, it coagulates by the agency of heat, though by no means so completely. But if you crush the yolk when quite hard and dry and subject it to the influence of alcohol, it becomes colourless, while the spirit extracts and dissolves a bright yellow oil, which really forms about two-thirds of the weight of the yolk in its solid state; and as a whole the egg is richer in fat than fat beef, and is only equalled in this respect among common kinds of food by pork and eels. But it is to be remarked that the white presents only a slight trace of fat, and that albumen is a very constipating kind of animal food, and should therefore be avoided or partaken of sparingly by persons of certain constitutional tendencies or at least it should be con-

sumed by them when taken in any quantity with some other food in which fat predominates. For this reason, doubtless, "eggs and bacon" have been a standing dish from time immemorial. It is striking to observe how a kind of instinct has taught persons to mix certain kinds of food so as to satisfy, not only national tastes, but real cravings of animal nature, adjusting, so to speak, diverse articles of diet, so as to make one nutritive value. Thus we English eat bacon with beans and eggs; and again, eggs and milk with rice, while the Italian mixes rich cheese with his macaroni. Everywhere sweet oil, or cream, is eaten with salad, and butter or oil with bread; and this, not merely to please the taste, but to satisfy the digestive organs and the inner man!

I meant to speak of cheese, butter, and milk, but I have nearly filled up my allotted space; I must, therefore, defer the consideration of these familiar articles of daily food till the next time I meet my kind friends in the pages of the "Christian World Magazine." I will conclude, then, with a word about salt.

Without salt man would miserably perish! There has even been a barbarous usage, in some nations, of inflicting the punishment of death by feeding criminals on saltless food. Ancient writers give horrible descriptions of the sufferings of these unfortunates, who perished by a slow corruption. More than half the

saline matter of the blood consists of common salt, chemically called *chloride of sodium*, which you will collect is mentioned among the *constituents* of the human body, in that first chapter in which I had the honour of making your acquaintance. Now this is partly discharged every day by the action of the skin and the kidneys, so that the necessity of a continual supply is obvious. Stint the proper supply of salt, and the bile will neither be able adequately to assist digestion, nor the cartilages be built up again as fast as they naturally waste. Salt also facilitates the absorption of water into the system, and it further supplies to it a certain quantity of chlorine, which is indispensable to the perfection of some of the vital processes. You know the fluid thrown out by the human stomach during digestion is called *gastric juice*, and it contains *hydro-chloric acid*, and the chlorine of this compound can be furnished only by the salt we take in our food. There are some persons so whimsical that they refuse this essential condiment; well is it for them that the baker puts it into his bread, and the cook uses it in nearly every culinary operation! Were it not so, disease and ultimate dissolution would be the result of their absurd and injurious fancy.

N.B.—In last month's article on Food, p. 238, for *Aracaria Tesbricata*, read *Aracaria Imbricata*.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S MISCELLANY.

10. MINCED VEAL.—Cut thin slices from a cold roast fillet or loin of veal; if you wish this to be a *white* dish you must remove all the brown edges, skin, &c. Should there be any bones, dredge them with flour, and put them into a saucepan with the brown parings, and the trimmings of the meat; add a half tea-spoonful of lemon-peel minced very fine, salt, and white pepper to taste; cover the whole with a full pint of cold water, or veal broth if you have any; simmer well for an hour and a quarter, and then strain the liquor. Rub a little flour and butter together for thickening, add this to the gravy, let it boil, then skim carefully, and draw it from the

fire. Have ready the veal, minced as finely as you like—some prefer the meat cut into very small dice, and some will have it chopped like sausage-meat—add it to the gravy, and let it gradually warm, taking care that it shall never boil; add a large teaspoonful of "Lea and Perrins' Sauce," the juice of a small lemon, a grate or two of nutmeg, and half a pint of milk or cream. Let the mince just be on the point of boiling, and then serve it immediately with sippets of toasted bread, and thin slices of bacon rolled and toasted. Some people like two or three young carrots when in season stewed in the gravy, and a bunch of sweet herbs.

11. STEAKS, STEWED.—Choose rump

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steaks of tolerable thickness, and not too fat; divide them into pieces of convenient size, and fry them in a little butter, or clean beef dripping, till of a nice brown on both sides. Have ready at the bottom of a stewpan two Spanish onions peeled and chopped, four pickled walnuts cut up into bits, three carrots and two turnips sliced and fried in the same fat as the beef was done in. Put all into a saucepan with rather more than a pint of water, *i. e.*, supposing you have about two pounds of meat, and simmer gently for three hours: then skim well, and add one teaspoonful of salt, half that quantity of pepper, and a tablespoonful of ketchup. With a tablespoonful of flour and two of cold water, made as thickening, which put to the stew, and let it boil up for a minute or so; it is then ready to serve. If stewed the day before it is wanted it is less rich, as the fat can be taken off; just thoroughly heating through is sufficient when required for table. If you please, you can omit the carrots and turnips, and throw in, ten minutes before serving, a dozen oysters, with their liquor strained through a sieve. Be careful not to let the stew boil for a moment after the oysters are added. Either way it is an extremely palatable dish; and properly done, ranks as an *entrée*, or side-dish at dinner parties.

12. *HARICOT OF MUTTON*.—This dish as made in England, where it really does not deserve the name, the seed *haricot*, or white bean, seldom being used, ought always to be prepared the day before, that the fat may be removed from the cold gravy; if this is not attended to, you are apt to have a rather rich and greasy dish upon your table, which, however palatable, may cause bilious sensations to persons of delicate digestive powers. Take mutton chops—about four pounds of the middle or best end of the neck of mutton—trim off the fat, and flatten the chops, then fry them of a light brown, with the fat trimmings, or, if you choose, a little butter. Be careful not to cook them enough for eating. Simmer over the fire for half an hour three carrots and two turnips cut into dice, two onions sliced, and a head of celery cut small, seasoned with salt and pepper at discretion. Or else you may lightly

fry the vegetables in the same fat as that the mutton was browned in, and add the seasoning after. Lay the chops at the bottom of the stewpan, and then the vegetables, and pour over sufficient boiling water to cover the whole. If you have simmered the vegetables, be sure to use the water in which they were cooked, as such water contains principles which are eminently conducive to health. Let all stew gently for two hours, add a tablespoonful of ketchup, or half that quantity of “*Lea and Perrin's Worcestershire Sauce*.” In France, the true haricot is substituted for turnips and carrots, and in the season asparagus tops and several sweet silver onions are added.

13. *ORANGE MARMALADE*.—Take equal quantities of Seville and sweet oranges, and two or three lemons, according to the quantity you are preserving. Boil them whole two hours in soft water, with a large tablespoonful of salt in it. Then boil them two hours in spring water; in each water boiling them more quickly half an hour or more at the first; then moderately, to prevent the rinds from breaking. When sufficiently tender, the head of a pin will easily penetrate them. Drain and let them remain till quite cold, reserving the water in which they last were boiled for the syrup. Cut the fruit in two, take out the pulp and skin and rub with a wooden spoon through a hair-sieve; then weigh it and also the rinds, which must be cut in large narrow slips, the white being first removed. To each pound of fruit allow two pounds of sugar and a pint of the water in which the fruit was boiled, stirring it over the fire till the sugar is dissolved. Cover the pan till the syrup is nearly boiling, watching it carefully. Draw it to the side of the fire to boil gently till the scum be cleared off; then stir in the fruit till well mixed. Boil half an hour, or till quite clear. Vary the number of Seville or sweet oranges to taste, as a greater or less degree of bitterness may be required. Some use all Seville oranges, some equal quantities of each and lemons.

P.S.—In receipt, No. 9, for a “*Plain Cake*” read *half an ounce* instead of *half a pound* of carraway seeds.

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THE FORTUNES OF CYRIL DENHAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

PENRHOE SHORE.

ELIZABETH bore Cyril's absence better than we had expected; she betook herself to scampering over the downs on horseback, and she began to work an elaborate *cheval*-screen, representing Anne Boleyn kneeling at the feet of Cranmer on the night before her execution. Whether it would ever be finished, was to say the least of it very problematical, for it was a piece of work worthy the perseverance of Penelope; and perseverance was certainly not one of Miss Ashburner's cardinal virtues! However, she saw the pattern in the principal fancy and Berlin shop-window, in Southchester, when we were making purchases in the High-street one brilliant June morning soon after Cyril's leaving home, and she was immediately fired with the idea of transferring it to canvas; nay, she would not only work a *cheval*-screen but several banner-screens, and hand-screens, and divers ottomans, and two music-stools; and she would knit a counterpane rose-leaf pattern, and plenty of anti-macassors, and tidies, and doyleys, and pin-cushions, and things innumerable; all to be put

in hand immediately, and expeditiously completed, and then laid up in lavender, ready for future house-keeping, in the flower-wreathed, vine-clad cottage in which she and Cyril would one day live!

So, leaving certain business with the china-man, who was to match some plates for us, we three, Agnes, Elizabeth, and myself, invaded the Berlin shop, and remained there for a matter of two hours, and when we came out there was a huge bundle of canvas, wools, floss-silks, filoselle, beads, crotchet-hooks and cotton, knitting-pins of every size, and patterns enough to stock a parish, ready to be put into the carriage—for we had driven into Southchester, that we might take back our parcels with us.

Elizabeth was in high good-humour; she was going to be "eminently practical," she said she was not going to waste her time any longer; she would rise with the sun, and do no end of work these summer mornings before the great bell rang, which called the household to prayers. She would have a good stock of things ready for her house by the time she wanted them; she would take care

of her choicest books; she would buy little useful things now and then, such as jugs and mops, and put them by, and oh! of course, Cousin Janet and Agnes would help her in the fancy-work?

Miss Craven immediately professed herself ready to undertake any piece of work that Elizabeth would confide to her: "well, then," said Elizabeth, most graciously, "you shall do a banner-screen, that one in gold and blue and grey, the arabesque sort of thing; it will be very nice for you, Agnes, to help me to furnish, and you, Cousin Janet?"

"My dear, when the right time comes, I will help you willingly enough; you know you are not even engaged yet, and nothing is to be said about your marriage till you are one-and-twenty."

"Now, Cousin Janet, I call that positively unkind! You are always lecturing me for being so unpractical, and *insouciant*, and letting the morrow take thought for itself, which after all, is only [scripture precept; and now, when I am going to work, and cogitate about the future, and prepare for the life that is before me, you check me and throw cold water! Yes, it is unkind, and not at all like you, Cousin Janet!"

"My dear child, I do not want to check one good impulse; but do you not think it would have been better to begin gradually? to have worked at the cheval-screen till it was finished, with perhaps a piece of knitting or crotchet on hand by way of change? for I must tell you, that I think the pattern you have chosen will take the whole four years to execute."

"Ah! you do not know how I can work when I set about it, I shall use up all the spare moments I have hitherto idled away; I shall redeem the time. By the way, I wish I had bought a cookery-book at Prout's."

"What for my dear?"

"For my own study. I think I ought to know something about cookery; I read the other day in one of the magazines, an article on

'Woman's Household Duties, very nice article, proving that ladies even should know how to do everything. And it strikes me, that perhaps I shall not be able to keep so efficient a cook as ours when I am married, and certainly there will be no Mrs. Roberts to help me out; and then I like a good table. I should not like to come down to cold mutton and suet-dumplings; I must have *soufflés*, and *meringues*, and *croquets*, and some 'Trifle' very often; for Cyril likes such things, though he never gets them at Monkswood, because Mrs. Denham says they help to pamper the flesh."

"There are plenty of cookery-books at home, and Mrs. Roberts will teach you all you wish to learn better than any of them."

"I will talk to her this evening, and become her pupil to-morrow."

"But how will you find time for all these occupations? the cheval-screen, the cookery, your music, and German, and painting, and needful exercise, to say nothing of the claims of other people upon your leisure?"

"Oh, never fear, I shall begin at once to rise early. If I get up at five o'clock six mornings in the week, instead of at eight, I shall save eighteen hours, and add a day and a half to every week, taking twelve hours for a working-day! And that will be six days in a lunar month, actually an additional working week and *thirteen* additional working weeks in the whole twelve months, a real extra quarter of a year gained by getting up in time."

We both laughed at her enthusiasm, for between Elizabeth and her mother there was always mild guerilla warfare on the score of her coming down, not to prayers, but when breakfast was nearly over. Would the promised reformation in reality take place? But Agnes encouraged her; she is an early riser herself, and is very fond of sitting at her open window, when the dew is still upon the branches, and the milk-maids are coming back with well-filled pails. And then Elizabeth resolved that she

would write to Cyril, and advise him instantly to adopt a rule of early matinal studies or useful occupation. Why should not he get an extra quarter to his year? and if he lived fifty years longer, add nearly thirteen active, useful years to his natural life! Ah! Elizabeth, you talked that day as if impulse and effort were identical; as if, strong in virtuous intent and youthful energy, you were going through the world like a queen upon a royal progress, ruling restive spirits with a nod, and restraining evil by a glance!

But arrived at home, Lady Ashburner looked with mingled astonishment and dismay at Elizabeth's packages, as they were brought into the house, and she very naturally inquired—"My dear, what is all this, are you going into the retail fancy trade?" Elizabeth coloured a little, but explained in her own enthusiastic fashion, what she was about. Her mother gravely answered, "I have no objection, my dear, to your making such preparations *reasonably*, but I think you are very premature; and of course you have *paid* for all these things?"

"Well—no, mamma, you know I could not, I had but two sovereigns and some silver in my purse, and the cheval-screen pattern alone cost 30s., so I told them to put it all down to you, and the shopwoman was quite content."

"No doubt, for my credit is fortunately good! But I am not pleased at your acting in this way; if I ordered goods of every kind in the same lavish style, your papa, who is not quite a *millionaire*, would be in the bankruptcy court very speedily!"

"Dear mamma, only *common* people are bankrupts."

"And uncommon people also, my dear! I am sorry to say the aristocracy of this country run into debt more recklessly than their humbler compatriots. I have a great mind, Elizabeth, to make Nutters take half those things back again. You will never work them up, if you live to be a great-grandmother.

"Mamma! you would not degrade me so?"

"I certainly shall, if you are so foolishly extravagant a second time. And remember one thing, though papa is certainly a wealthy man, and the owner of large unencumbered estates, you are proposing to yourself as the *summum bonum* of your existence an engagement and subsequent marriage with a man who will only have what he *earns*! I will say no more now; you acted on the spur of the moment, and naturally fell into error; only, my dear child, this must not occur again; for your own sake and for Cyril's, if you really are to be his wife, I cannot permit it."

Very much crestfallen, poor Elizabeth went to her own room, but immediately after dinner she called Agnes to help her in getting the canvas into the frame. With Miss Craven's assistance, this operation was soon successfully performed, the middle stitch found, the first lot of wools sorted, and Anne Boleyn's purple robe in course of manufacture. Agnes also took into her own possession the necessary materials for the "blue and gold and grey" banner-screen, which was to adorn Elizabeth's cottage drawing-room four years hence.

Elizabeth worked at the purple-train till daylight failed her, and her mamma would not allow her to take another stitch that night. But she was up betimes in the morning, sitting at her frame when the clock struck five, only before eight o'clock she was tired of the unfortunate queen's drapery, and had begun on the carved work of Cranmer's chair. That day, authority paternal and maternal had to be exercised to make her take her customary walk; and Mrs. Roberts was not consulted about *souffles*, or *meringues*. Next day Elizabeth's canvas presented an unique appearance; a piece of every part of the pattern was begun, that she might, as she said, avoid the monotony of too much of anything. Long, long afterwards, I found that very piece of work: Anne Boleyn *minus* eyes, with half a coil and a

quarter of a train; Cranmer without a nose, and without his proper complement of fingers, his scarlet robe and embroidered apron, apparently in shreds or strips; the upholstery of the apartment in a most unfinished state, and the wall itself most shockingly dilapidated. In a week, half-a-dozen things were commenced, a hand-screen, an urn-stand, a bed quilt, and a bead-wrought-purse for Cyril's own immediate use.

It was surprising how all these varied amusements consoled Miss Ashburner, for we were half afraid of a repetition of the melancholy abandonment which in the spring had placed her life in danger. Agnes finished her banner-screen, and began an ottoman. Still very quiet and reserved, and uniformly grave, she seemed to find no small pleasure in helping Elizabeth with these preparations, which I could not help thinking would never be required. She was certainly very fond of Elizabeth, treating her with tenderness and great consideration, yet always—so it appeared to me—striving to render her more stable, more steadfast, more reliable.

Thus the lovely summer wore away, till Sir John took us all into Cornwall, and there we spent six weeks very happily on the shores of the broad Atlantic Ocean, visiting every place of interest, going out to the Scilly Isles, and crossing over more than once to the Channel Islands; and Cyril came down to us while we were enjoying ourselves at a retired little village on the coast, where it is grandest and most beautiful, and stayed with us for a week.

How well I remember the night before he left Penrhoe for London: we, the juniors, were all scrambling about the rocky shore, and the sun was sinking in one vast sheet of ruddy molten gold. All around were the craggy rocks, huge towering cliffs, and mighty pinnacles of spray-beaten fretted stone; the great sea thundered at our feet, now boiling furiously over some hidden reef, now gliding calmly into some little land-locked bay; now rippling

in long lines of flashing light, now giving back the purple azure of the stainless, evening sky; and over head the wild, white sea-birds swept in airy circles, and their plaintive cries aroused the echoes of the wave-worn caves.

"This time to-morrow night," said Cyril, "I shall look upon another tide than this—the great tide of human life, that breaks and roars, and ebbs and flows in the busy streets of London!"

"I should like to breast that tide if I were a man!" said Agnes, looking thoughtfully across the shining, tossing waters. "I sometimes think I should like to have to fight my own way in the world."

"Not a wise wish for a woman!" I remarked.

"Not a wise wish for any one!" said Cyril, "it sounds very finely, when we talk of carving a way to fame, and winning for ourselves a place in the great arena of the world, and '*Excelsior*' is a favourite song. But when it comes to daily toil, unvarying monotony, urging on the tired energies and flagging interests, carrying *excelsior* into daily, hourly practice, and getting many a fall and thrust and jostle on the weary, upward way, one finds that the task is more prosaic than it seemed to be when viewed in bright perspective, through the golden haze of hope, and the illusions of one's youthful fancy."

"Poor Cyril! I dare say it is a wretched life to go morning after morning to those stupid offices in Parliament-street," said Elizabeth, putting her hand on his, "and then to go home at night to a boarding-house! London must be a dreary place to live in under such circumstances, though I fancy I should like it well enough in the season! Well, perhaps it will not last long."

There was a significance in Miss Ashburner's tone and glance that told us she referred to something which had been under discussion between themselves previously. My heart misgave me, that this sort of sympathy was very bad for

Cyril, and Miss Craven felt this more intensely than myself. I could see it in her face; an expression of dismay, almost of anguish, flitted across her features as she listened. While I wondered at her emotion, and recalled for an instant those suspicions which had for some time passed entirely from my mind, she spoke: "Nay, Elizabeth! but that is not the way to spur to nobler deeds your own true knight! Tell him rather to set forth with fresh vigour and new strength, to fight against the foes that gather round him, like the chevaliers of old, having for his battle cry—'For the love of God and of my own true ladyè!'"

"If there were anything worth striving for, I might," said Elizabeth discontentedly. "I can understand the maidens and the dames of early days sending forth their warriors and Paladins with words of high heroic cheer! I could have bound my colours on Cyril's arm, and not have shed a tear were he going forth to fight in the crusade! I can understand women going with their husbands disguised as pages, and receiving for those they loved the death-wound, with a deep and holy joy. I can understand Clotilde of Provence searching by night on the bloody battle-field to find her lord among the slain, when the recreant vassal said his leader's plume was seen upon the flight! I can understand Alceste dying for Admetus. I can understand a thousand old heroic tales of those far distant times; but I cannot understand urging on friend or lover in the ignoble race of money-getting! It is all very well for men of business, born and bred for the sons of shopkeepers, and merchants and manufacturers to toil early, and late take rest in pursuit of vulgar pelf! but for Cyril—the heir of Monkswood!"

"Oh Elizabeth, take care!" burst from my eager lips. "Cyril, do not listen to her."

But Cyril was gazing in rapt admiration on the beautiful face upturned to his own, for he sat upon a slab of rock a little raised above her

granite seat, and he was drinking in the eloquence of those lovely lips, and heeded not my caution, nor the sad, serious countenance of Agnes Craven.

"We will trust it may not be for long!" said Cyril, almost in a whisper. But I ignored the *sotto voce* tone, which implied a sort of confidence, and boldly asked—"Do you think, then, of abandoning your post, Cyril; have you anything better in prospect?"

"Yes—and no," he answered, hesitatingly. "Janet and Agnes, we are all such dear friends together that I may tell you what is giving me hopes of speedy release from this hateful drudgery of office-work. I have made all inquiries into the solvency of the Cordillera and Alleghany Mining Company, and I find that, so far from being on the eve of collapse, it is in a most flourishing condition, and the shares are still at premium, and *going up!*"

"Are you sure? Did you inquire in the proper quarters?"

"Of course I did! I made every inquiry, and looked into the matter very thoroughly,—and the result is, as I told you, most satisfactory, most promising."

"Sir John has persuaded Mr. Mc Cormick to sell out, I know," said Agnes, deprecatingly.

"Yes! Sir John being in the country, and used to the old-fashioned slow and steady pace of driving Madam Fortune's steeds, is naturally distrustful of the railroad speed with which men now-a-days rush onward to the goal. One only vegetates, living in these rural shades; you must go up to town if you want to win the race gloriously: this is an age of progress!"

"Of progress, yes!" said Agnes, very gravely. "But, Cyril, do not try to outstrip the railway-pace and soar into the skies on wings that some one else has invented! Remember the fate of Icarus! I have such dependance on Sir John's sagacity:—he knows what life is, though his days for the most part are spent at Forest Ranga. His nature is not timorous: I have heard him say often, 'Nothing ven-

ture, nothing have ;' but, to use another aphorism, he 'looks before he leaps.'

"My dear Miss Craven, I have looked most keenly, I assure you. Why, Sir John prophesied the breaking up of the Company last April, when my sister and John Erskine were with us. It was in May that poor Mc Cormick came to him in such great terror, and actually sold off his shares, which would have been worth half as much again to him to-day if he had retained them. And now it is the end of August, and the Company not only keeps its head above water, but is floating triumphantly on the crested waves of a golden flowing tide!"

"Then you have *not* taken Sir John's advice, and sold the shares your mother had in this Mining Company?"

"Of course not! My mother would not sell them, even had I wished it, and I, after one or two talks with the directors, could not advise her to sell out; on the contrary, I have made further purchases on my own account; and Sir John will own that I was right, when he sees me redeeming the alienated acres of Monkswood, and restoring the poor old long-neglected place to its pristine glories!"

"Cyril," said Agnes, very earnestly,—and I noticed that her voice shook a little,—"I implore you by the friendship that is between us, by your hopes of making a happy home for Elizabeth, as you value your own peace of mind, do not trust to this Eldorado scheme of getting rich. Oh! be content to plod quietly on a few years longer, and I am sure that talents such as yours will be acknowledged by the world, and you will win your way to fame and fortune! Do you know, these Companies seem to me nothing more nor less than gambling?"

"Nay! that is a hard name to give to the speculative genius of the nineteenth century! But I promise you, Agnes, as a brother would promise his dearest sister, I will not trust *solely* to the prospects that are brightening before me;—I will stick firmly to my duties, and

then,—if the bubble bursts,—I am just where I was."

"Not precisely," I ventured to remark; "I am not sure that shareholders are not *liable* in cases where the whole thing fails. Where are the mines?"

"In North and South America, of course! In Peru, and Quito, and Columbia, and Mexico,—and everywhere about the Andes, and the Alleghany ranges."

"Are they tin mines like these about us, or copper mines?" asked Elizabeth.

"They are mines of all sorts; gold and silver mines, and copper too, and lead, I fancy also,—I think lead always goes with silver. And Mr. Sparkes, the great man among them, told me the other day in confidence, that in the course of the mining operations they had come upon *diamonds and emeralds*!"

"Almost like a story out of the 'Arabian Nights,'" said Agnes, sadly.

"Nay!" interposed Elizabeth, "I have read 'Prescott's Conquest of Peru,' and there you are told all about the gems and precious metals of the soil. *Prescott* is reliable of course, and he tells us that gold was a mere drug in the ancient city of Cuzco—they made everything of gold, those aboriginal Peruvians—even the water-pipes, and reservoirs, and common vessels for domestic use; and jewels were of no account. I remember reading of a golden *door*, crusted over with emeralds and other precious stones!"

"That was when the Spaniard first planted himself in the land," Agnes replied. "Most of the mines are exhausted now, I fear."

"No doubt," was Cyril's quick rejoinder; "but what is more natural than that fresh ones should be discovered? This is a colossal Company, you understand. They must have unlimited means at their command, and they will pour unlimited wealth into the lap of their shareholders. I have studied the thing well,—able geologists of known repute have given their opinion concerning the presence of mineral riches in certain spots among the mountains, and they confirm every

statement of this Company. Several mines are being worked successfully already; many more are discovered and only waiting for funds to commence the works, and explorers still go out, finding spots where, by certain unmistakable indications, gold and silver, and other rich ores, lie beneath the soil."

Cyril talked on, till I believe Agnes and I began to believe in the Cordillera and Alleghany Company, and we all grew enthusiastic together. One might have thought that one had only to go out to certain districts of the Western World with a pickaxe and a spade and dig up the precious metals, as one digs up potatoes in the less auriferous land of Southamshire! We talked till the golden glory faded from the sea, and left it cold and grey,—till the ruby-coloured mists that floated in the west became of a leaden, spectral hue, and a melancholy wind came moaning across the desolate waste of waters. The night was closing in, chill and sad, for there was no moon, and suddenly, as is often the case on these wild, wave-beaten shores, heavy troops of clouds came scudding up and settling landwards, casting a livid gloom upon the lately glowing landscape. Cyril was evidently depressed as he walked homewards: did he think the sudden chill and gloom might be the type of the close that waited on his brilliant visions? Whatever he thought, he did not recover his cheerfulness that night, and the next morning he left Penrhoe, and we were to see him no more till Christmas-tide. We lingered on a fortnight longer, and the last week of our sea-side sojourn we had Sally Hawkes for our guest; she had been so seriously unwell that Mrs. Denham was really glad to give her change of air and scene, lest she should break down altogether, a consummation not at all improbable.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CEDAR CHAMBER.

It was September when we returned once more to dear old Forest Range,—a beautiful mellow Septem-

ber; and Southamshire looked fairer than ever, in its rich autumnal loveliness, after the bold and rugged features of the Cornish scenery. We had been at home, I think, about a week,—not longer, certainly,—when one morning, as Agnes and I were conversing in the breakfast-room, we saw Mrs. Denham walking, or rather striding, across the lawn towards the open window where we sat. We both exclaimed: for it was still very early,—not much more than half-past nine, and she must have taken the earliest train that stopped at St. Croix, and walked up from the Ashchurch station. So unlike Mrs. Denham, the cold, the slow-pondering, and the formal mistress of that dreary Monkswood! But where was Sally Hawkes, her inseparable shadow? Was anything the matter?—was Cyril dead—was—? But our rapidly-uttered cogitations were quickly suspended by Mrs. Denham stepping in at the window, which was French, and looking at us fixedly and stonily, and saying—"The Lord has visited me with His sore judgments: He has given me over into the hand of the spoiler!"

My first idea was that Mrs. Denham had suddenly gone mad; my second, that the great bubble of the Cordillera and Alleghany Company had burst at last; but I said, "Dear Mrs. Denham, sit down,—what is the matter?"

For she was trembling all over and her features working strangely, she, the frigidly composed, the imperturbable! "Fetch your guardian, fetch Sir John!" she cried, waving her hand, as Vashti might have waved it, had she lost her senses. I obeyed her, looking to Agnes to remain with her while I left the room. While I was away,—and I had to seek Sir John in several places, and finally hunt him out from the uttermost parts of his own farm-lands,—Mrs. Denham said to Agnes, imperiously, "Give me some wine; give me brandy!"

Agnes went herself and brought the decanters and a glass: she felt intuitively that our unexpected visitor did not wish to be waited on

by servants. Mrs. Denham seldom took wine at all,—her usual beverage was water,—and wine and spirits before ten o'clock in the morning had probably never suggested themselves to her before. She poured out some brandy, slightly diluted it with water from a *carafe* that always stood on a side-table, swallowed it slowly, gasped several times, and seemed relieved. Then Agnes, ashen-pale to the very lips, ventured to enquire, "Oh, Mrs. Denham—is it Cyril—is he?"

"Cyril also is smitten;" replied Mrs. Denham, as Agnes said, with an awful intonation. But she gathered that her friend was still in the land of the living; and then it also flashed across her mind that the glistening bubble we had talked about that evening on the Penrhoe shore had melted into air. She sat sorrowful and anxious, not daring to say more, while Mrs. Denham shook her head and muttered to herself.

When Sir John appeared, she greeted him thus:—"Sir John! the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the light!—you were right about those mining shares. There are no mines!—there may be no Cordillera chain or Alleghany Mountains for ought I know! I believe nothing: I trust nobody: I have been deceived by lies,—I am a ruined woman!"

Sir John was not surprised, but he was very sorry, and there was no sign of triumph on his fine, frank face: he never once reminded his hapless friend that he had warned her many times, that he had almost supplicated her to disconnect herself from this great mushroom Company, that he had prophesied long since the climax of the whole affair. He only begged her to be seated,—for she had risen excitedly at his entrance, her widow's bonnet, already unloosened, falling to the ground, and her grey hairs escaping wildly from her crumpled cap. "What can I do?" he asked, kindly; "tell me all about it, Mrs. Denham."

"I have told you all! Somebody has been over to Penn, or Quito, or somewhere, and it is all a cheat. Everybody knew it was a cheat,

and was laughing at the poor dupes in the Old World. The news came over here,—it spread,—the people clamoured,—the offices were shut,—the managers and directors and the chairman had decamped,—and thousands of people are beggars,—Cyril and I among the number!"

"I will go up to town, something may be saved from the wreck. Do not quite give way, Mrs. Denham." But Mrs. Denham did give way, as was to be expected at her age; and after Sir John had taken his valise, and driven over to Ashchurch station, to catch the next up-train, she became so seriously ill that Lady Ashburner, in great alarm, sent for Mr. Goldfinch. He ordered her to bed, looked over Lady Ashburner's medicine-chest, and gave her a composing draught, and insisted on her being kept very quiet.

Towards afternoon Sally Hawkes arrived. Mrs. Denham had made quite an elopement from her own house, and no one knew whither she was gone. Sally, who surmised what had happened, felt impelled to seek her at Forest Range. She knew that she would fly for aid and counsel to Sir John, though she had despised his warnings, and even mocked at his timorous policy and his lugubrious predictions, as the months wore on and left them unaccomplished. But now all that he anticipated had come to pass, and poor humbled Mrs. Denham was glad to throw herself on the kindness and experience of her long-tried friend. We all offered our mite of consolation, and expressed our sympathy, which was sincere enough; but all the response we gained was, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" and she waved us from the room, and insisted on Sally going also, saying, "You need not wait upon me any longer, Sally: I shall not have sixpence in the world when a few pounds that are in the bank at Southchester are gone. I cannot keep a companion now; I must go into an almshouse: you must get another situation; I wish I had let you marry that slim grocer when he wanted you, five years ago!"

Sally went away in tears, not on

account of the allusion to her former lover, but because she thought that Mrs. Denham must be very near the article of death before she could voluntarily express her regret at what she had done so ruthlessly in the matter of her matrimonial prospects.

And then Mrs. Denham lay moaning to herself—"I must go into an almshouse, or into the workhouse. No! I'll go back and die at Monkswood: all the Denhams have been born and have died in the Cedar Room; but my sons will never die there:—they will give up the ghost in foreign lands, and be buried in the stranger's grave!" And then she called Elizabeth, who was sitting near her:—"My dear, you will not let this interfere with your engagement to Cyril?"

"It will make no difference to me, ma'am; I accepted him without any thought of money: I did not even know of his—of your connection with this Mining Company. But you must not say, 'our engagement,' please; we cannot be really engaged till next April; though it is all the same thing, dear Mrs. Denham!"

"Ah, child! you are young, and very fair, and you will be flattered:—don't let them draw you away from my poor Cyril—my *very* poor Cyril now!—he has not a halfpenny save what he earns. Be true to Cyril."

"Dear Mrs. Denham, I love Cyril for himself, not for what he has, or has not, of this world's wealth. So that he can find a tolerable income, sufficient to satisfy papa, I do not care!"

"Bless you! bless you, Elizabeth! I always hoped you would be my daughter:—you will be a better daughter than Lucretia ever was!"

"Poor Lucretia!" said Elizabeth, sadly. She was thinking of the elegant, fashionable Mrs. Erskine, falling from her high estate, and coming down to comparative indigence,—*how* poor she would be Elizabeth could not guess; but Sir John had said he was afraid John Erskine was deeper in the mire than any one, and though he, at the in-

stigation of his wife, had made himself a responsible person, and was perfectly innocent of fraudulent intentions, having been elaborately deceived, the world would give him credit for any amount of guilt that the defalcations of the Company might warrant.

"What will Lucretia say now?" cried the poor old lady, fiercely, "It was she, and not her husband, who persuaded *me*. John Erskine is a kind, good-hearted man, but half an idiot, and would believe that the man in the moon was sent there for eating carrots on Sunday, if any one in whom he put faith told him so. *He* believed in new Golcondas—I think he thought that Kohinoors would become a drug in the market: there was nothing precious and rare that that accursed Cordillera Company was not going to dig up; not only gold and silver, and diamonds, but rubies, and emeralds, and amethysts, and jasper, and malachite were to be had for groping in the earth a little. I wonder they never found pearl and coral mines. And now Lucretia's fine bubble has burst,—for it was *her* bubble, as far as Monkswood was concerned. I shouldn't wonder if her husband isn't mobbed; for the Dublin people have been taken in to a pretty tune, I know. Yes, they'll mob that house in Merrion Square, they'll burn it down, Elizabeth; yes, they will certainly burn it to the ground, that splendid mansion, and all its luxuries. They will ransack it first, I dare say; tear to pieces all Lucretia's finery, break her wonderful old china, and her rare majolicas, and smash up her choice ceramic ware, like so many refuse tiles; and they will crack her mirrors, and trample roughly on her Persian carpets, and defile her velvet couches with their filthy garments, and all her marbles, and statues, and cabinets, and *Palais Royale* knick-knackereries that she brought home by the ton last autumn, will be destroyed, and she will have to get over the garden wall, or scramble through the fire-escape in the roof, or hide herself in the coal-cellar."

And Mrs. Denham sat upright in her bed, waving her wrinkled hands and tossing about her grey elf-locks, like a new Cassandra. Her dark eyes glowed and scintillated, and a bright hectic-looking spot was on each withered cheek. It was absolutely frightful to watch her as she poured forth her wild predictions, as if she relished the very thought of their fulfilment.

Elizabeth tried in vain to calm her; she begged her to lie down, she offered to read to her, to sing to her, to do anything that would quiet her and send her to sleep. The composing draught, failing in its effects, seemed to have made her partially delirious, and at last Miss Ashburner rang the bell and desired the maid to beg Lady Ashburner to come to her assistance.

But my lady could do little with so obstinate a patient as Mrs. Denham. "She would *not* lie down," she avowed, "no! she would sit up with her eyes open and stare ruin in the face!" Then she clamoured to be taken back to Monkswood and laid in the Cedar Chamber, the chamber of state, where all the young brides were taken when they came to the Denhams' ancestral home; where all the matrons of the family gave birth to their children, and where, one by one, each scion of the race, with very few exceptions, laid himself or herself down to die. Over that threshold passed the bride in her blushing happiness, and the mother to endure her woman's pangs of childbirth, and the confined corpse borne to its final resting-place in the grand old Hospital church of St. Croix. And there, now, Mrs. Denham entreated to be taken; nay, she would get up and dress herself and go back by the next train to Monkswood; and Sally must go first, go at once, and bid them get the Cedar Chamber ready! "For her time was come, and she must die where her husband, and her husband's father and mother, and sister, and countless generations of the Denhams had died before her; she could not and would not die at Forest Range!"

And Lady Ashburner soothed her by saying that if she would lie down

and sleep she would see whether she could not be taken back to Monkswood in the carriage, "only," she added in conclusion, "we do not think you are going to die yet, dear Mrs. Denham, we hope not; we want to nurse you carefully,—my girls and I,—we all want to nurse you till you are strong and well again. We do not think there is much the matter; it is the shock, and you are not young you know, and,——"

But she was interrupted fiercely: "I tell you I am going to die, and I will not die here, but in the Cedar Chamber! I do not want your nursing, I do not want to be strong and well again; I would rather die,—for all is lost!—all! all! oh! Ruin! Ruin! RUIN!" And she shrieked the words with passionate and dreadful emphasis, dwelling on the *last* till it became a shrill discordant scream.

"There is no *such* thing as ruin to the *Christian*," said Lady Ashburner, emphatically. "If his worldly joys be shattered, his coffers emptied, and his hopes laid low, he still bears with him the inestimable treasure which is his birthright and his sure inheritance. Oh! my dear Mrs. Denham, it is only for a few years at the farthest, and shall we, who have the eternal towers for our appointed bourne, mourn by the wayside ruins? Shall we who have incorruptible and unfading treasure laid up for us in the Father's kingdom dash ourselves on the ground, as it were, sorrowing as they who have no steadfast hope, for the poor gold and silver of this dying world? Nay, rather let us sit still and bear the rod; let us be patient; let us have faith."

Mrs. Denham buried her face in her hands, and, leaning on her knees, rocked herself to and fro. "The Lord has deserted me," she said, presently: "I have no faith, no patience. The enemy tells me that I have deceived myself; I am not one of the elect. No, I cannot be. I feel that I am not. Drearly have I lived, and dearly I shall die."

"Nay! but listen to the promises."

"They are not for me. I am not one of God's elect."

"Come to Christ, and you will be His."

"I came long ago—not rightly, perhaps—but I came, and now I know I never came sincerely."

"Then come now, come again." And Lady Ashburner went on and mildly reasoned with her unhappy friend, but all in vain. She would not listen to the holy words of comfort; she cried out they were not for her; she was not a Christian,—not one of the Lord's elect. And she went on rocking herself to and fro, and making a low moan that went to our very hearts. We could only pray for her, and keep silent watch at her bedside.

We took it by turns to sit up with her during the night, and about five o'clock, when Agnes Craven was at her post, she suddenly sprang out of bed, and insisted on going immediately to Monkswood. She was so weak that she could not support herself, but slipped into Agnes' arms while she was trying to drag on her widow's bonnet over her nightcap; and Agnes easily, by the exercise of a little firmness, got her back into bed again. But she would not have her bonnet taken off, and there she sat, a ghastly spectacle, with her grey hairs streaming round her withered face, encircled with its ample frills, and the rusty crape falling back on the white draperies. Then she began to cry piteously, like a child, "Let me go; please let me go to Monkswood, I want to die there!"

Agnes did not answer her, but she melted down and prayed that comfort might be given in that hour of dire distress; that God would have pity on His sorrowing creature and soothe her griefs, and give to her the peace which only comes through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. When she arose, and was wiping away her tears, she saw the dark eyes fixed upon her face, as if they read her very soul. "Are you one of the Lord's people?" asked Mrs. Denham, solemnly, and Agnes answered, "Yes! I know Christ, and I am His, I love Him because He

first loved me; He drew me, and I followed him."

"How did He draw you?"

"By a great and deep sorrow. A thick darkness fell upon me, for the philosophy and the mere poetical religionism of my girlhood proved but broken reeds, when in my anguish I leaned upon them. I cried for light; and I looked, and lo, the Morning Star shining in unclouded lustre; then the dawn, and the Sun of Righteousness uprising in His glory; and my soul was filled with love and joy and peace, and I know that the love that sought me out will keep me to the end, and the joy no one can take from me, and the peace which passeth all understanding is that which the world knows not, and can never snatch away."

"What was your sorrow?" asked Mrs. Denham.

"I beg your pardon, but I cannot tell you, I have never told it, save to God, and if I know myself I never shall. But my heart was emptied of all its sweetness and treasure, and He filled it till it overflows with the sweetness and richness of His grace. My beautiful dreams had faded: He gave me in their stead glorious realities, and bright anticipations of a fairer day to come: my cup of bliss was dashed to the ground, and the sparkling draught was spilled; but He, my Lord and King, gave to me another cup, brimming with a costlier wine, that will cheer my heart and fill me with fresh courage for evermore, till I drink it new with my Master in the Father's kingdom."

Mrs. Denham kept silence for a while, but she grew calmer, and at last she said, "Will you go with me to Monkswood, and stay with me till I go?"

"I will go with you, and be as your daughter till you are well again, or till the Lord calls you," said Miss Craven, "provided Lady Ashburner consents."

Then Mrs. Denham slept, and she slumbered on for many hours, till Mr. Goldfinch said she must be awakened to take some nourishment. She seemed quite collected when she opened her eyes, but very,

very weak, and still all her cry was to be taken back to Monkswood. Sir John had returned, but she did not ask him what news he brought, and he was glad not to tell it for it was of the most hopeless description. Never had bubble burst more ignominiously, never had unscrupulous crafty men been more crafty or more unscrupulous, and never had the credulous been more completely fooled. He agreed with Mr. Goldfinch that Mrs. Denham had better be removed to Monkswood while it was practicable; it would only hasten her end, and embitter her last hours to keep her at Forest Range. So the carriage was made ready, and with all tenderness and care the fallen, haughty mistress of Monkswood was borne to her own dreary but well-beloved home. And Agnes Craven went with her to stay till she was no more needed; it would not be long, Mr. Goldfinch said. And they laid the once stately form on that antique and once splendid bed in the solemn Cedar Chamber. And then she seemed content, and with Sally and Agnes about her wished for no one else. But as she grew weaker and weaker, Agnes, on her own responsibility, telegraphed for Cyril, and he came, and found her watching by his mother's dying bed. He was looking very ill and haggard, but all anxieties were centred now in her who would soon be beyond the reach of earthly care or sorrow.

It was a wild night, and the equinoctial gales were sweeping through the quiet valley of St. Croix, and weird sounds like dismal moans and shrieks echoed through the deserted passages of lonely Monkswood. Within the chamber of death a bright fire glowed, and a lamp burned steadily upon the table near the hearth; but the spirit of the storm was raging without, and the wind howled among the trees and beat about the corners of the house, and waved the hearse-like plumes in the canopy above the dying woman's head. The heavy silken curtains were drawn back, the blaze from the fire lighted up even the dusky cedar panels, whence the chamber

took its name; the great mirrors, and the once costly toilet-table with its antique filagree work and its faded draperies, gleamed almost cheerfully in the pleasant flame, and Agnes, and Sally, and Cyril sat together waiting the coming of the angel "with the amaranthine wreath."

It was past midnight when they heard her voice; her breath was short and her tone was hollow, as she gasped out feebly but distinctly, "I have been a very sinful woman. I have quenched the light in my own soul, and I have tried to darken it in others; I have not glorified God my Saviour. But there is forgiveness with *Him*; though I have been unfaithful, foolish, self-deluded, He remains the same. I yield my soul to Him—His blood!—His cross!"—And then the words died away in whispers inarticulate, and they heard no more. But they doubted not that she was accepted in the Beloved, and that they would hear her next joining in the songs of the ransomed multitudes around the throne. And while the tempest raged and the forest trees were torn away, and the sere leaves were being whirled by thousands on the giant breeze, her spirit passed; and the watchers in the Cedar Chamber gazed only on the worn-out garment of the flesh.

And there she lay in the solemn stillness of that fateful room; the morning light, when it shone dimly from the stormy east, stole in through the chinks of the closed shutters on a pale, rigid form, lying white-robed and motionless, with sealed eyelids and meekly folded hands, on an old moth-eaten black velvet pall which Susan had brought forth from an antique carved chest in the dressing closet; it had been used last for Mr. Denham,—for it had always been the custom of the Monkswood family to observe a sort of lying in state. And afterwards Sally and Agnes walked through the darkened dreary house, going over it all, from "garret to basement." It was Agnes' first introduction to those ruinous, long-deserted rooms in the highest story; it was Sally's farewell visit to

familiar haunts. They wandered through the desolate old mansion, knowing that it had passed, probably for ever, from the Denham family. Cyril was master there only for a few brief days; he was not the owner of Monkswood; his fortunes, as Denham of Monkswood, had reached their lowest ebb; but his fortunes as an individual might yet sink infinitely lower.

It was a melancholy sight on which the two women gazed, as they passed from flight to flight of those dilapidated, echoing stairs. Still whistled the wind eerily along the gloomy passages that were redolent of mould and damp; and here and there the boarding had given way, and had to be trodden carefully: dust lay thick on the rotting floors, and the spider had woven his web on the dark oaken balustrades.

Literally, "the tempest with its spoils had drifted in," for the roof was much decayed, and while some of the casements were fastened up with rough planking, others were open to the breath of heaven; and the stormy night had brought in drifts of withered leaves, and showers of driving rain. In some of the ghostly chambers, the ivy had found entrance, and luxuriantly flourished: birds had made their nests on beam and cornice, and if one came there after dusk, one would inevitably be scared by the rush of wings and the scream and hiss of owls. The whole of the topmost story had long been uninhabitable. And in the evening another furious gale arose: it had rained and blown all day, and Agnes had not been able to return to Forest Range: and she and Sally sat cowering over a wood-fire in the smallest and cosiest room in all the house, while Cyril kept his watch as became the last of the Denhams left on British soil—in the Cedar Chamber.

A few days more, and a dark procession passed from the frowning battlemented gateway to the venerable church of St. Croix—a church as old, or older than the cathedral—a solemn minster church, with damp, dark outer aisles, and heavy Norman arches, and mould-stained

pillars, and marble floors that covered in the dead of long departed ages. It was not properly the parish-church of St. Croix, but it was used as such—prayers being "said" daily in the half-ruined choir, and one sermon being preached every Sunday by the churchless Rector, who was also chaplain to the ancient hospital, inhabited by "twelve poor brethren," wearing flowing cloaks, with a silver cross upon the breast. The hospital had been a monastery once, and the noble pile of buildings, grand and grey withal, formed with the church three sides of a large quadrangle.

Underneath the great Norman tower, where the pilgrims used to claim their manchet of bread and their cup of ale: through the long, dim, echoing cloisters, across the damp north transept, where still the storied windows of the southern transept cast long rays of richly coloured light on worm-eaten stall and antique-lettered pavement: past the baptismal font, and up the silent choir, and again past the marriage-altar, and the table of Holy Communion—she had done with them all now—they carried the lady of Monkswood to her grave in the solemn chancel. And there they left her once more lying by her husband's side, as it had been long years ago, in the bridal, deathly Cedar Chamber. There they left her—tattered banners waving overhead, and the bat clinging to the rafters of the high-pitched roof, that half the day was lost in gloom and shadow—for there is no loftier church in all our English land than the desolate, but glorious old minster of St. Croix, with its low, square Norman tower and wonderful triforium! There they left her, with many another of the haughty Denham race, just by the beautiful and shattered rood-screen—and the mourners, Cyril and Sir John, returned to dreary Monkswood, and in another day the heir that might have been, left his father's halls, and Sally came to Forest Range, and Monkswood was given over to desolation.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR.

For several months after Mrs. Denham's death, her son's affairs were in the most inextricable confusion. First of all came news from South America: Gregory Denham was dead, leaving a widow, said to be a veritable descendant of the Incas—but no children: and within a few weeks came the like sad tidings from the European continent. Edward Denham also had departed this life, also dying childless; so that there only remained Cyril and Lucretia! Augustine, indeed, might still be living, but no one knew anything about him; he had gone "up the country," as people said, with his half-caste heiress, and had great store of paddy-fields and elephants! He might be dead, he might be alive! no one knew, and no one cared to know very much, not even Cyril, who scarcely counted him as a brother, so entire and so outspoken had been his renunciation of his family, and of any participation in the falling fortunes of the Monkswood Denhams, many years before.

But the end of it all was, that poor Cyril, through his connection with the "Cordillera and Alleghany Mining Company," almost became a bankrupt, or an insolvent debtor—I am not certain which; and Monkswood—poor dreary, ruinous old Monkswood, that had been his ancestors in the days of William the Norman, was in the market! It was a wonder the proud, defunct Denhams did not rise from their resting-place in the chancel of St. Croix, to resent the indignity done to their time-honoured name! Monkswood was advertised in the county papers, and in some of the London papers too, and at the offices of Messrs. Coles and Reeves, the auctioneers at Southam; and Lot 1, Lot 2, Lot 3, &c., was affixed to various portions of the estate; for it was not thought probable that any one person would buy the whole, the house being so dilapidated, and the grounds in so wild and desolate a condition. Indeed,

about Christmas, part of the roof of the untenanted mansion fell in, carrying with it the floors of several of the upper rooms, and the walls of the dismantled lodge, at the principal entrance, were pronounced unsafe.

But the suctioneers, and all other persons interested in the sale of Monkswood, were deceived. A person came forward, who wished to buy the whole estate, not only that remnant of it now offered to the public, but if possible those other and larger portions, alienated years ago, sold piecemeal, or mortgaged, as the entail then permitted. This gentleman, however, did not for some time come forward *in propria persona*; his lawyer, a certain long-headed, lynx-eyed Mr. Dewsbury, negotiated for him; and even after the transfer was complete, and the Monkswood house and lands were *bonâ fide* the property of its new owner, Southchester generally did not know the name of the foolish purchaser, "For," as every body said for twelve miles round, "no one in his senses would buy the place *in toto*, just as it stood, for no one could live in it, without first pulling it down to the cellars, and building it up again; and as for the grounds! they were somewhat in the condition of those legendary gardens round the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, in the unknown Elfin-land! It would cost any man less money and less pains to build a spick-span new and handsome mansion, and to lay out fresh shrubberies and lawns, &c., &c.!"

But the latter alternative was just what the unknown master of Monkswood hated and abhorred. He had already a handsome mansion, horribly, unblushingly new! And he had new lawns, which every body knows are not to be compared with old lawns; and he had new shrubberies, or at least embryo shrubberies, which might afford a patrician shelter and a shade in days to come—say, in the time of his great-grandson's grandson! And his heart yearned for lichen-tinted stones, and patriarchal trees with mossy trunks, and springy velvet

turf, and terraces with vases, and old statues, and broad flights of steps; and ancient fish-ponds, and alleys and arbours of clipt yew, or beech, or hornbeam; and finding Monkswood advertised for sale, he determined that it should be his own, let it cost him what it might! And who, after all, was the mysterious man of money? Some said he was one of the Rothschilds, some that he was a disappointed lover, going to enact a mediæval romance, by shutting himself up with one faithful retainer in the haunted rooms of Monkswood, letting his beard grow, and eschewing civilized society. Others declared that a "mad doctor" had bought the place and was going to bring his patients there! If so, we all agreed they never would recover; and the slightly insane would rapidly become confirmed and hopeless lunatics, while the deep stews and carp-ponds, and one black pool in the middle of a tangled wood not far from the house, would afford charming opportunities to those whose inclinations turned to suicide! Who then was to be our neighbour? for we could not imagine any one living at Monkswood who would not be our neighbour, though five miles, at the nearest, lay between us.

One morning, just as we sat down to luncheon, we were startled by the appearance of Vivian Gower, whom we did not know to be in our part of the country. He was welcomed, of course, and sat down with us readily to discuss the good things upon the board; and he talked about Kate, and the six weeks they had spent in Paris, and their return home by way of Belgium, till the repast was nearly over, and then Mr. Gower said, abruptly—"Do you know I am going to be your neighbour?"

We all looked up, and some one faltered—"no!" He went on quickly: "Yes! I ordered Dewsbury to keep a quiet tongue, and he has obeyed me; but now that the title-deeds are actually in my hands, and I have taken possession, there is no occasion for keeping up the mystery another hour! I have bought Monkswood!"

"You?" said Sir John, surprised; "really, now, I thought of every body in the county who might possibly make such a purchase, but I never thought of you, who belong to the next county; by the way—"

"I did not want any one to think of me till the bargain was complete, for I hate to be known as a man who has been foiled in his attempt, whether it be a house or a horse, or a dog, or a rare plant that is concerned. However, it is all safe now. I am master of Monkswood!"

He did not of course know Miss Ashburner's relations with Cyril Denham, or he would have spoken more delicately, for there was an air of triumph in his tone, which could not be agreeable to us, the friends of the old Monkswood family.

"But," remarked Sir John, "you have not long finished your house at Calnesbury! I thought it was just arriving at perfection!"

"So it is, as far as mere stone and bricks, and wood, and paint, and mortar can make perfection. But for such perfection I must profess I do not care. I was a fool to spend so much money on what, after all, must be verily Brummagem grandeur! Money cannot make old woods, and cedar-fringed pleasaunces; it cannot mellow the gaudiness of tints fresh from the builder's hand—it cannot give you walls that have sheltered kings in their extremity, or a haunted chamber, with the real ghostly flavour, or—"

"I am afraid the ghost at Monkswood is not sufficiently authenticated," interposed Sir John. "Don't rely on spectral visitations, unless some one produces them by means of dissolving views, as was actually done in an old fortified house in Devonshire not long ago!"

"I can dispense with the veritable ghost himself, or the ghostess, as the case may be. But a haunted house, so-called, is generally of a very ancient date; it has time-honoured traditions belonging to it—historic associations and all the rest of it. I have always longed for such a house. My father, you know, was a younger son, and made his own

fortunes, happily for me. He lived always in London, so that I inherited no country estate, and I, like a fool, built that hideous Calnesbury! But I have sold it, and made a good thing of it: it was not in the market a week!"

"But you cannot live at Monkswood! part of the roof has actually fallen in."

"It can have a new roof: I am prepared to spend many thousands on it!"

"But if you build a fresh house, which indeed seems the only thing to do, you will lose the 'ghostly flavour' you were speaking of."

"No, indeed, I am not going to pull down the house; I have brought down an eminent architect, and he assures me the walls are as strong as they ever were, and will last till the end of time; the beams, also, for the most part are sound, except in the roof—there *must* be a new roof! And anything else shall be *restored*—restored in the strictest sense of the word, and I will have nothing out of keeping in the place."

"But it will be some months before you can possibly inhabit Monkswood?"

"Of course it will! I shall certainly not get into it this year. But my friend Davidson, the prebend of Twycombe, will not be keeping residence for some months: he is going to live abroad for awhile, on account of the health of his daughter and only child, and he is glad to have his house off his hands. I have taken it; and Kate and I will set up there in about a fortnight: it will be very convenient, so near to Monkswood, for I mean to superintend the works myself. Ah! by the way, what has become of that poor devil, young Denham?"

Sir John replied with infinite displeasure in his tone, and a freezing haughtiness which he never exhibited except upon very rare occasions: "My dear young friend, Cyril Denham, is in London, holding an excellent appointment in a Government office. He spent Christmas with us; indeed, he counts Forest Range his home: we expect him again at Easter."

Mr. Gower saw his blunder, and apologized for his rough, hasty way of speaking; and he remarked courteously on Cyril's well-known talents, and advantages of person and manner, prophesying for him a brilliant career as a statesman of his time! Was he sincere in his blandly-expressed good wishes, or was he merely making the *amende honorable*, after a thoughtless, unlucky speech, calculated to wound the feelings of his host? Or was I right in fancying I detected a tone of satire in his well-turned sentences, a something that implied aversion and disdain, a something that made me believe he would rather see Cyril turning knife-grinder, or traveller-tinker, than holding the honourable trusts of which he spoke?

Then he asked how it fared with the Erskines. "Very badly," said Sir John, shaking his head. "Poor Erskine is not to blame save in the article of permitting himself to be duped so easily. As a rich man, he was pounced down upon, of course, when the crisis came; an infuriated crowd attacked his house, and but for timely interposition would have burned it! He fled with his wife and little girl into the country, but there he narrowly escaped being shot by a poor maddened wretch, who had lost the savings of a lifetime through the Company, which to him was represented by John Erskine. Now they, the Erskines, are on the Continent, but where we do not know, though we have written to several places *poste restante*. I am afraid they are actually penniless, and I am inclined to think they have assumed another name."

Mr. Gower professed the utmost regret and sympathy, and after promising to bring Kate in a day or two, he took his departure for Southam, where he was going to see the builder who had undertaken to carry out the architect's designs, in "the restoration of Monkswood!"

But that very afternoon, though the snow was lightly falling, and a cold wind was sweeping from the barren Downs, Agnes and I, without telling any one our intention, took the train from Ashchurch to St.

Croix, that we might see once more the old house in its melancholy, decaying grandeur, ere it was touched by the rash finger of *restoration*! We could not linger long, for the twilight of the brief January day was falling round us when we reached poor deserted Monkswood, and without being ridiculously nervous or superstitious, we neither of us liked the idea of being alone in those dreary, untenanted chambers after dusk. Hurriedly we went from room to room, our hearts beating loudly as we heard strange noises all about—noises that came no doubt from loosened papers flapping on the walls, doors shaking, windows rattling, and rats and mice and owls, and “other fallow deer,” disporting themselves in the upper stories of the ruined tenement, but noises that seemed to us ghostly and uncanny notwithstanding. Last of all we visited the Cedar Chamber. How weird and solemn it looked, in the grey twilight of the dim sleety afternoon; no fire now in the wide, yawning grate; no glow upon the hearth; no bright reflection in the great Venetian mirror, or on the dusky panels of the walls! The black, moth-eaten pall, still lay upon the bed; indeed, it seemed as if no one had entered the room since the undertaker and his men had left it; and after a brief, half-scared survey,

“All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.”

But when we stood in that awful Cedar Chamber, I thought of the earthly house of this tabernacle that there I had seen dissolved and dismantled of all ‘life and thought!’

‘Come away! for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell:
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible!’

But thinking of her as she is and as she was, I could not add—
‘Would they could have stayed with us!’

“Nor I either! Though she wandered in a dreary labyrinth, she came back at last to the starting-point; she cast aside the dogmas of

we ran down-stairs very quickly, and stopped, shivering in the great hall, to say we must go directly or lose the train! We breathed more freely when we stood again in the open air, with the melting flakes falling all around us, and a dismal wind moaning in the leafless chesnut-trees below the terrace. We had seen the real Monkswood for the last time, for Mr. Gower’s Monkswood would never to us seem worthy of the name; and as we passed under the heavy archway into the gloomy lane which skirted the grounds, we knew that Cyril Denham’s fortunes were fallen indeed, and his name had at last passed from the list of the landed gentry of Southamshire. One possession yet remained, the vault of his ancestors in the grand old church hard by.

“Did you not think,” I said to Agnes, as we sat over the waiting-room fire at the little station, listening for the train, not yet due for fifteen minutes—“of *Hood’s* ‘Haunted House,’ while we were going through those silent, ghostly chambers?”

“No!” she answered; “but I thought of *Tennyson’s* ‘Deserted House,’ and I said to myself, as we crossed the threshold without a welcome or a greeting:

The poor house, all deserted and forlorn, its tenant gone away at the great Master’s bidding, and I remembered—

her gloomy faith, and saw alone the face of Him who ransomed her from death. Now she is safe at home—poor Monkswood has passed away from her, and from her son; but *she* has a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!”

(To be continued.)

Y

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN YEAR."

In these days an ever widening diffusion is being attained by the idea that the various denominations into which Protestant Christendom is divided are but sections of one Church, and if we may be permitted to assume, without argument upon the subject, that this idea is just, it becomes interesting to consider what distinctive service, what peculiar office, has been providentially assigned to each section of the Protestant community. In our own country, Protestants are broadly divided into those who adhere to the Church of England and those who do not, and it is easy to see that, in relation to the Church viewed as a whole, the Nonconformist has performed one duty and the Anglican another. The Nonconformist has represented the genius of the present; the audacious, advancing spirit of the modern time. He has inscribed on his banner, in boldly relieved letters of burnished gold, the right of private judgment. He has stood up for the privileges of the Christian as distinguished from those of the priest; for the freedom of the citizen against the tyranny of kings; for the majesty of man, as deeper, loftier, more enduring, than any of those badges, ornaments, immunities, by which class has been marked off from class. He has asserted the Divine right of reason as not to be extinguished, but brightened and guided, by the Divine light of faith; he has been the friend of scientific, commercial, literary, political progress; he has exalted the present against the past, and asserted that the grand work for a generation is not to build or to adorn the tombs of the dead but to rear houses for the living. But as man is the child of error so he is the slave and victim of extremes, and this noble modernism, this just and manly self-assertion, of Nonconformity, might easily enough pass into the extreme of anarchy, turbulence and ungovernable passion. A testimony was required to the other side of things, and our England has been found wide enough to

afford it. The Anglican Church is the conservative element in Protestantism, the link between the times gone by and the times to come, the representative of those associations which draw all noble and tender hearts towards the wisdom and goodness of other centuries. This is more perceived in the present day than it ever was before, the reason being that whatever may be our faults, and they are many, the sin of intolerance cannot be charged against us, and our minds are more expanded, more open to receive light from all quarters, than were the minds of our fathers. Until very recent times there existed a Nonconformist intolerance which closed the heart and brain to good influences coming from the Church as determined as the corresponding intolerance which used to close the eyes of Churchmen to every thing good in Dissent. If one man more than another has contributed to effect this change, it was John Keble. If one man more than another has practically taught his generation that the sympathy of Christians, the sympathy of Protestants, need not be confined to one or two sects, to one or two centuries, but may expatiate in every age since Christ appeared; it was the author of "The Christian Year." Gradually stealing on the ear, at first faint and far away, but deepening in its swell and increasing in its sound until the ravished listener could not choose but hear, a strain of music arrested and fixed the attention of Nonconformists. So deeply Christian was it,—so truly, so eloquently, so melodiously did it rehearse the lessons of Christian experience and express the emotions of the Christian life,—that they could not stay to ask to what sect the minstrel belonged. Whoever might be the singer, the song was Christian. And when they found that it was from the Church of England that the music proceeded,—when they observed that the notes lingered lovingly about nave and aisle, about pointed arch and storied window,

that the sound was of a solemn, full-toned organ filling the cathedral with strains old as hymns of the mediæval Church, yet fresh as the child's prayer of this morning,—they could not but feel that, if the forms and developments had been diverse, the spirit had been one, and that there was still a sacred unity in which all could sympathise who knew and loved the Lord. The music of "The Christian Year" might not draw Nonconformists into the Church of Keble, but it taught them to feel that the Church of Christ was a larger thing than even Keble knew. Accordingly, in the Nonconformist chapels, and by the Nonconformist firesides of England, praise rises to heaven in the words of Keble, and such strains as "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour, dear," and "O timely happy, timely wise," are as dear to the Nonconformist heart as any hymns of Cowper, Watts, or Wesley.

It seems about as correct as most of our theories and opinions are, that every man born into this world comes gifted with power to do some work specifically his own, some work which no other man, though possessed of the highest genius, could do so well as he, and which, therefore, it ought to be the main effort of his life to accomplish. It is agreed that John Keble achieved nothing of high importance except "The Christian Year." His life was devoid of excitement or incident, and none of his other literary performances caught the ear of his countrymen. Born in 1792, he proceeded in very early life to Oxford, won, while still a mere boy, the highest honours of the university, "turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country," lived and died as pastor of Hursley, without an ambition discernible by human eye except that of serving God and benefiting man. One of the most refined and cultivated men of his age, he devoted himself to the task of ministering to rustics, and never felt that the work was beneath his powers. In one of the pieces composing "The Christian Year," there is a stanza, the third of the

following, exquisitely applicable to his own case. As of old, he says, the Saviour sent out His disciples in pairs, "to soften hearts like morning dew ;"

So evermore He deems His name
Best honoured and His way prepared,
When watching by His altar-flame
He sees His servants duly paired :
He loves when age and youth are met,
Fervent old age and youth serene,
Their high and low in concord set
For sacred song, Joy's golden mean :
He loves when some clear soaring mind
Is drawn by mutual piety
To simple souls and unrefined,
Who in life's shadiest covert lie.

In converse with these "simple souls and unrefined," carrying on at the same time a converse with some of the foremost intellects in the religious world of the nineteenth century, his life glided away. From a boy he commanded not only the esteem, not only the affection, but the reverence, of those who knew him. This "reverence" seems to have been felt by all his friends, and the peculiarity was that it was combined with an almost passionate—say rather a more than passionate—affection. Perhaps the most eloquent commemoration of a friend which ever took place, was the *inability* of Dr. Pusey to preach his funeral sermon. But as was said, "The Christian Year" was his gift to the Church and the world ; and now that his eye has closed—losing sight of earth just as the blossoms were breaking from their sheaths, and the clouds of a long and dreary spring were beginning to be touched with the golden streaks of summer,—it is of "The Christian Year" that we have to say that little which it is necessary to say at all.

The writer with whom we first and most naturally compare Keble is Herbert. The Christian poet of Bemerton is beyond all question destined to a literary immortality, and it is probable that in direct imaginative force, and in occasional felicity and nervousness of poetical expression, he bore the palm from Keble. More of pure and concentrated poetic genius goes, it may be, to the composition of such a lyric as "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," than was possessed by the au-

thor of "The Christian Year." But Herbert is quaint to a fault,—quaint to an extent to which no really great or popular poet ever was quaint. He is often, also, flat and inelegant, if not positively coarse.

Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit,
And say withal, *Earth to earth I commit.*

This famous couplet, which is neither sense nor poetry, but unchristian in idea and detestable in sound, stands not alone in Herbert. Accordingly, he is one of those poets who are more perused by writers than by readers, by persons who want to be thought poetical, and who therefore affect raptures which they do not feel, than by persons who merely seek delight in poetry. On the whole, we pronounce the religious poetry of Keble decidedly superior to that of Herbert. It has, no doubt, its faults. It is often obscure. It is occasionally languid. The author's sensitive dislike of everything like glare, extravagance, bravura, has made his elegance at times too subdued, his classicism too classic. More serious is the blemish,—and it constitutes a real deduction from the value of the poem,—that the Anglicanism of Keble betrayed him into writing on a few "extra themes," which were worthy neither of his genius nor to be admitted within the limits of "The Christian Year." "Gunpowder Treason," "King Charles the Martyr," "The Restoration of the Royal Family," "The Accession,"—these are not subjects for sacred song. The verses about "Gunpowder Treason," indeed, avoid the difficulty by not containing, so far as we can detect, a single allusion to Guy Fawkes, his lantern, his faggots, or his intended victims. They are, besides, good in themselves, and contain this famed and beautiful stanza, descriptive of the way in which Anglicans of Keble's school are expected to refer to the Church of Rome:—

Speak gently of our sister's fall:
Who knows but gentle love
May win her at our patient call
The surer way to prove?

If the lines in which "King Charles the Martyr" is celebrated were turned out of the poem, the improvement would be great. Poor Charles, one of

the most pitiable of men, came of a stock which produced a few vigorous branches in Scotland, but never one after the days of Mary Stuart. James I. was a fool; Charles II. was a reprobate; and though Charles I. was neither fool nor knave, his ability was the sickliest of which we have historical record, and his moral character had an incurable obliquity. "Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie:" that masculine line of Herbert's was beyond the reach of Charles. He was well-intentioned and had fine qualities; rude Cromwells, strength-worshipping Carlyles, have been hard upon him; but he was no man whom you can wholly admire, no exemplary personage in any sense, no subject for panegyric as a Christian martyr, and when Keble praised him he praised a far worse man than himself. It is suggestive,—it is most gratifying,—to find that the two or three subjects which are wholly unfit to be included in "The Christian Year," belong to what may be called the sectarian element in the Anglican Church and in Keble's character. When his song is Christian, even though Anglican, it is great and beautiful; when it is Anglican rather than Christian—that is when it is sectarian—it becomes poor and feeble. The *human* element in these added pieces—this also is very observable—accords admirably with the general character, with the religion, the Christianity, the spirituality of the poem. There is nothing in "The Christian Year," nothing in the English language, finer in its way than the lines on Matrimony. We must make room for the two closing verses:—

'Tis He who clasps the marriage band,
And fits the spousal ring,
Then leaves ye kneeling, hand in hand,
Out of His stores to bring
His Father's dearest blessing, shed
Of old on Isaac's nuptial bed,
Now on the board before ye spread
Of our all-bounteous King.

All blessings of the breast and womb,
Of Heaven and earth beneath,
Of converse high, and sacred home,
Are yours, in life and death.
Only kneel on, nor turn away
From the pure shrine, where Christ to-day

Will store each flower ye duteous lay,
For an eternal wreath.

Of the beauties and merits of the poem we might speak at any length. The first line seems to announce that a higher note is about to be struck in religious poetry. "Hues of the rich unfolding morn" break majestically upon our sight, and a new and lofty music is in our ears. Delicate observation of nature's beauty, the pulses of coloured light that tremble around the path of the rising or setting sun, the blue mist that traces the torrent's path in its windings along the hill-side, the "vernal red" which tips the willow branch ere the blasts of winter are gone, all these take a finer light from spiritual feeling, as a landscape shows most delicately at evening through vistas of forest trees. There is ever the glow of heartfelt adoration as the glory and goodness of God are contemplated:—

"The sun and every vassal star,
All space beyond the soar of angel wings,
Wait on His word: and yet He stays
His car
For every sigh a contrite suppliant brings.
He listens to the silent tear
For all the anthems of the boundless sky."

Of the Divine tenderness there is a wonderfully true and deep apprehension:—

"Freely thou givest, and thy word
Is 'Freely give';
He only who forgets to hoard,
Has learned to live.
Wisely Thou givest—all around
Thine equal rays are resting found,
Yet varying so on various ground,
They pierce and strike
That not two roseate cups are crowned
With dew alike."

Sometimes there is an almost mystical, but always deeply Christian, apprehension of the teachings of nature:—

"Sin is with man at morning break,
And through the live-long day
Deafens the ear that fain would wake
To nature's simple lay.
But when eve's silent footfall steals
Along the eastern sky,
And one by one to earth reveals,
Those purer worlds on high;
When one by one each human sound
Dies on the awful ear,
Then nature's voice no more is drowned,

She speaks and we must hear.
Then pours she on the Christian heart
That warning still and deep,
At which high spirits of old would start
E'en from their Pagan sleep.
Just guessing, through their murky blind,
Few, faint, and baffling sight,
Streaks of a brighter heaven behind,
A cloudless depth of light."

A somewhat similar line of thought is in the following:—

"By our own niggard rule we try
The hope to suppliants given;
We mere out love, as if our eye
Saw to the end of heaven."

When thou hast told those isles of light,
And fancied all beyond,
Whatever owns in depth or height,
Creation's wondrous bond;
Then in their solemn pageant learn
Sweet mercy's praise to see;
Their Lord resigned them all to earn
The bliss of pardoning thee."

Of the exquisite way in which Keble's spiritual fancy dealt with Scripture, take this simple illustration:—

"Reason and Faith* at once set out
To search the Saviour's tomb;
Faith, faster runs, but waits without,
As fearing to presume,
Till Reason enter in and traced
Christ's relics round the holy place—
'Here lay His limbs, and here His sacred head,
And who was by to make His new-for-saken bed?'

Both wonder, one believes—but while
They muse on all at home,
No thought can tender Love beguile
From Jesus' grave to roam.
Weeping she stays till He appear—
Her witness first the Church must hear—
All joy to souls that can rejoice
With her at earliest call of His dear,
gracious voice."

This on a child is very beautiful:

"O tender gem, and full of Heaven!
Not in the twilight stars on high,
Not in moist flowers at even
See we our God so nigh."

We had marked many other passages for quotation, but the limits of our space forbid. Every reader ought to be familiar with the poem, as a whole. There is hardly any book which we would more willingly put into the hands of young people than "The Christian Year." Not only does it breathe a spirit of

* St. Peter and St. John.

pure and fervent religion, but its every strain is inspired with tender, and noble, and refined human feeling, and by reading it and re-reading it, if by any process whatever, will a young man become all we mean by a Christian gentleman, and a young woman all that we mean by a Christian lady. So far as we know, the breath of calumny never cast a cloud on Keble's name. Here

below he was beloved by all good men, and, in the silent wood, at hush of evening, angels met him. It is with solemn joy, with hallowed pride, that we think of such a man. Christianity is still capable of being the soul's life of such, and sceptics will find the fact worthy of consideration. If mankind were all Kebles, earth would lack but little of heaven. PETER BAYNE.

GONE OVER TO ROME.

A CLERICAL REMINISCENCE.

MARCHMONT WALKER was the best friend I had in the world. We had been at one school when mere boys; we had matriculated at the same college; both had chosen the clerical profession from convictions of the strongest kind, and we were so knit together from kindred feelings and mutual sympathies, that no two brothers could have loved each other more dearly than we did. We were both fortunate in obtaining good curacies soon after our ordination. Mine was in a quiet country village in Westmoreland, amongst a primitive and uncultivated race of people; whereas Marchmont was thrown into a different sphere of action and interest, being located in a cathedral town in the south. His duties differed essentially from mine, whilst his temptations were greater. I could not count a single rich man amongst my people, while in the district he visited there was scarcely a poor man to be found! He was welcomed in the houses of the great; I entered only the cottages of the humble. I can hardly tell what might have been the moral effect of our diverse surroundings, but I know that the effect, socially, on Marchmont at least, was immense. I had left him a mere youth in manner and knowledge of the world, but when we met again after a year's separation, I could hardly recognise the calm, polished, dandy-parson as my old friend. I hope I did not degenerate into a boor from the influence of my as-

sociates, but Marchmont objected strongly to the cut of my coat and the shape of my whiskers; and if the substitution had been practicable, would have lengthened the first at the expense of the second.

But we still preserved our former affections, although Marchmont rigorously avoided anything like a religious discussion, and seemed to me to have lost some of the pleasant candour which had formerly characterised him. He would talk of the dean, and the dean's daughter; he was eloquent over the canons: gracious in his mention of the minor canons; enthusiastic about the arch-deacon; but he confined himself to the most sparse and meagre details of his own opinions and doings, and checked me rather sharply once when I referred to the Puseyite tendencies of a brother curate in the north.

"Don't get hold of that cant. Theo, 'an you love me!' What is a Puseyite? It is rank rubbish, that constant cry of the timorous—'Rome! Rome!' Who would go over to her the sooner for preferring a cathedral to a barn—a service reverently chanted, to one indecently mumbled? If you happen to have the instinct of order and propriety, it seems hard that you should be denied its indulgence."

"At the same time if you get so near to Rome that you actually tread upon her skirts, people may be pardoned for believing that you are rather partial to her than otherwise."

"I have known some who would cavil at the most simple forms and observances. After all, Theo, we are not lads any longer, to be frightened by every fashionable scare-crow that folly and prejudice set up: we have to follow our consciences, and even should they land us at Rome eventually, surely a zealous Papist is better than a lukewarm Protestant."

He walked away as he spoke, and during the rest of the time we were together he studiously avoided any renewal of the subject; but the conversation left a painful impression on my mind, which I found it difficult to efface. I went back to Kirby-Clarence with a certain sense of having lost *something* in my friend;—not his love: *that* I felt I might count on fully; but his free, full confidence! I was not surprised that in his future letters he spoke less and less of himself, whilst he enriched his correspondence with copious details of others' actions, and probable feelings, flavouring the whole from time to time with that delicate dash of clerical scandal which is supposed to be so palatable to an ecclesiastical recluse.

At last they took a tenderer, and to my mind, a far pleasanter tone. He had an interest now which he dared to confide to me. In the beginning he only spoke of his hopes in vague terms, and I could not tell how near or how complete his happiness might be. But suddenly, without a word of warning, came an imperious summons—"I am to be married on Tuesday week, and come you must; Minnie says so! Wish me joy, old friend, from the bottom of your honest heart; mine is so full, so eager, so restless, I dare not trust myself to write more."

And that was all. Who was Minnie? Where was I to go?

Well, I started early on the Monday morning, and I went straight to Marchmont's lodgings at Dex. There I found my friend, and there also I found an almost passionate welcome.

"God bless you, old fellow," he

said, taking me by both hands, "I knew you would come. Minnie was anxious to have you, and so was I; it wouldn't have seemed quite right somehow, if you hadn't been there."

He talked on so earnestly, so brightly, that it was a good while before I could ask any of my own questions, with the least chance of obtaining coherent answers. I then astonished Marchmont by requiring some account of "Minnie;" and he could hardly be persuaded that he had not told me clearly from the first that she was the Dean's daughter. His transports, his vivid exaggerations, I spare the reader for his own sake; besides, I am an elderly man now, grim, grave, and grey, and perhaps these things might appear ill suited to my pen. I may add that nothing would satisfy my friend but that I should go at once to be introduced to his bride, and that I came away with the impression that she was a fair, modest, gentle young woman, who seemed likely, so far as I could judge, to make Marchmont's married home as bright as his hopes; and that is saying a great deal.

Mr. Walker was a man of substance, and when his son entered into an alliance so promising in every way, he made the young couple such a provision as not only secured them every comfort, but also every luxury. No two people could have started in life with fairer prospects. How often and often since have I compared my friend's fate to that of some goodly vessel sailing forth at morn on a tranquil sea; but at night when the storm rose, and we counted that the goodly vessel would put forth all her strength and speed, to fight her way back into the haven, she succumbed to the waves without a struggle, and perished miserably in sight of land. When I left Dex I had only one fear for Marchmont—that he might be too happy and prosperous. I heard from him occasionally, but his letters were much less frequent than they had formerly been, and I did not wonder at this. All the sympathy he could need, he now found in the tender woman who

was equally wife and friend. Besides, I might not be supposed to possess a lively interest in his domestic matters; and I believe I should have been troubled to answer in kind. I was, therefore, more relieved than hurt when, at his son's birth, he confined himself to a simple announcement of the fact, and left the record ungarnished by any of those rhapsodies so common to newly-made young fathers.

Six months passed away, making a year and a half since Marchmont and I had met. My vicar was non-resident, and I had the whole care and responsibility of the parish on my shoulders, so that I could not easily absent myself. In addition to this, my stipend was so narrow that, as I had no private means, I was naturally much confined. A walk on the breezy moor when the purple heather was breaking into bloom; a climb to the grey ridge of Elpen Fell, and a long feast on the golden glow of sunset, lighting up the green valley at my feet: these were my pleasures, my short holidays, and I enjoyed them with the keener relish that I had so few.

I had just returned from one of these excursions, and was still in that softened frame of mind in which the contemplation of Nature leaves a thoughtful person, when the little lad who acted as my postman, met me in the lane leading to my lodgings, with a letter in his hand. It is never my habit to speculate on the contents of a letter when I can open it, and satisfy my curiosity on the spot. The handwriting on the envelope was strange to me, but I hardly gave myself time to note this fact, ere I was master of the whole mystery, even to my new correspondent's name.

In saying that I knew the whole mystery, I am, perhaps, presumptuous, for there was a secret of infinite sorrow beneath those smooth, graceful lines, which Minnie Walker kept back, until we should meet face to face. She might have thought that it would sound less harsh spoken than written; that I should be able to forget

her husband's errors the more easily afterwards, for having no such proof in my hands. But who shall even try to unravel that greatest of psychological problems—a woman's heart? Not I, with my poor knowledge, my sorry experience. How could I hope to get the least degree near the mark, when so many wiser than myself have lamentably failed!

I started betimes the next morning, and arrived in London just as the summer twilight was deepening into night. I went straight to Mrs. Walker's lodgings, and presented myself before her covered with the dust of travel—hungry, weary, and anxious.

She had her baby in her arms, and there were the traces of tears on her face, as she came forward to meet me. She evidently struggled hard with some fresh burst of feeling, which the sight of me evoked. But when I imprudently enquired for Marchmont, her self-control gave way utterly, and she could only just sob out—

"Gone —"

"Gone! *where?*" I exclaimed in a blunt, awkward tone, for which I have never ceased to reproach myself since.

For a time she literally could not speak, and I went to the window to give her a chance of recovering her composure. Presently she withdrew to an inner room with the child, and when she returned a few minutes later alone, she was quite calm, and had evidently nerved herself for the trying recital before her. She said,

"You will be sorry and shocked to hear, Mr. Grey, that my husband has *gone over to Rome*, and has even become a priest of that Church. It is now nearly five months since he left me, and although I have written to him over and over again, urging, praying him to return to me and my boy, he so entirely rejects our claims upon him that he will not so much as answer my letters. I had thought of going to him, but he is in a convent near Paris, and although I have managed to ascertain that he is allowed to see male visitors for about two

hours on the first day of every month, in the presence of one of the monks, how could I hope to gain access to him by any form of artifice or supplication?"

"When did you first perceive any difference in your husband?" I enquired, as she paused, evidently expecting me to speak. I ought to have divined her request, and have anticipated it by a frank, unsolicited offer of my services, but I am bound to acknowledge to my sorrow that I am equally devoid of both discernment and tact: therefore, had I understood Mrs. Walker's hint, I verily believe it would never have struck me that I was meant to take the initiative in any way. Consequently I forced her to ask later that which I should and could have tendered freely from the first. There was a shadow of disappointment on her young face as she replied to my question.

"I noticed very early in our married life that he had peculiar opinions on some points, and I could not fancy that his doctrine was sound. But I kept this knowledge jealously to myself, whilst I laboured diligently to coax and argue him back into orthodoxy. I think now that I was wrong, and should have left him alone. For, instead of convincing, I wearied and exasperated him, and drove him more and more into the society of a gentleman of the town, who I have since discovered to be a Jesuit in disguise. He has acknowledged to me that he was under a solemn promise to effect my husband's conversion, and that knowing a great part of his property was at his own disposal, and could be willed by him to whomsoever he liked, even during his father's life-time, he hoped to enrich his own Church with some of our Protestant spoils. At last the terrible climax was reached. It was about five weeks after our child's birth that he came to me one evening, announcing his apostacy, and his firm resolve to proceed at once to Rome, there to take orders as soon as possible in the Romish Church. It would be vain to tell you how I pleaded. I was both

wife and mother, and I had a father as well as a husband to win back. But I failed. He went that very night, and the next morning I left Dex also, and came here, making Mr. Walker and my own father the sole confidants of my sad secret. I felt so sure he would repent soon, and I wished to make his return easy. He should come back without shame or sacrifice, and the world should not even know that he had wandered. And so I waited hopefully, patiently, until despair began to creep into my heart, and the 'sickness of hope deferred' became a disease worse than death. Then, Mr. Grey, I thought of you. You had been my husband's friend, you would take some interest in his fate. That which I could not do, you might do for me—obtain an interview with my unfortunate husband, and add your influence to my prayers."

"You say he is in Paris?"

"Yes; and the day after to-morrow being the first of the month, I thought you might get an opportunity of seeing and speaking with him."

"Trust me that I will try."

I found that, in spite of her troubles, Mrs. Walker had made the most thoughtful provision for my comfort and refreshment. A bed had been prepared for me in the house, and just as I had finished my early breakfast next morning, my hostess came in, and pressed a full purse into my keeping, bidding me remember that I was doing her work, and not my own, and that I should not be justified in accepting such a commission if it must needs militate against the interests of my poor people at home.

"It is not necessary to ask you to write to me as soon as you have any news," she said, finally. "And Mr. Grey"—dropping her voice, whilst tears stood in her earnest eyes—"Tell him—tell my husband—that I have nothing to forgive: I only want him back. The boy begins to take notice now, say; and we are both longing, and longing, to have him home again."

I pass over the journey to Paris.

which was easy and uneventful. The next morning I presented myself at the convent gates, and after being sharply scanned through the grating by a pair of dark, keen eyes, the huge *porte-cochère* was withdrawn, and I was admitted into the paved courtyard. After this I was ushered by my guide into a small, dingy parlour, where another monk was seated with his cowl thrown back from his swarthy face, and apparently so intent upon his book, that he started, or pretended to start, when I addressed him. I asked for my friend, and noticed some hesitation in his manner. But when I hinted that I should apply at once to the English Ambassador if I were denied the interview I sought, he grew suddenly propitious, offered me a chair, and bade me wait whilst he went to fetch brother Pierre himself. I could not recognise my old friend under this name; I could hardly recognise him either in his monkish garb. When he glided in presently with the hands that had always been so ready for my clasp hidden in the flowing sleeves of his cassock, and his white, sad face gleaming terribly from the shadow of his cowl, I was foolish perhaps, but I could only turn away to hide my tears.

We were not alone—I had never allowed myself to hope that we should be;—but I had thought it possible that our companion might not understand English. I was grievously disappointed, therefore, when the young man who followed Marchmont into the room addressed to me a few words of English greeting, only in the slightest degree defiled by a foreign accent. But I had come there to speak certain things to my friend, and I meant to speak them. I began vehemently to urge his return to Mrs. Walker, whom I described as nearly heart-broken at his desertion. I then gave her parting words, and Marchmont's face flushed a vivid red, as he answered,

"I thought Minnie had resigned herself easily to my absence. She has never once written to me, never

made the faintest effort to induce me to acknowledge her claims."

"Oh! Marchmont!" I eagerly exclaimed, "you have been most miserably deceived! Your wife has written to you over and over again, and would have come here to see you had there been the least chance of obtaining admittance."

Here the monk in attendance remonstrated with me for the fourth time, although I had hitherto paid small heed to his representations. When he found that his last objection was likely to have no better effect than the preceding ones, he departed to fetch the Father Superior, enunciating a few vague threats as he went.

I seized my opportunity to gain from Marchmont a confession that he was detained in the convent against his wish. I even took out pencil and paper, and made him write it down, and sign his name, promising with this weapon in my hand to effect his speedy release.

"Surely," I said, as I pocketed my treasure, "you might have escaped earlier, if you had only persistently opposed these men, and claimed your right as a British subject to perfect freedom of action."

"So weak as I am both in body and will," he said, mournfully. "a child might have led me——" But he broke off suddenly, and the hectic glow on his cheek burned brighter, then faded utterly, as the Father Superior entered the room.

A bland, portly personage, with the air of a man who had seen something of courts, and more of life, was the new comer. He bowed to me with dignified ease, and I could almost have admired the art and address with which he anticipated my complaints, and disposed of them and me without allowing a single uncourteous word to pass his lips.

"My dear young brother here," he said, laying his hand on Marchmont's shoulder, "has been in such a delicate state of health lately, that we have considered it expedient to keep from him any letters or family matters that might excite him in any way, and retard his recovery.

On this account I had given strict orders that he should not come into the *parloir*, even if he were asked for, and since he has chosen to disobey me, he must resign himself to the consequences."

"My friend wishes to leave at an early opportunity," I said, and I turned to Marchmont with a gesture rather of command than appeal, for I found that in his present state he looked naturally to coercion to assist his feeble will.

"I should like to leave here," answered Marchmont, drearily. "These long penances and fasts wear ——"

"They are for the good of your soul, brother," interrupted the Superior quickly, but gently.

"But his body needs care now," I said, "and as it will be more likely to have this amongst his own friends, I mean to take immediate steps for his removal."

A faint flash of menace kindled in the bland Superior's mild eye, but he answered quietly, "Your friend belongs to us now."

"By religion, perhaps, but not by country. With the former I have nothing to do; I claim him from you solely on the grounds of his nationality, and as France and England are friendly states, I imagine I shall find but little difficulty in receiving an unwilling captive, and restoring him to his own country and his own friends."

With this I departed, and although the Father bowed me to the gates, I felt that I had given him a blow which had struck home, and inspired him with a painful sense of my power.

I need hardly specify the means I used to obtain Marchmont's release, since they are so well known to most readers. But a week's delay occurred before the Home Secretary and our Ambassador in Paris had finished their investigations, and the matter had been referred to the proper quarter. Then I was officially informed that Marchmont would be at full liberty to quit the convent at any day or hour he liked.

Mrs. Walker was in Paris by this

time, but I thought it better that she should not see her husband until I had prepared him for the meeting. I went, therefore, alone to the convent, and as I passed through the gates I saw the Father Superior coming to meet me with the tottering figure of my friend leaning on his arm. Even now Marchmont wavered irresolutely, as if the mere effort of a decision were beyond his strength, and I had almost to drag him away to the carriage, nipping the Father's pathetic farewell in the bud, so greatly I feared its effect on Marchmont's unstable mind.

At last my uncertain mission was accomplished, and I placed Marchmont in his wife's eager arms. Then I left them. But I had hardly been gone an hour, and had just begun the preparations for my journey home, when a messenger brought me a hurried summons from Mrs. Walker. Her husband had broken a blood-vessel, and could not survive many hours. I went to him at once, and as I stood over his bed I could see hovering near—

"The shadow cloaked from head to foot,
That holds the key of all the creeds."

At midnight Marchmont died, but although he spoke to me of his will, in which he said he had left all his property to the Romish Church, under coercion, and prayed me to make every effort to get it cancelled in favour of his wife and child, we could not persuade him to any expression of other feelings and opinions, and consequently we were left in painful doubt at the last, and could only believe, as we hoped, that he died in the Protestant faith.

There was little difficulty in setting Marchmont's will aside. Our laws do not easily sanction this sort of bequest, the danger of the system being so obvious. Every right-minded man in England rejoiced at the issue of this trial, which ensured the security of our homes, and vindicated the sanctity of domestic life. Marchmont's son is now an eminent divine of our Church, and when I feel inclined

to mourn over my friend's untimely fate, I am reminded that his sad history and example have been a warning to one whose ardent ima-

ginations and strong passions might perhaps have led him into like perils, had not his father "Gone over to Rome."
E. M. O. L.

SLEEPING.

BY THE EDITOR.

"If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."—1 Thess. iv. 14.

SLEEPING !—sleeping !—ever sleeping
Through the rosy summer's light,
Through the autumn's golden splendour,
Through the harvest's silvery night.
Sleeping when the bare woods shiver,
When the soft flakes mutely fall,
Resting on the quiet churchyard
Like a maiden's snow-white pall !
Sleeping still, while Spring awakens
Every bud on every bough,
While from icy chains outbursting,
All the freed streams gladly flow.

Smile again, oh ! purple violets,
Breathe your perfume through the vale ;
Ring your bells, ye merry cowslips,
Ring them over hill and dale !
Wave your tresses ! gay laburnum,
Blush, O roses ! hawthorn pale !
Spread your creamy, spicy clusters,
Floating sweetness on the gale.
Rise up, stately, queenly lilies,
Leaf unfold, and chalice ope !
Shake your petals, flaming poppies,
'Neath the blue lark-ringing cope.

Wake up, too, oh ! best-beloved ones,
Ye have slept both well and long :
Wake ! the birds are singing anthems,
All the breezy choirs among :
Rouse up, darlings, from your slumbers,
Lo ! the wintry hours are past,
And the honey-bees are humming
Where we roamed together last.
Sleeping still ? What ! sleeping ever
While through all the laughing skies
Sounds the voice of vernal music ?
"Children of the earth—arise !"

Sleeping still ? Aye best ! 'tis better,
Closed lids, and brain at rest,
Mute lips, pale hands folded meekly
On the calm unheaving breast,
Than to shake off dust, and mingle
With this weary life of ours,
Than to meet the summer sunshine,
Than to pluck the fairest flowers.

Sleep! sleep on, though sore the yearning
For one hand-clasp, one dear smile.
Lonely heart! be still, be patient,
'Tis but for a little while.

Till the icy winds fall softly,
Till the long death-night be past,
Till this world's "vain show" is over,
Till we hear th' Archangel's blast!
Oh! the dreary days are fleeting,
Though the hours pass sad and slow;
Though the mists and darkness linger,
Gleams the dawn on upland brow!
Soon the shadows, melting, flying,
Will be lost in shining morn;
Soon the night be gone for ever,
Soon the eternal Day be born.

Sleep till *then*, oh! well-belovéd,
Underneath the whispering trees,
Neath the solemn minster-arches,
Deep,—down deep, in soundless seas!
Sleeping still!—we leave you sleeping.
Spring and summer, morn and noon;
Sleeping still!—oh! how serenely—
Sleeping!—but to waken soon:
And this hope makes glad our spirits,
Blesséd consolations, fill
Aching bosoms:—so we leave them,
Sleeping sweetly, sleeping still.

THE STORY OF THE OLD SOHO FACTORY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

More power is the possession after which most men seek. To punish their enemies, to humble their rivals, to rule their subordinates, or to give effect to their ambitions or their benevolent designs, *more power* is the object which men seek to obtain. He who has much power already is not satisfied, perhaps less so than is he who has little. Divine Providence has overruled this desire for power for the accomplishment of the most wonderful and benevolent results. Civilization, commerce, and religion, have followed in the rear of the ambitious seekers of this object. "I am engaged, your Majesty, in the production of a commodity which is the desire of kings," said Matthew Boulton to George the Third. "What is that?" asked the King. "Power, your Majesty." Boswell

records in his life of Dr. Johnson, that when he visited Soho, Mr. Boulton said to him, "I sell here, sir, what all the world desires to have, *power*." Soho became the centre from which the entire world received power, but there was a time when nothing was more urgently needed even there than that which Mr. Boulton was anxious to sell. When he expressed the desire "*to work for all Europe in all things that they may have occasion for*," perhaps he scarcely stopped to think whether or not water-wheels and horses would supply sufficient power for the production of the necessary articles. The supply of water was uncertain. Rain did not always fall in deference to the requirements of Soho and the markets of Europe, and horse-power was found to be

very expensive. These circumstances led Mr. Boulton to look about for some power that should prove more regular and efficient, and less expensive. His only hope was in the development of steam-power, and he even designed to adopt the roundabout course of using one of Savery and Newcomen's engines, to pump the waste water from the mill-stream into a reservoir, to maintain the supply for the wheels.

One of the first men consulted by Mr. Boulton, and whose aid he sought in order to the possession of *more power*, was the celebrated Benjamin Franklin. This truly great man visited England in 1764 under very different circumstances from his first visit nearly forty years earlier; then he came as a humble and destitute mechanic, but the second time he came as the representative of the grievances, and the champion of the rights of America. The name of Franklin was well-known in connection with literary and scientific pursuits, and his devoted study of the science of electricity marked him out as a man likely to help those who sought the development of mechanical power. The man who had invented the Franklin stove and the lightning-rod was not likely to be overlooked by the discernment of Mr. Boulton. Franklin visited Soho and formed a very high opinion of Mr. Boulton, as may be gathered from one of his letters. "If anything new in magnetism, or electricity, or any other branch of natural knowledge has occurred to your fruitful genius since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, you will by communicating it greatly oblige me." He had also a model engine of Mr. Boulton's in London for examination. It will appear, therefore, that whilst the steam-engine crowned the fame of Soho in later times, it was the demand for *more power* at Soho that led to the perfecting of the great instrument of modern progress, and gave to it a *local habitation and a name*.

The records of the progressive steps by which the steam-engine reached its wonderful perfection are deeply interesting. They furnish a

history of earnest thought, self-denying labour, and of hopes as often disappointed as inspired, almost unrivalled in interest. Long before James Watt applied his great genius to the work, many men had toiled hard and long, had reasoned much and speculated more, receiving as their only reward poverty and contempt. It has been said that "A machine, receiving at distant times and from many hands new combinations and improvements, and becoming at last of signal benefit to mankind, may be compared to a rivulet swelled in its course by tributary streams, until it rolls along a majestic river, enriching in its progress provinces and kingdoms."

The honour of being the first to apply the vapour produced by heat to any practical purpose, is due to the heathen priests of ancient Egypt, who, however, used their knowledge to work on the fears of their ignorant followers. The statue of Serapis opened its eyes and moved its lips at the rising of the sun; and the statue of Memnon uttered melodious sounds; and these effects were produced by means of vapour generated by the sun's heat acting upon water. Heron the elder, the Alexandrian mathematician, probably derived his ideas of the use of vapour for mechanical purposes from what he saw practised by the heathen priests. He produced very beautiful toys, which were made to work by the heat of the sun's rays, and also by the heat of fire placed under a vessel containing water from which steam was generated. The application of steam by the Alexandrian toy-maker, though yielding less profit than was realized by the use of the same power by the Birmingham toy-maker, nevertheless proves him to have been one of the pioneers in the discovery of the steam-engine.

The only instance furnished by Roman history of the use of steam is the amusing attempt of Anthemius, the architect, to alarm his neighbour, Zeno, the orator. They lived in adjoining houses, and the architect, who had been vanquished by the eloquence of the orator, re-

solved to be avenged. He therefore constructed a machine by means of which he could convey steam among the joists and rafters of his neighbour's house, and thus produce the seeming effects of an earthquake. The orator acknowledged the victory, and declared, "That a mere mortal must yield to the power of an antagonist, who shook the earth with the trident of Neptune." It is recorded that about the year 1125 "there were extant in a church at Rheims, as proofs of the knowledge of Gerbert, a public professor in the schools, a clock, constructed on mechanical principles, and an hydraulic organ, in which the air, escaping in a wonderful manner by the force of heated water, fills the cavity of the instrument, and the brazen pipes emit modulated tones through multifarious apertures."

An Italian, named Cardan, who lived during the first half of the sixteenth century, made some important discoveries respecting the use of steam. It is said that in him were united "the most transcendent attainments with the most consummate quackery, profound sagacity with the weakest superstition; who on one page is seen drawing the horoscope of Christ, and in another imploring His forgiveness for the sin of having eaten a partridge on Friday; unfolding the most beautiful relations in algebraic analysis, and foretelling from the appearance of specks on his nails his approach to some discovery; above all, eloquently enforcing the obligations of a pure religion, and expressing the finest sentiments in morals, while his long life was one continued exertion grossly outraging both. This philosopher, juggler, and madman, is entitled to brief mention from displaying in his writings a knowledge of what has been called the capabilities of steam, and more particularly with the fact of a vacuum being speedily procured by its condensation."

A German preacher, named Mathesius, in 1571 introduced into a sermon a description of an apparatus answering to a steam-engine, and

speaks of what "mighty effects could be produced by the volcanic force of a little imprisoned vapour." Another German writer, about the same time, proposed to substitute steam for turnspit labour. He said, "it will eat nothing, and giving, withal, an assurance to those partaking of the feast, whose suspicious natures nurse queasy appetites, that the haunch has not been pawed by the turnspit in the absence of the housewife's eye, for the pleasure of licking his unclean fingers." The alchemists thought and wrote much about the use and appropriation of steam, and made experiments which were useful to subsequent mechanics; but they were men too much devoted to speculative dreaming to accomplish many practical and enduring results. Very little of a solid and permanent character could be expected from men who recklessly cast gold into the fire, in the hope of finding amongst the ashes a talisman for its unlimited production; or whose speculations led them to announce such propositions as these:—"Samson could lift up the gates of a city on his shoulders; and the strongest bonds were but as flax burned in the fire, and yet, his hair being shaved off, all his strength departed from him. By mechanical contrivances, it is easy to have made one of Samson's hairs, that was shaved off, to have been of more strength than all of them when they were on. By the help of these arts, it is possible for any man to lift up the greatest oaks with a straw, to pull it with a hair, or blow it with a breath. The whole apparatus of the engine that will do this doth consist in two double pulleys, twelve wheels, and a sail. The roots of the oak are estimated to cover a surface of a thousand feet square, and forty feet deep, equal to four thousand millions of pounds weight, the proportion of the wheels being as ten to one each; if the weight of a straw or hair be equal to the hundredth part of a pound, it will be of sufficient force to pull up the oak; if the wheels and pinions be proportioned as a hundred to one, then it is *very evident* that the same

strength of a breath blown on small sails, or a hair, or a straw, will be able to *move the world*." Nevertheless, Baptista Porta and Decaus are names which must be mentioned in connection with contrivances for the appropriation of steam power to useful purposes.

Dr. John Wilkins, bishop of Chester, and a Jesuit named Kircher, are found also writing and experimenting on the use of steam. Wilkins was "a person of rare gifts, a noted theologian and preacher, a curious critic in several matters, and an excellent mathematician and experimentalist, and one as well seen in mechanism and new philosophy, of which he was as great a promoter as any man of his time." He conceived the bright idea of applying steam to the " chiming of bells, or other musical devices," and suggests that "there cannot be any more pleasant contrivance for continuous and *cheap music*; it may be useful also for the *reeling of yarn*, the *rocking a cradle*, with divers like domestic occasions." When the good bishop caused much merriment by publishing a discourse to prove "that it is probable there may be another habitable world in the moon," the celebrated Duchess of Newcastle sarcastically remarked "that it is possible for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance to this other world," but suggested as a difficulty the want of *baitting places on the way*. Whereupon, the bishop expressed his surprise "that this objection should be made by a lady who had been all her life building castles in the air." He then gave many reasons why he thought it "likely enough that there may be a means invented of journeying to the moon; and how happy shall they be that are first successful in the attempt."

Summer tourists who have rambled amongst the rich scenery of the Wye, and admired the noble ruins of Raglan Castle, will be interested in hearing, perhaps for the first time, that a little more than two centuries ago some of the most successful experiments in the appropriation of steam power were there

made. Edward, second Marquis of Worcester, was born in London in 1631. Raglan was his father's country residence, and there young Edward prosecuted those studies in chemistry, hydraulics, and mechanics, which had been stimulated by several years' residence on the Continent. His life was very eventful. He stood firm as a defender of Charles against Cromwell, lost his estates, lived through the Commonwealth, saw the Restoration of Charles the Second, spent fortunes upon inventions which were laughed at in an age not ripe for the appreciation of mechanical progress, and died, having written his "*Century of Inventions*," constructed his water commanding engine, and gained the renown of being the first contriver of a working steam-engine. Then we meet with Morland, and Papin the Frenchman, and a host of other ingenious men, trying to raise water and to propel vessels against wind and tide; and Captain Savery, of Devonshire, working for the relief of the flooded mines in Cornwall, and endeavouring to raise water for the supply of residences in London and elsewhere, and thus going much beyond his predecessors in the application of steam power. At length we hear of Thomas Newcomen, the Dartmouth ironmonger and blacksmith. He was a man of strong religious convictions; early in life a religious teacher, and all through life a member and preacher of the Baptist communion. His practical experience gave him great advantage over his predecessors, whose theories he improved upon, and embodied in practical results. In conjunction with his partner Cawley, he erected engines in the northern, western, and midland counties. A singular circumstance is said to have led to a great improvement in one of Newcomen's engines. "To keep the engine at work one man was required to attend to the fire, and another to turn alternately the two cocks, one admitting the steam into the cylinder, the other admitting the jet of cold water to condense it. The turning of these cocks was easy work, usually performed by a boy. The boy who,

on one occasion, had to do this work was Humphry Potter, who, in order to skulk his work and obtain time for play, conceived the bright idea of attaching strings to the beam of the engine which he saw working over his head. He succeeded, and thus became the inventor of the first arrangement by which the steam-engine was made self-acting."

This sketch of the progressive steps in the application of steam power to mechanical purposes brings us down to the time when Matthew Boulton was seeking more power for the service of Soho. We have seen that heathens and Christians, bishops and Baptist preachers, philosophers and Jesuits, nobles and blacksmiths had been striving to bring to perfection the great power by which the world is now blessed, and still the steam-engine remained an unwieldy and almost useless machine until its history in connection with Soho commenced.

In the town of Greenock, young James Watt received his first ideas of mechanics in his father's carpenter's shop. There he soon made "household furniture, ships' fittings, chairs, tables, coffins, capstans, and the ordinary sorts of ship and house joinery. From the stores he saw supplied to the ships, blocks, pumps, gun-carriages, dead-eyes, and other articles. Ships' compasses were also brought to the carpenter's shop to be *touched*. Aunt Muirhead thought James a very hopeless youth. 'James Watt,' she said, 'I never saw such an idle boy as you are, take a book and employ yourself usefully. For the last hour you have not spoken a word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again; holding now a cup, and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, catching and counting the drops it falls into.' The early life of James Watt was not calculated to inspire bright hopes of his future career. We find him in Glasgow learning to be a mathematical instrument maker, improving himself in his knowledge of the trade in London, returning to Glasgow to commence business, and at last working in a small shop

within the precincts of the university under the patronage of Dr. Dick, professor of natural philosophy. There it was that Watt first became acquainted with Dr. Robison; who, in 1759, first called his attention to the subject of the steam-engine. The idea dropped into the mind of the young man—then only twenty-three years of age—like a new revelation. He at once sought all the information possible, studied chemistry, found a model of Newcomen's engine, which was used in the college by the philosophical class, and was started in the pursuit of those great results which have immortalized his name. His early efforts were carried on in conjunction with Dr. Robuck and Dr. Black. In 1768 he is in London, harassed and discouraged by the delays in securing a patent for his steam-engine, and cheered by a noble letter from his good wife—blessings on her memory! 'I beg that you will not make yourself uneasy though things should not succeed to your wish. If the condensing engine will not do, something else will; *never despair*.' Noble words from a brave woman! At length, after many disappointments and delays, long negotiations, and much correspondence, we find Mr. Watt in partnership with Mr. Boulton at Soho, and the grand era of effective steam power commences.

Mr. Boulton thus writes:—"The first engine that was erected at Soho I purchased of Mr. Watt and Dr. Robuck. The cylinder was cast of solid-grain tin, which engine, with the boiler, the valves, the condenser, and the pumps, were all sent from Scotland to Soho. This engine was erected for the use of the Soho manufactory, and for the purpose of making experiments upon by Mr. Watt, who occupied two years of his time at Soho with that object, and lived at Mr. Boulton's expense." In another document Mr. Boulton writes:—"The only fire-engine erected at Soho, prior to Boulton and Watt obtaining the Act of Parliament, was certainly made and erected in Scotland, and was removed here by sea, being a part of my bargain with Robuck." One of

the greatest events in the history of our country was the landing of the Kenniel steam-engine on our coast, and the resting-place which it found may be regarded as one of the most celebrated spots on earth.

An Act of Parliament was obtained to extend the patent of Boulton and Watt twenty-five years, though most strenuously opposed by Edmund Burke, then in the zenith of his power. The first steam-engine made to order at Soho was for John Wilkinson, to blow the bellows of his iron-works at Broseley.

Wonderful as was Mr. Watt's success, he was continually harassed with difficulties. Efforts were made to entice his most skilled workmen to foreign countries. His inventions were stolen from him before he had time to secure them by patent. Mr. Smiles gives some amusing illustrations of some of these difficulties. "While the model of the crank engine was under construction at Soho in the summer of 1780, a number of workmen met on Saturday evening, according to custom, to drink together at the 'Waggon and Horses.' The men were seated round the little kitchen parlour, talking about their work, and boasting over their beer of the new and wonderful things which they were carrying forward in their shops. Dick Cartwright, the pattern-maker, was one of the loudest of the party. He was occupied upon a model for the purpose of producing rotary motion, which he declared would prove one of the best things Mr. Watt had brought out. The other men were curious to know all about it, and to illustrate the action of the machine, Cartwright proceeded to make a rude sketch of the crank upon the table with a bit of chalk. A person

who sat in the kitchen corner, in the assumed garb of a workman, greedily drank in all that the men had been saying. Watt had never thought of taking out a patent for the crank, not believing it patentable, but the stranger aforesaid had no such hesitation, and, it is said, he posted straight to London and anticipated Watt by securing protection for the contrivance."

The history of the Soho Factory and its surroundings during the thirty years from the commencement of Mr. Watts with it to the close of the eighteenth century is full of thrilling interest. Steam-engines were manufactured for almost every branch of manufacture and wherever great power was required. For waterworks, mines, iron-works, corn grinding, and the cotton and woollen manufactures of the north of England. During this period patents were from time to time obtained for improvements and inventions, and lawsuits had often to be conducted for their protection. During this period also, Soho, with its valuable machinery, was threatened with destruction by the Birmingham riots, and even the throbbings of the French Revolution were felt there, through the imprudent Jacobin sympathies of James Watt the younger, who was obliged to fly into Italy, and was denounced by Burke in the British House of Commons.

There was no application of steam power during the period we have mentioned of greater importance than at Soho, where it was employed for coining; of this some account will be given in the next article. The facetious Dr. Darwin thus eulogises the steam-worked coining press, which he often watched at Soho:—

"Now his hard hands on Mona's rifted crest,
Bosom'd in rocks, her azure robes arrest;
With iron lips his rapid rollers seize
The lengthened bars in their expansive squeeze.
Descending screws with ponderous fly-wheels wound,
The tawny plates, the new medallions round;
Hard dies of steel the cupreous circles cramp.
The harp, the lily, and the lion join,
And George and Britain guard the splendid coin."

THE PEN AND THE PALM;

A REVIEW OF THE LIFE OF "FANNY FORESTER" JUDSON.

First Article.—Youth and Authorship.

"I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,
 I grasped at the triumph that blesses the brave;
 I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown;
 I asked, and Thou shewedst me the cross and the grave."

AMONG all the lives of women of worth, we have read of none more exquisitely tender and touching than the story of the life of "Fanny Forester" Judson. We give her literary *sou-briquet*, in order to distinguish her from Dr. Judson's two other wives, and also because the name may perhaps awaken in some of our readers' minds grateful recollections of the refined and cultured pen which has ministered to their delight in the pages of "Alderbrook," and other books of that class. Although chastened and suffering during a great part of her life, she yet contrived to accomplish a noble work during her brief span, so that her few years were in reality "long, though not very many." Some characters attain ripeness long before others:—they fulfil their allotted work, and "do enter into rest," while others are as yet only developing; and of this number Mrs. Judson was one.

Her maiden name was Emily Chubbuck. Her birthplace was on the other side of the Atlantic. She was born at Eaton, a thriving village in Madison County, State of New York, on August 22, 1817. Her parents were poor, but upright, intelligent, refined and God-fearing, and though unable to give their daughter a dowry of worldly wealth, gave her what was far better—a religious and mental training. At eleven years of age, so poor were her parents, that she entered a woollen factory near her home, receiving something like five shillings per week. Of this place she says, "My principal recollections are of noise and filth, bleeding hands, aching feet, and a very sad heart." During the winters, she attended the district school, and made considerable proficiency in learning.

She remained in the factory some

time—indeed, until her health failed, and her medical attendant recommended country air. Just at this time we can trace the first germs—dawnings—of the missionary spirit, which animated her in after years. An old copy of the "*Baptist Register*," the organ of the American Baptist Missionary Society, fell into her hands one day, and her eye happened to light on a letter from Dr. Judson, respecting his daughter's death. About the same time, she read a life of Mrs. Ann H. Judson, and this fired her childish heart with missionary enthusiasm. Of course Dr. Judson was utterly unknown to her, except by missionary fame, and as she pondered—little dreaming how intimately she was to be connected with him in future years,—she indulged in romantic dreams of missionary life. "And I; yes, I too, will be a missionary."

She left the factory, and very shortly became the subject of deep convictions. This was principally through the conversion of a sister to whom she was fondly attached. About this time, too, she came under the influence of a clever, but semi-infidel teacher,—a young lady who was her instructor in English composition. While following her studies, which also included rhetoric and natural philosophy, her mind was distracted at times by religious doubts, conflicting with worldly inclinations and temptations. This, doubtless, was a critical point in her lifetime. All deeply thoughtful natures have such doubt-seasons at some time or another, but depend upon it these seasons, if grappled with in a spirit of earnest enquiry and prayerful research, prove "very means of grace" to the soul. So it was with Emily Chubbuck.

She was devoted to her studies, and warmly engaged in anything and everything that could improve her mind. During this period she persisted in doing what students familiarly term "burning the candle at both ends." She says in her diary, under date Jan., 1832, "On Monday morning I used to arise at two o'clock, and do the washing for the family and boarders before nine. On Thursday evening I did the ironing; and Saturday, because there was but half a day at school, we made baking-day. I also took sewing of a mantua-maker close by, and so contrived to make good the time consumed in school. I found it, however, a difficult task to keep up with the other pupils without robbing my sleeping hours. I seldom got any rest till one or two o'clock, and then I read French and solved mathematical problems in my sleep." In an entry dated two months later, she says, "My health again failed, and the physician was consulted. He said I must give up study, and leave school at once." No wonder! No human frame could possibly sustain such an accumulation of study and work. Without question, she laid the foundation for future years of pain and weakness. A month later her mother insisted on her leaving school, and suggested that she should commence a millinery business, but Emily rebelled against this most decidedly. Making bonnets and trimming caps might do all very well for an occasional hour, but she could not seriously undertake to spend her life in it. "But what will you do?" said her mother; "here you are nearly fifteen, and you cannot go to school always." That was true enough; "so," she says, "I went away to think." In this remark you see the character of the girl. Neither impulsive nor hasty; but calmly deliberative, and slow in resolution; and, once determined on any course of action, as immovable as iron.

At last she decided on teaching school, thus adding another to the long list of famous men and women who have ruled in village-schools—

"monarchs of all they surveyed." Her tutor deemed her teaching abilities fully up to the mark, but told her she "was not half big enough." Never mind! The sterling stuff of good, self-reliant womanhood was in her, and she did her best endeavour to attain her purpose. Our American cousins educate on a somewhat different system from ours. The teachers "board round," that is, board in turn for a week, fortnight, or month, as the case may be, with each member of the committee, during the school term, receiving beside out of the district funds a certain number of dollars as a stipend. On making up her mind, she at once proceeded to act. Carrying in her pocket her credentials, she "took a short cut across the lots" to a neighbouring village, as yet destitute of a "school-marm." On enquiring for the principal trustee, she was shewn into the presence of a raw-boned, red-headed, sharp-looking man, dressed in red flannel shirt and cow-hide boots. The young aspirant to school honours met with rather a cool reception. He questioned her as to her age, her acquirements, recommendations, and so on. He whistled when he heard her age, as well he might! Fancy a girl of fifteen becoming mistress over a school which should reckon among its scholars big, lubberly farm-labourers, and rough 'prentice lads! For such would have been the case. At these Transatlantic seats of learning you may see all ages, and both sexes, side by side, conning the same book, and working the same sums.

Emily saw there was little chance for her there, so betaking herself and her credentials into the woods, she indulged herself in the inconvenient luxury of "a good cry." This restored her equanimity, and she set off again. Accompanied by a young friend, she proceeded to a district some three miles further on. Here the acting trustee seemed inclined to entertain her application; "but," said he, "the scholars will be bigger than their teacher!" However, he expressed himself very well pleased with her, and would decide in ano-

ther week. Emily went home, and tried to exercise the grace of patient waiting. In five days Mr. B—— made his appearance, announcing that the trustees had engaged her as teacher at a salary of six shillings per week, and that her duties were to commence on the following Monday.

Fairly installed as teacher, she commenced working in earnest. Her fame as an instructor spread rapidly, and season after season she removed to more important schools. The winters were long vacations: only the summers, that is, from April to September, were spent in tuition. But failing health and family troubles often broke her down, and her diary tells more than once of her being compelled to close school, and return home to rest. Just after an attack of illness, she accepted an invitation to become mistress of a school at Pratt's Hollow. Writing to a friend concerning her new bargain, she says, "The next day I received an invitation to take a school at Pratt's Hollow, and accepted it without hesitation. Behold me then the Monday morning after, at the head of a little regiment of wild cats. Oh! don't mention it, don't. I am as sick of my bargain as—(pardon the comparison, but it will out), as any Benedict in Christendom. I am duly constituted sovereign of a pack of fifty wild horses, which may not be tamed." Writing to the same friend soon after, she thus describes herself. The portrait is good, for nurtured as she had been amidst poverty, hardship, and trial, all the sterner stuff of her nature had been called into play; notwithstanding which

she had lost none of her womanliness. "The world has given me some heavy brushes; disappointment has cast a shadow over my path; expectation has been often marred, and hope withered; the trials of life have distilled their bitterness; care spread out its perplexities; and all this has served to nerve up my spirits to greater strength, and to add iron to my nature. There is but little of the poetry of life about me now; little of the bright rich colouring of a warm imagination. In short, I am a plain, matter-of-fact little body, somewhat stern, and 'quite too positive for a maiden,' as the Quaker said. The neighbourhood calls me proud; my mother, rough; my sister, coarse; my brother, old-maidish; and my dear, good father, *rather too positive for a girl*. I have said this much of myself, that you may know what it means, and that it is really I that write, should you happen to find something in my letters that does not fully coincide with your former ideas of Emily."

Seven years passed in this way, and during the last three or four of that time, Emily had been a frequent contributor to the different village journals and newspapers. Most of these contributions were anonymous, and of course exhibited all the crudeness and want of finish that first efforts generally do. Still, they were favourably received, and in some of them the "gift divine" sparkles brilliantly forth, giving abundant promise of what was yet to come. The following lines, extracted from a Hamilton periodical, will give the reader some idea of her mental power and promise:

"The midnight air is filled
With rich-toned music, and its deep wild gush
Sweeps strongly forth, and bids the earth to hush
Its din,—and it is stilled.

Then with low whispering tone,
Like the last sigh of a departed one
That, all un murmuring that his task is done,
Breathes out his life alone.

The soft sound floats along;
Or like a harp with one unbroken string,
Which still its plaintive notes around may fling,
Breathes forth this spirit-song.

Now fainter than the sigh
Of the last faded rose-leaf when it falls,
As its departed sister softly calls,
The low sweet strains move by.

And then again they burst
In rich, deep strains of melody untaught,
Stirring the spirit's depths, and kindling thought
Pure as in Eden erst.

I may not read the spell
Flung on my soul, but I may feel its power,
And twine bright thoughts around this hallowed hour,
On which alone to dwell."

Before this period she had experienced the new birth, and with the first dawns of that peace which passeth all understanding, came the renewed desire to consecrate herself to the mission cause. So fervent was the desire, that she addressed a letter to the Rev. N. Kendrick, pastor of the Baptist Church in Eaton, asking his counsel and assistance in the matter. One of her earliest childish dreams had been the wish to become a missionary; and the wish had remained with her all through her youth, so that now she had passed out of her teens, and entered young womanhood, it was stronger and more consuming than ever. Mr. Kendrick, seeing many objections in the way, advised her to "await the openings of Providence." This she did, and by-and-by God led her by a way that she knew not.

About this time a grateful change took place in Emily's affairs. A warmly-attached friend of hers, mentioned to the Misses Sheldon, principals of the Utica Female Academy, her desire that Emily should be admitted to the privileges of that college. It had been customary for young ladies to come there, and spend two or three years, partly in tuition and partly in study, so as to fit themselves for assuming the position of governess; making payment for the advantages thus secured, when established in situations. Emily's fame had already reached the Academy, so she was welcomed cordially, receiving also the assurance that her training should be entirely gratuitous, and that if at the end of that period circumstances favoured, she should be

engaged as teacher. Emily grasped at the proposition, for the beauties of "boarding round," and the mysteries of the birch, were not at all congenial to her taste. Forced as she had been to associate with people of all intellectual grades and capacities, and possessing little or no refinement, while boarding out, she often sighed for the companionship of other and more congenial spirits. Still, until Providence opened the way, she remained at her post, and tried faithfully to discharge her duty. Aged parents and a young sister were depending upon her, and their manifold claims could not be discharged without unremitting efforts on her part. These efforts she nobly made; and though they doubtless contributed to shorten her life, yet they cast a golden halo round her memory. The tablet erected in Hamilton graveyard, to "Dear Emily," was no mock parade, nor simulated sorrow, but the simple, spontaneous outburst of paternal and fraternal affection. "Dear Emily" was an image enshrined in their hearts, and worshipped with almost idolatrous affection.

Soon after commencing her residence at the Academy, she expressed a desire that her sister Kate should share in its advantages,—she herself, of course, being responsible for the cost. Miss Sheldon, who was an ardent admirer of Emily's genius, suggested the possibility of earning money by that genius. Emily at first shrunk from the thought, as if literature would be debased by being brought into contact with pounds, shillings, and pence, or rather, dollars and cents. But she had been trained in a hard and bitter school.

With but few friends, until now, and small advantages, she had known what it was to need money for necessary uses, and to be compelled to go without. So she soon got over this weakness, arriving very sensibly at the conclusion that genius, if ever so little, must eat, dress, and live, as well as create. Thus urged, she set to work, alternately teaching and writing—writing and teaching. Writing one of her short, brilliant, but characteristic notes to a friend, about this time, she says, "I have always shrunk from doing anything in a public capacity, and that has added a good deal to my school-teaching troubles. But oh! necessity, necessity! Did you ever think of such a thing as selling brains for money? and then, such brains as mine! Do you think I could prepare for the press a small volume of poems, that would produce the desired,—I must speak it—*cash*?"

Once the idea was broached, it was not in Emily Chubbuck to rest, without endeavouring to carry it out. In January, 1841, she commenced her first work, "Charles Linn; or, How to Observe the Golden Rule." This was a book for young people, intended primarily for school libraries. It met with a very flattering reception from the circle it was intended to reach, and Emily became favourably spoken of as a writer of juvenile books. The volume itself was written under most unpromising circumstances. It was composed and written in the hours snatched from school duties, and often those few hours were invaded by her ever-present foe, headache. Still, it exhibits much creative genius, force of language, and facility of composition, indicating that she possessed ability for her new-found occupation. Possibly she would never have commenced authorship had not straitened circumstances compelled her; but once before the public, she could gain no rest. Her magazine sketches became popular, too, and engagements began to multiply. But, as may be expected, study—for she still aimed at greater proficiency in her profession,—teaching, and authorship combined, were too much

for her slender frame, and prematurely enfeebled constitution. A letter to her sister, about this time, gives us a little insight into the real circumstances of the case. "I am not in the best possible humour for writing to-day, but knowing that you will be obliged to pay the fee before you examine the contents, here is at ye for a scribble. This morning I had a mammoth tooth extracted, and the rest are now dancing right merrily in commemoration of the event; so you must not wonder if my ideas dance in unison. Kate, you may be sick, for aught I know,—'dreadful sick;' but scarce a particle of pity will selfishness allow me for you, for know too that I am an invalid. I am growing rich 'mighty fast,' I can assure you; rich slike in purse and brain, by—doing nothing. Do you not envy me? I wrote you that I could pay my way this term, study French, draw, and be allowed the use of the oil-paints. Well, first I dropped oil-painting; it was too hard for me. Then I threw aside drawing, to save my nerves. And at last French was found quite too much. Afterwards, I wrote a little, but have of late been obliged to abandon the pen entirely. What is to become of me I do not know. Here I am, doing enough to pay my board, and attending to one class, by which I shall earn six dollars; thus wasting, absolutely throwing away my time. Miss Sheldon says if I never pay her she shall not trouble herself, but she intends, she says, to keep me here as composition teacher, which will be as profitable as any other teaching, and for me, rather easier. I can attend to the compositions when I feel to like it, and not at particular times. Now, pray do not think by what I have written that I am really ill. I am only fidgetty, *i.e.*, *nerveous*, as I used to be in the days of babyhood. To be sure I do not see 'kittens dance;' but then sometimes the whole tableful of young ladies seems in tumultuous motion. I can walk better than I could last spring; but I cannot endure the least mental excitement, and the slight noise that I

now make with my pen produces a horrid sensation, as if every scratch went deep into my brain. I sometimes almost fear that I shall be crazy; but that is nonsense.

"Why do you not send the money for your dress? I have not had a new waist to my châlè, for I have not a cent of money on earth, and Miss Cynthia you know is gone. I had my brown bonnet repaired, and it looks as simple as a cottage-girl's, but I have not paid for it. My white bonnet I have pulled to pieces and laid by. If I had any money to pay for the colouring, I would take it to the dyer's, and exchange it with you when I came home. Miss S— has given me some slips of geranium, but I am afraid they will die, because I cannot get any jars to put them in. If they live, I will bring them to you. I could get pretty flower-pots for eighteen-pence apiece. Oh! poverty, how vexatious thou art!"

She says in another letter, dated a month later, "The July number of the *Knickerbocker* has brought out with flattering haste my 'Where are the dead?' for it has not been in their possession a month; and consider, Kate, the *Knickerbocker* is perhaps the most popular periodical in the United States. My 'Charles Linn' has come, a beautiful little volume of 112 pages, worth about five shillings. My next book is also half-written, but not copied at all. I mean to bring it home to finish. There is an article of mine in the *Mothers' Journal* of this month. The publishers settle with me once in six months, and next January brings, if not 'golden opinions' exactly, silver ones."

Being now installed composition-teacher, with a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, beside board, her mind reverted to her long-cherished project of sending for her sister. This she did, but the step entailed upon her the strictest self-denial, the severest economy, and the most untiring labour. Often, at midnight, some of her friends would find her seated before her desk, with perhaps throbbing head, and marble cheeks, en-

deavouring to "sell her brains," as she so characteristically expressed it. On one occasion, when Miss Sheldon remonstrated with her for imprudently risking her health, her already full heart overflowed with emotion, and with streaming eyes, and hysteric sobs, she said, "Oh! I must write,—I must write. I must do what I can to aid my poor parents."

Soon other children's books appeared in rapid succession. "The Great Secret;" "Effie Maurice;" "Allen Lucas; or, the Self-made Man;" "John Frink;" and numerous magazine articles, all of which met with most flattering approval. Encouraged by the hope of reaping pecuniary profit sufficient to cover the undertaking, she purchased, as a gift for her parents, the house and garden occupied by them. The price was four hundred dollars, and the agreement stipulated that she should discharge the debt in four annual payments. Of course, for this sum the home could not be grand or spacious; but for all that, viewed as the offering of a daughter's affection, we may fancy how precious the gift was in their estimation. In after years, when separated from each other by rolling oceans, how sweet must have been this memento of a daughter's love! As may be expected, however, the debt hung like a millstone about her neck; but while it urged her to incessant exertion, the thought that she had provided her aged parents with a home, supplied a sufficient stimulus to that exertion.

About this time she became acquainted with N. P. Willis, of the New York "*Evening Mirror*." Assuming the *soubriquet* of "Fanny Forester," she wrote him a playful and spirited epistle, expressing her desire for certain articles of feminine attire, and enquiring if he *paid* for acceptable articles. The letter itself is quite a literary production, sparkling with genius, and radiant with flashes of wit and humour: it struck Mr. Willis' fancy, and he became anxious to know more of the unknown writer. Inserting a reply to her letter in the next number of the

"*Mirror*," he requested her to send a sketch for insertion, promising that the "needful" should be forthcoming. She did so, and so greatly did the sketch establish her ability as a writer, in Mr. Willis' opinion, that he instantly engaged her on his regular staff. Through his friendly criticism, and judicious praise, she at once became more popular than ever. Her playful cognomen, so sportively assumed, clung to her; and henceforth her real name was forgotten by the public, while that of "Fanny Forester" became known and welcomed throughout the whole circle of American periodical literature. From this time Mr. Willis and his wife, Mr. Horatio Wallace,

and many other famous writers, became her warm admirers. She became a contributor to "*Graham's Monthly*," the "*Columbian*," the "*Knickerbocker*," and one or two others, at highly remunerative terms. Every difficulty seemed to have vanished, and the country governess, hitherto so,—comparatively speaking,—little known to fame and fortune, became famous throughout the length and breadth of the land. Her assumed name became a household word; truly, it was a marvellous success. Like Lord Byron, she awoke one morning, and found herself "famous."

EMMA RAYMOND.

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELD.

WHEN our readers are taking their next glance at the Mission Field, the month of May will be breaking softly over the land. Nature will be robing herself in verdure, and garlanding her brow with buds and blossoms. The Christian Church also will be preparing for the renewal of old activities, and the putting forth of new ones. Laborious secretaries will be giving their finishing touches to the chronicles of the Christian labour of another year; eloquent preachers will be polishing their most ornate paragraphs; bankers will be marshalling anew their facts and figures; reporters will be sharpening their pencils for a month's hard work; and many a placid paterfamilias will be quietly making arrangements for himself, and for sending his household to pay their May visit to the Metropolis and to Exeter Hall—"whither the tribes go up."

Well, after all that its enemies may say, Exeter Hall is a power—and will be. A sneer at it cost an eminent statesman his seat in Parliament; and though some whose labours on behalf of either black men or white have been so modest that no one has ever heard of them, may affect to condemn its "pseudo-philanthropy," yet that spot is

identified with the best interests of liberty, humanity, and piety, and it has been the fountainhead of thoughts and deeds, which will survive when carping critics have been forgotten. May the spirit of wisdom and love be at this season largely bestowed upon all who take part in these "gatherings of the clans!"

There is not much leisure for reading in May for the friends of either philanthropic or Christian effort; but so soon as a few hours can be secured, we can promise a treat for our friends. It often happens that the most interesting facts are laid before the world with all the dryness and dreariness of a state paper. But a book has recently been given to the world that deals with events of more than romantic interest, in a style which charms by its graphic simplicity. The writer is not an Englishman; and when he modestly remarks—"I trust no reader, when taking the book in hand, will expect to find a model of good English writing"—we will only say that we wish English literary men usually wrote as well. The source from which the author drew his style is found when he remarks—"The book from which I obtained my first lessons in the English lan-

guage was the Bible. Indeed, but for it, I should often be at a loss to find words to express what I wanted to say."

The theme of these volumes of missionary enterprise is—the Charities of the Continent of Europe,* a subject with which English Christians have every reason to be deeply interested. "There is scarcely one of the great mother-establishments across the channel," says M. de Liefde, "which does not directly or indirectly owe its origin to the influence which the practical spirit of England has exercised upon the Protestant people of Europe. The charities of Germany alone may be counted, not by tens and scores, but by hundreds; and I believe that Englishmen may rightly look upon these valuable results as arising, to a considerable extent, from their own liberality and intelligent sympathy." We can only advise all our readers to obtain the earliest possible acquaintance with this author; and they will find that their hearts are stirred up to renewed devotion in the work of humanity and of God.

We mentioned last month the remarkable meeting that had been held of a number of the homeless boys of London, and we rejoice to learn that practical and remedial measures are at once to be adopted in their behalf. "Assuming," says Lord Shaftesbury, "those who were assembled at the supper to be fair samples of the entire body, and having aided our judgment by the examination of several others, we have come to the conclusion that a very great number have no parents at all; that many have lost one parent; that many, through the desertion or misconduct of their parents, have practically no home; and that some few are mere truants, who lead a roving life because they dislike domestic order. But though these boys were in tatters and dirty, they enjoy a fund of physical strength far exceeding the health of those children who

live perpetually in close and filthy courts and overcrowded houses. Their intelligence is remarkable; and, so far as we can form an opinion from the experience, during five weeks, of some fifty or sixty of these lads, they appear desirous of instruction, and ready to submit to rule and discipline, if it be administered with kindness."

The plan to be carried out is to establish a "Home in the Country" in which to receive and train in agricultural and other employments the lads of less robust health and of less adventurous dispositions, and to fit up a ship—the hull of which has already been promised by the Admiralty—in which others may be qualified for maritime pursuits or for emigration. The lads are not to be taken at a lower age than ten, nor older than fifteen; one or two years to be the course of training. The sum required with which to provide these homes on land and water, is estimated at £3,000; and an annual income of £6,000 will provide for the training of 400 boys, at least 200 of whom will go forth every year. In this way something may be done, as Lord Shaftesbury truly remarks, "towards the abatement of this deplorable waste of physical and moral energies, and the conversion, God helping us, of what is now a scourge, into a positive blessing."

It will not be necessary this month to expatiate over every field of missionary activity, but we may glance at one or two, concerning which special tidings have come to hand.

Encouraging information continues to arrive concerning the missions in Madagascar. We are glad to be assured that some solitudes that have been cherished in this country with regard to the condition of the people and the government, have been heedless. "Strange and entirely unfounded reports," says Mr. Cousins, sometimes reach England and are published in our papers, which have occasioned "un-

* "Six Months Among the Charities of Europe." By John de Liefde. 2 Vols. Alexander Strahan, London.

necessary alarm and distress; and whilst everything has been perfectly quiet and regular here," it has been thought that civil war was raging, the country in confusion, and the mission seriously imperilled. "Both we who are labouring in Madagascar," he adds, "and those who are interested in the success of our labours, have reasonable grounds for gratitude and hope. There is perfect liberty allowed to all to worship God; and all the chapels in the capital, and some thirty or more in the villages around, are well filled every Sunday with hearers anxious to learn and know what is the will of God, and every month we are receiving fresh additions to the churches. We are getting into a regular system of itinerancy, and are sending out preachers from our church to help the village pastors on the Sabbath. I have drawn out a plan similar to those used by the Wesleyan Churches in England, and hope the results will be good."

Although it will ever be the most Christlike part of Christian labour "to preach the Gospel to the poor," it is gratifying to know that many of the converts in the churches of Madagascar belong to the middle classes, and that several natives of the highest rank have lately identified themselves with the Church of Christ. The Queen still adheres to the ancient customs of the country, but it is understood that she is much more favourable than formerly towards Christianity. "At our last meeting," writes the Rev. B. Briggs, "we received one of the under-secretaries of State, a young man who for some time has been a regular attendant at our Sunday services. Since then I have baptised the youngest son of the chief secretary of State, and several other young men connected with influential families. I do not believe," he adds, "that the mission ever assumed a more favourable aspect than it does at present."

"I believe," says another missionary, "a great and good work is now going on among my own people. On Christmas Day alone I baptised 221 adults, and again on

Sunday last nearly seventy more. I have never seen anything like it. The work is evidently from God. All these are now under instruction once a week by myself, and again by the native preachers and deacons. I have divided them among several, in order more successfully to instruct them and to investigate their characters previous to admission into Church-fellowship, each teacher having from twelve to fifteen under his charge."

We are gratified to learn that the Church Missionary Society adheres to its Catholic spirit and resolution that the extension of its operations in Madagascar shall not be allowed to wear even the semblance of rivalry to those of the London Mission. Letters have lately been received from the Bishop of Mauritius, intimating that the population of the north-east part of the island is too scanty to afford the most effective field of operation; and the question again arose whether the Church missionaries should remove to Antananarivo, the capital, or to some other part of the coast. The committee of the Church Missionary Society now announce that having "had the advantage of full information from the Rev. W. Ellis, lately returned from Madagascar," they see "no sufficient reason for departing from the understanding explained at the conference" held at the rooms of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, "that the capital of Madagascar should be left in the hands of the London Missionary Society, while the Church Missionary Society should make the coast the basis of their missions; and fearing also that, in the present political state of the island, the presence in the capital of the missionaries of another society might create obstacles to the progress of the missions in general."

However valuable are the services of our English missionaries in foreign lands, every thoughtful Christian will feel that the great work of the world's conversion must ultimately devolve upon the natives of each land, who can speak in larger numbers, and with greater

power, each in his own tongue, the wonderful works of God. It is pleasant to see already the pioneers of that army coming forth, and to learn how powerful is the service they are able to render. The Rev. Griffith John, in a letter recently received, sketches the character and work of several native Chinese evangelists who are employed by him in the vast and busy city of Hankow. His chief assistants in this work is one Shen Ts-sing, a man of early and eminent attainments in the literature of China and the mysteries of Buddha. After many vicissitudes he arrived, some ten years since, at Shanghae, where curiosity—shall we say—led him into the chapel to hear the new doctrine preached. Contempt proudly filled his breast; but, after a while, contempt gave way to doubt, and doubt to inquiry, and inquiry to interest, and conviction, and conversion. Now he is an evangelist, and "he has given me," says Mr. John, "entire satisfaction as a man, a Christian, and an evangelist. His life has been unblameable in the sight of the heathen, and very exemplary to his Christian brethren." "Every morning," Mr. John mentions, "Sunday excepted, about half-past eight, he is in my study, where he stops till one. These four or five hours are spent in writing books, tracts, or letters, and in reading and expounding some important native or foreign works. Between one and two he dines. At half-past two he is in the chapel, where he remains till five, doing his part in the preaching, talking, and debating which go on during these hours. On the door of the chapel, and in different parts of the city, he has notices posted up, informing all that, between the hours of six and nine P.M., he will be in his vestry behind the chapel ready to receive any who may wish to converse on Christian subjects. On Sundays he generally takes some part in the services, and when I am absent the whole work and its responsibilities devolve upon him. He is sometimes sent to visit the out stations, to instruct the catechumens, and

strengthen the hands of the native evangelists."

His preaching partakes of the same thoroughness. His prayers are simple, devout, and always to the point. His addresses to the Church are practical, Scriptural, and faithful. His discourses to the heathen are well adapted, and thoroughly Christian. Though a good scholar, he seldom quotes the Chinese classics in his discourses, as he thinks that to do so frequently would be to compliment the Confucian religion, and to feed the pride of the learned. But in argument, he will in a moment pour forth a torrent of quotations, and make each serve well the cause for which he pleads. Having silenced his opponents, he will build up the structure of the faith he avows. Such is Shen Ts-sing. "To me," adds Mr. John, "he is a personal friend, and to the work a most valuable helper."

The healing of the sick continues to be successfully associated with the preaching of the Gospel in China, and the missionaries recount many evidences of the happy effects that arise in gaining the grateful attention of the people to the truth as it is in Jesus. "Hundreds have heard the Gospel here," writes the physician at the missionary hospital at Amoy, "for the first time, and we have reason to believe that some have given earnest heed to the things they have heard. Many have returned to their homes in the country to tell their neighbours about the strange news they had heard from the foreign teachers while they sojourned in the hospital wards." The hospital at Amoy is not now identified merely with the London Missionary Society, but is an auxiliary of the London, American, and English Presbyterian Missions, while it draws its support entirely from local contributions.

It appears that, including ladies, there are now nearly two hundred missionaries either in China, or are about to join in the work there. It is somewhat remarkable that the American societies continue to support as many labourers as England and Germany united; although this

is partly accounted for by the fact that the attention of America has been especially turned in this direction, while England has sent her missionaries forth into more varied fields.

We earnestly pray that He who

bade His Church to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," may reveal His presence in an especial manner at this season, in all our mission churches at home and abroad !

THE LIGHTED WAY.

A SILENT man and sorrowful paced 'mid the flowers of May,
No buoyancy was in his step, his face was worn and grey,
The sweet spring light fell on his brow, but he was never glad,
He walk'd God's earth a shadowed man, grief-struck and ever sad.

A terror lay upon his soul—the terror of the grave,
He could not cast his fears away, he dared not to be brave ;
The phantom Death stayed by his side, slept with him in the night,
Awoke, and walked with him all day, and hid the blessed light.

He thought—"I may be dying"—in the midnight solemn hush,
And "I may pass away to-day" with morning's pleasant rush ;
He started back from noon's ripe joy with the same fear at his heart,
And his vespers were, "God grant this night that I may not depart."

"If I could but know what death would be—if I could but grasp a hand,
Or only see one spark of hope in that undiscovered land !"
But lo! the shadows swept along, and the surges of the sea
And the dreary night-winds sighing were his only sympathy.

The crushing terror haunted him ; he peered amid the dark,
But the mists grew thick about his eyes, he saw not hope's bright arc ;
He searched amid the shadows, clutching ever in the night
At the broken, oilless lamps, but he failed to find the light.

But the rainbow of God's promise touched his grieving soul at last,
His fair-haired daughter knelt to pray when the sweet spring day had passed,
And her father watching dreamily as she spoke in accents mild,
Said, "Little darling, pray for me ; the Lord may hear thee, child."

So every night the bright-eyed girl knelt by her father's chair,
With folded hands and drooping eyes she prayed her simple prayer,
And in the sunny morning hour her sweet voice pierced the skies,—
"Dear God, amid the hills of light, open my father's eyes."

So wistfully she looked at him when the care was on his brow,
She always loved her father, but she sorrowed for him now,
And in her dreams she said one night, "I fain would die to-day,
If I could leave for his dear feet a straight and lighted way."

Before the fair May flowers died out an angel form came down,
And wooed the maiden with the sight of an immortal crown,
Laid his cool hand upon her heart, and touched the springs of life,
And the eager spirit spread its wings and waited for the strife.

"Oh must you die!" The father stood aghast with fear and woe,
She looked up with her smiling eyes, "I do not fear to go,
For I hear the angel voices, and the pattering of feet
Of the happy ones at home in the jasper city's street ;

"And, father, there is Jesus, and His arms are opened wide,
If death be terrible, your child will enter there and hide,
But the golden gate is opened, and I am so full of bliss,
I'll watch for you, my father,"—so she left him with a kiss.

A thoughtful man in tenderness walked 'mid the flowers of May;
"Was that the death I feared so much? she sweetly passed away,—
No pain, no struggle, nought of fear, only a gentle breath
That passed as with a holy smile to sleep—and this is death."

A thoughtful but a happy man lived 'mid the flowers of May,
Whose eager eyes were looking on to a fair and lighted ray,
For he longed to go and meet his child in the fairer home above,
For he feared not now the passage, for 'twas bright with heavenly love.
MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

A SHORT time since, while waiting for the steamboat at London Bridge, to pass away the time that threatened to hang heavily on our hands, we strolled up one of the narrow streets branching upwards from the Thames, and found ourselves amongst the wharves and warehouses in the work-a-day world of Thames Street. Certainly, we had come to a strange place *pour passer le temps*. Yet, when whim leads the way, one never knows what may happen; and so thought we, when, amidst those bales of merchandise, loaded wains, cranks and pulleys, we came upon a dismal churchyard by the blackened walls of an old church. Under a pall of London smoke, adorned with a few bare branches, a pitiful apology for a tree, shut in by dank walls, the few dingy white tombstones started up like ghostly sentinels, one of my companions suggested that it was just such a picture as would delight Charles Dickens; certainly it savoured of some of his grim city word-paintings.

We thought we had stumbled upon some relic of the early Norman times, or—so was our judgment blinded by creeping ivy, Thames fog, and London dirt—even earlier; but our imagination received a rude shock, when, having reached home, we consulted an old history, and found that the church of All-Hallows the Great and the Less was designed, though not executed, by Sir Christopher Wren. So the fine old church

of St. Saviour's, in the borough of Southwark, found no rival in our imagination in that of All-Hallows.

Of the many ancient churches that are to be found in and about the city of London, perhaps there is not a finer than this church of St. Mary Overy, or St. Saviour's, nor one that will more thoroughly repay the lover of storied antiquities, for a visit.

Standing close to London Bridge, upon the Surrey side of the water, its square tower, with corner spires, forms a suggestive break in the close throng of buildings by the water's edge.

Old chronicles will tell you that the church was founded long before William the Conqueror, "by a pious maiden named Mary, being a house of sisters to whom she gave the profits of the ferry across the river, (there then being no bridge)."

Still from the same chronicle we learn that the house was afterwards converted into a college for priests. In 1106, it was changed into a priory for canons regular.

It was then that William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, built the body of the church. Henry I. gave to it the church of St. Margaret-on-the-Hill, a charter which was confirmed by Stephen.

The church of St. Mary was newly erected about the year 1400, to which the poet John Gower largely contributed, as a monument erected to his memory in the interior testifies.

It was about the year 1540, that the inhabitants of the borough of Southwark purchased the Priory Church, and called it by the name of St. Saviour's, Southwark, the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene on the south side, built by Peter de la Roche, being added to the mother church to enlarge it for the accommodation of a numerous parish.

It is painful to think of the sacrilege that has sometimes been practised upon houses built and dedicated to the Most High God. As it was with the money-changers in the Temple whom Jesus Christ cast forth, so it has been since amongst a nation of professing Christians.

I relate the particulars in the words of Strype, as they are curious in contradistinction with the present times:—

"But somewhat now of that part of this church above the chancel, that in former times was called 'Our Lady's Chapel,' it is now called the New Chapel; and, indeed, though very old, it may now be called a new one, because newly redeemed from such use and employment, as in respect of, that it was built to divine and religious duties, may well be branded with the stile of wretched, base, and unworthy. For that which, before this abuse was and is now a fair and beautiful chapel, by those that were then the Corporation, (which is a body consisting of thirty vestremen, six of those thirty churchwardens,) was leased out and let, and this house of God made a *bakehouse*. In this place they had their ovens, in that a bolting place, in that their kneading troughs; in another, I have heard, a hog's trough." For a period of sixty some odd years, the church was so desecrated."

To the lover of architecture, a visit to St. Saviour's will be pleasing, for it is of the ancient Gothic order, with aisles and cross aisles after the manner of a cathedral. The roof of the church and chancel is supported by twenty-six pillars, while the galleries of the walls and choir are adorned with pillars and arches similar to those in Westminster Abbey.

The lover of legendary lore will be

equally rewarded, for should he be fortunate enough to find the verger and provoke his garrulity, he will point out to him an effigy in stone of a figure in a shroud, which, on account of its emaciation, he declares to be none other than that of Over; the miser, with a supreme contempt for chronology, one cannot but admire.

Should you give him the least encouragement, with well-pleased confidence he will tell you the following legend, which taking the liberty to re-dress, I here append to my sketch.

LEGEND OF ST. MARY OVERY.

"Ho! ferryman, ho! the knave tarries long. Ho! ferryman, I say, to your duty!"

The speaker and his companion, (two esquires of one of the proud Norman nobles, who came to England from Normandy after the coronation of the Confessor), paced to and fro before the humble cottage door on the bank of the Thames, that is upon the Middlesex side. The night was dark and stormy, and the river, swollen by late rains, dashed turbulently along, offering no temptations to the perilous crossing of its black depths, and the ferryman had retired to seek that comfort upon his own hearth which a day's exposure to such inclement weather had made doubly welcome, judging that few would demand his services upon a night like this.

In answer to the imperious demand of the Norman he now appeared, lantern in hand, at the cottage door; a lean, cadaverous-looking man, whose pinched features gleamed ghastly in the uncertain light from the lamp he carried. His wiry voice was first heard apologetically, "Gently, good sirs; I crave your pardon for my absence, I but stepped aside to see that all was right within." The elder of the two young men interrupted him with unrestrained impatience; he could ill brook the delay of conversation. His anger, however, would have sped him little with the old man, but the golden gleam in the white hand of the

younger caused the shrunken figure to move with unwonted alacrity.

The ferry-boat was soon under weigh, and the necessity for speed seemed to still the tongues of the esquires, as they stood watching the cleaving of the dark lines of water by the prow of their boat.

On the opposite bank the young men separated, the younger to return with the ferryman, the elder for haunts unknown, for he was fleeing the effects of one of their frays with the Saxon churls in the city. A long clasp of the hand, a whispered farewell, and Geoffry d'Espée turned to the old man.

"Another golden piece for your pocket when we land safely at the door of your cottage."

As before, the crossing was performed in silence. Geoffry stood in moody thought until roused by the stopping of the boat, and the voice of the old man reminding him of his promised payment.

"Hold, friend, I have not done with you yet," cried d'Espée, as, having slipped the gold piece in the hand of the old man, the latter was about to depart.

"Art thou acquainted with a house where a stranger might be fed and housed for the night? Of my gold thou'st made trial."

For an instant the old man turned his light full upon the countenance of the young stranger, and, as he noted the youthful and handsome features, with the courtly and gallant bearing of the graceful form, he hesitated, but not for long; his decision was quickly made. The yellow gleam of his beloved gold was dearer by far than the daughter of his heart, and rather than lose the additional money that might be his, he paused no longer to consider the wisdom of lodging the stranger in his own house. Doubtless Geoffry d'Espée was not totally unacquainted with the reports that made Mary Over fair as her father was miserly, for he required no second bidding to cross the humble threshold, and to give up all thoughts of seeking another lodging that night.

In legendary stories of old, it seems to be a well-established rule,

that the gallant and strong, the youthful and fair, meet but to love, so that I need not explain why the cheerless hearth and meagre fare of the miser's home were more acceptable to Geoffry d'Espée than the highest adornment or sumptuous board of a princely palace. Nor need I tell how the stranger's softly spoken words and winning manners went straight to the heart of the simple girl, whose life as yet had taught her none of the beauty of sympathy and love.

Whilst the miser was counting over his beloved gold, and the sound of heavy breathing came from the room, shut off only by a curtain, where the apprentices slept, they two lived an age of gilded enjoyment that no gold could purchase.

The storm raged without, and the Thames rolled its turbulent waves past the little cottage on its banks, as it has done past many a stately mansion since, where the same old story has been told that Adam whispered to Eve in the garden of Eden, and that has been handed down through generation after generation, and will continue to be as Jehovah's almighty decree of summer and winter, seed-time and harvest is fulfilled.

From that night, frequently did Geoffry d'Espée find his way to the cottage on the banks of the Thames, and Mary's sweet face always brightened when he came, and grew grave when he left.

Occupied in scraping together his miserable wealth, old Over guessed nothing of the state of affairs between the two young people. Over's life was one constant worry and anxiety between the task of curbing the fancied extravagance of his lubberly apprentices, and the fear of his being robbed of his hoarded gains.

When Geoffry applied to him for leave to espouse his daughter, the miser was transported with rage. Mary was too useful to him in being an unpaid assistant, and one whose interest in guarding his treasure was only secondary to his own, for him ever to consent to her leaving him. His eyes were opened now to the frequency of Geoffry's visits, and he

forbade him ever to cross his threshold again—a command which, of course, the young man obeyed. I can only vouch for his keeping his translation of it, which was, to time his visits so that they always occurred when the miser was absent. However,

"The best laid schemes o' mice

an' men,

Gang aft aye."

And so Geoffrey found it. One day the miser surprised him and Mary sitting over a fire that, thanks to Geoffrey's reckless extravagance, was burning as a fire should burn, and not as the vestal flame of a miser is supposed to, viz: three wreathlets of smoke, proportioned to one heap of ashes. Geoffrey made his exit under discharge number two; but the discovery of the deceit and extravagance so preyed upon the mind of Over, that for some time he kept constant watch over Mary, and she was unable to exchange one word with her lover.

Geoffrey's affection for Mary was true and steadfast, but of late there had crept into his mind a thought—what if the miser died and Mary inherited the wealth report said he had accumulated! The idea was not unpleasant. If Mary married him, they two would fill the exalted station he had often begrudged the rich.

It was in this mood he at length met Mary one evening, and heard with pleasure her account of the strange moods of her father—how he would sit for hours in deep thought, neither noticing her nor his gold. It was so she had left him now.

"If, Mary," Geoffrey whispered eagerly, "you should wake some morn and find yourself heiress to your father's bags of gold, you would soon forget Geoffrey d'Espée, the poor Norman esquire."

"Ah! say not so," exclaimed Mary in tears, "I cannot bear to think of my poor father dying as he has lived, without the help of our holy faith; and if he were, Geoffrey, think you not it would be a privilege for me to bestow the wealth he may leave me upon you? I only care to please you."

VOL. I.

That night Mary sat up late, watching for her father. When at length he returned, he sat for some time, as heretofore, moodily silent, not noticing her pitiful eager gaze; at last he said, abruptly, "Aldred is dead."

"Alas!" cried Mary, and her sweet face became anxious and sorrowful. Over continued, "The household is placed upon short commons, and the strictest propriety observed."

Inwardly Mary was dwelling upon the irreproachable conduct and holy life of their Saxon neighbour, when her father again spoke, fixing his piercing eyes upon her:

"Would'st observe the same if I were dead, and teach those hungry wolves, mine apprentices, to fast, and spend a whole fortnight in such mourning as the sons and daughters of Aldred are doing?"

Mary was frightened by her father's vehemence, and answered with tears and protestations in the affirmative. The next morning Over lay cold and stiff in his bed, so that Mary, believing him dead, bemoaned her orphanage, and mourned as he never had deserved to be mourned. That he had died unabsolved from his sins, unblessed by the holy fathers of the Church, was a great source of pain to her.

Much as Mary was inclined to observe the promised fast herself, the apprentices, relieved at last from that harsh authority that had controlled, half-starved, and ill-used them, made merry over the event, and organized a feast and revel over the corpse, in the room where, covered with a cloth, the body lay.

In the midst of this carouse Mary heard the welcome entrance of her lover, and, lifting the curtain that divided the rude apartments, beckoned him to come to her.

Geoffrey d'Espée's face brightly gleamed at the intelligence of the miser's death, but with praiseworthy assiduity he strove to temper its joy to the tone of Mary's grief.

In the outer room the revel had become loud and boisterous. Two burly apprentices were on the point of quarrelling and fighting over their

▲ ▲

cup, when suddenly the youth seated by the bier where lay the miser in his shroud, thought he perceived the sheet lifted from underneath. The colour flies the youth's cheek, his eyes are dilated. Once again! and now there is no mistake. The miser is living, he raises himself, sits up, and fixes his hollow eyes upon the group of revellers.

Was death but counterfeited, and are they all once more to return to their miserable bondage, their starvation and ill-usage? No! not by every Saxon saint in the calendar, if Godwin can avoid it.

With flashing eye, and brow knit to a determined frown, he raises his pike and strikes Over a blow across the back of his head, which stretches him low in his old position before any one has noticed his resurrection.

The miser was buried after the fashion followed with the irreligious in those days,—unblessed, unprayed for.

His body, bound upon the back of an ass, travelled through many a street of the embryo metropolis of our more civilized days, and where the animal paused, worn-out, there was the body to be buried. In sight of the miser's cottage home, scarcely a stone's throw from the door, the wearied ass drooped and fell exhausted to the earth; on that spot Over's body was buried.

* * * *

The marriage feast was spread, and the bride arrayed in her robes of snowy white; the ceremony only awaited the presence of the bridegroom, and he was spurring his trusty steed to its greatest speed as horse and rider flew over hill and dale at the bidding of his mighty love. Mary watched from her cottage window for the first glimpse of the gallant horse and beaming face of her lover, nor heeded the increasing impatience of the priest and the wedding-guests. Geoffrey rode

with steady eye fixed upon the point where first the cottage would appear, looking neither to the right nor to the left, urging on his panting steed, casting all shadows behind, seeing only the sunshine of the future.

Nearer and nearer he approaches, the cottage is in view. Now he sees a sweet, pale face at the window, with bridal flowers in her flowing hair. A little white hand waves a bashful greeting, and soft dark eyes dart looks of love as Mary waits for the bridal that never shall be. Even as Geoffrey d'Espée's gloved hand returns the distant greeting, a soft spot of earth receives the horse's foot, and the gallant rider is pitched forward on to his head.

Mary's scream makes the whole neighbourhood ring; out rush the guests, the priest, and attendants. They raise him, yet full of warmth and life, but, alas! Geoffrey d'Espée never speaks again. The bridegroom, who should have been there the gayest of the gay, lies before them cold and still. The bridal flowers are withered, and Mary mourns as a widow, though she never was a wife.

The earth had given way above the miser's grave, and it was in that the horse of Geoffrey d'Espée had planted his foot and thrown his brave master to meet his death.

Mary Over found balm for her double loss in the consoling aid of religion.

She founded a house, that was erected over the graves of her father and lover, for a number of Holy Sisters, who should chant masses and put up petitions to Heaven for the repose of the souls of gallant Geoffrey d'Espée and old Over, the miser.

This was the forerunner of the present structure, now called the Holy Church of St. Saviour, in the borough of Southwark.

MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

A STORY OF WICLIF.

I.

EARLY LIFE.

JOHN WICLIF was born in 1324, at Wyeclyffe, a village between Richmond and Barnard Castle, Yorkshire. The village does not now contain more than 200 inhabitants, half of whom are Protestants, christened at the same old font that Wiclif was, and half catholics, worshipping as his fathers did, under the shadow of his boyhood's home, the manor house. The present lords of the manor are the Constables, whose ancestors were the Turnstalls, and theirs again the Wiclifs of Wyeclyffe, of whom John was one—in fact, *the* one. For 500 years his family have been the firm adherents of that system, to the roots of which he laid the axe with such a quiet thoughtfulness, and have thus fulfilled the Master's saying, "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country." This is no doubt the main reason why we know so little of his early years, and are thrown upon foreign sources for what scanty memorials we can gather of his personal history. His first sixteen years are biographically a blank, except as the manners of the day cast some possible light upon them. The only certain records of this period are his name—through which we trace him to Yorkshire—and some few northern provincialisms in his English. No doubt his boyhood was like others', he went through the proper course of measles and whooping-cough; romped at "Blind Man's Buff," and "Frog-in-the-Hole," with his mates; fished beneath the grey rocks that enclose the Greta; hawked, and hunted rabbits like the rest; put in a paragraph of ninepins, football, or whipping-top between the less lively pages of his Latin grammar; and, since "the child is father to the man," we may be sure that he scorned the young glutton, laughed

at the boy-fop of the village, and thrashed with as much heartiness the sneak, the coward, and the bully, as he pored over his books at the school of a neighbouring monastery, or under the direction of the parish priest. His clerly habits, and his being a younger son may have induced his parents to send him into the Church. They perhaps thought of giving him the living at Wyeclyffe, dreamt of some fat benefice or college mastership, and afterwards an abbot's mitre or a bishop's crozier for their John; but never thought nor dreamt that he would cast upon their proud escutcheon the blot of heresy, and be counted by their other sons a family disgrace! In Wiclif's tract on "Wedded Men and Wives," he seems to speak from his own experience when, after censuring the vows by which many bind themselves to priesthood and to forsake wives, and condemning such as marry for money and wed their children against their will, he writes * :—

"There are three faults in wedded men and wives. The first is that they make sorrow of their children if they are naked or poor, but they charge it as nothing that they are wanting in virtues. But they rather hinder, and say, 'if the child incline himself to meekness and poverty, that he will never be a man, and never bring them a penny;' and will curse him if he live well and teach other men God's laws to save men's souls; for by so doing, the child getteth many enemies to his elders, and they say that he slandereth all his noble kindred who were ever held true men and worshipful."

He never returned to Wyeclyffe after he left it for Oxford in 1340, being cursed for his heresy "by all his noble kindred, who were ever held true men and worshipful!"

He was sixteen when he set out for the University. Other youths

* This and all quotations from Wiclif's own writings are taken from Dr. Vaughan's "Tracts and Treatises," or, "Life and Times of Wiclif."

of gentle blood, the Rokebys and Balliols, would go with him. A right merry party, too, would these youths make when they met at Richmond, and pushed on to York together. Though on horseback their journey would take them four weeks at least, and perhaps more, for they must wait at York for the gathering of a large party, without which they could not travel in safety. One would like to have Wiclif's account of the motley company that met by one of the taverns near the Minster, and started for the South across the Ouse, and through the old gate of the city. A fat and merry friar, balancing his corpulence on a well-fed steed; a thin, hungry-looking Italian priest, whose purse was doubly and trebly lined with ducats; an Abbot on his way to Rome to buy a judgment from the Pope against his bishop; a monk of the better class, who had been employed in the recent improvements of the Minster; knights of the shires and burgesses from the towns, deep in matters of finance—what the King's debts were, and what they should claim for the moneys they should vote him; sons of noblemen and gentry of all grades hastening to the French wars, still ignorant of England's first naval victory at Sluys, but full of their adventures on the Scotch borders; pilgrims to the southern shrines of St. Edmund and St. Thomas; merchants in worsted and cloth discussing the new arrival of weavers from Flanders; pert youths, who have learnt almost nothing, but have decided views on everything; and an Abbess, ladylike in manner and queenlike in dress, having in charge a bevy of fair damsels, who shall be handmaids to "my lady of Lacaster" or "of Gloster," and whose bright eyes, twinkling and flashing under their wimples, make sad havoc in the ranks of young freshmen, and conquer the hearts of "gentle knights," to the proper horror of certain "old wives," who have long

since lost the power of such execution,—make up the goodly company.

Except near the towns the roads were very bad; the wooden bridges were either washed away or rickety, and boggy places had to be crossed in single file along the narrow ridges of solid ground. The fields and woods abounded in well preserved game, the forests and moors were infested with robbers,* and when they halted by the ale stakes, or lodged in the monasteries, the legends of the saints were interspersed with accounts of the last robbery and murder on the road; whilst the grim skeletons of criminals, rattling on the gallows in the village, or swinging on a tree by the wayside, served to "point the moral and adorn the tale."

II.

OXFORD AND THE SCHOOLMEN.

In a sermon before the Pope, the Bishop of Armagh declared that the friars entrapped so many youths into their orders, that parents dared not send their sons to Oxford, and the number of students had fallen from thirty to six thousand. The largeness of these numbers may be accounted for by the facts that the university was then much more of a *school* than now, and that many came from the Continent, attracted by the reputation of some scholastic doctor. Though Wiclif found the colleges thinned, "the men" were still split up into nations, and the skirmishes between "North" and "South" in the narrow dirty streets, darkened by the overhanging houses, were more frequent and more serious than a modern row between "town" and "gown."

There was a nursery rhyme current at this time, for the encouragement of all good young folk, that

"To rise at five, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to bed at nine,
Makes a man live to ninety-nine."

And so we may infer that students

* About this time Lord Berkeley hung a man in Bristol for shooting a hare with a cross-bow.

"turned out" not later than five for morning prayers. After "chapel" they crossed to the Latin lecture of some doctor in divinity, who, in a round black gown, "falling as low as his heels, at least, while it was new," would crack with teeth of logic the hardest nuts of theology; and at nine to dinner in the common hall, with slices of bread for plates, fingers for forks, and bones thrown upon the table-cloth. After dinner some sat down to chess or draughts or cards, which had just been introduced, others went down to the river, over to the skittle-grounds, or out a-hawking; others sang and played; and others, Wiclif with them, retired to their studies to injure their digestion by improving their minds. All sorts of men were to be found at Oxford then as now. There was the fast man, who curled his hair and made it shine with grease, wore red hose, shoes worked with curious patterns, a coat of finest cloth and latest cut, full of points round the skirt, and over all a surplice, "white as the hawthorn blossom;" who could play, dance, and sing, and knew "the gay tapster" of every tavern in the town. And there was the "reading man," "not right fat," who lived in his bed-room, "looked hollow," wore a threadbare cloak, and would rather have twenty books, in black and red, than any robes or a fiddle; who spent all his friends gave him in books, prayed heartily for such as helped his studies, spoke little, but always to the point, "and gladly would he learn and gladly teach." Some of the students were very poor, and could neither indulge in the sports of the fast man nor the books of the reading man, but were dependent on the lecturers both for their learning and their support, being ill-clad and worse fed. Wiclif, however, was a commoner, and therefore could not be reduced to such straits, and we must reckon him as a reading man.

The course of study was very simple; neither Hebrew nor Greek was taught; they learnt "bad Latin and worse logic." It was said that if a man went through the threefold course of grammar, logic, and

rhetoric, he could *explain all books*, but if he added to these the fourfold course of music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, he could *answer all questions*. The great text-books were a Latin translation of Aristotle, and a wretched compendium of theology, called "The Book of Sentences." Divines were often deeper in Aristotle and Scotus than in John and Paul. Wiclif, however, did not confine himself to the usual routine, but added the study of the canon and civil law, which was of much use to him afterwards, nor did he fail to pore over the gospels. In a few years he was chosen Fellow of Merton, the best college at that time, and must therefore have already secured a reputation for scholarship. Bradwardine, whose prayers are said to have done more to secure Edward's victories than the trusty bows of his archers and the bravery of his knights, had expounded *there* that system of doctrine which we call Calvin's, but they Augustin's. Occam, the Nominalist, was of Merton, a heretic in philosophy, but worse still in doctrine, for he even dared to teach the supremacy of the civil over the spiritual power. Duns Scotus, the greatest of schoolmen, was of Merton; he could call in order, and refute one after the other, 200 arguments against the immaculate conception of the Virgin, "snapping the knottiest syllogisms as easily as Samson did the withs of Delilah!" And so, too, was Roger Bacon, the Father of Natural Philosophy, who first stated the principles which Francis Lord Bacon afterwards developed into the inductive philosophy; but who has most interest for us in connexion with Wiclif, as having opposed the schoolmen, urged the study of Greek and Hebrew, the careful revision of the Latin Bible, and a more diligent perusal of the Scriptures. From such men Wiclif learnt, and was soon ranked among them, being, as his enemy confesses, "most eminent in theology, second to none in philosophy, and unequalled in the schools!" Like all of them but Bacon, he was a great *schoolman*.

The common schoolmen never advanced; they kept even in the same place, discussing the same things, and have become the butt of much modern fun. "The Londoners," says Tom Fuller, "enlarge the breadth of their houses in height; so these schoolmen improved their small bottoms with towering speculations; some, of things mystical, that *might* not—more, of things difficult that *could* not—and most, of things curious that *need* not be known by us."

But though they often tried to explain the inexplicable, amused themselves with out-of-the-way imaginings, found arguments against the truth to show their skill in confuting them, and dealt in that "crabbed divinity whose only fruit is thorns," the better of them, and Wiclif with them, had higher purposes and nobler ends in view. They sought (1) to show that revelation is consistent with reason, (2) to construct a system of religious doctrine, and (3) to discuss the reason and relation of its parts. The plans they sketched form the basis of the old Puritan and modern orthodox theology. There were, then, two extremes in religious thought,—scholasticism and mysticism. Scholasticism almost ignored the feelings, failed to take broad views of truth, and confined itself mainly to logical deductions. Mysticism was above logic—laid hold of some grand truths, especially the love of God and the nothingness of earth,—heedless of minor difficulties, and trusted much to the impulse of their own hearts. Thus both were to a great extent impractical, because one-sided, and the Puritans, who laid hold of both sides, have done their work after them. Wiclif was the true father of the Puritans—much more so in spirit than we generally think,—for he stood between these two extremes, and taught with logic *and* with feeling,—or, in other words, with strong practical sense. Other doctors gave too much heed to Aristotle, too little to the Bible. John Wiclif made that his main study, lectured from the Scriptures, and so gained for himself the honourable distinction

of the "Evangelical" or "Gospel Doctor."

III.

MONKS AND FRIARS.

Monasticism was the perversion of unworldliness. Holy men sought to live in thoughtful seclusion and be more religious than the common or secular clergy. Then they gathered under one roof, adapted the same rule of life, and took common vows of St. Austin or St. Benedict. At one time they were the pioneers of progress and the guardians of its seeds; they were the ambassadors of kings, by whom peace was made between warring tribes, the teachers of the people when none could read and write but themselves, and the missionaries along whose path, in trackless forest and by northern fiord, the true light shone. The best crops were grown in their fields, the best fruit ripened on their walls, and in famine and sickness the poor were supplied from their granaries and larders. They claimed an unjust immunity from civil laws, and were forgiven because they protected the oppressed. To them we are indebted for the beautiful churches and minsters of Europe. The monks and nature seem too far asunder to have any meeting-place; but the festooned archways of the forest and the thoughtfulness of the recluse meet together in the transept and nave of a Gothic cathedral. They alone were learned, and held in their custody all the stores of ancient literature which the printing-press has unlocked for the people. Studious monks bent their cowed heads over illumined MSS. and copied them in their scriptorium (or writing-room) with painful care, closing their works with curious postscripts. Thus one writes at the end:—"Ye who read, pray for one who have written this book, the humble and sinful Theodulus;" and another, whose head must have ached and fingers have been cramped,—"Sweet is it to write the end of any book!"

Their monopoly of all the literature and art of their day—and their claims to extraordinary piety, sup-

ported by a kindly and constant regard for the poor,—gave them great influence among all classes, and secured them, in time, much honour and much wealth; but as riches increased they set their hearts upon them, and became worldly, proud, and indolent; or, if they were busy, it was in self-aggrandisement, the improvement of their estates, the extension of their domains, and the increase of their power. The records of the convents became the history of litigious disputes, amongst the monks themselves, about offices, with the landowners about boundaries, and with the bishops about privileges: so we find, in the decrees of the council for their government, this *very* important item:—

“The monks shall have fit and sufficient garments for their backs, and beds supplied to them, but shall not wear linen shirts or night-caps.”

Their cellars were soon stocked with wines of the best vintages, and their larders loaded with rare and dainty meats. “Fat monk,” and “Lazy friar” are very ancient nicknames, and not merely the venom of Lutheran and Protestant spite. A story is told of Henry II., that, when he visited Winchester, the monks of St. Swithin met him with most doleful faces, and, kneeling down, complained of the tyranny of their bishop, who had deprived them of no less than three dishes at dinner. So the King pitied them, and asked, “How many has he left you?”

“Only *ten*, your Majesty.”

“You gluttons! I never have more than *three* myself; and, by St. George, the bishop shall reduce you to the same.”

Several efforts were made to check, and, if possible, cure these growing evils, and new orders of recluses were founded. Of these the most important were the Charterhouse Monks, founded by St. Bruno, in 1084, the strictest of all orders,—they might never touch flesh-meat, and one day in the week might have only bread, water, and salt; and the Cistercians, founded, in 1098, by St. Bernard, who would not allow his

convents to be built near to other habitations, and used to say that “nothing was more abominable to God than a monk delicately fed, richly clothed, and lightly shod,” and “the monk who owned a penny of his own was not himself worth a penny.” But these changes could not prevent the downward movement of monasticism; some more stirring agency was required, and for a time it was successfully supplied by the friars,—the Franciscans, or Grey Friars, founded by Francis d’Assisi, in 1207, and the Dominicans, by Dominic, in 1215. They differed from the monks mainly in two things; (1) they might not confine themselves within the walls of one convent, but were to travel from place to place, and (2) they might not possess landed property, but were to live on the charity of the people. They boasted that poverty was their bride, but she certainly brought them a handsome fortune. The Franciscans increased very rapidly, and were the most numerous in England. They devoted themselves sedulously to literature, and gloried in the names of Roger Bacon and Occam as of their order, and gained by their position in the universities an alarming influence over the young.

They were great preachers, and folk preferred their racy and humorous sermons, in which they satirized the wealth of the monks and the ignorance of the priests, to the droning of a service in Latin; as, indeed, who would not rather hear a good plain English speech, though not over serious, than endure the solemnities of a religious service in a foreign tongue. They were everywhere, with their brown garb, their bare feet, and their tanned head uncovered. Thus, in their time, they gained great power over all classes. Such extensive influence was too great a temptation for them, and they soon became as debased as the monks themselves, as the ready tools of Rome and the deceivers of the people. Under cover of letters from the Pope, the Friar claimed the right of preaching where he would, and confessing

whom he would, that is, who would *pay*.

He was an easy man to give penance,
Where'er he knew he'd have a good
pittance;

For if man gave, he dared to make
avaunt

He knew the man was truly penitent.
For many a man, so hard is of his
heart

He cannot weep, although him sore
smart;

Therefore instead of weeping and of
prayers,

He must give silver to the poor Friars.

He carried curious relics which
he sold or showed for money; "A
vail of our lady Mary;" "A gobbet
of Peter's sail;" or "A pigge's bones."

The same word which Paul uses
for covetousness may also mean im-
purity, and probably does sometimes
in his letters. The monsters of lust
among the Romans were monsters
of covetousness. The prodigies of
covetousness in the Church were the
sons of impurity. It was but too
much after human nature that the
Friars became wealthy, covetous,
and sensual.

All were not so bad as this, but
many were; some even worse! Such
were the men with whom Wiclif
broke his first lance in open joust,
about 1360. A few extracts will
shew what home-thrusts this cham-
pion of truth could give. He says
of them generally:—

"The law of Christ is to return
good for evil; of the world, to return
good for good, evil for evil; and of
the Devil, systematically, to return
evil for good; and herein do these
sons of Belial show themselves to
be devils."

The Friars set much store by their
dress, and persuaded the people that,
as a shroud, it had an almost sacra-
mental value; nor would they take
them off, lest they should become
apostate. Wiclif used to say that
"Every thread of their funeral
habits carried a falsehood." "Friars
are stronglier wedded to their rotten
habits, than the husband is with the
wife; for a husband may be absent
from his wife, by a month, a half
year, or sometimes seven years, but
a friar dares not be out of his
rotten habit for an hour." "They put

more holiness into their rotten habit
than ever Christ did in His clothes,
for Christ was out of His clothes
thrice in one day, and yet He was
not apostate."

Having, by the rules of their
order, to live on charity, they be-
came very clever beggars:—

For though a widow haddè but a shoe,
Yet would they have a farthing ere
they'd go.

"Friars," says Wiclif, "beg with-
out need,—where the poor want
without remorse." "There were
poor enough before the Friars came,
and now they take the alms the poor
should have." In defence of their
begging they pleaded the example of
Christ. "Don't you remember, Doc-
tor Wiclif, how He said to the
Samaritan woman, who came to
draw water, 'Give me to drink?'"
"Yes, I do remember, and I would
you Friars were doomed to ask for
nothing else but *water*." Such con-
stant begging was a mine of wealth
to them. In 1299, the Franciscans
had grown so rich that they sought
to bribe the Pope into a relaxation
of the rule which forbade them to
hold landed property, and placed
50,000 ducats of gold in the hands of
their banker for that purpose. The
Pope did not refuse them at once—
he would consider; and having ob-
tained the money from the bankers,
and spent it for himself, he coolly
informed the astonished Friars that
he really could not grant their re-
quest, for the accumulation of so
much wealth showed how far they
had already broken the rules of their
order, and dismissed them with a
pious admonition to love money less
and their bride Poverty more.

Wiclif found them unreformed.
"They suffer," he says, "men to lie
in sin from year to year for an
annual rent. So if there be any
cursed swearer, extortioner, or adul-
terer, he will not be shriven of his
own curate, but go to flattering Friars,
who will absolve him falsely, for a
little money, year by year, though
he be not in will to make restitution,
and to leave his cursed sin. And
certainly then the devil is sure of
them both. They commend more a

Friar that can subtilly and thick get much dirt of worldly goods, than another that can do and teach much virtuous life.

"And then they feign them most poor of all clerks, but at the last they pass all others in great houses, and costly libraries, and great feasts, holding books from curates; and where Christ had not where to lay His head, they have lordly places, though men and cattle perish in the common ways, and it rains upon the altar of the parish church."

The Friars could not forget such words as these; and when, in 1377, persecution, age, and work laid the reformer on what they thought his dying bed, they tried to induce him to recant. It was at his own rooms at Oxford. Wiclif was in bed, attended by a servant who could read to him, when the four regents of the four orders, in russet and white and black, with four portly aldermen, came into his chamber. After a few words of hypocritical sympathy, that so learned a doctor was likely to die,

they began to look very solemn, and shook their bald heads with much gravity, as they asked—Was he not very sorry for the hard words he had said and written against their most religious orders? Would he not recant now he was so near death? They would be happy to receive his penitent confession, and at once give him their absolution. Wiclif had not spoken, and remained motionless till they had done, then he beckoned to his servant to prop him up with pillows, and put the curtains back; and laying his bare thin arms on the green quilt, he turned on them his pale face, with eyes flashing like stars in heaven's brow across a wintry hill, and with all the strength he could command, exclaimed, "*I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the Friars!*" Whereupon these most religious Friars and courtly aldermen withdrew in amazement, and Wiclif did not die, but lived "to declare the evil deeds of the Friars."

(To be completed next Month.)

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

MAY.

"Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pride,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soveraine queene:
And how all creatures laught when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her flutted all in green!"

SPENSER.

SO SANG the author of the *Faerie Queen*, well-nigh three centuries ago! In like manner did his contemporaries and predecessors celebrate the charms of this favourite month of May: and in like manner have sung the poets ever since, even down to the present time, and from our well-beloved laureate, Tennyson, to the merest poetaster who ever scribbled verses for the rhyming corner of some dull country chronicle. The fifth month of the year derives its name, most antiquarians tell us,

from *Maia*, one of the fabled daughters of Atlas and Pleione, and the mother of Mercury. She, with her sisters, were, according to mythological lore, placed after death in the heavens, and formed two constellations, which are familiar to us all—the Pleiades and the Hyades. *Maia* was the most luminous of the Pleiades which lie near the back of the zodiacal sign, *Taurus*. May not this propinquity have had something to do with the naming of the month, since in April

the sun enters the sign of the Bull, in which it remains during the earlier part of May, after which it passes into *Gemini*, the Twins? There are some authors who consider that the name of May was derived from the Majores, or Roman senators, to whom the month was once dedicated; but this opinion is not held in much repute.

Verstegan remarks of the Anglo-Saxons that "the pleasant moneth of May they termed by the name of *Trimilki*, because in that moneth they began to milke their kine three times in the day." May-day, you know, was formerly a great rural festival; and many a charming idyll and eclogue and sweet romance has been written in commemoration of the gathering of the *May*, or hawthorn blooms, very early in the morning, and binding them with

wreaths of flowers about the lattices and doors, and round the May-pole on the village green. Very rarely now can anyone find the white-thorn blossom, save in bud, on this first day of the month: a fact which many lament, as a sign that our proverbially fickle climate has changed for the worse since the "good old times" of oil-lamps and watchmen, and stage-waggon, slow and sure! This is not the case: it is the change of style, and not of temperature, that has made the seasons later than they were in days gone by; since if we find the hawthorn blooming on the 13th of May, which is Old May-day, we have it as early as our forefathers had, when they carried it home in triumph on the opening morning of the month.

Herrick's exquisite lines, addressed to Corinna are well known:—

"Get up, get up, for shame, the blooming morne
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.
See how Aurora throws her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangling herbe and tree," &c.

The last verse runs thus:—

"Come let us goe, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmlesse follie of the time,
We shall grow old apace and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the sunne:
And as a vapour or a drop of raine
Once lost, can ne'r be found againe;
So when or you, or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying."

Rather Epicurean sentiments certainly, and such as the Christian mind cannot fully endorse; for he has no gloomy anticipations of "endless night," but the whole poem is full of beauties, and is well worthy of consideration, as a specimen of the versification of that age. Herrick having been born in 1591, seven years before the death of Edmund Spenser, and must have written all his songs and poems during the first forty years of the 17th century.

Tennyson himself selected the "May Queen" as the subject of one of his loveliest, most pathetic, and most

popular compositions. Who does not know by heart—"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear?" There used to be great rivalry among the fair damsels of the village, in former days, one of them being proclaimed Queen of the May-day festivities; and the rustic lads and lasses used to dress in forest costume, and enact Robin Hood and Maid Marian. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, it was customary to set off at midnight to have the May-pole felled, and the branches and procession all ready by the sunrise.

Sometimes as many as forty oxen, ornamented with gay flowers, would draw home the May-pole, bound about with wreaths and blossoms and sweet herbs.

In Scotland the season was celebrated on the 13th, and called Belteen, or fire of *Baal*; an old Gaelic word, signifying a globe; so that the festival was probably so termed in honour of the sun's annual course. Many relics of Pagan custom are still kept up in the famous Callander *Belteen*. The Irish keep the same feast on the 21st of June, when they kindle fires on all the hill-tops, and every member of the family passes through the fire when it has burnt very low; a ceremony which they believe insures to them good luck throughout the year. I do not know whether this heathenish superstition is still observed; but *Charlotte Elizabeth*, a well-known religious author, who died not many years ago, at middle-age, witnessed it often during her residence in the Emerald Isle.

There are some traces still in the Metropolis of the May-poles of by-gone days. The Church of St. Andrew-under-Shaft, in Leadenhall-street, is so named from a pole or shaft, which used to be put up there "in the midst of the street, before the south door of the said church, which shaft or pole, when it was fixed in the ground, was higher than the church steeple!" Ah! dear London readers, fancy a May-pole in Leadenhall-street *now*, among the omnibuses, and foot passengers, and vehicles of all descriptions! Fancy it if you can! I confess I cannot!

Also on the site of St. Mary-le-Strand there was once a May-pole, which in 1713 was removed, and a new one, with two gilt balls and a vane, set up opposite Somerset House. This again was taken away in 1718; and upon good authority it is stated that "having decayed, it was obtained of the parish by Sir Isaac Newton, and carried through the City to Wanstead, in Essex, where it was set up, in the rector's park, for the purpose of supporting a telescope, which was then the largest in the known world."

The first blow which May-poles

received was in the reign of Henry VIII., when a May-day riot took place, and the offenders narrowly escaped with their lives. The Puritans also disliked the festivities of the May-pole, for which we cannot blame them, seeing that, with harmless, innocent sports, much drunkenness and intolerable licentiousness had come to be associated. The early Reformers also had waged war against the May-poles; and in the reign of Edward VI. the Lords and Commons ordained "that all and singular May-poles that are, and shall be erected, shall be taken down," and, accordingly, down went all standing May-poles.

But the Restoration of Charles II. was also the restoration of May-poles, and, in 1661, the May-pole in the Strand was reared again with much ceremony and rejoicing. In the present day, I really believe, we are all far too busy to spend our time in decorating May-poles, or dancing round them either. A great fair, called May Fair, was once held near Piccadilly: the fair has long since vanished, with other venerable institutions, but the place where it was held still bears its name, and is now one of the most aristocratic neighbourhoods in London.

The chimney-sweeps still make a holiday of the first day in May, though their gambols and festivities are more and more curtailed: and we would hope that the world, even in its meanest circles, is growing wiser, and fails to find true pleasure in senseless rollicking and drunken revel.

May-day is observed in Italy; and in the country villages and little mountain towns you are sure to be saluted with "*Allegro Maggio! Allegro Maggio!*" a merry, merry May!

May 1st is also dedicated by the calendar to St. Philip and St. James the Less, two of the apostles of our Blessed Lord. Philip is believed to have been the first of Christ's apostles, and to have died at Hierapolis, in Phrygia. James, also surnamed the Just, who wrote the epistle which bears his name, was in great repute among the Jews: he was martyred in a tumult in the

Temple, about the year 62. May the 3rd is also a notable day in the calendar, since against it stands the remarkable and very "shocking-sounding" entry of the "Invention of the Cross." The word, however, is not so bad as it seems, *invention* having been formerly applied to signify the *finding* of anything hidden: and hence the name of this festival, which celebrates the alleged finding of the cross of Christ by the Empress Helena, who is *said* to have found three crosses on Calvary, and to have been unable to distinguish the true one, till a sick woman was laid upon each in turn, and healed by one of them, which was pronounced the veritable cross! Why this Romish festival keeps its place in the Church of England calendar is as much a mystery as the exploit of St. Helena herself, since it is completely a dead-letter, the Establishment taking not the least heed of the day, for which, indeed, there is no special service, or fragment of a service.

May 6th also commemorates "*St. John, Port. Lat.*," in the calendars both Anglican and Romish. This St. John is really the Evangelist, the Beloved, the Divine, whose feast day is immediately after Christmas: but the reason of the name appearing here is founded on a Popish legend, which set forth how St. John the Evangelist, in his old age, was accused of atheism, and sent by Domitian to Rome, where, before the gate called *Porta Latina*, he caused him to be put into a cauldron of boiling oil, from whence he came forth unharmed, and having suffered no pain: and this miracle is related to have occurred before he wrote the Apocalypse in the Isle of Patmos. There is no direct evidence that St. John was even martyred at all: there is no incontestible record of his death: but he is said to have returned to Ephesus, in the reign of Nerva, who succeeded the wretched Domitian in the imperial dignity. Tradition tell us how, when a very old man, he was wont to be carried into the church at Ephesus, and say, "little children, love one another." He certainly returned from

his banishment, and lived till the third or fourth year of Trajan, when he must have been nearly a hundred years old. It was concerning this beloved apostle that the ardent Peter enquired, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" and the Saviour's answer was, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"

Enigmatical words, which have given rise to the wildest conjectures, but with these we have nothing to do; to us, as to St. Peter, it might be said, "what is that to thee?"

It may interest some to know that the appellation of *divine*, which was given to St. John, is not canonical, but was first applied to him by Eusebius. Mr. Audley says, "on account of those mysterious and sublime points of divinity, with the knowledge of which he seems to have been favoured above his fellow-apostles, perhaps this may explain the etymology of the word *divine*, as applied to Christian ministers." The first Sunday in May, which is the 6th of the month, is still called by old-fashioned Prayer-books, *Rogation Sunday*, though I am not aware that there is any particular observance of it by any of the sects of which the Anglican Church is now composed. It is the fifth Sunday after Easter, and the word *rogation* means supplication, from the Latin *rogare*, to beseech. The Sunday took its name from the several days succeeding it, which in the fifth century were ordained as Rogation-days by a certain bishop of Vienne. He caused litanies to be said upon them for deliverance from fires, earthquakes, and wild beasts, and other public calamities which are said to have befallen his city. So the whole week came to be called *Rogation week*, to denote the continued acts of supplication.

And Shepherd, in his noted "*Elucidation of the Book of Common Prayer*," says—"The example of Mammertus was followed by many Churches in the West, and the institution of the Rogation-days soon passed from the diocese of *Vienna* into France, and from France into England." There is one slight mistake, however. This good man

confounds *Vienna* in Austria with *Vienne* in Dauphiny.

Rogations and processions were practised in England till the Reformation; and in 1554 the priests of Queen Mary's chapel made public processions, singing mass on successive days at St. Giles, St Martin-in-the-fields, and Westminster.

The following Thursday we find marked as Ascension-day, which nearly all Christian churches observe, in remembrance of the glorious Ascension of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who, forty days after His Resurrection from the grave, bade farewell to His disciples, "and was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight!" The Romish Church has various celebrations on Holy Thursday, as it is called: but infinitely to be preferred is the simpler and more spiritual service of the Church of England.

It was on the 8th of May that Joan of Arc defeated the English arms at Orleans; two years afterwards, and on the 25th of May, the heroic girl was taken prisoner, and a few days later burnt at the stake, to the everlasting disgrace of the English, who doomed her to death, not only as an enemy, but as a sorceress! There is a picture in the *Luxembourg* at Paris, in which she is represented as undergoing the torture; but I am not aware that there is any historical evidence of sufficient weight to support the position of the painter, whose name I cannot now remember. No one, I imagine, goes to Rouen, without visiting the square, or open space, called *La Place de la Pucelle*, where poor Joan suffered and died, though the reminiscences of the spot must ever be peculiarly displeasing to our English self-respect! The 30th day of May, 1431, was that on which the dreadful tragedy was enacted.

Two May-days also were fatal to the beautiful Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth; she was crowned on the 30th of May, 1533, and on the 19th of the same month, 1536, she laid her head upon the block.

Whit-Sunday, which is the

seventh Sunday after Easter, falls this year on May 20th. It was formerly called *White Sunday*, from the white garments worn by the candidates for baptism, who used to be very numerous at this season of Pentecost. The feast of Whitsuntide has been celebrated in foreign Romish churches with certain absurd and frivolous ceremonies, which seem to us but the excess of profanity. We read of burning torches thrown from the roof to represent the cloven tongues of flames, and birds let loose to typify the Holy Ghost. There is a record extant, belonging to St. Patrick's Cathedral Church in Dublin, dated 1509, of certain moneys paid for certain mummeries, supposed to be religious acts; among others, "iiis. paid for little cords employed about the Holy Ghost." Such wretched child's play would excite our laughter were it not for the blasphemous character of the stupid puerilities themselves!

Our Protestant Churches simply keep in memory the blessed descent of the Holy Spirit as recorded by St. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles. And a week afterwards comes Trinity Sunday, which reverently commemorates the divine mystery of the Holy Trinity.

The 24th of the month is noteworthy, as being the birthday of our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria. She was born in 1819, and consequently completes on this auspicious day her 47th year. She ascended the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, June 20th, 1837, when only eighteen years of age, and is now in the 29th year of her reign. And long may she live to sway the sceptre of these realms; may God comfort her in her expressible sorrow of widowhood, and may "He endue her plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant her in health and wealth" (which here means prosperity) "long to live; strengthen her that she may vanquish and overcome all her enemies, and finally after this life she may attain everlasting joy and felicity." To this prayer I am certain every reader of the *Christian World Ma-*

gazine will, on the 24th of May, solemnly and heartily respond, "Amen!" *Vivat Regina!*

The 29th of May, till within a very recent period, has been observed with religious ceremonials, to celebrate the Restoration of Charles II., in 1660, to the throne of his ancestors. In old times, people used to wear oak-leaves in their hats, and decorate their horses' heads with them, on this day, in commemoration of Charles' escape from his pursuers, after the battle of Worcester, on September 3, 1651. The story is well known—how the fugitive King hid himself among the thick leafy branches of an oak; how the soldiers loitered under the very tree that gave him shelter, and would have fired into it, had not a little bird flown out, and so convinced them that no one could be there! The tree was ever afterwards denominated the *Royal Oak*; it grew in Boscobel wood, on the borders of Staffordshire, and a century and a quarter ago was still standing in its place. An antiquary of that period thus writes concerning it:—"A bow-shot from Boscobel-house, just by a horse-track, passing through the wood, stood the Royal Oak, into which the King and his companion, Colonel Carlos, climbed by means of the hen-roost ladder, when they judged it no longer safe to stay in

the house, the family reaching them victuals with the nut-hook. The tree is now enclosed with a brick-wall, the inside whereof is covered with laurel, of which we may say, as Ovid did of that before the Augustan palace—*mediamque tubere quercum*. Close by its side grows a thriving young plant from one of its acorns. Over the door of the enclosure I took this inscription in marble—'*Felicissimam arborem quam in asylum potentissimi Regis Caroli II. Deus O. M. per quem reges regnant hic crescere voluit, tum in perpetuam rei tantememoriam, quam specimen ferme in reges fidei, mure cinctam posteris commendant Basilus et Jana Fitzherbert. Quercus amica Jovis.*'"

This is copied from "Stukely's *Itiner-Curios*," dated 1724. The Royal Oak at Boscobel has now perished; but another tree has been raised in its stead, to mark the spot.

I ought to have remarked that on May 26th, 1265, that poet of his age, that pioneer of the Reformation, that marvel of creative genius, DANTE ALIGHIERI, the author of the "*Divina Commedia*," was born!

I said before that poets have, one and all, agreed to sing the praises of this lovely month, the "queen month of the year," as the author of "*Charming May*" loyally proclaims it! *Milton* says—

"Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail! bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long!"

But in reading these old poets, we must always recollect that the first eleven days of our May belonged to their April! Their "*flowery May*" begins when our modern half and half May has reached her 13th day.

The first twelve days of the month are seldom fair and bright, sometimes very grey and wet and chilly. It is from the 10th to 15th that the summer-like weather generally sets in. Even the grave Wordsworth says:

All the earth is gay:
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every heart keep holiday."

* An addition was made to this inscription by the present proprietor of Boscobel, May 25, 1845.

And surely May well deserves the praises lavished on her. The hawthorn scents the gale, and the warm breeze bears the perfume of the garden lilac; the laburnum hangs out its waving golden chains: the stately horse-chesnut is covered over with its pyramidal clusters of delicate flowers, slightly touched with rosy hue; the sycamore's green tresses droop beneath their broad palmated leaves; and lastly, the orchards glow with the rich and blushing beauty of apple-blossoms! As for the wild flowers, I cannot stay to count them up. Primroses and cowslips yet remain, so do hyacinths and frail anemones; and to these are added the modest lily of the vale; the waxy bells of its prouder brother, Solomon's seal; early orchises, the pink Herb Robert, the sweet-scented woodruff, the white starry blossoms of the stitchwort; blue, intensely blue

veronicas; buttercups and daisies, and a host of others, Flora's darling children, expanding their pure, bright loveliness upon the lap of favoured May! And the cuckoo's note is heard all day, and the birds are never tired of singing; the butterflies white, azure, mottled brown, and ruby-tinted, flash among the fragrant blossoms; the bee's deep hum is heard, "like a low shrill thrill of harp-strings through the grass;" and all the sunny world is full of melody and beauty.

Only, spring brings not back the loved, the lost, the gone before! Thank God, all the Christian's treasures are garnered up safe in the "Better Land," and as surely as the flowers and leaves burst forth from winter's icy sleep to summer's glory, will the dead in Christ be raised to joy and perfect bliss, and mortality.

AILEEN'S VIOLET.

*I never see the violet eyes
Of Spring unclosing on this earth
But memory comes in tender guise,
Singing her old sweet melodies;
And at her beck I ope my store
Of hidden gems, and one hath more
Than all the rest of sacred worth.*

My Book is old, and plain, and worn,
No gleaming letters tell its name,
And age hath margined many a leaf,
Where sad eyes have wept out their grief,
In hope, or fear, or shame.

Its homely cover, brown and bare,
Smooth through the constant use of years,
Bears many a trace of thoughtful care
From gentle fingers here and there :
I see them through my tears.

I love my Book, I think, the more
That *her* dear hands have lingered there ;
For when her eyes were dimming fast,
She loved to clasp it to the last,—
Her very clasp was prayer.

And when at length she pass'd away,
Too long I wept rebellious tears,
Nor sought her Staff to lean upon,
But wandered lonely, sadly on,
Through many dreary years.

I loved my Book for her dear sake,
 Not for its Author's and its own,
 And held it as the blind might hold
 A wondrous gem of worth untold,
 Yet think it but a stone.

Till Aileen came: and then the light
 Shone in upon each hallowed line;
 I *knew* the treasure in my grasp,
 But Faith was wanting to unclasp
 And make it truly mine.

Happy Aileen! her's was the love
 That knows no fear, or doubt, or change;
 The Faith that lays the flower-wreath down,
 And meekly takes the thorny crown,
 Nor thinks it hard and strange;
 The good, with thankful heart receives,
 With patient trust the seeming ill;
 Nor cares to pry with eager eyes
 Into our life's deep mysteries,
 Content they are *His will*.

One afternoon in early Spring,
 Aileen was nestling by my side,
 Reading of all the love and peace
 Our tender Father promises
 The stricken and the tried.

She paused, and cast a pitying glance
 Up at my troubled, yearning face;
 I saw her quivering lip and brow,
 Pleading—"Oh, take them,—take them now,—
 The pardon, love, and grace!"

She saw this was the darkest hour,
 Before the dawn of Heaven's own light,
 When keener grew the bitter strife,
 "Twixt Faith and Doubt,—'twixt Death and Life,—
 "Twixt noon-day and midnight.

She placed the Book upon my knee,
 Her finger, like a silver ray,
 Showing the blessed words which tell
 "OUR FATHER" bids the waters swell,
 And spreads the thorny way.

Leaving a violet at the words,
 She turned away; I looked and read
 "*He chastens whom He loves!*"
 O glorious birth-hour of my trust,
 Faith sprang full-statured from the dust,
 And I was comforted.

'Tis years ago; but there, to-day,
 My violet lies within my Book:
 Faded and dead, but pointing still
 To those life-giving words, that fill
 My eyes whenc'er I look.

For darling Aileen nestles not
 Beside me as she did of yore;
 The little one whose love for me
 Is now life's sweetest memory,
 Has gone for evermore.

LUCINDA BOWSER.

A GOSSIP ON VOCAL MUSIC.

VOCAL music. Of music in general, and the vocal in particular, poets have had much to say, many of them going nearly mad on the subject, some of them I think quite so. And here I just wish to apologise to *Messieurs les poets*, who have been for some time clamouring for admission into my subject; really, gentlemen and ladies, I am very sorry, but when one does let you in you have so much to say that, pardon me, one can hardly get rid of you again; and then you see you have all been so worked of late that I thought it only a mercy, both to yourselves and readers, that you should have some rest; but now Messrs. Shakespeare, Tennyson, Coleridge, and some others, enter, be seated, and when called upon answer to your names.

But first let us hear one of Martin Luther's sayings of singing. "It is the best art and practice; it hath nothing to do with the affairs of this world; it is not for the law; neither are singers full of cares, but merry; they drive away sorrow and care with singing." And again, "What, too, shall I say of the voice of man, compared with which all other sounds, songs, and voices are as naught . . . For there is nothing on earth which hath greater power to make the sorrowful glad, and the glad sorrowful—and the faint-hearted to be of good cheer—to charm the haughty to humility—to still and assuage the exorbitance of love—to diminish envy and hatred—and who can enumerate all the movements of the human heart which govern mankind, and either lead them to virtue or tempt them to vice; but for the government and control of all these emotions I repeat that there is nothing more powerful than music and singing."

"Sing, maiden, sing, mouths were made for singing!" This very sensible observation was made I believe by Southey. Shakespeare has a capital hit at the affected coyness of some singers in "As you Like It"—

"Touch.—Come, sir, sit and sing a song.

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"2nd Page.—Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse? *which are only the prologues to a bad voice.*"

Jacques' notion of singing is barbarous! What taste the man must have, when he says, "Sing it, 'tis no matter *how* it be sung *so it make noise enough!*" There are many Mr. and Mrs. Jacques' still living who sing with "noise enough!" Coleridge being much offended at some one who would sing, but had no voice, made the following witty and not very charitable epigram—

"Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing."

Of vocal music in reference to birds I purpose to have something to say in another division of my subject; this division treats more of the singing of *words* in addition to musical sounds.

Vocal music is, I think, more generally cultivated now than it used to be; the good singing does in families and friendly circles is incalculable. As an encouragement to those who do, and an incentive to those who do not practice it, let me quote, among others, the following reasons why it should be practised:—

1. It *can* be generally cultivated. Look at children; even babies sing a kind of "music without words," albeit in rather a minor key, and often with "noise enough;" and is it not a fact that as their knowledge of the power of words and music increases, so their disposition to sing "*Lieder ohn Wortes*" diminishes?

2. Vocal music *ought* to be generally cultivated. The musical talent is one given us by our Maker. Whoever acknowledges the high rank which music demands, and holds in Christian devotion, will not consider its cultivation of no moment. If it be acceptable it is our *duty* to use every endeavour to render it worthy of acceptance, it should be as much as possible "without spot or blemish." It is a responsible and sacred talent; few can plead in-

B B

capacity, and no one has a right to plead it until after a rigid examination of his powers.

3. It strengthens and improves the voice in reading and speaking, by giving volume, smoothness, and variety to the tones; it is in fact a musical tonic to the entire system. True, the voice may be injured, or destroyed even, by forcing it; but under judicious instruction it will daily improve by use. "It is dangerous to use the voice in singing only when it is dangerous to use it by much talking, that is when the lungs are affected by a cold, or otherwise diseased. This is the common cause of a ruined voice."

4. Vocal music conduces to, and keeps people in health.

Dr. Rush says that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthy exercises, is to be cultivated, not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. "The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption," says the Doctor; "nor have I ever known more than one instance of spitting blood amongst them! This I believe to arise from the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education." Singing expands the chest, and thus increases the activity and powers of the vital organs.

5. It tends to improve the heart. "This is its legitimate, and ought to be its *principal* object. It can, and ought to be made, the handmaid of virtue and piety." Its effects in softening and elevating the feelings are too evident to need illustration. There is something in the nature of musical tones which is really heavenly and delightful, and if music of a pure and simple character could become universal it would, I think, be a foretaste of the millennium! "Let me have the making the ballads of a nation, and I not who make their laws."

Lastly—nearly tin

says some *dis*-interested friend:—"Vocal music tends to produce social happiness and order in a family.

I firmly believe that those parents and children who can sing "Home, sweet home," together, have a stronger attachment for each other. The family circle is prized, for there is always amusement, and we cannot listen to the voice of, nor sing with, one we love without increasing our attachment. Whoever saw parents and children singing together, or children amongst themselves, that were not—well, apparently—happy? It is said to be almost the only branch of education, apart from divine truth, the direct tendency of which is to cultivate and ennoble the feelings.

Of our church music I think we may say that it has vastly improved of late years; the reason probably is that our congregations are more alive to the importance of psalmody as an act of divine worship. Organs are now taking the place of uncouth or ridiculous instruments, to accompany what used, even in my time, to be little short of braying! A clergyman, writing from Somersetshire, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, gives the following droll account of some of his experiences in his own parish church.

"Singers were ever notorious for loving to have things their own way: ask them to perform anything they are dumb; there is no end to it when they begin of their own accord. '*Omnibus hoc ritum est cantoribus.*' They imagine the whole congregation assembled but to hear them; one of them told me with pride that it was the only part of the service during which no one was asleep! What I chiefly complain of is their anthems. Every bumpkin has his favourite solo, and oh! the murder, the profanation! If there be ears devout in the congregation, how they must ache! These anthems should positively be forbidden by authority; half a dozen good fellows stand up to sing the 'Gloria and glory of God'—'Gloria to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Amen.'—'White'

in giving out, should be growled out, nor squeaked out, nor bawled out, nor hurried out, nor dandied out, but given out as dictated by *common sense* and a *feeling heart*, in a voice distinct, earnest, and impressive. Also it is desirable that he should be one who, in singing, *pronounces* his words; not gliding with *le, la, la*, through the hymn, and nobody know what he is singing; nor is it desirable that he should bawl ready to split his throat, but sing *easily* and *melodiously*. Of course *perfection* cannot be expected (?), but the above will serve for a *hint* as to the kind of article that is wanted, apply to, &c."

Would that I were a "clerk" as near perfection as the above "hints" would cause me to be. What must the successful candidate think of himself?

I will conclude this part by an

extract from a work just published by Rev. T. Helmore on "Choir Training." In chapter five, entitled "expression," Mr. H. lays down the following sentimental and imaginative rules for the benefit of choirs and others.

"Loud singing is expressive of joy, praise, righteousness, vigour, rage and fury, confidence, health, life, rewards of the righteous and heaven.

"Soft singing is expressive of sorrow, prayer, sin, weakness, peace, fear, sickness, death, punishment of the wicked and hell.

Choirs must really take care, lest haply, by a slight inattention they suggest "rage and fury" where all should be "peace," and by neglecting to sing lustily they should suggest "heaven" when they ought to be expressing something else.

A. S. P.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

EMILY WISHART : OR, SOMEBODY'S HELPER.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

As I have said, the sun rose on this Thursday morning, and life at the Hall began in its usual quiet way; grandpapa and uncle Robert departed for town at their accustomed hour, and grand-mamma, after her inspection of household affairs, joined Emily in the parlour, prepared to attend to her lessons. Charlie, too, had arrived, and so had Mr. Johnson, neither appearing in other than their ordinary state of temper.

Emily began her studies very cheerily. Everything seemed to promise a peaceful day; Charlie she knew had learned his lessons well, for she had sat with him the evening before and watched him; nay, had even questioned him on some and found him proficient. So far, all was safe; then Mr. Johnson appeared in a good temper, so with such favourable omens she trusted to pass a happy afternoon. She even hoped that matters were really improving between Charles and his

tutor, and with this lightening of her fears, her intellects, never dull, received additional impetus, and Mrs. Wishart had good cause for the praise she bestowed on her little granddaughter for that morning's work. So rapidly and completely were her studies finished, that half an hour before the usual time books were shut and exercises put away, and Emily was free to do anything she liked. Charlie, whose actual hours ended nominally with hers, would doubtless be ready soon, and then what a delightful walk they would have together; so the table was cleared, and all things put to rights in readiness for her departure, while pending the opening of the study door to-morrow's lessons were got out, marked, and learned, as a kind of enhancement to the complete freedom so soon to begin.

But though the sun outside was shining without a cloud, within doors the atmosphere soon became a little overcast. A quarter of an hour

passed, then another, and no sign of unclosing did the grim portal display; again and again a sound or movement would cause Emily to look out into the hall, but no reward followed, and one by one the pile of books on her left hand was transferred to the right, and still no Charlie broke in on her solitude. She began to feel rather anxious, but tried to keep up good courage in the idea that to-day's studies might be peculiarly difficult. Just as the last book was closed and laid on its fellows, the door opened, a step crossed the hall, a call in Mr. Johnson's voice was heard, and that gentleman, mounting his horse, rode quickly down the avenue. Emily started up with a joyous exclamation, and hastily looking up her books, ran to the next room and peeped in. Poor child, what a disappointment awaited her!

No gladsome welcome, no active clearing up, no assurance of a happy, well-spent morning, as she had hoped; instead of these, there sat Charlie with a flushed face and angry expression, numberless books heaped round him, such terribly hard ones too they looked, and a blotted exercise-book, many of the leaves torn out and scattered on the carpet. Emily was actually silent with surprise and alarm. She stood rooted to the floor for a minute with her eyes fixed on the scene before her; she might have stood there longer without gaining any attention, but with an effort she began:

"Charlie," she said gently, going one step into the room, "have you finished your lessons?"

"Finished!" he exclaimed bitterly, "I've hardly begun! Don't wait for me, I can't go out to-day; at least," he muttered under his breath, "he says I shan't, but I know more about it than he does."

Poor Emily could scarcely keep back her tears: all this misery when she had hoped for such peace was almost too much for her! Slipping softly to the side of the young student, she picked up the torn, defaced leaves and looked at them and his exercise-book; they told their own tale pretty plainly; it scarcely needed Charlie's explanation that his master had in a passion torn out these pages on which was the exercise of last night, so laboriously written under her own eyes, as she remembered; but the words that had accom-

panied the act had rankled in the boy's spirit more than the actual injury; and the accusation of idleness and scheming from Mr. Johnson, reported to the indignant auditor in short, gusty sentences, proved how bitterly the injudicious severity of the master was working in his heart.

"I cannot please him, he does not believe me; he thinks boys are liars and cheats; do what I may, I get nothing but hard words and insults. I will not try it any more, it's no use. I will show him I am not to be brow-beaten and tyrannized over in this way. I am no child now."

Emily did not exactly know what to answer, so she occupied herself with examining the papers she held in her hand, though perhaps she was not fully prepared to understand them, as her studies had not extended as yet to Latin; but her sympathy was very acceptable, and soon drew forth a full history of the morning's troubles, and certainly, making all due allowance for the speaker's irritation, the tale did not redound to the teacher's credit. Charlie evidently found a relief in the narration, but when it was over he again desired her to go away and amuse herself; he should not be able to be with her at all: "I have pages on pages to prepare. I shall do it if I can; if I cannot—" he added significantly, "we shall see."

"Oh Charlie," whispered Emily, "do try and learn them, and—" it was on her lips to say, "and then tell all to uncle Robert," but she stopped and coloured, for she remembered her cousin's peremptory refusal to appeal to any one; so, with a sorrowful heart, the little girl turned to go, with all her bright anticipations dashed to the ground. What pleasure could she find in walking, or riding, or any other employment, while her cousin was immured at home; and worse still, while he was brooding over these unhappy measures for self assertion? With a very preoccupied manner, she sauntered out towards the garden, scarcely caring where she went.

Half an hour had passed amongst the flower-beds, when to her surprise and delight she caught sight of Charlie, whip in hand, passing through the hall-door. Then he had finished his lessons, and was free! So glad was she at this, that scarcely one thought of his neglect of her in thus setting off

on his ride without asking for her company occurred to her: he had seen her but had not spoken, being apparently in a great hurry; but she hastened through the hall and flew after him as he turned down the path leading to the stables.

"Charlie, Charlie!" she cried, "one moment; I want to say a word to you."

He stopped unwillingly and looked round; she reached his side: "You have learnt your lessons! Oh, I am so glad; but where are you going? Is it to town?" for she noticed that his cap was not the ordinary one.

He hesitated for a moment, then frankly told her that he had not finished his lessons; he found them too difficult, and he could not lose this beautiful day over musty books; to-morrow he would tell Mr. Johnson, and they would have a fight, but for to-day he would not be a slave; and breaking away from her, he ran off without pausing to tell her where he intended to ride.

A grievous cloud fell on her bright young face; disobedience to orders was surely no right way of beginning the struggle, however great the injustice, and she looked round in distress; if she could but stop him, could but induce him not to do wrong himself, however wrong others might be, she would not be so hopeless; but if he went off thus leaving his duty behind him! — the thought spurred her to action, and a bright idea flashed on her mind. She could reach the front gate before Charlie, most likely he would ride out of the back entrance and pass by the principal one on his way to town, whither he probably was going; she must run quickly, however, if she wished to attain her object, and without a minute's pause off she started. Emily was light and active, and now her hopes and fears lent wings to her feet; away under the overarching chestnuts which bent above her head, with their large leaves swaying in the wind, and the tiny kernels, on which so many plans were founded, snugly bedded in their rough, prickly husks; along the smooth gravelled walk flew Emily, intent on reaching the gate before her cousin, and at length, out of breath and flushed, she arrived at the goal, and lifting the latch, passed out into the road. A glance at the dusty

surface showed her that Daphne had not gone by as yet; none of her recent footmarks were visible; and with a sigh of relief, Emily seated herself on the base of one of the posts to await the expected arrival.

A few minutes and the quick, short tread of a pony was heard; she started up, and just as her cousin came in sight reached the middle of the road. Her gestures, and yet more the expression of her face, could not be withstood, and reluctantly enough the rein was pulled, and the boy enquired what she wanted of him. She poured out most earnest entreaties to him to return and bear his burden for a little while longer; not to disobey authority even if unjustly exercised: not to do wrong himself whatever others might do; and a great deal more she said, scarcely knowing what words she uttered, so eager was she. But there was no relenting in the face that looked down on hers; the firm set lips and the darkened brow told how strongly the unwise purpose was still adhered to, and when at last Emily's arguments were exhausted, Charlie, without a word, touched the pony with the whip and rode quickly on, leaving his cousin sick-hearted and downcast, gazing after him with vain longings of regret. Her pleadings had failed, she thought, and nothing remained for her to do but await the issue, and what that would be after such an absolute dereliction of duty on Charlie's part, she trembled to reflect. Her grandpapa and uncle were kind and indulgent she knew, but she had an intuitive perception that they would not easily forgive such a fault as this; they would see it without even such palliation as there really was, and either Charlie would be hopelessly consigned to the misrule of Mr. Johnson, or be sent off to school in disgrace; and many tears silently rolling down her cheeks testified to the pain that these expectations caused. As there was nothing more to be done, she turned again into the gate and slowly retraced her steps towards the house, without stopping as was usual with her to take notice of the lodge-keeper's little children, who looked up from their games and vainly tried to attract her attention.

As she paced mournfully along the broad path, over which she had so lately flown, a sudden noise in the

grove caught her ear; in another moment a voice calling to her made her stop and look round, and to her surprise her uncle Robert, equipped with fishing-rod and basket, vaulted over the palings and joined her; she had seen him set off for town, and had no idea but that he was there at that moment.

"Have I frightened you, Emmy?" he asked as he came up to her, for her face certainly betrayed amazement, if not alarm. "You thought I was far enough away, I suppose? But tell me, why are you all alone, and looking so disconsolate?—where's Charlie? Is he playing truant and leaving you to amuse yourself?"

In reply Emily mentioned Charlie's having gone to town without giving any further particulars; but her uncle was far from satisfied: he had, unknown to her, observed the depression in his little niece's manner for some time, and now he was quietly resolute in discovering its cause. He asked her various questions respecting her studies, about Charlie's too, but all to no purpose, nothing tangible could he elicit, and somewhat puzzled he ceased talking, and silence ensued. If he could have seen Emily's face he would have been more certain than ever that something was amiss; but it was shaded from him by the brim of her hat, which hid the swimming eyes and pale little cheeks, and anxious glance, that told how she was striving for courage to unburden herself of the secret that had harassed her so long. Should she or should she not take her uncle into her confidence and tell him of her troubles and fears on Charlie's account? Surely, she could explain it best; she could show how unwisely he had been dealt with, before his present misdeemeanour; she could testify to his honest efforts to do right, which would have been successful, she was sure, if they had been properly met. She had such faith in uncle Robert, too, he was so kind, and gentle, and patient—he would hear her out whether he agreed with her or not, and he would act justly towards all parties. Yes, she would tell him, and at once; the chesnut avenue was in sight, soon the house would appear, and then she would not have time for her story. Stopping suddenly, hardly knowing that she did so, she said:

"Uncle, I want to speak to you about something."

Her words and action were so unexpected that Mr. Wishart paused almost with a start, but instantly comprehending that the secret was about to be revealed, answered in a quiet, re-assuring voice: "What have you got to say to me, Emily? Do not be afraid to tell me anything that is in your mind, and I will help you as far as I possibly can."

But before disclosing her troubles poor Emily had to dispose of a strong inclination to cry, it was so strange and so pleasant to take counsel with any one on a subject that had been so painful when borne alone; but she struggled bravely, and soon was able to begin. Her tale, when she did commence it, was at first not very connected, but before long her uncle's grave attention and evident sympathy calmed her sufficiently to enable her to give a very clear statement of the case. She spoke of Charlie's good intentions, of his real efforts in learning, of the determination with which he began his studies, notwithstanding his dislike to them, and she drew a lively picture of the disheartening treatment that he had met with, the caprice of his master and the contempt and dislike with which his pupil regarded him, giving a few instances that had come to her knowledge of Mr. Johnson's unfair conduct; then, becoming braver as the importance of her subject grew on her, she entreated her uncle to consider these things, and to think whether it would not be better to deliver Charlie from such sufferings before he was really injured by them!

"For oh! uncle, he is not what he used to be; he is so unhappy that he is losing all heart; he is getting quite hopeless, and so he is becoming"—sulky was the only word she could think of to express her meaning, but that was not one to be used in reference to Charlie; so she paused.

Her uncle thought for a few moments, and then asked why Charlie had not spoken of this before; he had had no idea but that he and his tutor were getting on comfortably together.

To this Emily replied by giving the reason already mentioned for Charlie's silence, and she commented on his resolution and bravery in keeping the

secret although at such a cost ; but then she had a less pleasing task, she was too truthful to give the fair side of the picture without its companion, and, with much secret reluctance, she told how ill the system was working even at that moment, how Charlie had broken bounds, choosing rather to incur just displeasure than to be deprived of rightful liberty ; the expression of quiet disapproval in her uncle's face showed what he thought of the procedure, but he readily agreed not to act on the information, given in confidence.

"I will think over what you have told me, Emmy," he said, when the whole had been revealed, "and I am much obliged to you for trusting me as you have done. I am afraid Charlie is not in good hands. I will see what is best for him." So saying, and with a kind smile and parting word, he turned to the house, leaving Emily relieved, certainly, but still very anxious as to the result of her intercession.

Deprived of Charlie's society, and restless still with anticipation, she wandered on and on, almost without any definite plan, until at last she found herself beyond the Hall plantations and in those of Oakhurst, in fact close to the dell which I mentioned on her first visit to Mrs. Euston's place ; here, whatever might be her mood, she liked to be, and though certainly she would have enjoyed it more with pleasant company, she turned almost gladly to the rugged path, and began the descent that led to the rustic bridge.

A quarter of an hour passed, and Emily had as she imagined been all the time quite alone, but a movement amongst the trees at length attracted her attention, and looking more carefully she perceived Miss Pyne standing but a few yards from her ; she too was watching the water, and her attitude showed that she had been there for some time. It seemed as if the discovery of each other's presence was almost simultaneous, for a start and half exclamation from the lady as their eyes met proved that she had not previously been aware of having a companion. To neither was the event agreeable, and to Emily, who felt as if she had borne as much unhappiness as she could for one day, the prospect of having to encounter Miss

Pyne was anything but cheering. She sat still, hoping to avoid further notice ; but in a few moments chancing to glance round, she was struck by the lines of pain and weariness imprinted on the lady's face, more evident now when it was quite at rest ; and conquering all her aversion, the little girl rose and kindly offered her a seat.

A half refusal, and then a reluctant acceptance followed, and side by side the apparently uncongenial companions ennobled themselves on the scanty couch ; but the expression of fatigue did not pass from Miss Pyne's countenance, and her hurried breathing showed suffering of a kind not to be relieved by any change of posture. To Emily's observant mind these things told their own tale, and in an instant the possible truth flashed upon her, ill-health perhaps was the true cause of Miss Pyne's deficiencies ; and with the idea came a strong desire to do something for her comfort ; she had often thought of her before, and longed to be her "helper," but hitherto all access had seemed barred. A large stone to act as a footstool was the first proffer of service, then a proposal to run to the house for a shawl, as she saw a shudder passing over the frame of her companion, and though this last was declined, it was plain that something of the harshness of former feeling was melting away under the influence of the real kindness of Emily's tone and manner ; and at last by degrees, how neither could well have told, a tale of trial on Miss Pyne's part was unfolded to the sympathizing child. It seemed that she had long been subject to severe bodily suffering, and that to it might be ascribed in great measure her asperity of temper ; Mrs. Kent knew this, and made every allowance for her, nay retained her in her situation as companion when others would have sent her adrift without delay ; and Miss Pyne, fully conscious of her failing, and painfully alive to its evil effects, deplored it sincerely, and wished she could act otherwise. It did not seem to have occurred to her that by yielding to the temptation she had in reality strengthened it, and weakened her power of resistance ; that He who had seen fit to permit such a cross to His feeble creature, could and assuredly would have supplied her with

grace and patience to bear it meekly, if she had in faith applied to Him. On the contrary, she excused herself as it were from blame, regretting her ill-temper and hoping that others would pardon it, but laying it unreservedly to the score of her disease; and now touched by Emily's sympathy and gentleness, she told her the whole truth, and begged her to excuse her for the past and to pity in the future. To do this was easy to the loving child, and she warmly and earnestly assured the sufferer so, but as she spoke a thought occurred to her—was not this one of the opportunities referred to by aunt Kate? And then the image of that dear aunt rose up before her, pale and wasted by long illness, often, how often, sorely oppressed with acute pain, never knowing what it was to feel well for a single moment, and yet all through retaining the same placid brow, the same unruffled temper, the same unwearied thought for others and forgetfulness of self that the most healthy and vigorous could display; and with this picture came back too the reason of all this—the oft-told reason of trust in God, of simple dependence on His will, of faith that He would with the trial give strength to overcome; and full of pity for the poor invalid at her side, Emily in simple, childlike language told the tale of this beloved aunt Kate, and of her peaceful life. No one could have been offended with the little speaker's truthful narrative; even Miss Pyne, ever suspicious of anything approaching to dictation, listened with interest, and was soothed and comforted with the tale of one who also had to bear a heavy burden—a heavier burden even, for no seasons of ease like hers were enjoyed by aunt Kate, and the ending of the story, by Emily unconsciously made peculiarly applicable to Miss Pyne's lack of faith and patience, impressed her deeply. She made few comments, however, but asked some questions, and then, after a friendly parting between the two, they turned each to her own home, feeling a far greater degree of kindliness towards each other than had hitherto been the case; Miss Pyne to reflect on what she had heard, and, I am glad to say, to put it to practical use, Emily to remember Charlie and his troubles, her uncle Robert and her conversation with him, and to hope

and fear for the result; but she no longer felt so spiritless as she had done, the intercourse of the past hour was already bearing fruit in her little breast, and soberly rather than sadly she hastened back to the house.

When she entered the hall a pleasant sight awaited her, Charlie's cap and riding-whip lying on the table, and Fido, his constant attendant, sitting at the study door—he could not have gone to town, then, perhaps he had got back in time to learn his lessons; afterwards there would be no leisure, for every one was to go to a strawberry-feast at Oakhurst. She was standing looking at these hopeful signs when a pair of hands was laid on her shoulders, and her uncle's voice behind her said: "Some one is in the study, I believe. I have been thinking of what you told me, Emmy, and I will have a talk with Master Charlie, and report my decision." Then he sent her off to dress for dinner, with a heart lightened of half its load.

Nothing more was said about the matter at dinner and during the afternoon, but Charlie's face though grave was not unhappy; and when he joined the rest of the party at Oakhurst just before tea, excusing his late appearance, which by the way had caused a great many surmises, on the ground of "pressing business," Emily did not fear to meet his eye; she knew that he had been working hard to redeem lost time, and her heart bounded with the hope that his troubles were nearly at an end. She even contrived to have a few minutes alone with him while the elders were engaged in the conservatory, and hurriedly imparted to him her discovery respecting Miss Pyne's ailments and consequent asperity of temper; and though certainly Charlie was not quite so ready as his little cousin to grant a general amnesty, he frankly admitted that there was more excuse for the lady's failings than he had imagined.

That evening after their return home to the Hall, Emily had just bid good-night to Mr. and Mrs. Wishart, and was on her way to bed, when her uncle Robert met her and called her into his study. She obeyed the summons, and found Charlie there; some communication was about to be made it was evident, and not an unpleasant one, to judge from his countenance. Her expecta-

tions were soon fulfilled; in a few words her uncle told her that he had had the intended conversation with his nephew, that he had found from his statements that a change of tutors was desirable, and that, though he did not quite approve of all parts of Charlie's conduct, especially his determination to resist Mr. Johnson's authority instead of appealing to those better fitted to judge between them, he admitted that he had had cause for dissatisfaction. "There is another person, however," continued the speaker, "whose behaviour is deserving of all praise; you did not tell me, Emmy, of the excellent advice you gave your cousin, and of all the efforts you made to induce him to act rightly; but he has not been so silent, he tells me that it was your earnest expostulation that brought him back to a sense of his duty to-day; that only for you he would have neglected his studies entirely, gone into town as he had at first intended, and dared Mr. Johnson's displeasure. My dear child, I think you have been rewarded, and now I have a plan to propose which I hope will satisfy you as much as it does Charlie. I intend to undertake the post of tutor, I have plenty of spare time for it, and if you wish, I shall be delighted to teach you too such things as my mother would allow me; you and Charlie could study them together, and I will promise to be a just master to you, even though I may be a strict one."

Poor Emily!—she hardly dared to believe what she heard; uncle Robert, good, kind uncle Robert, to be Charlie's tutor! Her brightest hopes had never reached such a pitch of delight; she could scarcely collect her senses sufficiently to remember that an answer was expected, until Charlie eagerly urged her to speak, and she saw uncle Robert's smile as he asked her what was her decision! Her reply was not very intelligible after all, but the joy that shone through the tears that would not be kept back, and the almost convulsive clinging to the arm that her uncle put round her, gave very plain token of her earnest assent to the proposition, so off the trio went to relate the whole affair to grandmamma, and to gain her consent, an easy matter in most things where the happiness of her grandchildren was concerned and her son Robert was the advocate.

All that remained to be done after that, was to arrange with Mrs. Easton, and subsequently with Mr. Johnson about the change, and as that gentleman had plenty of other employment more congenial to his taste, he made no difficulty about his resignation of office, even going so far in his complacency as to dispense with the usual notice, and at the end of the ensuing week yielding up his chair to the new professor. So happily ended Emily's anxieties in this quarter, and every one had cause to be satisfied with hers and Charlie's diligence under their present teacher, who often said that he found his place a very easy one indeed. "A helper," in every sense of the word, had Emily been in this instance, but so intent was she on her plans that she scarcely remembered her aunt's words till all was over.

At last summer began to decline and autumn to appear, and Emily, who had been for some time getting homesick, wrote to say that she must soon return to Burnham, she was longing so to see every one there again. The announcement, when it was made at the Hall, produced a great commotion; no one could be induced at all to dispense with her company; as for Charlie, he was quite beside himself at the idea, and said a great deal to prove the utter impossibility of allowing of such a step. So a compromise was effected. Mr. and Mrs. Wishart accepted a pressing invitation to the Hall, and came thither, accompanied by aunt Kate, whose health would, it was hoped, be improved by the comparative mildness of its more southern situation. As for Emily, though anxious to visit Burnham, she was too unwilling to quit Arden to quarrel with the plan, and the arrival of papa and mamma and aunt filled her cup of happiness to overflowing. What a joyous winter they would have, just such an one as she had often imagined; and then Miss Pyne could make aunt Kate's acquaintance, and learn from her better than from any one else, what was the right way of meeting sickness and suffering: in fact, everything had been ordered exactly in the mode that suited Emily's wishes.

The reality quite fulfilled the expectation. The invalids became great companions, and all enjoyed themselves according to their own plans. Charlie was soon a prime favourite

with the new members of the circle, and when in the early spring, just a twelvemonth from the time of Emily's arrival at the Hall, she bade good-bye to it, and to her kind friends there, it had been decided that he should accompany her and her parents to Burnham, in order to enter a very good school near the Manor, where his education could be completed; and being a weekly boarder, he was to make his home at Burnham, and thus Emily's in-

tercourse with him would be continued, to their mutual satisfaction and mutual benefit. The good effects of the year spent at Arden Hall never ceased; Emily never forgot how useful little heads and little hands can be if they but earnestly try to do their duty.

Will not my young readers, like her, take aunt Kate's advice and see if they too cannot be "Somebody's Helper?"

ANNA DEPE.

THE FAMILY VISITOR.

OUR DAILY FOOD.

BY ERNEST ETHERINGTON.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. vi. 11.

"Feed me with food convenient for me."—Prov. xxx. 8.

MILK: THE TYPE OF ALL FOOD: THE MILK OF DIFFERENT ANIMALS: CASEINE: BUTTER: LACTOSE: CHEESE: WHY IT IS EATEN: STILTON CHEESE: CHEDDAR, CHESHIRE, AND SINGLE GLO'STER CHEESES: SUFFOLK-CHEESE: PARMESAN: THE ECONOMY OF EATING CHEESE: ITS ACTION AS A DIGESTER: OLD CHEESE AND NEW.

Milk, especially *mother's milk*, may be considered as the great type of human food, and after its form and composition should all other foods be adjusted, especially in the case of persons whose condition, by reason of old age or infirmity, approaches that of the child. That milk is a type of all food is found by the fact that the young of all the higher *mammalia* are fed upon it for the first few months of their existence—some indeed for the space of a whole year, with scarcely any other diet. And, during this period, the infant animal increases rapidly in size, obtaining from its regimen of milk all that constitutes muscle and nerve, and bone and tissue; so that, you observe, milk *must* contain the *essentials of all food*! and is eminently worthy of our consideration.

Of what then is milk actually composed? Different animals yield milk of different composition, and human milk often varies strikingly in two individuals. Strictly speaking, I believe, it is never quite the same in two

individuals, and it differs even in the same person by reason of age, change of constitution, or state of health. This all mothers know very well indeed, since any indisposition of theirs immediately affects the child at the breast, and a change in wet-nurses is almost sure to tell in some way or other upon the nursing; also, if a babe be necessarily weaned, it is found that it thrives more uniformly from being fed with the milk of *one cow*, instead, as is often the case, with milk drawn indiscriminately from many cows.

Cow's milk is that with which in this country we are most familiar. Of course we expect milk to contain more water than beef or bread, but we may be surprised to find that its constituent of water does not exceed that of the turnip, and is much less than that of the melon. A pound of cow's milk consists of 13 oz. 333 grains of water; caseine, 350 grs.; butter, or fat, 245 grs.; sugar (of milk), 315 grs.; and mineral matter, 70 grs. Thus it appears to partake of the nature of both animal and vegetable food, the large proportion of curd and butter which it contains representing the *musculine* of beef, and the sugar representing the starch of wheaten bread. Human milk does not differ very greatly from that taken from the mothers of the herd, but it holds more water in its composition, and nearly a third less of caseine, neither is it quite so rich in fat.

It is a common practice, therefore, when babes are fed with cow's milk, to dilute it more or less, and then to add a small quantity of sugar, to supply the deficiency occasioned by the addition of water: treated in this way cow's milk very nearly approaches human milk, but ass's milk is supposed to be the better substitute, could we command a regular and adequate supply, which in this country it would be difficult and expensive to obtain. Ass's milk, on analysis, displays very nearly the same amount of water and mineral matter as that of the human mother—more sugar, and less caseine. Goat's milk exceeds all others in richness of organic matter, and would be therefore more unfit for infants' food than that of cows, though in some countries the milk of the goat stands in the same relation to the popular diet as does cow's milk here; but we must remember that there is a national as well as an individual and a family constitution.

Dr. Lankester, in writing about the food of children early weaned, especially warns nurses against the evil tendencies of *sour milk*, which in summertime, and especially in large towns, is often incautiously administered:—the acidity may be corrected, he affirms, by the infusion of a little lime-water, or a little carbonate of potash. Also, the addition of vegetable food to the milk prevents the tendency to decomposition which milk naturally possesses: certainly, as a rule, when children cannot obtain mother's milk, there cannot be any better substitute than cow's milk, mixed with a certain quantity of farinaceous food. Of course the great mischief of cow's milk is the adulteration to which it is subject, but on this subject we will not touch—it would require a little pamphlet to itself.

Let us speak for a minute on the separate component parts of the familiar fluid we are now discussing. First, after water, which needs not to be referred to, we have *caseine*. What is *caseine*?

Milk by one process yields *butter*, and by another, *curd* or *cheese*, and it is this *curd*, in its natural state, to which chemists have given the name of *caseine*, resembling the gluten, muscine, and albumen of which we have spoken, and it is classed with them as a nutritive substance. The

curd and the *butter* having been completely separated, there remains the whey, from which, when evaporated, a colourless, sweet substance is obtained, called *sugar of milk*, or *lactose*. Also, when dried and burned in the air, milk leaves behind a small quantity of ash, or mineral matter.

This admixture in milk, the common type of human nourishment, teaches us that our food ought to contain a proper admixture of animal and vegetable substances, in which the proportions of the three great constituents—fat, starch or sugar, and fibrin or gluten, are properly adjusted. Also, we may learn that food, if not naturally liquid, should be intimately mixed with a large quantity of liquid before it is introduced into the stomach.

If you take a drop of genuine milk, and place it under a microscope, you will perceive little globules of *butter* floating in it; and this *butter* has a tendency to separate, and rise like other oils to the surface, and this taken off, we call cream. Then it is churned, and the water, sugar, and curds are pressed out of it, and the fatty substance we know as *butter* produced—a substance which, though incapable in itself of building up the structure of the body, is a highly useful addition to diet—a powerful accessory to nutritious food, though it cannot in itself give nourishment to the frame, having no nitrogen to speak of in its composition, yet it is rich in carbon, or heat-forming matters.

Now the cream, or *butter*, being taken from the milk, we have a quantity of fluid left, holding the *caseine* in solution with sugar, and water, and saline matter. If we mingle with this a certain quantity of acid, the *caseine* separates, and the pure whey is left, which being evaporated, gives us *lactose*, or sugar of milk, which you may procure at the chemist's if you please.

CASEINE, then, is the base of the substance so commonly known among us as *cheese*. I say the base, because cheeses are not all *caseine*; for the most part they contain larger or smaller quantities of fat, or *butter*. Where the milk is skimmed before the *cheese* is made, a hard dry *cheese* is surely the result, because *caseine* of itself, unmixed with *butter*, is naturally very hard; such cheeses are very indigestible and are sold at a low price, though they still contain a large amount of

flesh-forming food, and may be eaten with impunity by hardy working men whose stomachs are in healthy order.

Cheese is eaten for two entirely different purposes. One class of people consumes it as a part of regular food, for general sustenance, and another only as a condiment taken in small quantities, either with or after the ordinary fare, as is the case at dinner tables. There are, as we said, many kinds of cheeses, differing rather in the quantity than the quality of the caseine they contain, or to speak more familiarly, according to the proportion of cream they represent. When cheese is made of cream alone, we get what we call a *cream cheese*, rich and soft, which must be eaten comparatively fresh, as it becomes rancid very quickly. When the cream of the previous night's milking is added to the new milk of the morning, a very rich cheese, like our English *Stilton*, is the result; when only good new milk is used, rich cheeses, like those we call Cheddar, are produced; and when an eighth or tenth only of the cream is taken away, excellent cheeses, like the large size Cheshires, are obtained. Add the skim-milk of last night to this morning's new milk, and you get what is termed single Gloucester. If the cream be once skimmed from the whole of the milk, you have common "skimmed-milk cheese;" if twice skimmed, cheese of the substance and nature of the bulky Friesland cheeses; and if skimmed for several days in succession, the hard horny Suffolk cheeses, which "pigs grunt at, and dogs bark at, but neither of them dare to bite."

"three times skimm'd sky-blue,
To cheese converted? what can be its boast?
What but the common virtues of a post?"

Nor do cheeses differ alone in the relative quantities of caseine and butter they contain: there are different modes of preparation, on which much depends;—sometimes the curds are allowed to decompose a little before they are pressed, and then they are pressed with various degrees of firmness. Also, the colour of the milk affects the cheese—some are high coloured, some are almost white. The Cheshire cheeses are coloured with annatto, and in Germany cheeses have in them a variety of substances. The celebrated Swiss cheese, Schabzeiger, is flavoured with the *coumarin* of the

blue-melilot, or *Melilotus carulea*, a perfume found also in our common melilot and sweet woodruff, and in our sweet-scented vernal grass, *Anthoxanthum odoratum*, as well as in the well-known Tonquin, or Tonka Bean. The Parmesan is a cheese containing much caseine and little butter. A rich Cheddar cheese, when two years old, contains respectively—

Water	36 per cent.
Curd	29 ditto
Fat	30½ ditto
Ash	4½ ditto

Now in the making of cheese, the first process is the curdling of the milk, which is sometimes effected by the use of vinegar, but more generally by means of rennet. The curd is then separated from the whey, in which the sugar of milk remains dissolved; after this it is carefully salted, pressed, and dried. If the cream were not taken off, therefore, the cheese as a food would really differ from the milk chiefly in containing little or no sugar; and the more entirely the cream is removed, the more the cheese becomes removed from milk in its composition, and therefore less fitted to serve alone as nutritious animal diet.

A common one-year-old skimmed milk cheese contains of

Water	44 per cent.
Curd	45 ditto
Fat	6 ditto
Ash	5 ditto

See the difference between the Cheddar, which contains more fat even than an egg, and the skimmed milk cheese, which mingles 6 of fat with 45 of the constipating curd. The former is too rich to be generally used as an article of daily food, and it is partly for this that "*bread and cheese*" are almost invariably eaten together. Another reason, however, being that some quantity of vegetable diet is required to accompany the cheese, in order to supply the starch or sugar required to make it equal in nourishment to the type of milk. White skim-milk cheeses should be consumed along with butter or bacon, or cooked as made dishes, with some variety of fat. The enquiry naturally arises, whether cheese is an economical article of diet? It contains that form of "flesh-forming" matter which Providence has supplied for the nourishment of young children, and indeed of the young of all the higher animals,

so that its nutritious qualities are beyond a doubt. But there remains the question of digestibility to be settled: there is nothing which contains so large a quantity of flesh-forming matter *when it is digested!* only, there are persons with whom it disagrees, who in fact find its digestion an impossibility. Cheese contains nearly twice the quantity of nutritive matter that you get in cooked meat, if, as I said before, you can thoroughly *digest* it. But unless you are a labouring man, exercising your muscles daily, living almost in the open air, and having therefore your digestive organs in the finest order, this is not very likely. A large amount of cheese, therefore, is not as a rule to be recommended as a staple diet for general constitutions.

But cheese is taken also as a relish, or condiment, in small quantities at a time; it also seems to possess a certain action which renders it desirable particularly after eating other foods. Caseine is easily decomposed: when the curd of milk is exposed to the air for a few days, at a moderate temperature, it begins slowly to decay, to emit a peculiar odour, and to ferment. When in this state it possesses the property, under certain circumstances, of bringing about a species of chemical change, or fermentation in other moist substances with which it is mixed and brought into contact; just in fact as sour leaven acts when mixed with sweet dough.

Now old and decaying cheese is said to act in this way when taken into the stomach, since it starts certain chemical changes among the particles of food previously eaten, and so promotes the dissolution which necessarily precedes digestion. Some authorities, however, contend that this is not precisely the case, since digestion and fermentation are totally

different operations, and since gastric juice arrests instead of increasing fermentation.

Certain it is, that only some kinds of cheese assist digestion—those being considered the best for this purpose in which some sort of cheese mould has established itself. Hence, the mere eating of any morsel of cheese after dinner does not necessarily facilitate digestion; for if it be too new, or of any improper quality, you are only adding to the load of undigested food already accumulated, and the cheese will have to wait its turn for digestion by the ordinary processes. But that decayed and mouldy cheese does act as a *digestor* there can be little doubt, though in what precise manner it does so is scarcely yet determined; and it is also a remarkable fact that certain cheese moulds, with all the flavour and digestive qualities belonging to them, may be propagated in newer cheeses by a sort of inoculation:—Professor Johnston says, “by removing a bit of the new, that is, from the interior, and putting in a bit of the old in its place.”

We learn, then, that cheese contains a considerable amount of nutritive matter; but taken in large quantities is not suitable to any but very healthy persons, whose digestion is strong and perfectly unimpaired. Cheese, as food, can never be good for children, or invalids, or aged persons; much cheese is desirable only for the hardy working man, who gets a better investment for his money in frequent meals of cheese than in regular butcher's-meat; and if you take cheese as a relish, and with a view to assist digestion, by all means choose the old, decaying cheese, which is more likely to effect the purpose than the fresher kinds, which are in themselves more or less indigestible.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S MISCELLANY.

14. ASPARAGUS TO BOIL.—This vegetable, which is generally considered a delicacy, is esteemed as being both nutritive and digestible; it should be dressed as quickly as possible after it is cut, it being a rule that all green vegetables should be cooked *fresh*, since staleness and unwholesomeness frequently go together; and long-gathered asparagus, peas, beans, cabbages, &c., lose all the natural

delicacy of their flavour; but if you are obliged to keep asparagus for a day or two, put the stalks into cold water. Pick the loose leaves from the heads, and scrape the stalks clean, beginning from the head. Wash them well in cold water, and then tie them into bundles of about twenty each, keeping the heads all one way; cut the stalks even, leaving them about eight inches long. Put the asparagus into boiling

water, in which a small handful of salt is dissolved, say one heaped table-spoonful to two quarts of water. Keep them boiling quickly till tender, with the saucepan uncovered, which will be in about twenty minutes; when done, drain them carefully, and avoid breaking off the heads; dish them up on a square thick piece of toasted bread, dipped in the water they have been boiled in. Send them to table, with a tureen of good melted butter. Asparagus can be had *forced*, from the beginning of the year; but it is cheapest in May and June, and sometimes July.

15. ASPARAGUS SAUCE.—Proceed exactly as before, only cut off the heads, and serve them in melted butter. This sauce is preferred by some to the ordinary dressing, since it obviates the necessity of taking up the stalk with the fingers. It is exceedingly good to boiled leg of lamb, lamb-chops, and spring chicken.

16. ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Make a good stock of three quarts of liquor, in which a leg of mutton or a piece of beef, *not oversalted*, has been boiled, to which add a few beef bones, lamb-bones, or any scraps of cold meat, from which all skin and fat have been carefully removed. The remains of a cold tongue is always a charming addition to your stock, as are also fowl-bones, and remains of boiled rabbit, if, as it sometimes happens, cooked rabbits do not happen to be the especial aversion of any one at your table. I have known persons who could not sit down to dinner if rabbit in any shape were one of the dishes presented; this of course must be considered. Then break off all the tender part of a bundle of green asparagus, take half a peck of fresh gathered spinach, a large handful of parsley, the same of spring-onions, and having well washed them in two waters, *drain* and proceed to boil them in more than a quart of water, with a little salt, and a tiny bit of butter. When the asparagus is quite done, strain off this liquor till wanted, bruise the asparagus well, add it to the liquor, and pass all through a hair-sieve. Pour it into the soup-pot, and add your cold stock, from which, of course, all fat has been removed; season with salt, white pepper, or cayenne, according to taste; mix a small quantity of flour, a spoonful of white sugar, into a smooth paste, add

it to the soup and stir it till quite hot. When about to boil, it is ready to serve. This is a very nice spring or early summer soup, and to the careful house-wife, who studies the important subject of *stock*, not at all expensive, especially if the vegetables in part or entirely are to be had from the garden. Whether it is more economical to grow your own vegetables or buy them in the best market is an undecided question; but there are certainly two advantages in the former plan—they are always fresher, and can be had at a minute's notice.

17. LAMB—ROAST FORE-QUARTER.—Unlike other meats, lamb requires to be cooked very soon after it has been killed; a few hours' hanging is as much as should be allowed. Put it down to a clear brisk fire, but not too near, lest the fat burn; it is best to cover it with buttered or *dripping* paper to prevent the outside catching. Secure the joint in an even position, and baste constantly till the moment of taking up. Lamb should be *very thoroughly* done, and yet not *dried-up*; any appearance of red gravy, which is approved in mutton, is disgusting in lamb, and in all other white meats. About ten minutes before serving, dredge with a little flour and salt, and baste it well to froth, and brown it to an appetizing colour. Dish it up in its own gravy, and send to table with it a tureen of mint sauce, and if possible a fresh salad. Some persons have a cut lemon, a small piece of butter, and a little cayenne sent to table, that the carver when he separates the shoulder from the ribs may use them. A fore-quarter weighing 10 lbs. will take nearly two hours to roast to perfection; but much depends on the fire, and there is always something to be left to the judgment of the cook. For your sauce, wash a double handful of young, freshly gathered mint, pick the leaves from the stalks, mince them very fine, and mix in a sauce-boat, with the necessary quantity of vinegar and sugar to *taste*, some persons preferring more acid than others. Mint sauce should be made several hours before it is wanted, as the vinegar then becomes well impregnated with the juices of the mint.

NEW POTATOES should be dressed at the latest on the day on which they are dug out of the ground; the longer they are kept the worse they are.

Well wash them, rub off the skins with a coarse cloth, or by any other method equally clean and effectual, and put them into boiling water, allowing to two quarts of water one heaped table-spoonful of salt. Try them with a fork; they will be tender in fifteen, twenty, or thirty minutes, according to their size and freshness. When done, pour the water from them, and let them stand on the hob, with the lid of the saucepan aslant; and when the potatoes are thoroughly dry, put them

into a hot vegetable dish, and pile them over a piece of butter, the size of a walnut. *Very small potatoes*, no larger than good-sized marbles, which are taken up with the finer ones, and sometimes are sold very cheap, can be turned into a dainty dish by frying them in cream, till they are of a deep auburn colour. I have known them boiled for several minutes, and then fried in cream or butter. They may be called, if you like grand names—*"pommes-de-terre à la crème!"*

REVELATION.

LIKE the great Author of the Christian's faith,
Comes Revelation, meekly dignified,
Dispensing bounteously celestial boons—
Reproof, instruction, or encouragement,
The spirit's pure, nutritious aliment,
According with her ever-changeable wants;—
Warning the vassals of the Evil One
From their accursed bondage; bearing them
The invitations of Eternal Love
To freedom's soil, whose landmark is "the cross :"
To all assuring who shall reach that spot,
Erst hallowed by "the Bishop of their souls,"
The incorruptible inheritance—
A "crown of righteousness" and "endless life ;"
Presenting them with jewels, set in gold,
Of worth incomparable—"precepts" termed—
And memoirs of their high-souled ancestors,
To study on their glorious pilgrimage.
Illustrious ambassador of heaven !
Distinguished servant of the King of kings
And Lord of lords ! adoringly we own
The matchless grace that sent Thee down to earth.
Speed, Revelation ! speed thy mighty work !
Thy mission one of moment infinite
To time's distracted realm ! Thy lessons all
Of holiest character : thy aim the weal
Of universal man ! What riches thine !
The peerless records of Eternal Truth ;
Sublime effusions of the Perfect Mind ;
And title-deeds of glory's high estates,
Bearing their Monarch's crimson autograph,
Bestowed by thee ungrudgingly on each—
The poorest, weakest, vilest applicant—
Who grounds his claim alone on Calvary.
Hail, sweet companion ! Hail, unchanging friend !
All hail, unerring, faithful counsellor !
Unvailest thou to man fair mercy's form ;
Thou point'st him to the rising sun of peace ;
Thou placest barriers on perdition's road
To stay its reckless travellers' downward course ;
And countless lamps along the "way of life,"
To light its pilgrims to His palace gates
Who reigneth aye—THE MAJESTY ON HIGH !

CAPACTACTS.

THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1866.

THE FORTUNES OF CYRIL DENHAM.

By THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVII.

AGNES' DIARY.

April 8th. Another spring, and I am still at Forest Range, and I feel I am *at home*; oh! sweet and blessed phrase!—and very dear are the familiar faces round me—my guardian, dear Lady Ashburner, Janet, and Elizabeth's! Yes! I feel as if I had lived here all my life, as if I had never known any other home, as if the dear ones here had been about me from my earliest recollection! How good God has been to me, a lonely orphan! how many girls desolate as I am of kindred are tossed upon a cold and heartless world, taking as charity the kindly smile and beaming glance, which oftentimes they long to meet in vain! I am not rich, as Elizabeth will one day be, but I have abundance for my needs, and something besides to spare, and—thanks to a training which at the time I very much despised—my habits are careful and inexpensive. I *might* be a poor man's wife, as Lady Ashburner has often said to me; for I think I really have a pleasure in making the most of everything, and

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in turning everything to the best account.

But that is idle talking. I shall never be any man's wife: I am quite a girl now, and for all, for all that has befallen me, the world seems very fair and bright. But how will it be when youth has passed away, when the prime of womanhood is fading?—when I begin to feel myself to be, and to be looked upon by others as an elderly lady;—in vulgar parlance, that pitied, slighted creature, *an old maid*? It is not that I have any foolish dread of being called, and treated as a spinster,—a spinster, who at sixty-five must give way to the young married chit of twenty; but I have known some unmarried women who have lived to be very lonely, very desolate, and very *selfish*! Surely, this last attribute of single blessedness I may avoid. But I can see how gradually one must lose one's place, as it were, in the circle to which one belongs:—one's compeers marry and form new ties, and cherish new interests, their girlhood becomes a thing of the past; like Columbus and his seamen, they find themselves at last in another hemisphere

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which might almost be another planet, so little relation does it bear to the old world left behind. And presently, it is not one's contemporaries that are entering on the fresh and charmed life of wifelyhood, and motherhood, but what we call the rising generation—those whose birth we can remember, those whom, in all the dignity of our early womanhood we nursed, and petted, and reprov'd, have suddenly sprung up to their perfect stature, and have been betrothed and wedded before we could believe it necessary to leave off lecturing or caressing them—and they too sail away merrily out of the old world into the new, and the unmated ones fall farther and farther back, till the heart gets withered and the interests get concentrated in one's self, and old age steals on, and no gentle matron-daughter, or rosy darling grandchild comes to minister to sinking nature in the hour of her extremity. But oh! stupid, faithless heart, *need this be?* Because God has said—"My child, *wedded* love is not for thee, matronly joys and honours would not be for thy real good," must I sullenly put away all other loves? Shall I turn my back on joys and honours that I *may* know? shall I live in the cloister of my own sad, morbid thoughts, a moody, world-wearied, disappointed woman?

God forbid it should be so! Rather let me use my freedom,—for marriage-bonds are bonds, though formed it may be of the finest silk, or wrought of purest gold, and set with real diamonds,—let me use my freedom for better, nobler ends. Let me learn to live for others, to put self, that tyrant *self*, away. Was Carlyle right when he said, "with self-renunciation life begins!" I think he was. And if one may not make a great and noble-seeming sacrifice of self, one may always practice self-renunciation in little things;—indeed, I believe the latter would be far more difficult and far more praiseworthy, for it is so much easier to make one almost supernatural effort, that *may* cost one's life, than to go on plodding painfully and unheeded for many

many days! Who would not choose the fiery pangs of visible martyrdom, the brief agony, the sublime faith, the holy memory, and the translation, as it were, in a flaming chariot, to the glories of the heavenly world, to the slow wasting of weary years in some dark dungeon-tomb, lingering on in solitude and silence, knowing that at last one must perish unseen, unpitied, unremembered by a busy world that still rolls on its way, careless and unconscious of the great and bitter wrongs that some are suffering and have suffered long? Aye! better the rack itself, for half-an-hour, than the toothache for a quarter of a century!

Is it so? Shall I, shall any one presume to say which is the better, the sharp quick torture that rives asunder flesh and spirit, or the long enduring pain that slowly *wears away* the soul's clay tabernacle? No! no! I will not say it! no one should dare to say it:—*God knows what is best.* HE,—only HE, knows our real needs, and He is perfectly wise, and good, and *loving*. Yesterday, at holy communion, as I drank of that cup which is the precious emblem of the blood shed for me, to preserve my body and soul unto everlasting life, I thought—since God has put this cup of blessing into my hand, and bids me drink and be satisfied, surely I may without fear drink of any other cup that He shall give me, though it be *bitter exceedingly*. No draught that I may drain can be bitter as that to which He bowed His pure lips, when He prayed in more than mortal anguish: "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will but as thou wilt." *As thou wilt!* There lies the clue of life, the key to all the mysteries of this lower state; there hangs the crown of peace. In doing and suffering Thy will, my God, may mine be done. Yes! I can see that all these troubles that vex us so sorely come from having *wills* of our own, that we cherish, and foster, and strive to gratify at any price. If once we can resign our wills to God, the great victory is won, and the prize of joy is firmly clasped

even here; for none but he or she who through Christ our Lord calls God *Father*, can ever yield body soul and mind, hopes and fears, wishes and anticipations perfectly to Him!

How well I remember a conversation I had with Lady Ashburner more than a year ago! It was when I first knew Cyril—when I was just falling into that delusion that for a little while bathed my future in a golden mist, and then—but why talk about it even to my faithful, silent friend, my diary? There are some things that are better buried out of sight, and their graves unvisited, till such time as one can go and strew flowers on the sod, and find that the dust of this long-dead hope has been transmuted to a precious perfume. But, going back to that little talk last year, I remember that I asked my mother-friend whether she believed that through suffering souls generally found their way to God, whether they reached the light after passing through the shadows, whether the haven was won only when the storms were past? I should not need to ask her now, my own heart tells me that it is so indeed. There may be some sweet, simple, child-like natures that need little discipline, just as some children never need actual punishment, because a loving, warning word is quite enough. But I am not of such!

No! mine is a rebel heart, that loves its own way, that would fain mark out for itself its path to happiness, that would *choose* its own joys and sorrows, its own discipline, its own bright triumph! And God loves me, and will not let me choose. Blessed be His Holy Name! Even now, I can see His goodness in all that has transpired,—if that for which I prayed had been given me, if my lap had been filled with the roses of life, as I wished to gather them, I had been content with the fading flowers of human love and truth! Are they fading, though? Not exactly! real holy love and truth cannot fade away; but they may be *transplanted*, and one may have to do without them for the best half of

one's life. But God emptied my heart, not to make it ache, not to make it sicken with the void, but to fill it with His own eternal love. And He has filled it even to overflowing; His peace is in my soul, a deep and silent river that the wild currents of this world's shifting winds can never really ruffle!

And then :—

“Thy precious things, whate'er they be,
That haunt and vex thee, heart and
brain,
Look to the Cross, and thou shalt see
How thou may'st turn them all to
gain!”

It is good, too, to remember that the morning toil and the noontide heat must come and pass before the cool sweet shadows of the blessed eventide. If a journey *must* be undertaken, one *must* be for a while a pilgrim, getting weary, bearing inconveniences and risks, putting-up at inns with all their tumults and discomforts; but one need not mind it, thinking of one's *home*, that is nearer and nearer every hour. And with reverence let me call to mind how before the Ascension came that agony at Gethsemane, how before the uprising from the garden-tomb came all the bitter suffering on Calvary. How before the second Advent, which we are waiting and looking for—the glorious Day of days, when Jesus, crowned with many crowns, shall gather His beloved ones to Himself to share His joy—came the humiliation of Bethlehem, the manger-cradle, the fleeing from the cruel king, the temptation in the wilderness, the lonely nights upon the mountain-side, the homeless noons, the furious priest-opponents, the contumely, the scorn, the desertion of the brethren! “For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.” And shall we shrink from the thorny stony wastes, the whirlwind and the darkness? we to whom it has been given exultingly to cry even in the deepest depths, “The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but *thanks be to God* who

giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Yes! the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ! I could write those words over and over again, for in them is my hope, my joy, my only and un-failing trust! And so—forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before—let me ever *press toward the mark* of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus!

Why have I written all this to-day? Because it is just one year since my great sorrow came upon me. I am not ashamed to call it so, not ashamed for God and all His holy angels to look into my heart, and see how I have cared for Cyril Denham: but I could not bear, unless that, too, were God's will, that any mortal creature should guess this truth. Ah! my Cyril, are you going to be happy? I can trust myself better than I can trust you to God's most righteous will; that shows how faithless still I am! I am afraid, oh! so afraid, that all you have passed through is but the beginning of sorrows. God grant that I may ever be true to the compact I made with you last April, to be your *sister*! your true, devoted, faithful sister; which compact of course includes allegiance and devotion to her who will be your wife. And yet it is there that I dread to look too closely; does *she* prize the jewel she wears so carelessly, the jewel of your love? I would I could answer that question, but I cannot to my satisfaction. Well! time proves all things; but if the proving should be to your misery, my poor Cyril!

April 18th.—I am afraid I am getting too clear an answer to the question I asked myself, when I talked to you, my diary, last. Let me here write it down, while it is fresh in my memory. Yesterday I went with Janet into Southchester, and after we had done our shopping she went to make a call on some lady—a prebend's widow, who lives on the road between the city and St. Croix. I—knowing nothing of the prebendal relict, who is a nervous invalid, and

has a horror of strange faces—chose rather to walk on by myself and appoint to meet Janet at the St. Croix station, five minutes before train time. It was a lovely April day, soft, and golden, and fragrant, and a light wind played among the budding branches, and swayed the half-opened leaves of the pale green horse-chesnuts behind the mossy walls; and insensibly I took the turning to Monkswood, and found myself soon before the battlemented gateway, where still in the fretted stonework the Denhams' coat of arms and ancient mottoes were discernible. But all Denham memories will fade away ere long, for when I passed into the grounds I scarcely knew the place. The dilapidated roof was gone; the upper story, so long given over to the winds and dew of heaven and the birds of the air, was gone also; the outer walls of the old rambling place remained, but much of the inside was a mere shell. How I wondered whether the Cedar Chamber would be altered, and I could not go to see, for the house was full of workmen, laughing and singing, and cracking ribald jokes. I could only note that the great dining-room was under the enchanter's wand; it was being *restored*, as Vivian Gower called it; being *marred*, it seemed to me, who loved the past far better than the present. Would Elizabeth ever come there, I thought, and look upon the changes, and think pensively of the melancholy, grand, old Monkswood, under its rightful lords? Somehow, very foolishly, I could not feel that Vivian Gower was the lawful owner of the place, though well I knew that it had been put up for sale, and that he had bought it, and paid for it with coin of the realm, current and genuine. I felt, and I always shall feel, still very foolishly, I know, that Cyril, and none but he, is the real master of Monkswood.

Turning away from the old house, resonant with loud voices, and the sound of trowel, and hammer, and saw, I strolled away by a path that I knew through the grounds, which led me by the wood and the black

pool in its depths, to a stile which brought me into a field skirting the high road, close to the Hospital Church. I crossed the green lawn, or quadrangle, of the ancient hospital itself; its beds were gay with hyacinths, and small red and yellow tulips, and purple anemones. The afternoon sun lighted up the old grey tower and the half-ruined cloisters on its eastern side, and lingered yet on the face of the mossy dial. The great western portal of the church was unclosed, and I entered, and walked slowly up the echoing damp nave, and through the silent choir, to the solemn chancel, where *she* sleeps beneath the faded banners of her husband's hapless house. Yes, there was the diamonded marble square, with its recently mortared edges, and its newly chiselled inscription:—*"F. B. D. Obiit, Sept. 28, 18—Ætat 68."* All that remained of the earthly part of Frances Barbara Denham, *née* Delamere!

I felt very sad, standing by that quiet grave, in the chancel of St. Croix; only I remembered her last words,—*"I yield my soul to Him!"* and who ever trusted in *Thee*, most merciful, most holy, most omnipotent, and was confounded? Then I wandered away into an outer aisle, where there was a little shrine or chapel, belonging to some other county family, and across it fell a ruddy golden sunbeam, which lighted up a faded dim escutcheon of the olden time, and led me to trace out one single word, *"RESURGAM."* Oh! the joy, the inestimable glory of the blessed Easter-tide! It carried me away from the poor mouldering dust and ashes under the coffin-lid, to the brightness and beauty of the resurrection morning! Over again I write, with humble, yet rejoicing heart:—*"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"* I told Janet where I had been, when we met again on the station-platform; but we said very little about Monkswood or that grave I had just visited, and I was glad; one cannot talk sometimes, one can only feel, and hold communion with that which is not seen.

We got home to dinner, and the evening passed as usual, and we had exchanged good-nights, when I remembered that Elizabeth had a certain book of mine, to which I wanted to refer, and I knew she had quite finished with it, and had only forgotten to return it. So I went to her room, and found her sitting over a cheerful little fire, reading what seemed to be a very lengthy letter. She put it away as I entered, and turned on me her beaming face, so radiant, so beautiful, and yet a little startled, perhaps a little flushed. *"Oh! is it you, Agnes?"* she exclaimed, *"I want somebody to chat to before I go to bed; I am glad you are come. Sit down!"*

I sat down, though I had not intended staying at all. I always yield to Elizabeth; with me she has all the privileges of a charming, petted child, and we talked for a while about all sorts of things; finally I told her where I had been that day, and how sad it seemed to me that Monkswood should have passed into the hands of strangers!

"We can hardly call Vivian Gower a stranger," she said presently.

"Well, no; but quite a stranger, as far as the lands of Monkswood are concerned."

"Poor old Monkswood! and it is being quite altered, you tell me?"

"Quite. You will not know it again, if ever you can make up your mind to visit it!"

"I am sorry; but Vivian Gower has great taste, he consulted me about the alterations in the dining-room!"

"He had the effrontery, the indelicacy to do so?"

"Agnes! you forget that there is no engagement between Cyril and myself! We are both free: such liberty was expressly stipulated for, when the——, the——, when papa and mamma gave consent that——, that we might, if we wished it, be something more than common friends!"

"No! I do not forget; and I remember also, how you repudiated the idea of being really free!"

Elizabeth! surely you do not regret last April's promises?"

"*Regret!* that is a strong term to use. Well, no; I do not; but I think I was too impulsive. I was a child; I did not know myself. You see, Agnes, I was little more than seventeen."

"And you are little more than eighteen now!"

"Ah! but twelve months, at my age, makes such a difference."

Undeniably true! I had felt it so myself. Never does the mind, never does the whole woman progress so rapidly as from seventeen to one-and-twenty. One's *inner self* grows like a seedling in a showery June.

"But, Elizabeth, Cyril is coming down that this understanding between you may become an acknowledged, ratified engagement. The year of probation has expired, very nearly. You cannot mean that—, that—; really, I hardly know how to put it,—but you speak as if you had not acted wisely, in pledging yourself thus far."

"Now, Agnes, don't look grave in that way. You are the only creature I can speak to unreservedly. You know, Aggy dear, I always come to you in all my troubles; and if you get stiff and starched what shall I do?"

"I cannot help looking grave when you say such things."

"*What things?*" She spoke pettishly, like an angry child convicted of misdoing.

"You admit that you were too impulsive when, a year ago, you gave yourself, conditionally, to Cyril Denham."

"Well! Did you not all of you say the same thing?"

"I do not know that I said it; but others did, certainly. But what was said to you then and what is said by you now must have very different bearings. Only tell me, Elizabeth—and forgive me for asking the question—are you *tiring of Cyril?*"

"No; not tiring, oh no! How can you think of such a thing? But still——"

"Still what?" I was determined I would not help her.

"Still, I am not sure that Cyril is the match for me."

"Oh Elizabeth! you should have thought of that twelve months ago."

"How could I? I had seen no one else; I was like Miranda, and thought the first man I saw that was not quite a Caliban, a thing divine!"

"Not quite a Caliban? *Elizabeth!*"

"Why do you say my name in that tone, with at least twenty notes of interrogation after it, and as many more of exclamation? Why, even Miranda cried, after a little while.

"How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That hath such people in 't."

"You are talking wildly. You are not Miranda, you have seen men all your life; if not Ferdinands, certainly not Calibans. If Cyril could hear you, he would be wounded most cruelly."

To my surprise she burst into tears; but I did not feel that I could pet and comfort her, as I should have done an hour ago. "It is too bad of you to scold me so!" she cried; "and you look as if I had done some very wicked thing."

"You will do a very wicked thing if you play Cyril Denham false."

She looked appalled, and the lovely roses faded from her cheeks. I felt I was too harsh; and yet Cyril, my friend, my brother, I could not bear that your happiness should be so lightly handled by a careless girl, who seems inclined to wear her lovers as she wears her gloves and bonnet—till she wearies of them, and wishes "something new." "Oh, Agnes!" she sobbed out, "you know I would not for the world be really wicked. But you should remember there was no engagement. Papa emphatically said we were not to consider ourselves affianced, and if either of us changed our minds during the year of probation, neither of us was to blame the other. I am sure if Cyril wanted to marry you, I would not say an unkind word to him. It was part of the agreement that we both should

be left at liberty. Papa insisted on it."

"Does your papa know that you are unwilling to recognise the understanding there has been between you and Cyril Denham, as a decisive engagement?"

"No, Agnes! neither does mamma, nor Janet, nor anybody that I know, and I dread to tell them; and Cyril will be here on the third of May. I want you to say a word to mamma for me, just a word."

"Not a syllable, Elizabeth! You have tangled the skein yourself, and no one else can wind it off. Only be candid, be merciful; remember that Cyril is not a Persian cat, or a Pomeranian dog; he has a human heart, and is gifted, if I mistake not, with great capabilities of suffering: do not torture him!"

"What ought I to do?"

"In the first place, know your own mind, and be sure that you really do know it; in the second place, communicate that knowledge to your parents—and to Cyril."

"I never can! Oh! why did they listen to me, and allow me to entangle myself in what was tantamount to an engagement; and I only seventeen!"

I could have smiled at her plea of youth, had not my heart been so very sore. I could not help saying, rather sarcastically, "A warning to parents not to give their daughters of seventeen their own way, though they be dying for it. But let me understand you, Elizabeth; do you really, actually desire not to enter upon a recognised engagement with the man who has been your accepted lover all these months?"

"How you put it, Agnes! Really, you are a little coarse!"

"I think not; but I am very frank! In a matter of such terrible moment, one had better be a little coarse than make any more mistakes under cover of refinement. But if you do not like to answer my question, never mind. I had no right to ask it, and should not have done so had you not given me so far your confidence."

"Well, then! I am convinced that it would not be for my happiness to

marry Cyril Denham; and of course, the sooner this implied engagement is broken off the better."

"What has made you change your mind? This time last year all your happiness was centred in him?"

"I mistook a sisterly love for the other sort of love. I am not the first who has fallen into such an error. I see now that Cyril and I are, as mamma says, too much alike, we both lack energy; and I am told that Cyril is not going on in London very satisfactorily."

"Who could tell you that?"

"I may not say; but I have heard. He is wearying of his office-duties: he is frightfully extravagant!"

"And you believe it? How could you listen to the base traducer, the cowardly, mean slanderer?"

"It is no traduction, no slander; it is true! And there is much more that I was not told—that *could* not be told, I fear, to you and to me!"

I exclaimed with horror. No, no! Cyril might be vacillating, and impulsive, even weak and lazy now and then; but *immoral*? Never, never. It was the singular purity of his nature, a purity that shone out in every lineament and feature, that had at first attracted my regards. I said as much to Elizabeth. She coolly replied, "Ah! but then he had not encountered the temptations of a bachelor-life in town."

I turned away angrily, and replied, "I will not discuss this matter, Elizabeth; it is not a fitting theme for either of us. And it is utterly unworthy of you to bring unfounded accusations against your friend, to justify your own capricious temper. Yes! I am angry; I do not deny it. It was enough that you should make Cyril miserable through want of faith, but it is horrible that you should in extenuation of that faithlessness charge him with such faults."

"Agnes! Agnes! you are mad! What fault did I charge him with?"

"You hinted at faults of the very gravest nature. If he be guilty of sins that could not be retailed to us, because we are young women, his

conduct must indeed be culpable and shameful! But again I say, *who told you this?*"

"And again I say I cannot answer. The information was given me in confidence; I may not mention names."

"I scarcely need to ask. I know but one man who has access to your ear who would stab another man in the dark, and that man is Vivian Gower!"

I saw Elizabeth turn deathly pale, and then turn flaming scarlet. She was too excited to speak, and her eyes were sparkling with indignation, as were my own. My very finger-ends were tingling with the strong emotion, and I dared not trust myself to say another word. I felt sure that if then I uttered what was seething in my mind, I should bitterly regret it. I should say what could not be unsaid, and do what could not be undone. As Cyril's trusted friend and sister, I must be calm and self-possessed. I must not fight his battles in such a spirit. So I turned away, and went to my own room: but not to sleep. Oh, Cyril! my dear friend Cyril! how darkly are the clouds gathering about you, and I cannot help you, I cannot comfort you. I can only pray for you day and night: but, oh, Cyril, my brother, it is very hard! All the wealth of your great love is lavished upon her, and she despises it, while I am thankful for the merest crumbs of your affection. But, oh! Elizabeth, you will rue the day you listened first to Vivian Gower; you have flung away the virgin ore to pick up miserable gilded pinchbeck! A costly jewel was confided to your keeping; you should have worn it silently and jealously in your bosom, till such time as God should have seen fit to set it in your matron-crown of womanhood; but you drop it heedlessly, and flaunt the tawdry, glittering ornaments, that will tarnish ere you tire of them! Foolish Elizabeth! unhappy Cyril!

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. RATTENBURY.

I must ask you to go back a little while; for the curtain rises now on a

scene that transpired some weeks before the events recorded in Miss Craven's diary; and the scene is no longer at Forest Range, or melancholy Monkswood, but in the busy haunts of London life. It is time we followed more particularly the career of the young man concerning whose fortunes I write professedly; it is time to inquire whether there were any just grounds for those aspersions which had grieved the very soul of Agnes Craven,—aspersions she ascribed, and most correctly, to Vivian Gower.

It was the close of a miserable February day, nearly the last of the month, and the clerks in the office in Parliament Street—that special office where Cyril had found a post—were shutting up their desks, putting books away, locking safes, and the junior portion of them chaffing each other as young men will in the absence of their chief. Cyril was in an inner office, a sort of private room, which he shared in common with a Mr. Rattenbury, his senior in years and standing, but thanks to Government influence and Sir John Ashburner, his junior in position. Mr. Rattenbury was a gloomy man of five-and-forty, a singularly reserved man, merose in his bearing, saturnine in speech, and generally shunned, if not detested, by his co-workers in Parliament Street. Still, no one could say a word against Mr. Rattenbury, he always fulfilled his duties, scrupulously avoided giving direct offence, and had once or twice done the youngsters about the place some trifling service, which led them to say "Rattenbury was not such a very bad fellow after all! He was generous enough, and quite the gentleman; only he was sulky, and it pleased him to keep aloof, and play the bear. Well, every man had his peculiarities, and these were Rattenbury's!" Cyril and he, though they shared the room and its convenience, had very little else in common; they were not antagonistic, only coldly civil, and somewhat ceremonious. The sentences exchanged between them during the day, not relating to business, were

of the most ordinary description, such as foreigners complain of as being the staple matter of our casual conversation. But when all is said and done, it is certainly very convenient to be able to tell your neighbour for the hour, that it pours of rain, though he is perhaps dripping wet, and can certainly see it with his eyes; or that it is stinging cold, when the thermometer is some degrees below freezing-point, —if you have nothing else to say, a contingency that may befall the most *tulkee-tulkee* man that ever played a fantasia on the English alphabet. So, perhaps, Cyril was not so very foolish, when inducting himself into a great coat and a plaid, he said, by way of breaking silence, "It is a very miserable day!" And Mr. Rattenbury gravely answered, "Yes! it is raining fast, or rather *sleet*ing," which indeed it was, rattling right merrily against the window-panes. Cyril was feeling unwontedly depressed; all the novelty of his life in town had had full time to pass away; what his enemy had said about his being wearied of his occupation was extremely true, and just then all about him seemed flat, stale, and most unprofitable.

He was especially tired and sad that evening; his work had been perplexing; it had rained so heavily at noon he had not been able to leave the office, and he had lunched on stale, burnt penny buns, of which the Mercury of the establishment had fetched in a supply, at one o'clock, from the nearest pastry-cook's. He had made no friends in London; towards none of the people of his boarding-house at Pimlico had he seriously inclined; he was feeling very tired, sick at heart, hopeless, and friendless. "Going home" when office hours were over was a mere pretence with him, for he had but the choice of two evils,—spending his evening in the solitude of his own chamber, or listening to the rapid conversation of the other boarders in Mrs. Matthews' drawing-room. What a change, after the intellectual and happy converse at Forest Range! Instead of Lady

Ashburner, calm, and sweet, and motherly, was Mrs. Matthews, very motherly indeed, according to her own setting forth, but snubbing her meek, short-statured husband—she was all but a giantess, and a very bony one—and telegraphing to her buxom, highly accomplished daughter, the charming Miss Angelina, to use her own poetical simile, "the last rosebud on the parent stem." And instead of the beautiful, highly-bred Elizabeth, his own beloved one, and the sisterly, noble-minded Agnes, were the daughter of his hostess, the aforesaid Angelina, commonly called "Angey," and Miss Adeline Matilda Grundison, a sentimental damsel of some thirty summers; and they were both of them in love with Cyril Denham, and hated each other accordingly, though they called each other "dear," and practised loud duets upon a woody, stuffy, utterly untuneable pianoforte. And for the broad-shouldered, genial Sir John, every inch an Englishman, and a model country gentleman, half scholar, half agriculturist, and altogether kind, honest, and honourable, was the miserable little Mr. Matthews, cringing, and asking people abjectly to "take a bit of cheese," and sitting as it were on sufferance at the foot of his own table, and smiling with an agonized expression under the withering sarcasms of that delightful woman, his wedded wife, or the sharp rejoinders of that smart but unfilial young maiden, the blooming Angelina,—"the Rose of Pimlico," as a former boarder, who went away very much in debt, had elegantly dubbed her. Perhaps he thought that compliments would pay for bed and board, for beef and mutton and pudding, for vegetables and breakfasts, and for pots of stout. Well, they did not. Mrs. Matthews, unreasonably, perhaps, objected to so unsubstantial a mode of settling bills, and she took legal measures to obtain more current coin, and finally ruined the unfortunate youth who had sung her daughter's praises, and had done his best to ruin himself, so successfully that only the last straw was needed to break the camel's

back. It did break, and Mrs. Matthews never got her money, and immediately conceived the notion that all literary men were rogues, and all literary women no better than they ought to be, which, of course, means a great deal worse than any woman ought to be.

Such was the atmosphere in which for nine months, with the intervals of that Penrhoe sojourn, the farewell to Monkswood, when Mrs. Denham died, and the Christmas-tide at Forest Range, Cyril had lived when office hours were over. One does not wonder that, contrasting past and present, his heart was sometimes very heavy. He was preparing, as I said, to go forth through the sleety storm to this ungenial home, when Mr. Rattenbury, slowly drawing on his gloves, said, "I am going to have a cab, Mr. Denham; it is too wet for an omnibus to-night, will you drive with me?"

It was the first little bit of friendliness that Mr. Rattenbury had ever proffered, and Cyril could do nothing else than gratefully accept it. He would have taken a cab on his own account; he had never dreamed of making the twelfth passenger in a steaming omnibus, with umbrellas dripping all around him, wet overcoats flapping in his face, perhaps a stray muddy crinoline sweeping across his knees, and certainly plenty of damp, strong-smelling straw beneath his feet. What Mr. Rattenbury held to be a luxury, allowable upon occasion, Cyril called a common necessary of existence. Mr. Rattenbury's extravagance was the younger man's economy. It is difficult utterly and abruptly to change one's habits and ideas at twenty-four.

Cyril knew that his own way and his companion's were identical, yet they never journeyed in one omnibus, Mr. Rattenbury's chosen vehicle taking him "all the way," and Cyril's stopping short at Pimlico. He made up his mind, therefore, to return the compliment in some other style whenever opportunity occurred, and thanking Mr. Rattenbury for his courtesy, he made haste to be ready to set forth. What a dreary

evening it was, the streets swimming with that insufferable compound which is neither mud nor water, but unmitigated slush, the air heavy with smoke, and cloud, and mist, the summits of the clock-tower and the Victoria-tower lost in the brumous vapour rolling upwards from the Thames, the abbey black and spectral looming drearily through the fast-falling rain and snow, and the cold enough to chill one's very marrow.

Very little was said by either gentleman as the cab rolled on its way, only Cyril once or twice shrugged his shoulders, and called the present state of things out of doors, "the quintessence of misery, trebly distilled;" adding, "and what it will be in-doors I cannot say. dreary and monotonous enough to tempt one back into the outer world, in search of some adventure, just *pour passer le temps*!"

"Your boarding-house is not agreeable?" asked Rattenbury, with the air of a man who feels he must say something, but cares very little whether he receives a rejoinder or not. It was evidently quite a matter of indifference to him whether Cyril's present quarters were a sort of terrestrial inferno, or a mundane paradise. "No!" answered Cyril, and then, correcting himself, "I cannot say it is exactly disagreeable, it is simply vulgar, stupid, hollow, and pretentious. I dare say the accommodation is not worse than that of similar establishments, and I might change without improving matters."

"Come home with me to-night," cried Rattenbury, suddenly. Cyril was as much astonished as if Big Ben and his chimes had suddenly struck up "Pop goes the Weasel." He would quite as soon have expected an invitation from the cabman as from his gloomy office-chum, who shut himself up in the shell of his taciturn reserve as pertinaciously as any crustaceous individual from an armadillo to a cockle. Indeed, some of the juniors had irreverently named him, "Our bivalve!" and others had solemnly declared that he was qualifying for *La Trappe*!—"a very proper place," echoed one of

the impertinent juniors, for a *Rattenbury*! But Cyril was destined to be astonished to a still greater extent, "for," his companion added, "we are very quiet people, but Mrs. Rattenbury will be glad to welcome any friend of mine!"

"Lo! there is a Mrs. Rattenbury," thought Cyril, "the oyster has a wife, perhaps some children, also." But he accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given; he really was thankful to escape from Mrs. Matthews' dinner-table, and he had, moreover, some curiosity to behold Rattenbury in what penny-aliners would term "the bosom of his family." So, instead of stopping the cab at the end of the dreary little street, crammed in behind its grander neighbours, in which Mrs. Matthews' family (she never called the people under her roof *boarders*, that was "so vulgar," Angelina said), in which her family took refection, recreation, and repose, they drove straight on to Pibroch Place, so named by an enthusiastic Scotchman, an exile from the land of cakes and heather.

And there, sure enough, they found Mrs. Rattenbury, a pretty little woman with flowing brown ringlets and very white hands, and she seemed very glad to see her husband, and two sturdy urchins in pinafores came tearing down the stairs, at the imminent risk of breaking their fat necks, to leap upon "papa," and din into his ears all that had transpired in Pibroch Place since the morning. "And whose *him*?" quoth the eldest hope of the house of Rattenbury, who rejoiced in the pet name of "Toodlums," though he had been christened Edwin, touching Cyril while he spoke. Papa explained, and Toodlums was desired to shake hands, which he did very gallantly, gravely adding, as the ceremony was concluded, "I like you!" at which ingenuous confession Mrs. Rattenbury went into ecstasies, and Rattenbury laughed till the tears stood in his eyes. Yes, he really could laugh! Surely there were two Rattenburys, the one who sat at a desk, and looked grim and stern

in Parliament-street, and the other who made glad the heart of wife and children in Pibroch Place. Cyril passed a very pleasant evening, and Mrs. Rattenbury played for him a few charming little airs, and sang, "I love the merry merry sunshine," and in another ballad coolly informed her audience that her heart "was over the sea," a fact which Cyril took the liberty of doubting, since her heart was evidently in Pibroch Place, one part of it in her cozy little drawingroom, and the other in that upper story, where Toodlums and Jack and their baby-sister were already asleep, or undergoing that species of torture known to children as "*being put to bed*!"

And Rattenbury himself, though a slow, grave talker, had a great deal to say, and all he said was sensible and kind, though now and then, as he discoursed on various topics, the cynical smile twisted the corners of his really handsome mouth, and there was a little sarcasm in his tone when he spoke of certain men and certain measures of which he disapproved. That he could utter very trenchant, withering sentences, Cyril knew quite well, but he did not know, and he had not suspected till that evening that Rattenbury was a very clever man, a profound thinker, a good talker, and certainly well read. They discussed all kinds of subjects, and Cyril, from the natural transparency of his character, quickly made his host master of nearly all his opinions, sentiments, and foibles. A more truthful, ingenuous nature, frank almost to simplicity, Mr. Rattenbury had never encountered, and he liked Cyril, and determined to be his friend.

Yes! it was really the pleasantest evening Cyril had spent since the commencement of his London life; and Minnie Rattenbury, though not exactly of the stamp of the well-born, highbred woman to which he had chiefly been accustomed, was quite the lady, with her gentle voice and pleasant ways, and pretty matronly airs; and then, her scalloped oysters were irresistible. And the little supper was elegantly served, and there was no vulgar

ostentation, no spurious *genteel* observances to disgust the man who had taken his seat hitherto with the upper ten thousand. All was neatness, simplicity, and order, and a cordial, unaffected hospitality.

Cyril began to think it must be a very pleasant and comfortable thing to go home really, not to a boarding-house, but to a fireside of one's very own. When would he reach that happy goal of his desires? When would he come back from Westminster and find his beautiful, stately Elizabeth all smiles and tenderness, and all his own waiting to receive him. But then Elizabeth could not live in Pibroch Place; she ought to be the mistress of a Hyde Park mansion: aye, and she should be. He would strain every sinew, he would toil day and night, he would make himself a name, he would achieve a reputation; for *what* he did not precisely know. Well! for diplomacy, or for literature, probably for both.

And he went back to Pimlico in the very best of spirits, telling himself that Rattenbury was a good fellow after all, yes, an excellent fellow, and his wife a charming little creature, and even Toodlums came in for his share of approbation. He sat up very late, reading "Chitty's Practice of the Law," which he had borrowed from a friendly barrister, for, as he told himself, it would be quite as well to be "up" in everything—certainly well up in the law, if it were only for the sake of the novels he meant some day to write, to the world's admiring wonder and his own great gain.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. MATTHEWS' FAMILY.

Two months passed quietly away after that visit to Pibroch Place, which proved to be the forerunner of many others, and Cyril became quite the family friend, and struck up a tremendous intimacy with Toodlums, who reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart, and believed "Uncle Cillill," as he chose

to call him, to be the most wonderful, magnificent, and delightful creature in all the world. It did Cyril good, that quiet, homely intercourse with a simple-minded, true-hearted woman, and a merry little lad, who used to watch his coming from the barred nursery windows, and shout with honest joy when he beheld the well-known face and form. For as the spring crept on, Cyril's heart was very sore; he was longing for the greenwood paths and breezy downs of his own beloved Southamshire—the unwonted confinement, the hard winter, and all the trouble and sorrow that it brought had affected his health; he was not ill, but he was nervous and languid, and haunted with feverish dreams of the pleasant country about Forest Range, and longings for the briny odour of the tossing waves of Southam water. Well, in another week those yearnings of his would be satisfied, for he was going down to Forest Range, that the private understanding between himself and his Elizabeth might become a recognised engagement. And yet his heart was sore and heavy, though why he scarcely knew.

The secret of his uneasiness really lay in the coldness and unfrequency of Miss Ashburner's letters; he could not find any definite fault with them; they were pleasant and natural, and in some sort acknowledged his claims, but there was a something in them far from satisfactory; they were more and more sisterly, and less and less loverlike, and never once did they recur to the period, now so close at hand, when the days of their probation would be ended, and they would be publicly recognised as a betrothed pair. Had Elizabeth *forgotten* that the first week in May was to bring him to Forest Range, in the character of her affianced husband? Presently he began to ask if she had forgotten his very existence, for there came a complete *hiatus*, a blank and dreary time, during which no word of hers travelled from Southamshire to Pimlico. Had she really forgotten her life-long friend; was she *changed*? Miserable ques-

tion, and miserable state of things that made the question necessary. Or was it only the native delicacy of her character that shrank from seeming to take the initiative at so critical a period? Yes! that was it. Fool that he was not to have thought of it before. So rare a creature as Elizabeth, though frank and most impulsive, would naturally retire into reserve and undemonstrativeness just now—*just now*, when they were free to part for ever, or to clasp each other's hands in sacred troth-plight that should last for aye. And so he laid the flattering unction to his soul. Poor Cyril! oh! poor Cyril!

It was a hot April afternoon: it had been one of those days when summer seems coming on us all at once; and the fire was let out in Mrs. Matthews' drawing-room, and the ladies of the "family" were fain to don the lighter fabrics for their evening toilet. Let me describe the circle, the very people with whom Cyril consorted day by day after business hours, unless he found his way to Pibroch Place.

Mrs. Matthews we have alluded to—mighty in frame, tall, broad, sinewy and bony, strong-minded, and, upon occasion, loud-voiced—a lady who evidently (let us only whisper it) wore the masculine habiliments which constitute the headship of the house; and Mr. Matthews, lean and little, with lank jaw, small, meaningless nose, and deprecating glance, as if he were begging pardon of society generally for showing his face therein; and Miss Angelina, who nightly looked at the moon and stars when they were visible in the firmament of Pimlico, and at the chimney-pots when they were not, and sighed—"Oh, Cyril, Cyril! idol of my soul!"—while the unconscious idol was in his own room, probably writing romantic letters to Miss Ashburner, and sometimes Platonic notes to Agnes Craven, or else reading "Chitty," or "Macaulay," or trying his own unfledged pen in stanzas that *might* be immortal; or thinking about his lost ancestral home of Monkwood, of that quiet grave in the

chancel of St. Croix, of the cathedral at Southchester, of Minnie Rattenbury and her funny little Toodlums, of everything and everybody before the charming Angelina, who was apostrophizing him in faulty English not many yards away. Poor Angelina! in vain thou braidest and frizest thy auburn locks; in vain thou usest "*Bloom de Ninon*," hoping to tone down the roseate splendours of thy chubby cheeks; in vain thou battlest with thy freckles; in vain thou wearest choice array of many colours, and deckest thyself daily for the dinner-table; for he whom thou adorest is insensible to thy charms, and regards thee no more than he regards the chairs and tables of the establishment—nay, not half so much as he regards the soup (I mean the *potage*), and the *entrées*, and the *entremets*, and the *pièce de résistance*, as Angelina always calls the hash, and rice blanc-mange, and round of beef, or leg of mutton, which grace the family board from day to day. The callous, insensate, insensible Cyril actually believes thee to be in love with young Gregory, a junior clerk in a foreign office, and a fellow boarder, or rather member of the "family."

Young Gregory is disposed of in a very few words: he is harmless, conceited, and rather pretty, of moderately amiable disposition, given to fall violently in love with popular actresses and *prima donnas*, and likes to be considered "*fast*," though, happily for his parents' peace of mind, in their home far away among the Yorkshire hills, his fastness is a mere pretence; he is too mild, too modest, for all his amusing self-assertion—too well principled to plunge into the horrible vortex of crime and inevitable misery which really being "*fast*" implies! But of Cyril he is furiously jealous.

Next, we must consider Mr. and Mrs. Battelbringer, said to be of German origin, that is, Mr. Battelbringer is, his lady was a "maid of Kent." And now, as a matron of Pimlico, she affects literary tastes, raves about art, shakes her head, and tells you in confidence she is "*une femme incomprise*;" she does

not half understand the term she uses, you must remember, and she quotes Byron, and is careless about custom, and makes Battelbringer rave by letting him go buttonless and stringless, as far as his under-garments are concerned, and by cruelly letting his socks drop into holes, "for want of a halfpenny-worth of mending cotton, and three minutes of her time!" But how can a genius, a being all soul, an unacknowledged *belle esprit*, be expected to mend stockings, and sow on buttons, and attend to gloves, like ordinary women—such as Minnie Rattenbury? Yet Minnie has the better bargain of the two, we think!

As for Mr. Battelbringer, he is a veritable Yankee in appearance, with the real hatchet-face, and a sublime disregard of conventionalities. Nature might be supposed to have moulded him haphazard, all in a hurry as it were, or in contrary mood, and to have fitted him with odd legs and arms, since all his limbs seem sprawling and ungainly, and each one antagonistic to the other.

Then there is Miss Crumple, a stiff spinster of fifty, who is said to be "a character!" She has a great objection to everything modern, and thinks Church and State are endangered by the electric telegraph and the projected pneumatic dispatch. She lives by rule, and persists in tormenting Mrs. Matthews for tansy pudding every Easter Sunday, and would certainly give notice if the orthodox pancakes and salt fish were not on the table on Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, and Good Friday. Lastly, she knits anti-macassars without end for certain married nieces and nephews, whose history she likes to give you in full detail, though no member of Mrs. Matthews' "family" has ever seen one of them.

Finally comes that gushing, enthusiastic young thing, Adeline Grundison, who affects not to remember anything that happened later than fifteen years ago. She has been to Paris, and whenever she has a spite against "Angey dear,"

she indulges in reminiscences of the *Tweelces* and the *Loure*, and the Faubourg St. Honory, to all of which poor Angelina is an utter stranger. She comes down to dinner, Cyril thinks, shockingly *décolletée*, she imagines, in the style of the *best society*, in which she moved, she tells you, when her dear papa and mamma were living; and every evening she performs upon that horrible instrument of oral torture called the pianoforte, sometimes playing scrambling fantasias, and wondrous variations on well-known airs, and sometimes crashing through duets with Angelina, till the ill-constituted piano throbs again, and the rest of the "family" begin to fear for their tympana! Or worst of all, she accompanies herself while she sings "*Ever of Thee*," with a visible reference to Cyril, who begins to wish the composer of that popular song had never been born, or had a taste for music.

Such was the circle gathered in the drawing-room one April afternoon, waiting the regular summons to the dinner-table, and they were all discussing Mr. Denham, who had been looking sadly pale, and, as Adeline averred, *distracted* for several weeks.

"He is not happy, love," said Adeline, in an audible *sotto voce* to Angey. "I read his sorrow in every change of his expressive countenance. He is not ill; oh no!—it is the heart, 'the heart bowed down,' you know. I should say he loves secretly, and as he fancies, unrequitedly!"

Angelina turned scarlet. "Why doesn't he say so then? I am sure the young lady, whoever she is, would be proud to have him! But I think he is poorly; I made the loveliest *trifle* yesterday, and the whip was splendid, and I went out and bought a bunch of flowers on purpose to stick about it, as you say they have it in the best society, and he wouldn't touch it. Ah! the heart bowed down doesn't care for creature comforts!"

"I think Mr. Denham is bilious," struck in Miss Crumple; "I dare say the roast veal on Sunday dis-

agreed with him, and Angey dear, the rhubarb tart was *not* done, and he ate a great piece. Depend upon it it's that."

Miss Matthews and Miss Grundison exchanged glances of sympathy; even when they were at mortal feud, as Gregory called their petty squabbles and incessant *miffs*, they could band together against that odious, ignorant Miss Crumple, who thought "Ever of Thee" unfeminine and improper, and "The heart bowed down," impious, &c.

"He's very bad company," interjected Mr. Battelbringer; "my dear! don't *you* think so?"

But Mrs. Battelbringer takes the same view of the case as the younger ladies, and shakes her head and says plaintively, "Ah! a mind like his must writhe like the sybil on the tripod!" A classical allusion which no one understands, but Angey thinks it very fine, and lays it up for private use on some future day, and Adeline providently does the same.

"We must try to cheer him up this evening, dear!" says the latter young lady to Miss Matthews; "we will play the *Norma* duet for him; that last part, the 'Yes! we together will live, will die!' is thrillingly beautiful; it would cheer *me* under any circumstances. I know it would—"

"Create a soul under the ribs of Death!" suddenly interposes Mrs. Battelbringer. "Ah! music! heavenly maid!"

"I think that young Denham is a regular spoony!" is Mr. Gregory's comment. He is dreadfully jealous just now of the "ladies' pet," as he slightly calls him, and enjoys hitting Cyril whenever opportunity presents.

Angey and Adeline turn away contemptuously, and telegraph to each that the unfortunate Gregory is beneath their notice! However, he goes on savagely—"a mere milk-sop; knows nothing of life, never goes out for a *spree*, and can't take in a joke!"

But Mrs. Matthews interferes—"Indeed, Mr. Gregory, I can't allow this! my family must dwell together in peace and harmony; and such

rash observations are calculated to excite angry feelings in the breast, and feelings find their vent in words, and words end in deeds, sometimes dreadful wicked deeds that bring their own reward! It is one of our rules, you know, that no one member of the family shall publicly say anything to the disparagement of another member, and really I must remark that Mr. Denham is a very charming young man, and quite the *aristocrat*, and I am proud to have him at my humble board; and he pays regular, Mr. Gregory, which every body don't, you know! and I feel like a mother to him."

Mr. Gregory subsides under this matronly reproof and the pecuniary allusion, and takes shelter under the wing of Miss Crumple, whose favourite he is, and Angelina continues—"And I have practised '*Juanita*' well, and I can go through it now. I'll sing it to-night if you'll sing '*By the sad sea-waves*,' dear?" And "dear," *alias* Adeline Grundison, promises to do her part, and the talk is still about Cyril, when he enters the room, and there is a significant silence, and looks are interchanged. But Mrs. Matthews creates a happy diversion by saying, "Now let us go down to dinner, dear friends! Mr. Denham, I will take your arm, and Mr. M. will take Mrs. Battelbringer, &c., &c.;" and on the stairs Angelina whispers to Miss Grundison: "I did so want to have a fowl to-day—on *his* account of course—but *ma* wouldn't hear of it; she said the cold beef and the curried rabbit, and a roly-poly pudding was quite enough. And he hates rabbit, and never touches roly-poly, and I must say the beef isn't over-tender; but there! you can't move *ma* when once she has decided."

Angelina's regard, you perceive, was meritoriously substantial, though she was a little romantic, and liked staring at the moon among the chimney-pots. Far better than Mrs. Battelbringer's, that would have exhaled itself in sighs and snatches of Byronic verse while you fainted of hunger at her feet.

Dinner began and proceeded till

the last piece of the roly-poly pudding was consumed, though not by Cyril, and the usual dessert, consisting of oranges, the most uncompromising of Brazil nuts, the stickiest of dates, and the cheapest of cheap fancy biscuits, was placed upon the table; and once again Miss Grundison and Angey began to discuss the performances of the evening. But it was written in the Book of Fate, as Mrs. Battelbringer would have said, that musical performances there would be none that evening. The ill-used, much put-upon pianoforte was to have a holiday for once; no strains of *Juanita* would float on the air; there would be no *Deh! con te* crash of chords, and Adeline would not "awake in her grave, by

the sad sea-waves," for that night at least.

Dessert was nearly over, and Mrs. Matthews was just going to give the ladies' signal, when the door was thrown open, and a servant entered and said—"Visitors for Mr. Denham in the drawing-room: Sir John and Lady Ashburner;" and Cyril, deathfully pale, rose and left the room like one walking in a dream. An hour afterwards every one knew that Cyril had gone away with his two friends, and was not coming back to sleep; also it was announced that the baronet and his lady had brought Mr. Denham bad news; for on hearing what they came to tell him, he had fainted away, "or very near it!"

HAMBURG AND MR. ONCKEN.

HAMBURG, the Liverpool of the north of Europe, is situated about seventy miles from the mouth of the Elbe, a river navigable for more than 400 miles inland, and forming, together with its canals, the only channel of communication with the sea for the whole of Saxony, a great part of Prussia, Bohemia, and other German States. The present population of the State and territory of Hamburg is 222,000. The population of the city alone is about 170,000, of whom 100,000 are Lutherans, 20,000 Jews, and the remainder Roman Catholics, Moravians, and Reformed Churches of different names. The territory of the State is very inconsiderable, being less than the county of Middlesex; the prosperity, therefore, which Hamburg has enjoyed is to be attributed to the advantages of its position, the energy of its people, and the freedom of its trade.

There are many circumstances which invest Hamburg with an interest, to Englishmen especially, greater than that of most European towns. Our direct trade with it, as the chief port of Germany, is greater than with any other part of the world, the United States alone excepted. Its commercial system is liberal. Its form of government is complicated,

but republican. The government is democratic, and the executive power is vested in a senate, composed of four burgomasters and twenty-four councillors, aided by a "Committee of Sixty" and a "Committee of Ancients." The policy of this government has enabled Hamburg to maintain an independent existence in the midst of powerful despotic States. The centre of a network of railways and telegraphs, the last twenty-five years have witnessed a wonderful extension of its commerce and population since its resurrection from the Great Fire of 1842. In that awful conflagration, the flames were seen by night from the opposite bank of the Elbe as far as Stada, a distance of twenty-five miles, devastating a portion of the city nearly as large as that part of London which suffered from the fire of 1666. The value of the property destroyed was estimated at more than six millions sterling. But the enterprise and wealth of the inhabitants have long since obliterated all traces of the calamity, and the city has risen from its ruins under a noble destiny from the hand of a beneficent Providence. Another fire has been kindled in Hamburg, destructive, indeed, to the dry and rotten wood of formalism

and unbelief, but at the same time salutary and creative—the fire of that truth which CHRIST came to “send on earth;” and it cannot be doubted that this free, populous, and energetic city has been raised up partly in order that it might be an instrument in God’s hand for the diffusion of spiritual Christianity, and afford a basis of operations for storming the strongholds of error and superstition in the adjacent territories.

It has often been observed that when Heaven has designed to execute some merciful purpose towards cities and kingdoms, the chief portion of the necessary labour has been devolved especially upon a single person, who is endued with the requisite qualifications for the discharge of his mission, and who is then immortal till his work is done. In the present instance, the labour, the sorrow, and the triumph of the regeneration and liberation of religion in Hamburg have fallen to the lot of MR. ONCKEN, a name which we would gladly render familiar in every devout household of this kingdom, and in every mission station beyond the seas where these pages are honoured with attention. The work which has been accomplished by this servant of God is one which would be usually designated “sectarian;” and, so far as it is characterized by any speciality of faith or practice, we propose nothing further than a narration necessary to make the story intelligible, adding neither censure nor assent. But Mr. Oncken’s work is also rich in the elements of catholic evangelical piety; and it is under this aspect that we venture to commend it to general regard. Those who are not, like Mr. Oncken, “strict Baptists,” will know how to yield a brotherly sympathy to an heroic history, and a life-long struggle for the greater truths which belong to the soul’s peace with its Maker.

It was in the year 1824 that his labours commenced. At that time, Germany was sunk in scepticism and indifference; and it was only here and there that a faithful testimony was given from the pulpits of

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the land to the verities of the “common salvation.” With such a state of things among the clergy, it may well be imagined that the religious condition of the people was deplorable in the extreme. Lutheranism, the popular religion of Hamburg, contains truth enough, when handled by spiritual men, to bring mankind to the knowledge of CHRIST as the Saviour of the world. It also contains error enough in its sacramental services, when these become the exclusive objects of clerical concern, to cover a population with the darkest shadows of formalism and superstition. It was, in fact, like so many systems of faith established at the Reformation, a compromise between the Old and the New Worlds—between the Word of God and the traditions of the mediæval theology—and, accordingly, may be brought to operate on a parish either as the power of God unto salvation, or as a finished instrument of the Enemy for deceiving the people into reliance upon church-mechanism and priestly prerogatives. A few extracts from Luther’s “Lesser Catechism” will serve to show the kind of instruction provided by the Doctor of Wittemberg for the catechumens of Germany. In the preface, addressed to pastors and teachers, he says:—

“Teach the people first, and most especially, the Ten Commandments, the Belief, the Lord’s Prayer, &c., according to the text, word for word, that they may learn it so as to repeat it by heart. To those who will not learn them, say that they deny Christ and are no Christians, that they shall not be admitted to the sacraments, shall not stand sponsors for any child, and shall not enjoy one iota of Christian liberty, but shall straightway be given over to the Pope, the civil officers, and the devil himself. Besides this, their parents or governors shall refuse them food or drink, and give them to understand that the prince will drive such uncivilised people out of the land.

“Q. What is baptism? A. Baptism is not mere common water, but it is the water contained in God’s command and united with God’s

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word. *Q.* What then giveth or profiteth baptism? *A.* It worketh forgiveness of sins, redeems from death and the devil, and gives eternal salvation to all who believe it, as the words of the promise of God say; without God's word the water is only common water and not baptism, but with the word of God it is a baptism that is a gracious water of life and a bath of the new birth in the Holy Spirit. This is certainly true. *Q.* What is confession? *A.* Confession consists of two parts: first, that one shall confess one's sins; second, that one shall receive absolution or forgiveness from the confessor as from God himself, and by no means doubt it, but firmly believe that by this the sins are forgiven before God in heaven.

"A master or mistress shall confess thus, 'Especially I confess before you that I have not faithfully trained my wife, children, and servants to the honour of God. I have cursed, have given a bad example with unchaste words and works, have done injury to my neighbours, spoken ill of them, sold my goods too dear, given false measure and bad goods,' and whatever else he may have done against the commandment of God in his worldly position."

"*Q.* Do you believe that my forgiveness is God's forgiveness? *A.* 'Yes, dear sir.' Then let him say, 'Be it unto thee according to thy faith. On the command of Christ, I forgive thee all thy sins in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. Go in peace.'"

From these specimens, it will appear that, however evangelical and apostolical the articles of Lutheranism on justification may be, Christianity is practically presented to the people in such a form that it may be worked so as to produce a parochial religion of mere sacramental superstition, "alienated from the life of God" through the ignorance that is in it. And throughout Germany, from the time of the Reformation, it has been thus wrought to a lamentable extent. It is this circumstance, which has its parallel nearer home,

that gives especial value to those forms of Christian belief and organic life which have wholly cast off the dogma of the *opus operatum* in the sacraments, and taught the people to regard a spiritual conversion as necessary to salvation.

Hamburg was sunk in the torpor and unbelief, produced by ages of merely sacramental teaching, when Mr. Oncken commenced his labours. A native of the city, and a gentleman by birth and training, he was sent to England to complete his education. Here God met with him, and in early life he devoted himself to His service in the gospel of His Son. He was employed at first in Hamburg as a missionary of the Continental Society.

His first meeting, held at the close of 1823, consisted of only ten persons; but the number of his hearers increased so rapidly, that the existence of these "conventicles" came to the knowledge of the Lutheran clergy, who instigated the authorities to put them down. Then commenced a system—to be continued for many years—of persecution, of threats, of constant citations before the magistrates, of distrains, imprisonments, and banishments. Mr. Oncken's labours, both publicly and from house to house, were nevertheless unceasingly prosecuted; for, although no longer able to hold meetings in one place, he succeeded, by the active co-operation of converts, in gradually obtaining about forty places, by which means the vigilance of the police was successfully eluded, and numbers were awakened to the spiritual life. In the progress of his inquiries into the doctrine of the sacred Scriptures, he was led to modify his views on the nature of Church constitution and on the sacrament of baptism. Acting on the convictions to which he had been led (rightly or wrongly we cannot now stay to discuss), he instructed his converts in the duty of professing their faith according to this rule, and, on the 22nd of April, 1834, Mr. Oncken and six converts, after waiting for five years, were baptized in the shallows of the Elbe by an American missionary. But

so ferocious was the spirit of hostility that prevailed among the clergy of Hamburg, who brought to bear upon him the willing espionage and tyranny of the police, that Mr. Oncken was compelled for years to baptize his disciples in the secrecy and darkness of the night.

The success which attended the promulgation of the Gospel at length wrought so deeply on the fears, both of the State and Church of Hamburg, that the oft-repeated threats were put into execution, and Mr. Oncken, on his deliberate refusal to discontinue his labours, was thrown into jail. But the word of God was not bound. The virulent hatred of "Satan, the clergy, and the police," served only to stimulate the Hamburg Christians to more fervent prayer and more earnest endeavours.

Almost every convert became an active missionary. Every member was admitted to the Church on the distinct understanding that he should use his talent for the spread of the Gospel, and, by God's help, stand ready to endure the consequences. And thus, by preaching, by the circulation of the Scriptures and of religious tracts, a great multitude of people were fully enlightened on the nature of spiritual Christianity. Twelve men thoroughly in earnest can almost shake the world. For twenty-five years did Mr. Oncken and his band of fellow-workers continue to disseminate the Word of God in the face of an opposition sharp and unrelenting as a European centralization and modern bureaucratic police could make it; and for twenty of those years they assembled always with closed doors and in small companies, not "for fear of the Jews," but for fear of the Christians. The persecution became so fierce that prayer was made night and day for a lightening of the storm. And this prayer was answered, like Elijah's, by fire. The conflagration of 1842 burnt up the spirit of persecution in Hamburg. The offer made by Mr. Oncken to the government of a warehouse which had been hired for worship as a place of refuge for some of the woe-stricken sufferers of

the city, and the spirit of vigorous, self-sacrificing help exhibited by the new Church, seem to have made such an impression on the authorities, after all the ill-usage which they had previously given them, that, in consideration of the practical goodness of the "sectaries," they have henceforth enjoyed comparative liberty in their operations. What these operations have been, we shall now, in brief space, make known to our readers.

In 1834, the Church at Hamburg, founded by Mr. Oncken, was formed of seven persons, and now 130 pastors, evangelists, and colporteurs are engaged (we use the words of Mr. Oncken) "in setting forth Christ in the greatness of His mediatorial work, having 'by one offering perfected for ever all them that are sanctified,' in the fulness of His mercy, as able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him." Through their agency, and that of those of their predecessors who, during the last forty years, have fallen asleep, millions have heard this glorious gospel of Christ, not only in Germany, but in Denmark, Russia, Poland, Hungary, Austria, the Danubian Principalities, Turkey, Switzerland, France, and Holland. The circulation of tracts last year from the depôt of the connection amounted to a million; and fifteen thousand copies of Bibles and Testaments were sold or distributed in 1865. Of the tens of thousands of converts to Christ, who attribute their enlightenment to this agency, twenty-five per cent. are converts from Romanism. Very nearly a million copies of the Scriptures have been spread abroad in Northern Europe by Mr. Oncken and his friends since the beginning of their enterprise.

Until very recently, the persecuting spirit remained in much force in Schleswig-Holstein, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Hesse-Cassel, Baden, Bavaria, and Sweden; but the manifest excellence of character, both in the leaders and the people, have gradually produced its natural effect upon the authorities and upon the community at large, and led to the

concession of larger toleration for those against whom there is no evil to be said, except that they are "Baptists and enthusiasts." In Hamburg itself, Mr. Oncken, now an old man, has lived to see the triumph of liberty. On the 1st of January in the present year it became law, by the votes of the Senate and the Burgherschaft, that *all religions should be placed upon an equality*; that the registration of births, deaths, and marriages, should be in the hands of the civil authorities; and that all marriages so registered should be valid, without the necessity of the certificate of a Lutheran clergyman. Henceforth, none will have power to persecute; for, in the eye of the law, all forms of religion are alike, and the Lutheran Church has no special privileges as heretofore. Released from her fetters, may she arise from her ashes, and, purified from the contaminations of the world, may she become a truly apostolic Church, which, to use Luther's own words, should be composed of those who "will be Christians in earnest, who confess the Gospel with hand and mouth, and who meet together to pray, to baptize, to partake of the sacrament, and to do Christian works." Hamburg, the great emporium of the Elbe, is the first German city which has thus obtained perfect religious liberty. Knowing what it has been to smart under clerical and political tyranny through long years of persecution, we can understand the zealous earnestness with which Mr. Oncken says, "May this boon of religious liberty be soon extended over all Germany and throughout Europe, that those who now suffer as we have done may rejoice as we do now. With hearts full of thankfulness, we can look back on years of suffering passed away, and feel that our former persecutors are now our friends." To what extent the personal history, character, and labours of Mr. Oncken have contributed in bringing about this grand consummation in Hamburg, we can only surmise; but if it be due especially to the influence of any single person, as well as to the internal

necessities of the State, there can be little doubt that it is due to the moral effect produced by Mr. Oncken's spotless and remarkable career.

We have stated that the efforts of the community, which looks to him as its leader, have been essentially of a diffusive and missionary character; and, with signal skill, advantage has been taken of every opening afforded by political events for the furtherance of the Gospel. When, in 1848, convulsions shook the whole of Europe, a wide door was opened into Austria and Hungary, Mr. Oncken visited both of these countries at that time, preaching the truth among the Catholics at Vienna and at Pesth. He obtained a grant of 50,000 New Testaments from the American Bible Society, of which a large proportion were sent to Austria. Before leaving Vienna, Mr. Oncken hired a part of an old monastery, where the converts continued to assemble until 1851, when they were all arrested and sent to prison. At Pesth, religious services were regularly conducted while liberty lasted, and numbers of good evangelical tracts were translated into the Hungarian language, through the co-operation of a Lutheran pastor. Again, when the Austrian soldiers passed through Hamburg, on their return from the first Schleswig-Holstein war, 90,000 copies of the four gospels and of the Epistle to the Romans, separately printed, were circulated among them. By this means, portions of the Word of God were carried into the remotest villages of Austria.

We have now shortly stated the facts of a noble story, and we will venture to say that it is one better deserving of a respectful sympathy than many which find a ready access to the English ear. Here is a man who in early life sought and found the living God, and devoted himself to His service in the gospel of His Son, who, armed only with the shield of faith—a shield embossed with more inspiring histories than that of Actilles—dared to stand alone as a stripling in the great city of Hamburg, and to teach the truth

in the midst of powerful and malignant foes ; a man who has persevered through two and forty years in the same course, battling for twenty of them with a hierarchy and a police who gave no quarter, and whose hardness of heart was melted only by one of the most frightful furnaces of fire into which God ever threw a guilty city ; a man who unites the manners of a polished gentleman with the principles, the experiences, and the persecutions of an apostolic evangelist ; a man whose

labours have been so signally blest by God, that there is probably no person in Northern Europe who has exercised a spiritual influence half so beneficial and extensive ; and we shall close our narrative by asking on his behalf the prayers of our readers, that the same Divine Power which has brought him hitherto may be with him to the end of his course, and grant him at length a happy translation to the Jerusalem above.

E. W.

A BOY'S SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

BY AN OLD BOY.

ON a beautiful morning in June 18—, two boys mounted the Northampton coach in the old Belle Sauvage Inn-yard, Ludgate Hill. School had broken up rather earlier than usual, and they were off for their annual summer visit into the Midland Counties. Country boys love country life ; but, after all, there is a keen zest in many a town-boy's enjoyment of rural scenes and sports and freedom, which perhaps the country lad does not know. Thus it was with the young Wilsons. When they returned to their London home and school, they never tired of telling each incident of their holiday adventures ; and no sooner had one vacation ended than they began to arrange the employments and to anticipate the pleasures that their next trip had in store for them. No wonder that they now gladly climbed the coach that was to convey them to the scene of so many bright memories and hopes.

"So here you are again, young gentlemen," said the burly old coachman, as he recognised the boys who had already been more than once entrusted to his charge. The lads answered with a smile and a word ; the passengers gradually took their places ; the lids were locked down over the mail-bags ; the coachman gathered up his ribbons, and in a moment the clatter of hoofs resounded in the yard as the horses

started off like leopards. But a strong guiding hand checked their fiery blood, and turned them into Ludgate Hill ; and soon in the fresh free morning air the coach was clattering gaily on towards Islington.

"Do you remember the inn we first stop at?" inquired the coachman of his young friend on his left.

"Of course I do," replied Charles, "'the Angel,' at Islington."

"No!" was the answer ; "There's no such place."

"No such place?" exclaimed Charley, with surprise ; "why, I've seen it—often!"

"Never!" replied the coachman, with mock gravity.

"What, do you mean to say, old fellow, that I've never seen 'the Angel,' at Islington?"

"Never."

"Well, of course, I've never seen 'the Angel,' or an 'Angel,' at Islington, but I've seen an inn with that name at Islington."

"Never," he repeated emphatically, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"How ever do you make that out?" insisted his young friend laughingly.

"'Cause it's in Clerkenwell parish," returned the coachman ; and a deep, gruff, hearty laugh resounded under his broad chest : and the boys laughed too.

Away bowed the coach, and soon the summit of Highgate Hill was

reached; and in a couple of hours the ancient city of St. Albans appeared in sight. Yes, there are still the green and woody heights, now crowned by the abbey-church, where, fifteen hundred years ago, a Christian martyr died, whose name the town still bears. There are still the green forest glades of Holme-hurst, where the early Christians loved to linger, and to cheer one another's hearts in times of trial. And there is the Abbey Green, to which, on a summer morning centuries later, another martyr was led from the Cross Keys Inn; and where, when that day closed, grey-headed men and little children saw a little heap of ashes, and a trampled and blackened circle on the grass, that told where another of the noble army of martyrs had died for his Christian faith and for his English Bible.

"We miss the cantering team, the winding way,
The roadside halt, the post-horn's well-known air,
The inns, the gaping towns, and all the landscape fair."

After a while we slowly climbed the ascent that leads to the cutting that cleaves the great chalk backbone of England, and soon we could see the wide vale of Aylesbury stretching far away to the left; and then, rattling down the incline, we pulled up in the respectable straw-plaiting town of Dunstable.

On, and still on, through the live-long day we journeyed, pausing every ten miles or so to change horses, and once—for an hour—for dinner; meeting a few up-coaches from the Midland districts, and interchanging especial signals and smiles of goodwill with the Northampton coach to London. Early in the afternoon we reached Newport Pagnell, where old Mr. Bull, the friend of Cowper and Newton, had been minister; and, after a beautiful view of the park and mansion of the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn, and a glimpse of Queen Eleanor's cross, our coach at last rattled up the paved streets to the Ram Inn, of the good old town of Northampton.

Awaiting our arrival was old Isaac, one of my grandfather's men. "Old," did I say? Well, he had

But we did not wait long at St. Albans. I say "we," for the writer was one of the boys upon that coach that summer morning. He is getting to be somewhat of an "old boy" now, but the memories of those joyful days have not yet faded; and few boys in all "merrie England" were so merry that day as he. Many things have changed since then, and our modern and splendid means of locomotion, with their princely revenues, their armies of dependents, and their thousand trains an hour, have fully shared the general progress; but, still, as I recall the simple gladness of that bright summer morning drive, the kind old coachman under whose charge we were, the chatty passengers, the sleek swift horses, the well-appointed coach, and the broad grass-fringed turnpike, I can say:—

been "man and boy" in my grandfather's service for many a year; he was grey then, and he's grey now. Old I fancied him; but though it is more than five-and-twenty years ago, he does not look much older now. He had brought the light cart, and old Bob, the horse, a worthy beast, whose merits deserve to be recorded, for he had been ready to do anything for anybody for full a quarter of a century. After tea, the boxes, bags, and boys were duly ensconced in our comfortable conveyance; and, bidding an affectionate adieu to our coachman, we started on our sixteen miles' drive homewards.

"We're glad to see you back again," said Isaac, propitiously. "Your cousins were rather 'unked' when you left last year." Now Isaac had not the reputation for special amiability of disposition to people generally; but he was always kind to us, and that was enough for us. Besides, we were glad to see any one who came from the region to which we were now journeying; so we at once replied, "We're uncommon glad to get back again." "Un-

common" I should say, is a favourite Northamptonshire word, and we naturally dropped into provincialisms as soon as we got into the provinces. The term is exceeded in significance only by another Northamptonshire adjective—"unaccountable:" thus, the people will tell you that it is an "uncommon fine morning" to-day, and that it is "unaccountable hot this afternoon."

Well do I remember that beautiful summer evening drive. We were a merry party in that light cart—laughing, joking, getting in and out at the hills, now one and then another driving, and putting a thousand questions about every body and every thing. Divers and sundry relations had to be inquired for; orchards and gardens, horses and ponies, dogs and cats, fowls and ferrets, fishing-rods and walking-sticks were discussed, until I fear our charioteer began to think that we should never "have done." On we jogged, up hill and down, and as the long and happy day gradually waned to its close, every hour brought some fresh beauty to our view. Hay-making was only just beginning, and the rich long grass of the meadows that were "laid for hay" glistened and glowed with countless flowers; the wild rose, with petals of every tint—from white to red—gladdened the hedges; the snowy elder and the fragrant honeysuckle lent their fragrance to the breeze; the swallow and swift hovered with noiseless wing over our heads, and then swept with rapid flight away; the evening air was sweet with the last songs of the birds; the lambs were gamboling, and the herds were lowing in the fields, and all nature glowed with fertility, variety, and loveliness.

"How splendid all the sky! how still!

How mild the dying gale!

How soft the whispers of the rill

That winds along the dale.

So tranquil nature's works appear,
It seems the Sabbath of the year."

At last, as evening was closing upon us, and the shadows were deepening, and the bat was careering over us, the light cart rattled up

to the farmhouse, which to us was Eden; and after a kindly welcome and a brief supper, we were very glad to find our way to bed, tired out with excitement and happiness.

We woke early next morning. One of my cousins had been invited down to breakfast, and after a hearty meal we sallied out into the grounds. "Now," said William, "shall I show you a pretty sight?"

"Do," we both exclaimed.

"Well, come with me gently round the shrubbery;" and we followed, wondering what the sight would be.

"Look in here," he said, as we came to a group of high thick *arbor vitæ* shrubs. He drew one or two branches back, and there was what seemed to be a heap of old dry moss and leaves tucked in between a branch and the stem of the bush. "There," he whispered, "that is a wren's nest—seven eggs;—the old bird's just gone off."

"A wren's nest!" I exclaimed, half incredulously.

"Hush! Look in; but don't touch a hair of it, or the old ones will forsake it for ever."

I looked in. A ragged piece of moss hung across the entrance to the nest, so that it was hardly possible to believe that what we saw could be more than a bundle of rubbish. But I saw that this oval mass was softly lined with hair and feathers, and that within lay seven little eggs, slightly spotted with white.

"Well," said Charley, "that is wonderful. But how came you ever to find it? I should never have known what it was."

"O, easy enough," replied my cousin. "I always was fond of bird's-nesting; and when I came down to tea two or three weeks since, I saw one of the old birds flitting along from bush to bush, and pecking over the stone wall, and then it flew off—in its little jerking quick way—to the bottom of the shrubbery. Thinks I, it's got a nest there, I'll be bound; so I went and looked about, and at last there it was, sure enough, just begun; but instead of doing the bottom part first,

like most birds do, they had just made the outline of the nest. Afterwards they enclosed the sides and top, near which they left the hole for the entrance. Sometimes they leave a bolt hole at the back also. They often choose queer places to build in," he added, as we came away; "I have heard of a wren that made her nest in the sleeve of an old coat, and you may sometimes find them in hollow trees, under old thatched roofs, in faggot heaps, and even in holes in the ground."

"There," said Charley, in a loud whisper, "there he is!" And just then we saw a tiny russet-brown bird, with a white breast, standing for an instant on a heap of stones, with its tail nearly erect, and jerking his whole body as if he were in a pet, and then he sang a snatch of a song, with a full rich mellow note.

"What a mite he is!" I said, as he vanished.

"Only about three inches and a half long," answered William, "and the female isn't as big."

"Rather a small bird to have such a large family," remarked Charles.

"Yes," said my cousin. "But the fun is when the eggs are hatched to see the young ones get bigger and bigger every day—seven, and sometimes eight in one nest,—till at last it is so full that you wonder their parents can tell which is which when they feed them, and that some haven't to go out for lodgings. But here's old York coming down the hill, bringing something in his cap. I'll tell you a story about him if you like."

"Let's hear it," we exclaimed.

"Well, old York is a decent sort of fellow now, but years ago he was a very wild chap, and mixed with rather low people who came up from Northampton. He was rather fond, too, of drink, and he had a special liking for such as hadn't paid duty.

"One day a man whom he knew came to him in a sly, quiet sort of way, as if he meant a good deal more than he was quite willing to say. 'Dick,' says he, 'would you like to get hold of a little brandy—above proof—splendid stuff—never seen a gauger?' 'Yes,' answered Dick,

'can you put me up to any?' 'Yes, I can; I've got a cask; you come down to my place and taste it. If you don't like it, don't you have it.' So away they went together; and the brandy was uncommonly good—the best, thought Dick, he'd ever tasted. To be sure it was a bigger cask than he would have cared to have, but it was very cheap, and at last a bargain was struck. The money was paid, the cask was put into a cart, covered over with potatoes, and arrived in safety in Dick's cellar, from whence a few select friends—who could keep a secret—were to be supplied at a most moderate price. That night half a dozen of these particular friends met together at Dick's house to have a prime glass, and two or three of them went with him into the cellar. Sure enough the cask was nearly full, and a large cask it was—enough to supply them all for months, and at a lower price than they had ever paid before. So with all the importance becoming so grave a matter, Dick put the jug to the tap, and turned it. A rush of golden liquor ran into the jug for half a minute, and then the supply rapidly grew less, and at length, to the amazement of all, it ceased altogether. 'How's this?' exclaimed Dick. 'A bad tap,' suggested one. 'Short and sweet,' said another. 'Blow up the tap,' a third proposed. But neither persuasion nor force availed to make the cask yield any more 'brandy above proof,' or brandy at all; and it was ultimately discovered that the seller had artfully inserted a gallon bottle of the best brandy just inside the part of the cask which was against the tap, and that the rest of the cask was filled with water. Of course Dick's discomfiture was not diminished by the jokes and jibes of his friends: he dared not try to get his money back, for fear of being charged with trying to cheat the revenue; and the neighbours laughed among themselves, and laughed at poor Dick about his brandy above proof for years afterwards. And no one, I am told, enjoyed the story so much as the exciseman."

What followed I must tell in our next.

THE PRIDE OF THE LATYMERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "FROM DARK TO DAWN IN ITALY," ETC.

XII.

A FULCRUM FOR THE LEVER.

AFTER the great Thought which signalled the year 1861 had cast itself in crystal, a crop of seedling Exhibitions sprang up in neighbouring countries, and all the world went forth to see. That mighty multitude which spreads existence in beholding and hearing some new thing was well pleased; and as Ireland contains perhaps rather more than the usual proportion of such, Ireland held her Exhibitions likewise in the metropolis and minor towns, to the undoubted advantage of her infantile manufactures.

Through the principal hall of such a place, crowded with pleasure-seekers and some few profit-seekers, Lancelot Latymer strolled one afternoon. His attention was arrested by a profuse tinkling and harmonious sweep of sound, following which to the source (and being like Saul in magnitude, above the popular should-ers), he saw a curled and oiled performer, with most alert eyes, standing on a platform, and having in his arms a harp, whence he elicited such music as his much-ringed fingers could make; and very manifest it was that not the strains, but the provoker of the strains, was the real object of his showing forth. Fully he accomplished his purpose of making the bystanders wonder at his marvellous manipulation: like all second-rate artists, not his work, but himself, was to be admired.

With some derogatory thoughts of this music in favour of other simpler music which he bore in memory, Lancelot presently glanced round the ring of listeners. One face he recognised; but almost immediately it disappeared, being either merged in the crowd, or having withdrawn. He made his way round to the place, and could not find its owner, which chafed him somewhat. "I liked the fellow for his sturdiness," thought he. "Seems to me he had a strong dash of the Latymer pride, too, in

his own way. An independent fellow! while here am I—" Lancelot was very discontented with himself these times: he felt that he was that most helpless person, a gentleman without patrimony or power to make its equivalent; and he despised himself for what he could scarcely avoid, the looking to Lord Bar-sinister for help towards the often-promised, long-sought-for appointment.

Instituting a search through the building, Lancelot came upon the person he had seen, after he had given up expectation of finding him. A black-haired young man of low size was sitting on a bench, with his keen eyes bent upon a small machine in front of him; and so abstracted was he in contemplation, as to see and hear nothing beside. The American in charge was feeding his machine with folded strips of calico and cloth, as he worked it with his foot; occasionally making such remarks as, "Most wonderful invention of modern times, mister. E-normous saving in labour, in cost, in material, in everything. Im-mense opening for benevolence towards the enslaved artisan and seamstress. The discerning public must recognise it as the greatest invention since printing; for I calc'late the lectric telegraph is all very well, but the sewing machine whips creation, it does!"

With a great whirr and clash, the machine ceased devouring its pabulum of strips of calico, and all the iron arms and steel fingers stood suddenly still: its showman looking the conclusive words, *Quod erat demonstrandum*. The absorbed gazer drew a thick sigh, as if his spell was broken; Lancelot put his hand on his shoulder.

"Hugh Lake!"

"How d'ye do, Mr. Latymer?" was the stiff rejoinder.

"Come, come, don't be treating me to some of your family pride," said his cousin pleasantly. "You and I would be good friends if we only knew each other. What's this affair?"

"Something that ought to revolutionise many trades," was the answer. "But there's great room for improvement. Look here;" and he began slowly to work the treadle with his foot, as if the spell had come back. "The stitch is imperfect as yet. Now, if there was a double action—but probably you don't care for this sort of thing?"

"I don't understand it, that's all. Never mind, it's quite a common thing with me not to understand."

He alluded to Beresford's attempts to make him read and love poetry as she herself did, which were a failure, except in the direction of ballads. Now he sat on the bench, while Hugh Lake held conversation with the American about the perfections of his machine, and also about what he would scarcely admit existed, its defects, though it was a really clumsy contrivance compared with our present delft drawing-room ornaments of glittering steel and gilding, which dwell in walnut-wood nests lined with velvet, and can do everything that ever was done by adroit fingers of seamstress. This lineal ancestor of theirs possessed the solitary ability of taking several stitches (with considerable clatter) in the time of one, and those not very secure stitches either.

The young men walked away together, presently, "Oh for a little money!" exclaimed Hugh *sotto voce*, almost forgetting that his cousin was beside him.

"It is remarkable how like our reflections are," rejoined Lancelot, with a grave side-glance.

"Why, what in the world would you want with a sewing-machine?" said the other, quickly.

"Nothing, indeed. Wouldn't know what to do with it. But there are a few other uses of money besides buying a sewing-machine, eh?"

"Oh, but you know I have ceased to be a gentleman," said Hugh Lake, with sudden sneer. "I have gone . . . I spend money only on . . . or in hope of a re-

said Lancelot. "I like h of the family fire in

you. I suppose you flatter yourself you have given all that up, too! Come, you shan't escape me; I like you, cross-grained as you are, since the first time I saw you in old Etough's office. You did well to get out of that den: any way of making money, in my mind, is preferable to cooking bills of costs. I only wish my father could give him up as easily. And so you keep a shop now?"

"Just at present I am traveller for Mr. Brown," answered Lake, curtly. The little counter of the little shop at Narraghmore rose before his mind's eye, as it had been now three or four months established, with the gentle mother in her widow's cap sitting behind it, and Bessie keeping the books; and a strong yearning came into his heart to take solely the man's place of breadwinner, and lift those dear ones aside into a haven of restful drawing-room life. And he thought again of the sewing-machine as a fulcrum for the lever to accomplish all his desires.

"Listen," said Lancelot. "It isn't fair you should tell me things about yourself, while I tell you nothing. I'm just as poor as you, and poorer, for I'm not able to do anything for which anybody would pay me sixpence, except perhaps break a horse. I am stopping now with my cousin Argentine, while his father is trying to wring that appointment out of the Government. You don't know how often I'm sorely tempted to throw it all up, and turn shepherd in Australia, or try the diggings."

Hugh Lake's rather sternly-set face visibly softened.

"I thought you were the sort of man that's ashamed to work," said he, "and thinks no one can be a gentleman that does not live in idleness on the industry of others."

"I have learned differently of late," replied Lancelot. And the young men felt a warming of mutual friendship in virtue of these confessions.

"It is the third visit I have paid that American invention," said Hugh Lake. "There's a fascination about

the thing. I see the germ of a great fortune for somebody in one use of it, at all events. Suppose you had scores of them in a room, worked by a strap from a steam-engine?"

His eyes sparkled as his secret thought saw light.

"Oh for capital, capital!" he groaned. "Even a few hundreds!"

"Borrow them," suggested Lancelot.

"Look here," added the other, in a deep, suppressed tone, after a few minutes' silence. "I'll accomplish my dream yet! I'll have a great manufactory. There never was a man more determined to rise—rise at all hazards. I have not been able to sleep at night since I saw this machine, thinking what a chance it is for somebody—for me, if I had only the capital. And all the boobies within these very walls that have more money than they know what to do with! But I'm a fool to rant on thus;" and he wiped the drops from his pale, wide brow.

"Both of us are tied hand and foot without the cash," observed Lancelot. And an idea entered his head, which he afterwards worked out.

They were now in a hall lined with pictures; and where a crowd stopped, there stopped they—following a law of nature. The pause was before a painting (catalogued as by Murillo) of dusky hues and black background, containing but a single figure—that of a man stooping for a few poor clothes flung upon the ground. And what an infinite sadness overflowed the half-seen face! Much more than sorrow for personal pain or wrong; no resentment darkened it, no stoical endurance hardened the expression. Underneath was embossed in golden letters—

"With His stripes we are healed."

Ah! what a fact for the onlookers, had they only laid it to heart! An eternal reality for thee, poor butterfly of fashion, with thy costly casket of material adornings enclosing a starved soul; and for thee, tired votary of the world's pleasure or ambition, drinking continually of

the poisoned waters that make thee thirst again even to pain; and for thee, Hugh Lake, with thy highest hopes centred on the attainment of the world's pelf and place; and for thee, Lancelot Latymer, with the secret idol of human affection claiming every homage in thy soul's chambers of imagery. What a fact for us all, the greatest in the universe—if God give us grace to grasp it, and hold it fast in our heart's love until we die!

Hugh Lake went home to Narraghmore, with two or three commissions for the sale of articles unknown before in the locality; for instance, a wonderful coffee, one spoonful of which was warranted to go as far as three of any other mixture; a wonderful Diaphanous Crystal Starch, always used by the Queen of the Sandwich Islands; and a wonderful Manna Desertica, which had accomplished a million cures by the simple and agreeable process of feeding. These would all swell the little income steadily accruing from the little shop. He told his mother of the meeting with his cousin, knowing that she had a woman's yearning towards her own family; but not a word of his dream concerning the sewing-machine, which nevertheless filled all his waking hours, and caused him to spend most of his spare time making improvements at a lathe.

Has the reader ever had to descend two or three steps in life's social grade? If so, he will be aware that it is the most difficult of all performances to accomplish gracefully—like growing old to a maiden lady. Walking backwards from a throne, with all its aptness to trip, is child's play compared with this. Now, poor Mrs. Lake, who had taken one irrevocable step downwards so joyfully for love's sake, failed altogether to be graceful in any farther declension. She was not a strong-minded woman, but had blue eyes, easily moved to tears. She could not conceal her chagrin when the desperate and irrational English prejudice against the retail of goods broke out among her genteel acquaintance like an epidemic.

She felt keenly when Mrs. Tourniquet, the fashionable doctor's wife, who had always hitherto asked Bessie to her parties (in reality that she might save the cost of a professional player), ceased to do so; and it came round through kind friends that the lady regretted she could not possibly invite a girl from a shop. At such times, Mrs. Lake was angry with Hugh, and angry with herself for having yielded to him. They were certainly a little better off as to means, and Bessie had not to go out in all weathers; but in the poor lady's secret soul, poverty and gentility seemed a happier junction than comfort and contempt—the latter being indeed chiefly the offspring of her fertile fancy. Not but there were overt acts which looked like it, especially from those in a shaky position themselves. For instance, Mrs. Pennywether in the almshouse (always named by her the Buildings) paid Mrs. Lake only evening visits now, because, having been the wife of a barrister, she had a dignity that could be compromised, and her life was spent in bolstering it up. But Mrs. Lectern Lychgate, widow of a deceased archdeacon, and consequently sailing on the cream of society in Narraghmore, declared distinctly and magnanimously in all companies, that her friendship for poor dear Mrs. Lake should suffer no diminution, notwithstanding a late unfortunate step. She was determined to stand by her, knowing how unexceptionable her family was; and, after all, nobody could say it was morally wrong for her to keep a shop. And so Mrs. Lectern Lychgate visited publicly over the counter, hoped loudly that Mrs. Lake would make a fortune, assured her of her own custom and that of every friend she could influence; winding up by purchasing a two-penny spool or a quire of note-paper.

Then there was a full end, of course, to certain hopes which had budded in the widow's bosom respecting a somewhat marked partiality displayed by the parish curate for her pretty daughter. He had walked home with her a few times of

evenings; he had turned music pages for her, to the envy of contemporaneous young ladies; and in other such ways showed a preference, as unmarried clergy are wont. And sanguine Mrs. Lake, after the manner of her species, had the *trousseau* quite arranged in her favourite air-castle. But after the counter was set up in her little front parlour, and the utter vulgarity of receiving coin in exchange for honest wares took place there, all was altered. Young Brown, eldest son of the draper, had the presumption to become marked in his attentions. He had sighed at a distance previously, but now ventured to draw near, and sometimes offer small services to Mrs. and Miss Lake. He would have six times the curate's income, and was a very handsome fellow to boot; whereas the former was gaunt, wore spectacles over his strongly convex eyes, and had no end of penniless brothers and sisters. But oh, the gentility of the one alliance, and the hopeless abasement of becoming a tradesman's wife! Mrs. Lake was very icily civil to young Brown, even when he brought the earliest asparagus from their garden, aided by a staring nosegay of tulips and daffodils, without an atom of green to relieve the colours.

XIII.

MISS LATYMER.

It was at this period that Lancelot Latymer showed his utter ignorance of the world, his inexperience in society, his want of tact, and a whole set of other deplorable deficiencies, by one notable action.

He carried out the idea that had occurred to him while Hugh Lake was lamenting his need of money, and envying those who had it: he went to visit his aunt in Cheltenham, Pescara's patroness. To say that he was astonished by the appearance of this lady would be a feeble representation of the feelings he could scarcely conceal. There was a bloom on her cheek brighter than that of Beresford after a brisk ride; her smile displayed unrivalled

teeth; her hair was perhaps a shade darker than the raven's wing, and had a similar glancing of metallic lustre through its folds. Perpetual youth seemed written on her brow, in one or two lines certainly, but they were faintly traced. This woman older than his father! Yet such was the case. She was half-sister by a first marriage, and inherited solely her mother's considerable fortune.

Miss Latymer was going out for her afternoon drive, when her nephew called at the villa. She was pleased with the fine-looking young man, and took him with her.

"You needn't come, Tammadge," she observed to a tall female dressed in black silk, who sat also ready for the drive. "But Ermine shall come, because he's a sweet love of a pet," which referred to a small white curly Teneriffe dog, with pink, watery eyes and pink skin, who lay wheezing in Tammadge's arms, and was carried by her to the phaeton door. From this manner of treatment, Lancelot opined that Tammadge was the companion, and that she would not like him a bit better for having caused the snub.

"Pray allow me, my dear aunt," said Lancelot, anxious to be as civil as possible, and thinking he could relieve her of the burden of the pampered little beast, which lay in her lap and gasped, from "fatty degeneration" and good living—nevertheless made an amiable effort to bite the gentleman's fingers, when they came too near.

"Oh no, thank you, the dear thing is so cross; he never allows any one but Tammadge or myself to touch him, and even her hands are all over notches from his little teeth. Is it not true, Ermine? Are we not cross, old dog-sey wog-sey, *very* cross and snappish?" This with a considerable caress, which caused a louder wheeze from the victim of her affection. "But I do so love character, whether in dogs or human beings, Mr.—" Here she hesitated in her winning way. "I can scarcely believe I have a right to call you Lancelot; you are like any strange young gentleman to me."

"'Twill wear off," said practical Lancelot. "Perhaps 'tis because you never saw me before, aunt," was his natural explanation of the phenomenon.

"My dear Lancelot" (has the reader ever noticed how this species of affectionate wordiness generally presages a faultfinding?)—"My dear Lancelot," and the lady lowered her tones so as to escape the ears of the coachman sitting in front, "permit me to notice one little vulgarity you commit, unconsciously, I am quite sure. You will not be angry with me?" and here the smile was at its most brilliant, as the lady laid her exquisite glove on his arm, and poor Lancelot blushed furiously while he wondered of what solecism he had been guilty.

"N—no, certainly not, dear aunt," he hastened to say.

"There it is again!" Miss Latymer bridled and perhaps flushed somewhat, though the ever-during roses on her cheek rendered it a matter scarcely noticeable: "what I allude to is the continual mention of relationship, as if I were always to call you nephew Lancelot!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the obtuse youth, a light breaking in on him. "Then you will give me leave to call you—"

"Beresford, if you please. It is so pleasant to have relatives on that familiar footing when one likes them." And Lancelot had wits enough to perceive that she would like his frequent use of the permission, especially before other people; but it required some schooling of his tongue.

"Nothing is more vulgar than to obtrude one's family affairs on strangers," Miss Latymer went on, patting Ermine's curls. "What does it signify to Lady Plantagenet Pipkin, for instance (that was she in the chariot with chesnuts) whether you are my nephew or my uncle?"

"I'll do my best to look like the uncle," said Lancelot, a speech which almost ran him upon Charybdis in avoiding Scylla. He began to talk of Kyle, doing his unsophisticated best to amuse her.

"That terrible Ireland of yours!" she said, with the slight lisp which was one of her attractions. "The thought of the bogs positively makes me shudder. And to think of poor Pescara having to seek shelter there? Afar, afar from his own bright land," quoted Miss Latymer, with much feeling, from a song in which she had once achieved triumphs.

"Pescara? that's the foreigner who came to give Berry lessons," said Lancelot, with an effort of memory, in which the chief fact was that he had nearly overset that exile on the study door-mat.

"Poor Pescara! he was the only one with whom Ermine ever made friends, beside Tammadge and myself. He never tried to bite Pescara, and delighted in his Italian conversation. Do you speak Italian, Lancelot?"

"No, indeed!"

"*Povero fanciullo mio!*" observed Miss Latymer immediately to the dog, with the confidence displayed by all who speak a foreign tongue when no critic is at hand. "*Diletto mio!*"—do you remark how he pricks up his ears and looks so intelligent at the soft syllables?"

"It's a pity to waste them on him," said Lancelot gallantly, guessing that they were pet phrases. "Fancy me somebody else, and waste them on me."

"You naughty boy!" exclaimed the delighted lady. If she had had a fan she would have punished him by a coquettish blow. "Not one of all your odious sex is worthy of such words—eh, Ermine?"

For Miss Latymer was fond of publishing a most depreciatory opinion of the lords of creation *en masse*, though it must be owned that she showed no manner of repugnance to individual specimens.

Thus they passed through the fashionable resorts of Cheltenham, and the drive ended successfully enough as regarded Lancelot's ingratiating of himself, which had been that base deceiver's object from the outset. He determined that after dinner (his simple worldliness remembered to have heard somewhere

that people's hearts were more open at that period), after dinner he would do the stroke of business for which he had come. He felt like a conspirator, and that Tammadge had her eye upon him.

It was not an eye to be trifled with: persistent, severe, military. (she had been in the service once as wife of a subaltern) by some rare provision of nature it appeared to have no lids, and certainly had no lashes, which produced a general effect of sleepless vigilance. Lancelot, entering the dining-room with his aunt upon his arm (Miss Latymer rather *decolletée*, because she formerly boasted a fine pair of shoulders), was conscious of Tammadge's eye directly. She was standing behind a chair on which reposed the odious Ermine; and in all her attentions to that animal, and subsequently to her own dinner, through soup, fish, entrees, second course, and whatever else has been invented to spin out the meal for idle folk, Lancelot felt that her watchfulness of himself never relaxed. He tried propitiation, and unfortunately began by mistaking her for an unmarried person; but it being her great subject of pride, that she had actually borne the rank which she saw daily striven for by numerous young women as if it were the crown and sum of human existence, and which arrived to herself rather late, she did not leave him long in ignorance.

"I have the misfortune to be a widow, sir," was what she said, covering him with confusion.

"Oh, how thoughtless I am!" exclaimed Miss Latymer, with the air of a giddy young thing. "I ought to have told you that Tammadge was a widow. However, it does not signify, and I am sure she looks much more like an old maid, don't you, Tammadge?"

"Yes, Miss Latymer," was the reply. Snub the second to be laid to innocent Lancelot's charge! So the eyes said, relentless.

After two such incidents, Lancelot felt it would be impossible to allude before Tammadge to his great subject. Even his aunt's

good wine could not give him courage for such a facing of the enemy. He must defer the operation, and opened the door for the two ladies, napkin in hand, with a rather rueful countenance.

"Don't stay too long over the claret," said Miss Latymer, playfully, holding up her finger. "Remember the Irish airs!"

Once she had been a graceful figure at a harp, and was famous for the *pose* of her arm; she could not forget old victories, which is indeed a fatal defect with many among women; and one of the few things that she could tolerate, connected with her native land, was its wild, sad music, tamed into the measure of the "Melodies." How often had she been encored by a fashionable audience in "The harp that once," with special applause for her *coup* of breaking a string in the last stanza, to illustrate the more difficult breaking of a heart!

Lancelot walked up and down the pretty dining-room, thinking chiefly of somebody in that objectionable Ireland, until he saw a shawled figure, in a wide-leaved straw hat, appear among the annuals in the garden outside. It had a slender rake in its hand, and proceeded to imitate rural work, extirpating incipient groundsel and bind-weed. Here was the opportunity! Tammadge was off guard. He found that the casement opened like a door, and was quickly at the fair gardener's side, which cost her a little nervous start. We may commend the conversation.

"Fond of flowers"—"adore them"—"language of ditto"—where Lancelot became stranded, and received a lesson on the spot, proposing to his aunt, under her instruction, by presenting to her a bud of pink moss-rose.

"Now you can practise that piece of knowledge with the next young lady you choose to fall in love with," she observed.

"Ah!" said he, obeying a sudden impulse to essay enlisting her sympathies, "that is done once and for ever!"

He guessed rightly that she would

be interested, a story of love and constancy was always fresh in her ears, although Tammadge read to her all the new novels, in which the subject is worn pretty threadbare. Lancelot dwelt strongly on the poverty which prevented their union, on his father's hereditary embarrassments, Hugh's extravagance in India, which reduced the family finances to the lowest ebb, notwithstanding his double pay; his own desire to work and retrieve all, if he had but the means to begin. "And, my dear aunt," forgetting all prohibitions, "you have received me so kindly that I venture to hope you will not refuse me."

The rake ceased its traceries over the fine mould, and lay ominously still. Over the face shaded by the broad Leghorn, over the mouth that he could see, came quite a new expression.

He plunged in *medias res*; told frankly of his mercenary design in coming to visit her, even a design on her purse. To speak plainly, he had heard that she had been kind enough to name him in her will for a handsome sum. Would she give him a small part of it now, to enable him to go to Australia, where men were making fortunes at the diggings?

After saying a great deal, most convincingly as he thought, he was struck by Miss Latymer's silence, which suddenly checked his eloquence as with a hose of cold water. She was looking at him steadfastly, and out of her grey eyes had gone all the youthfulness; their glance was sharp and concentrated as steel.

"You are either a great simpleton or a great rogue," she said, slowly, and was quite devoid of the lisp. "Which is it?"

"Miss Latymer—"

"Who is this young lady? I don't know the name, but it sounds plebeian. You say her father had just bought a property in the neighbourhood; he may be some mere parvenu. I shall write to my brother, and let you know the result." She raked a little further among the roots of the standard

roses, and nearly smothered a heart's-ease with unmerited earth, before she added, "Now you may come in and listen to the Irish airs."

Lancelot understood that he was pardoned for the present, but his hopes were too desperately dashed to admit of his pleasant mood returning. The most miserable of the Irish airs gave him a sombre satisfaction.

"The Signor liked the patriotic melodies best. His eyes used to fill with tears at 'Go where glory waits thee'; he looked ready to be off next train. Did you notice the scar on his cheek? What a tale that could have told! A most interesting refugee he was, but far too susceptible in every way for his own happiness, poor fellow!"

Thus, and by similar hints, Miss Latymer would fain convey the impression that Pescara was an admirer of a person whom she did not think proper to name; a hopeless admirer, departed into additional exile on this account. *Quien sabe?* as the Spaniards say; who knows? perhaps she believed it herself.

Lancelot stayed on at her invitation, more because he did not know what else to do, than from any other motive. Though not doubting the tenor of his father's reply, he hoped to make another appeal effectual when that crisis came. Except in Tammadge's eyes he saw no remembrance of his presumption; but that eye remembered everything to everybody's disadvantage perpetually.

One day that he was at breakfast with her (for Miss Latymer never appeared till noon) he perceived that the damaging letter had arrived, and that his matter was decided. For never had Mrs. Tammadge been so affable; she was almost cordial. The change struck him with the sort of awe one should feel if a lioness came capering about one like a cat. And, when summoned to his aunt's morning-room, he foreknew that it was simply to receive sentence.

Miss Latymer was majestically severe, as she lay back in her charming *negligé* costume, trimmed

with azure (mauve had not yet been invented, nor Magenta fought). She could not have believed that the taste of a Latymer could have so degenerated; that any one of their name and lineage could have condescended to think of marrying a person out of a shop. And to Lancelot's protest against this statement, she added, "Well, whose father kept a shop, which comes to precisely the same thing."

In the narrow (and happily narrowing) segment of society, which this lady called "the world," the heaviest opprobrium rested on any connection with "business"—unless, indeed, it was of gigantic mercantile or manufacturing importance. Then the vastness of its revenues redeemed it, and Business might sit unproved beside Birth. But it were better for a young man to be a well-born profligate, than an honest fellow working his way, so far as his reception in "society" was concerned. As for the wives and daughters of such people, no matter how refined, highly-educated, virtuous, noble-minded, there could be no question about their admission at all. They were hopelessly *oi polloi*; and whose was the loss of their exclusion? If they only knew how stupid, how rapid, how intolerably wearisome, Miss Latymer's congeners and companions are apt to become!

Listen to a deep thinker;—"Two great errors, discolouring severally the minds of the higher and the lower classes, have sown wide dissension, and wider misfortune, through the society of modern days. These errors are, in our modes of interpreting the word 'gentleman.'" Of which the false idea is—"a man living in idleness on other people's labour," while "the lower classes, denying vigorously, and with reason, the notion that a gentleman means an idler, and rightly feeling that the more any one works the more of a gentleman he becomes, and is likely to become," have, nevertheless, held "another falsehood that race was of no consequence. . . . Gentlemen have to learn that it is no

part of their duty or privilege to live on other people's toil; that there is no degradation in the hardest manual, or the humblest servile, labour, when it is honest. But that there is degradation, and that deep, in extravagance, in bribery, in indolence, in pride, in taking places they are not fit for, or in coining places for which there is no need."

We have not wandered so far as may be imagined from Miss Latymer's morning-room and its reasonings.

Presently she essayed a coaxing tone. Could Lancelot not give her up—this little Irish love of his? It would please his father so much; and he could easily find somebody at Cheltenham just as pretty, and with fortune enough to make *his* fortune. "You know you are a very handsome fellow, Lancelot," was the last shaft.

He was impervious, having no vanity, and being so accustomed to his good looks as never to think about them. Generally only those who are doubtful or desirous on the subject are really vain.

Now it happened that the same day, whether from driving too long in a hot sun, or from her oburgations to her nephew on an exciting subject, or other occult cause, Miss Latymer came to dinner with a headache. It did not disappear before salts or sal-volatile; it drove her to her apartments; it consigned her to bed, with all the raven hair under a mob-cap, and the rose-colour washed from her cheeks. Lancelot received a request that he would remain, as his aunt was not well, during the delivery of which message Mrs. Tammadge's eye informed him that he was the party guilty of this illness.

Next morning there was no improvement; she had had bad dreams, and was hot and restless. Mr. Epsom came and felt her pulse. Now Miss Latymer was never sick but she was dying; she suspected half-a-dozen sorts of fever, and Epsom was a greyheaded practitioner, who had arrived at eminence by making it a point never to commit himself by a definite de-

claration of any kind; so she did not extract much comfort from him. Tammadge was directed to return the last set of novels to the circulating library, and read aloud instead from "the Whole Duty of Man," beginning where there was a mark since the last time her patroness had been ill. More and more lugubrious became the poor lady's thoughts towards evening. Illness was a terrible bughbear to her, though she could have borne the worst with equanimity, except for its possible ending. Death! it was so awful a thought that she could have shrieked for fear.

Not merely from physical fear, though her emollient and self-indulgent manner of life was not calculated to encourage fortitude, but from that deadliest of all miseries, the dread of the Unknown and the Eternal. Her belief was nothing; it crushed like a rush under an attempt to lean upon it; there was no "substance of things hoped for," though she could, doubtless, have passed a respectable examination in the creeds. She went to church regularly, like everybody else in her respectable world: a place to appear well-dressed and well-looking was church, likewise to hear a sermon, and see one's acquaintances. She was even quite zealous for some minor points of church-etiquette and ceremonial. But she brought nothing from the sacred services that could sustain her in a sick room, though she fully intended to become "good" some day.

When Mr. Epsom looked graver at eventide (he was not renowned for curing his rich patients too quickly), her fright increased. She reckoned up in her mind the mysterious number of her years (a number which even Tammadge could only guess at), and thought how much less chance their sum total gave her of life than she would have had thirty or thirty-five years before. Oh for youth again! lovely, unattainable, glorious, golden youth! She envied the healthy housemaid, whose age was twenty-two, simply because of the unexpired lease of life that probably lay in front of her.

And all this while she might have known, and been happy in the knowledge, that an Almighty Friend has for His people "abolished death"—O words of power and peace!—and given them, even during the present evil world, to walk and act in the glad consciousness of "an endless life."

Has the reader ever felt in his heart what that is—to know that death is a mere episode in the midst of overflowing, imperishable life—a single event opening a career that shall never end? When a man becomes a Christian, he is lifted at once upon the everlasting hills of God, out of the swamps and mists of time; his horizon is enlarged until mortal vision fails to grasp its vastness, the narrow circle of human existence spreads into a life boundless as his Saviour's. "Because I live," saith Christ, "ye shall live also."

For a few days Miss Latymer's indisposition seemed only deepening, and then came the era which the experienced Tammadge knew would come, the era of vows and promises, of sacrifices from Mammon to the shrine of life. The sick lady very nearly made a resolution against rouge and the Negrilian hair fluid. But dearer to her was her appearance than her money; so she tried casting some of the latter overboard first. She always relaxed her hold upon it in proportion as she thought herself in danger; and at such a juncture a nice little settlement had been made once upon the excellent Mrs. Tammadge. At such a juncture, likewise, had considerable sums found their way to the donation lists of certain charitable institutions, and at present Lancelot's request came to mind, as involving a suitable propitiation and peace-offering.

SUMMER-TIME.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONCE more the summer sun is on the land,
The summer heaven beams blue above the hills,
The silvery green of waves is on the strand,
Light flashes from the lonely mountain rills,
The old deserted fane, the castle ruin grey,
Are mantled with bright robes that glorify decay.

The summer flowers are bending to the breeze,
Wafting sweet odours on the gentle gale;
The cool moss gleams beneath the forest trees,
And in the rocky glen and quiet vale
The fragile briar-rose her graceful wreath has twined,
And woodbine sheds its fragrance on the evening wind.

Joy is on all the land—the summer land!—
For all things wear their beauty as of old.
No surges now break o'er the rippled sand;
The snow-cloud and the wintry-blast so cold
Have passed away, and, crowned with garlands bright and glad,
The green earth in her festal robes is richly clad.

The loveliness of parted days comes back:
Ever the year restores the time of flowers,
Ever the birds retrace their breezy track,
And weave their tiny homes in leafy bowers:
All glorious things and bright come back in summer's train.
Not all! Oh, sunny hours, ye give not *all* again;

Ye bring not back the treasures of our youth—
 The light, the joy, the love returns no more !
 Where is the eye of fire, the heart of truth,
 Our gladness and our trust in days of yore ?
 Oh, summer days, ye bring the sap to leafless trees,
 The hues to flowers and skies ; but oh, ye bring not these !

What though our woodland haunts be fair with life ?
 We roam no more with loved ones at our side ;
 What reck's it that our ancient paths are rife
 With tender blossoms meet to deck a bride—
 That leaves, and winds, and waters sing upon their way,
 While one familiar voice is silent, and for aye ?

Oh, mother earth ! thou art so calm, so fair !
 Thou givest back the violet and the rose ;
 Light to the greenwood paths, and song to air ;
 The purple grape to autumn's golden close :—
 Give back for one brief hour the treasures of the grave—
 Restore the dead, the *loved*—the sleepers 'neath the wave !

And the earth answered—"Cease thy sad, vain quest,
 I hold not back the idols of the heart !
 The mouldering *dust*, I claim my promised guest,
 A little while, till I myself depart.
They dwell in light and glory, and their changeless love
 Lives on with hope and faith, and all high things above.

"Perchance the dead are near thee, in the hours,
 When most thy spirit feels herself alone :
 Who knows what visitings from angel-bowers,
 Have soothed thy tears, have hushed thy sigh and moan ?
 Child of mortality ! the glorious world unseen
 Is ever with thee and around, tho' hangs a veil between !

"A veil that wears the thinner, day by day,
 The glory sometimes glimmering from within,
 And *THEY* are there, in beautiful array :
 No tears, no pain, no weariness, no sin
 Dashes their joy's full cup—the robe, the crown, the palm,
 Are theirs for evermore, and theirs the eternal calm !

"Have patience ! greet the summer flowers with joy ;
 Their pure, sweet lives are gifts from God to thee.
 Let earnest works of love thy days employ,
 And keep thy heart in stedfast purity.
 Hope on, bear on ! when thou at last shalt win the prize,
 The way, tho' dark, will seem a swift one to the skies.

"And *THEN*, the soul's perfected summer-time !—
 All, all restored, that once was borne away :—
 Beauty that dies not, fades not from its prime :
 Love, changing not, nor subject to decay ;
 Lift up thy heart ! thank God for summer's rosy hours,
 But wait thy perfect bliss in heaven's immortal bowers."

[NOTE.—These verses have appeared before, in a Serial with which the Editor was connected : they are now reprinted, at the urgent request of many friends.—EDITOR, "C. W. M."] .

GOOD WORKS.

BY THE REV. W. LANDELS.

It is strange that evangelical religion should be thought unfavourable to the proper conduct of life. The mistake—for mistake it certainly is—shews very strikingly how the misrepresentation of a system, if persisted in, will blind men not only to its essential qualities, but to the account which it gives of itself. So far from the gospel being inimical to good works, one sees not how it could bear stronger testimony in their favour. Although men can never by means of them establish a claim to salvation, although that in every case is to be freely received, they are on no account to be dispensed with. The faith of the gospel is evidenced by works. What we are appears not so much in what we *profess* as in what we *do*—"By their fruits ye shall know them." Good works are not merely an incidental result; they are the great end of the new creation. They form the material of the future judgment, and determine both the nature and degree of the final award. A most remarkable and impressive testimony to their importance is borne by the manner in which they are mentioned in the letters which our Lord addressed through John to the Churches of Asia Minor. That glorious Being who "walketh amidst the seven golden candlesticks," whose "eyes are like lamps of fire," whose awful majesty so oppressed the beloved and most favoured disciple that he "fell at his feet as dead," addressing seven Churches in succession, commences in each case with this solemn announcement, "*I know thy works.*" Not, I know thy profession, or thy creed, or thy feelings, or thy resolutions, but *I know thy works*; as if He wished it to be understood that, knowing their works, He rightly estimated their character, and that His knowledge would determine His treatment of them and the sentence He would pronounce on them at last.

All this is very conclusive as to

the importance of good works, or of personal goodness as evinced in works; and in all there is nothing at variance with the fact that men are saved by grace. The two things harmonize perfectly; each complements and supports the other; as we hope presently to shew.

Men need to be saved in order that they may work rightly. An unsaved man is, as regards his state, condemned already. As regards his character, he is corrupt and depraved; and his wrong-doing is the indication and fruit of his corrupt and depraved nature. Now were he by his own works to obtain freedom from condemnation, the freedom so obtained would exert no salutary influence on his character. Being indebted for it to himself alone, it would induce neither humility nor gratitude. Instead of subduing selfishness and pride, it would foster both, until he became self-righteous as the Pharisees of old, who were the most inwardly rotten, albeit the most outwardly correct of all the persecutors of our Lord.

But the very supposition is absurd. In his present state his works cannot possibly better his position. They are as he himself is; neither better nor worse. The fruit partakes of the quality of the tree. If he be corrupt, they are corrupt; if he be depraved, they are depraved. They are the expressions or outflowings of his own nature. And it is absurd to suppose that he can obtain freedom from condemnation by the expression of those feelings for which he has been condemned. No works of his can better his legal condition, when they spring from the state of heart which has made that condition what it is.

Accordingly, before he can perform any works really good, he must be placed in a new position. He wants a *locus standi* from which to start on a course of goodness. There must be a clearing away of past liabilities—a cancelling of old debts—

an acquittal for all past offences. There must be this, first, because he cannot procure it by any works of his own; secondly, because until he has obtained it he is not in a state of mind for working rightly; inasmuch as the sense of condemnation awakens that slavish terror and that exclusive regard to self by which all his efforts are vitiated.

For this cancelling of the past he must of course be exclusively indebted to grace. Unable to procure it for himself, he can only receive it as God's free gift. Receiving it thus, feelings of gratitude and humility are awakened. The fear which represses it being removed, love comes into play. He loves Him who has so graciously, so generously forgiven his offences, and freed him from all apprehension of punishment. His nature is renewed. His works are prompted by new feelings. He is the partaker of a new life from which his works spring, and of whose qualities they partake. With no feeling of self-righteousness, with no sense of merit, nor yet from that absorbing selfishness induced by the fear of hell, but from gratitude for sins forgiven, in a spirit of humility and devotion, he performs those works which are good in themselves and acceptable in the sight of God.

It is thus that the importance of good works consists with the doctrine of salvation by grace. Our salvation is really the transformation of our own nature; at least, that is, its highest and ultimate part. To be saved is to be freed not so much from external danger as from disorder in ourselves, to have our own disordered sinful nature put right—purified and brought into harmony with the Divine will. Thus our works are important as the fruit and indication of what we are. They are the expression of our character; they shew whether we have been saved or not—whether or not we have undergone the transforming process which makes men new creatures. As fruits they testify unmistakably to the qualities of the tree which bears them. If our works are not good, other proof of our own bad-

ness need not be adduced. By our own acts and out of our own mouth we are condemned.

But good works are important on other grounds. *As a general rule the things we work are of greatest value to us.* "The joys of conquest are the joys of men." Infants need to be nursed and fed by the hand of another; in childhood we require to have all things provided for us; but as we advance towards manhood our purest, highest joys are those whose acquisition calls into vigorous exercise our various powers. That which is inherited or gratuitously received is not so precious to us as if it were earned by toil or struggle. A fortune to which a man is born, or a fortune descending to him unexpectedly by some lucky windfall, or acquired by some chance stroke, yields him far less enjoyment than if it were gradually and patiently accumulated by industry and skill. A kingdom inherited is nothing like a kingdom won. Take the heir of so many broad acres, who has been accustomed from his earliest years to anticipate their possession, and in his father's house has been constantly surrounded with the luxuries which they supply,—or the heir to a throne, who has been surrounded from his infancy with regal state and splendour,—these can never find such enjoyment in their possessions as the once poor man whose painstaking industry has made him the lord of those broad acres, or the soldier who by his genius and courage has fought his way to the throne. Hence, to be high-born or wealthy-born is in some respects a disadvantage. It is so when the position is so elevated as to preclude or hinder an advance; because, although the man has the joy of possession, the greater joy of acquisition is denied to him. And instead of saying, as we do, that the son is more favourably situated than his father was, when that father, though born in poverty, has raised himself until he can leave his family in wealth; we should, did we look deeper and think more soundly, prefer the father's starting-point to the son's. Even to those who earn wealth there is generally more plea-

sure in the acquisition than the possession. There is a pleasurable excitement in seeking an object, especially if the seeker be animated by the prospect of success, for which the satisfaction of having is often an inadequate compensation; and the disappointment which is sometimes felt and expressed when a man has gained his end, is not always owing to the thing which was sought proving to be of less worth than it seemed, but to the fact that the possession has brought to a close the excitement of the pursuit.

In some measure this principle holds good in reference to higher things. I do not mean, of course, that possession there is followed by disappointment, but only that our work is to a large degree the measure of our happiness, and that our highest joys are the results of faithful labour. They must strive who would enter in at the strait gate. They must run with perseverance the Christian race who would obtain the heavenly prize. They must fight the good fight of faith who would lay hold on eternal life. They are labourers who enjoy the rest. They are not only soldiers but conquerors who receive celestial honours. It is to him that overcometh that all those promises are given which in the letters to the Churches are held out to view for the encouragement of the saints. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." "He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death." "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." "He that overcometh and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations." "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels." "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more

out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name." "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne."

If there seem to be any discrepancy between these statements and what we have previously said of the freeness of salvation, it is only on the surface. Looking a little deeper, we discover their essential harmony. All that we say of the freeness of salvation relates only to the terms on which it is proffered to us. Effort is not needed to bring it within our reach; merit is not needed to give us the title to it. We receive it in the simplest possible way; and yet it is true that a great struggle attends its reception, and that this greatest of God's gifts is not conferred as a premium on man's love of ease, but is the reward of his earnest endeavour. All who have passed through the crisis of the new birth know that, because of our nature's aversion to the conditions of salvation, a mighty struggle takes place before it is received. A struggle is necessary to resist the temptations to its rejection by which we are constantly assailed. A struggle is necessary to prevent the world blinding us to the things which belong to our peace. A struggle is necessary to withdraw the attention from the various objects which distract it, and fix it on Divine realities. A struggle is necessary to overcome the self-righteous tendencies of our nature, and to bring and keep ourselves in the state of mind in which we are prepared to receive salvation freely. And after it has been received the struggle is not over. The same self-righteous tendency has still to be resisted, the same temptations have still to be overcome, the same watchfulness is necessary to prevent the world's usurping the place of Christ. It introduces not to a life of idleness, but to a life of labour. We are placed on the course that we may run the race. We are made

partakers of a new life that that life may prompt us to and develope itself in all holy activities. We are enlisted in the Lord's army that we may fight the Lord's battles. We are made members of the Lord's household that we may do the Lord's work. We are ransomed by His blood and made partakers of His grace that we may serve Him with all our powers. And proportioned to our diligence and activity in His service is the amount of joy which His service yields. Thus, even as regards God's free gift, there is an intimate connection between our happiness and our work.

Perhaps nothing so clearly shews how much our enjoyment is identified with our efforts as the fact that the reward of working is an increase of work. How significant are those words of our Lord, "Every branch in me that bringeth forth fruit, he purgeth that it may bring forth more fruit." The reward of work is not cessation from work, but an increased capacity for working. God expresses His approval of what we have done not by bidding us cease to do, but by giving us the power and opportunity of doing greater things still. And with good reason; for there is nothing better which He can bestow upon His chosen, nothing more to be desired than the enjoyment which flows from activity in His service. We sometimes say, "Work is worship." Whether it be so on earth or not, it is so in heaven. Work is worship there, and blessedness too; for the redeemed that are before the throne serve God day and night in His temple. Their highest honour—to be employed by Him; their greatest enjoyment—the pleasure which flows from the harmonious exercise of all their powers in the fulfilment of His righteous will.

Good works are valuable because of their durability. They abide with us for ever. The time comes when of all we have inherited or acquired, or even wrought, nothing will remain to our advantage, but the goodness which has been produced, not indeed by our own strength, but certainly through our own instru-

mentality, in ourselves or others. A man's riches then will consist not in the worldly advantages which were bequeathed to him, nor in the worldly success with which fortune has favoured him, nor in the worldly fame which he has won, but solely in the good works which he has done. It is possible for some men, by skilfully planning and laboriously toiling, and carefully saving and hoarding, to become immensely rich. Like the fool in the gospel, they may add house to house, and field to field, and barn to barn, saying, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." But what will such possessions be worth when God shall say, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee?" Bank-notes have no current value in the invisible world. The cheque has not yet been signed which shall be honoured there. Even sterling gold is treated as worthless dross; and boundless worldly wealth can purchase no portion in the inheritance of the just. Others, directing their attention to art, may acquire for themselves an enviable renown. They may chisel the rough stone into forms of beauty and grandeur, and cause the canvas to glow not only with blended colours, but with forms and features expressive of lofty thought and emotion; so that men shall be held spell-bound before their magnificent productions, and the voice of fame shall extol their genius, and hand their names down to successive generations. But if their works awaken no holy feeling in the beholder, and incite to the performance of no holy deed, what of all they have done will remain to them when

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
And all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind?"

Others, devoting themselves to literature, may produce a treatise or a poem, evolving principles which will regulate the politics or the commerce of nations, striking out great

thoughts which shall flash like electric fire through other minds. But even these, if they contain nothing morally good, will yield them no profit throughout future ages. The time comes when the ear shall be deaf to the voice of fame, and the soul shall have no taste for worldly renown, when of all the riches which a man has gathered he will have nothing which he can call his own. Yea, a time comes when all earthly things—books and parchments, title-deeds, bank-notes, all material wealth, all works of art, however magnificent, all that man values, all that he cleaves to, all that he covets or admires, however valuable, shall perish in one general conflagration. Not so the good works that we have done. Death can neither destroy nor snatch them away. Even the commotions and convulsions of the day of doom cannot destroy them. In the fires of that day not one atom of virtue shall perish. True goodness is indestructible. There is no force in the universe which hath power to destroy it. God values it more than all material things, and will care for it more. *These* are nothing to Him who has heaven for His throne, and the earth for his footstool; *that* is His own image. He beholds in it the reflection of Himself. His complacent regard rests on it. And when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the earth and all that is therein shall be burned up, He will extend His protection to all in whom it is found, claiming them as His jewels, and sparing them as a man spareth his own son who serveth him.

Concerning the holy dead, it is written that "their works do follow them." They are never done with them. They follow them for ever. *In their memory they follow them*, yielding them as much, or more, delight in the retrospect than in the performance; the vivid recollection even of struggles once painful, proving a source of holiest joy. The rude stone, little noticed by the mountain traveller as he trudges on amid rain and storm, appears, when in the sunshine he looks back upon it, to be suddenly transformed.

Every drop of rain that trickles down its sides sparkles like a diamond in the sun; and the rough grey stone appears to be a monument of flashing glory. And that stone which the good man erects in his pilgrimage as the memorial of some painful struggle, bedewing it with the tears with which he performed his difficult and sorrowful task—difficult and sorrowful because of the sacrifice of feeling with which it required to be done—that memorial stone will appear all glorious when seen in the light of a better world. The tears which bedewed it, sparkling like gems, clothe it with rainbow brightness. It stands as a monument to his honour, on which he reads with unspeakable delight, "Here I fought and conquered. Here I wrestled and overcame. Here I engaged in conflict with the powers of evil, and toiled to advance my Master's cause. Here I sowed in tears the harvest I now reap in joy." Thus in their memory their works do follow them. They follow them in their *influences*. Sometimes our efforts are attended with few or no tangible results. In so far as others are concerned we toil almost or altogether in vain. And those who look only at such results are apt to conclude that their labours are fruitless. Let such, however, be assured that on the worker at least holy effort exerts an influence which can never be lost. That racer, toil as he may, may not secure the coveted prize. A more able competitor may bear it away. But you cannot on that account deprive him of the benefit of the race and the previous training. You cannot rob him of the broader chest and compacter muscle, and more elastic step, and increase of capability and health. And so, though our efforts may not have been so successful as we could have desired in promoting the welfare of our fellow men; though looking at the few they have influenced some may be disposed to pronounce them failures; they are not lost if they have made—as they could not fail to make us—better men. If I have become more godlike through

the godlike endeavours, if my mastery over myself has been increased by self-sacrifice, if my heart has been enlarged by the cultivation of generous feeling, if my prayer has strengthened the devotional element of my nature and brought me into more harmonious fellowship with God, these things will abide with me yonder; and, apart from any reward that may be conferred upon them, will constitute to some extent at least the blessedness of my immortal life. *They follow them in their results.* Not only does every good exert on the man who performs it a salutary influence, the Scriptures teach that in addition to, and apart from, that influence every such work receives a Divine reward. This is true even of those works which have not been successful in influencing others for good; for God looks to the motive rather than to the result, and will reward with some token of His approval the act which has made us holier and better, whether it has had the same effect on others or not. But especially is it true of those works which have issued in the salvation of others. We have spoken hypothetically of such works as failing in their immediate object. Not that we think they can altogether fail. Faithful labour for others' good, will, we believe, be rendered, through the Divine blessing, more or less successful; and whenever it succeeds a joy follows which only the successful labourer knows. Others receive a reward, but no one else attains to the fulness of his joy or the brightness of his crown who succeeds in saving souls from death.

The same law operates in this as in lower things. The man who does his utmost to save a fellow creature from drowning or to rescue him from a burning house, is rewarded in some measure, though he does not succeed. He enjoys the satisfaction of knowing that he has done his duty, and the moral elevation which is the result of his heroic attempt. But he has not the peculiar joy which success yields—the joy of

looking on the fellow mortal whom he has rescued, and beholding his gratitude and joy, with the supremely blissful consciousness—I have been instrumental in saving his life; but for me he would have been burned to death, or have found a watery grave. We can very well conceive that such a thought would yield a man a joy so long as life or consciousness lasted; a joy for the lack of which nothing else would compensate.

And inasmuch as the soul's welfare is more precious than the bodily life—inasmuch as the jeopardy is greater, and the consequences of deliverance still more important—a still higher joy attends the consciousness—I have been instrumental in saving that soul from death; but for me he would have been dishonouring God, and enduring the agonies of hell. Blissful surely must that thought be above every other. Nor can any one realize the blessedness it yields save he who has been honoured with such success.

Let the reader cast his thoughts upward for a moment to the final blessedness of the glorified, and try to imagine what must be the feelings of the man who knows that through his instrumentality they are where and what they are. Suppose that their entrance to heaven has preceded his own. Then what a joy must it be to receive their greetings as he enters—to be told that while all they enjoy is the gift of God's grace, and the fruit of the Saviour's mediation, they owe it instrumentally to him; that he first made them acquainted with the Saviour's love, and led them to the fountain where they have washed their robes and made them white; and taught them to sing that new song which now they shall sing for evermore. And what a joy to be led by them to the foot of the throne, where, amid their glad acclamations, the Saviour's lips shall pronounce his eulogy, and the Saviour's hand place on his brow the brighter crown of those who turn many to righteousness, and shine as stars in the kingdom of heaven for ever! Or, supposing

him to have entered first ; what joy, what rapture, will it be to witness their entrance, or to be told when he meets them how much they are his debtors, how much, under grace, they owe to his labours and his prayers; and when, taking no credit to himself, he presents them to the Saviour as the fruit of his life's labours; and, realizing all the blessedness of what he has done, he ascribes to Christ all the glory, bowing with them before the throne and saying, "Here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me."

How vast, how pure, how elevated this joy, he must die to ascertain. But even this will be augmented and intensified by the influence exerted on other beings through all the ranks of sinless intelligence, from the lowliest ministering spirit to the cherubim who stand with veiled face in the blaze of the Divine glory, and even to Him who sits upon the throne. For He knows that of every one who has been saved through his instrumentality their conversion first, and their entrance to heaven afterwards caused joy among the angels of God, and their presence there adds to the brightness of the Redeemer's crown, and forms part of the fruit of His soul's travail, and the joy which was set before Him when on our account He endured the cross and despised the shame. And even this is not all, good works as well as bad works have a tendency to reproduce themselves. The probability is that the souls he has won have been instrumental in saving others; and these again in saving others; and those others still beyond, and so on through link after link in ever lengthening and ever multiplying chains, so that the influence of his good deeds is flowing out in ever widening circles, and will continue to flow while the world endures. And when he knows that their salvation also gave joy to angels through all their shining ranks, and to the universe of holy worlds, and that their entrance into heaven will minister joy again; and, above all, when he knows that their presence there will also through eternity

augment the Redeemer's joy and the brightness of His crown while it adds to the splendour of his own—it seems little to say then that his joy will be full; it seems little to say that ecstatic pleasure must thrill through every part of his being, and the full heart overflow with rapture. We say all this, we might say more than all this; but after we had done so, we should still come far short of the reality. Words cannot describe, thought cannot picture the reward of the man whose works do thus follow him in their results.

Good works are the sole ground of reward in the day of final reckoning. Other things materially influence the estimate which men form of us now; other things will not affect the verdict which God pronounces on our character, or the reward which He bestows at last. Great opportunities are sometimes mistaken for great virtues. The man of affluent means or lofty position, or superior talents and attainments, is thought worthy of honour now. Then he will only be deemed worthy of honour in so far as he is found to have used them well. Of themselves they will only cause us to be judged by a higher standard, and in case of their having been neglected or misused expose us to a severer condemnation. Great pretensions frequently impose on others here. The assumption of importance, a lofty tone and manner, if well sustained, albeit there is little or no real worth to back it, will secure for you the deference of many; for there are men who judge of us according to the estimate which we form of ourselves. Hereafter such assumption will go for nothing, except that it will render us more contemptible when the reality is found to come so far short of the pretence. Now men are often judged less by their efforts than by the success which attends them. Men look for visible and tangible results before they will give one credit for what he does. The preacher who can draw a large congregation and preach in a manner which impresses many, the tradesman who

has succeeded in business so that he can give large contributions to the cause of God; these are the heroes of the modern Church. And certainly such results are not to be made light of. But O, it is not by these things that God will regulate the final reward. The man who has toiled in obscurity, his talents fitting him only to address a few, may receive more than he who has attracted and impressed thousands. The poor man's mite may count for more than the magnificent offerings of the rich. For neither the material nor the spiritual results of an effort determine its value; but the amount of soul which enters into it, the sacrifice of comfort and of feeling with which it is done. If we labour earnestly and faithfully, whether our opportunities and talents be few or many, whether the visible result be great or small, great and glorious will be our reward. We may not have the peculiar joy of seeing many saved by our instrumentality, but our labour will not be lost, God will render to us, not according to our success but according to our works. He will not suffer the smallest effort to be uncompensated or unnoticed. "The cup of cold water given to a disciple in Christ's name shall not lose its reward." And while the smallest shall not be unrequited, the reward shall rise in proportion to the effort. He who honours every righteous work will shower the highest honours on those who work most diligently. Where the efforts are but occasional and the contributions stinted, it were madness to expect the reward of

those who are instant in season and out of season, and abounding in every good work. They must emulate Paul's zeal and devotedness who would share at last in his honours and his joys.

The moral of our paper then is, Let us be up and doing. Let us work while it is day. Christian work may be painful; it may demand struggle and entail sacrifice, but the blessing which it brings is worthy of the price. Has the reader soul enough for the conflict? Have you counted, and are you willing to bear the cost? O, let not craven fear or lazy self-indulgence debar you from the glorious prize. Determine, rather, in God's strength to fight and conquer, to work and win, cost what it may. Let this be your resolution, "I will engage in the struggle that I may gain the victory. I will bear the present hardship for the sake of the final triumph. I will cut off the right hand and pluck out the right eye, feel the iron enter into the soul, if at the last I may stand in God's presence a conqueror, bearing the scars of conflict but crowned with the garland of victory; happy in the consciousness that my struggles have made me strong, that by pain I have been purified, and by efforts ennobled; happy in the acclamations of those who hail me conqueror, and the gratitude of those whom my labours have won; happy most of all in the approval of Him who sits upon the throne, and who in the hearing of the heavenly host will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE STORY OF THE OLD SOHO FACTORY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

MANY a school-boy has quickened his sauntering footsteps at the sight of something bright and glittering in his path. It seemed to be a silver coin, but after rubbing and looking carefully for the image and superscription, he was compelled to resign himself to disappointment; he had found only the remains of a bright

button. The large metal buttons with which our grandfathers decorated themselves a century ago, required for their manufacture presses that were capable of being used for making counterfeit coin. The Birmingham button makers were sharp-witted men. The shortest road to wealth has many attractions, and it

is not surprising that some of the "Brums," not troubled with scrupulous consciences, thought that the quickest method of obtaining money was to make it for themselves, instead of following the somewhat circuitous way of making buttons and selling them. Mr. Smiles remarks that, "though profitable, the prosecution of this branch of business was by no means unattended with risks. While some, who pursued it on a large scale, contrived to elevate themselves among the monied class, others, less fortunate, secured an elevation of a very different kind; one of the grimmest sights in those days being the skeletons of convicted coiners dangling from gibbets on Handsworth Heath." It was estimated in the year 1753, that not less than half the copper coin in circulation was counterfeit, and it is probable that a very large proportion of this had been manufactured in Birmingham. Mr. Boulton might have done largely in this way had he been so disposed. He writes: "I lately received a letter from a Jew about making for him a large quantity of base money, but should be sorry ever to become so base as to execute such orders." The knowledge Mr. Boulton had of the extent to which illegal coining was carried on doubtless directed his attention to the subject of coining for the government. His connexion also with the copper trade of Cornwall enabled him to obtain metal at the best hand. In a letter to a friend he states: "My principal reason for turning coiner was to gratify Mr. Pitt in his wishes to put an end to the counterfeiting of money."

The application of steam power to the coining press was the great event which made Soho famous as a *money-making* establishment. Mr. Watt states that "as early as 1774, Mr. Boulton had conversed with him on the subject, but that it was not until 1786 that he successfully applied the engine for the first time in executing a contract with the East India Company for above a hundred tons of copper." The early machinery was "violent and noisy," and Mr. Boulton directed his attention and energy to the construction of new machines, the

preparation of the metal, and the production of dies of the finest quality. Six new presses were ready for work at Soho in 1788. Orders came in from foreign countries, but the red-tapeism of the mint authorities prevented for a long time the creation of a new British coinage. Mr. Boulton pushed the matter with his usual vigour; gave evidence before the Privy Council; submitted models of copper coin for inspection; worked up public opinion; sent models of gold, silver, and copper coins to the king, and executed a medal commemorative of the king's recovery in 1789. The Boulton MSS., published by Mr. Smiles in his "*Lives of Boulton and Watt*," contain a description of the Soho mint in 1792. "This mint contains eight large coining machines, which are sufficiently strong to coin the largest money in current use, or even medals; and each machine is capable of being adjusted in a few minutes, so as to strike any number of pieces of money from fifty to one hundred and twenty per minute, in proportion to their diameter and degree of relief." Mr. Boulton writes: "Of all the mechanical subjects I ever entered upon, there is none in which I ever engaged with so much ardour as that of bringing to perfection the art of coining in the reign of George the Third, as well as of checking the injurious and fatal crime of counterfeiting." The most eminent sculptors, modellers, and painters of the day, lent their aid to the Soho coining enterprise.

After many years of waiting, during which his patience was severely tried, Mr. Boulton was engaged in 1797 to execute the new copper coinage of Great Britain; subsequently to erect the Royal Mint on Tower Hill, London, and also to supply Royal Mints for the Russian, Spanish, and Danish governments; and later, for Mexico, Calcutta, and Bombay. To give a list only of the fine medals and coins struck at Soho, and with which the writer is well acquainted, would occupy too much space. One only shall be mentioned. On the occasion of Nelson's last great battle, the Trafalgar medal was struck and presented at the sole expense of Mr.

Boulton, and with the sanction of the government, to every officer and man engaged in the action. An old servant at Soho, still living, well remembers, when a boy seven years of age, working at the Soho mint, and seeing a long train of waggons guarded by dragoons, and bearing Spanish dollars and other coins, the spoils of war, to be worked up for the service of Great Britain. Mr. Watt's opinion of Mr. Boulton's coining operations is thus given: "Had Mr. Boulton done nothing more for the world than he has accomplished in improving the coinage, his name would deserve to be immortalized; and if it be considered that this was done in the midst of various other important avocations, and at enormous expense—for which, at the time, he could have had no certainty of adequate return—we shall be at a loss whether most to admire his ingenuity, his perseverance, or his munificence. He has conducted the whole more like a sovereign than a private individual."

One of the most interesting associations of the old Soho, is the celebrated *Lunar Society*. Unhappily, very little is preserved of the history of this society. Just enough, however, is known to make one wish that a full journal of all its transactions had been faithfully kept. It seems to have been commenced early in the year 1779, by a few literary and scientific men who felt the importance of exchanging their views upon the latest discoveries of science. The meetings were held monthly at the houses of the members, at the fall of the moon, to enable those from a distance to return home comfortably by road,—hence the name of the society. Chemistry, as a science, was just struggling into life, and seems to have engaged the chief attention. Dr. Priestley was the leading mind in that branch of science, though Mr. Watt is known to have devoted a large amount of time and energy in the same interesting pursuit, and probably to him is due the honour of having discovered the true theory of the composition of water. A most charming description of the meetings of the Lunar Society is

given in the autobiography of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck. Her father, Mr. Samuel Galton, was one of its members, hence the meetings were frequently held at his residence at Barr. So vivid was the impression made by these meetings on the mind of Miss Galton, that in after life she was able to reproduce the most graphic portraits of the gentlemen who attended. "I well remember," writes Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, "that in the assembly of these distinguished men, amongst whom Mr. Boulton, by his noble manners, his fine countenance, (which much resembled that of Louis XIV.) and princely munificence, stood pre-eminently as the great Mæcenas; even as a child, I used to feel when Dr. Priestley entered after him, that the glory of the one was terrestrial, that of the other celestial." "Mr. Watt was one of the most complete specimens of the melancholic temperament. His head was generally bent forward or leaning on his hand in meditation, his shoulders stooping and his chest falling in; his limbs lank and muscular, and his complexion sallow; his utterance was slow and unimpassioned, deep and low in tone, with a broad Scottish accent; his manners gentle, modest, and unassuming. When he entered a room, men of letters, men of science, nay, military men, artists, ladies, even little children, thronged round him. I remember a celebrated Swedish artist having been instructed by him that rat's whiskers make the most pliant and elastic painting-brush. Ladies would appeal to him on the best means of devising grates, curing smoky chimneys, warming their houses, and obtaining fast colours. I can speak from experience of his teaching me how to make a dulcimer, and improve a Jew's harp. Dr. Withering was "distinguished alike in botany and medicine; of whom it was said, years afterwards, when his life was terminating by a lingering consumption, 'the flower of physic is indeed withering.'" "Then came Dr. Stoke, profoundly scientific and eminently absent." It was he who enlivened one of the meetings of the Lunar

Society by conveying to it a snake which he had met with frozen on a bank by the roadside. The doctor had put it in his pocket to dissect, but the creature thawed in the warm room, and escaped, much to the astonishment of the learned guests. "Captain Keir was one of the intellectual galaxy; he was the wit, the man of the world, the finished gentleman, who gave life and animation to the party." There were several other distinguished men who attended, but the most remarkable among them was Dr. Darwin. His figure was vast and massive; his head was almost buried on his shoulders, and he wore a scratch wig, as it was then called, tied up in a little bob-tail behind. A habit of stammering made the closest attention necessary in order to understand what he said. His horror of fermented liquors, and his belief in the advantages both of eating largely, and almost an immeasurable quantity of sweet things, were well known to all his friends." Erasmus Darwin was held in high repute by the members of the Lunar Society, and how he appreciated their social meetings may be learned from his own letters, in one of which to Mr. Boulton he remarks, "I am sorry the infernal divinities who visit mankind with diseases, and are therefore at perpetual war with the doctors, should have prevented my seeing all your great men at Soho to-day. Lord! what inventions, what wit, what rhetoric, metaphysical, mechanical, and pyrotechnical, will be on the wing, bandied like a shuttlecock from one to another of your troop of philosophers! whilst poor I, I myself, I, imprisoned in a post-chaise, am joggled, and jostled, and bumped, and bruised along the king's high road to make war upon a stomach-ache or a fever." In another letter, written from Derby, he remarks, "I am here cut off from the milk of science which flows in redundant streams from your learned *Lunatics*, and which I assure you is a very great regret to me." The *Lunar Society* gradually decayed, by reason of the death or removal of its members. Memorial urns were placed in Soho park in honour of those who

were early removed by death, and it is said that the survivors paid respect to the memory of the dead by periodically visiting the urns and laying upon them wreaths of evergreens and flowers. One of those urns, supposed to have been erected to the memory of Dr. Darwin, may still be seen in a garden at Handsworth. Leonard Horner, referring to a visit to Soho in 1809, remarks, "The remnant of the Lunar Society, and the fresh remembrance in others of the remarkable men who composed it, are very interesting. The impression which they made is not yet worn out, but shows itself to the second and third generation, in a spirit of scientific curiosity and free inquiry, which even yet makes some stand against the combined forces of methodism, toryism, and the love of gain." Whether or not photography was really discovered and practised at Soho by members of the *Lunar Society* still remains an open question. There is, however, strong evidence for believing that the "silver pictures" mentioned by Mr. Watt in his letter to Josiah Wedgwood, were real photographs.

Soho long continued the most attractive place to young men of plodding industry and aspiring genius, who helped to raise the fame of Soho, and were themselves immortalized by their connection with it. Noble-hearted Scotchmen, from Sir Walter Scott downwards, came in great numbers. In many respects the most remarkable of them was William Murdock, the young man whose *wooden hat* first attracted the attention of Mr. Boulton. He became a most valuable servant of the firm, spent much time in Cornwall erecting engines for the mines, silenced the miners who were jealous of the steam-engine by giving one of them a good thrashing, frightened the good pastor of Redruth out of his wits, by starting a model locomotive, which went hissing and snorting along the avenue leading to the parsonage house. But the most important of his inventions, and that by which his name will be known to future generations, was the application of gas as a practical means of lighting.

In 1802 the front of Soho factory was illuminated with gas to celebrate the restoration of peace, "very much to the astonishment and admiration of beholders." Mr. Murdock's idea of the practicability of conveying letters and packages through a tube exhausted by means of an air-pump, has received embodiment in the works of the "London Pneumatic Dispatch Company."

The enterprise and success of Soho naturally attracted visitors of all classes, and from all parts of the world. We stand amid the quiet of the scene now, and seem to see the notables of former ages pass before us. The kings and rulers of many nations, warriors and statesmen, philosophers and poets, giants in many departments of power, rulers in the realms of politics, science, and literature, come and go. Among the rest the burly Dr. Johnson rolls his huge frame into the factory; and on another occasion his satellite Boswell, who thus chronicles his visit in 1776: "Mr. Hector was so good as to accompany me to see the great works of Mr. Boulton, at a place called Soho, which the very ingenious proprietor showed me himself to the best advantage. I wished Mr. Johnson had been with us, for it was a scene which I should have been glad to have contemplated by his light. The vastness and the contrivance of some of the machinery would have matched his mighty mind. I shall never forget Mr. Boulton's expression to me; 'I sell here, sir, that which the world desires to have—power.' He had about 700 at work. I contemplated him as an iron chieftain, and he seemed to be father of the tribe. One of them came to him complaining grievously of his landlord for having distrained his goods. 'Your landlord is right, Smith,' said Boulton. 'But I'll tell you what, find you a friend who will lay down one-half the rent, and I'll lay down the other half, and you shall have your goods again.'"

The great men of Soho passed away and were gathered to their fathers. The remains of Mr. Boulton were carried to their resting-place in the parish church of Handsworth, on

the 12th of August, 1809. Thousands of spectators thronged the road along which the mournful procession passed, to pay their last tribute of respect to their departed neighbour and friend. Five hundred of the workpeople followed, to each of whom was presented a medal commemorative of the mournful event. Deputations from learned and scientific bodies in different parts of the country also attended. A fine monument, by Flaxman, may be seen in the Handsworth Church, bearing this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Matthew Boulton, F.R.S. By the skilful exertion of his mind, turned to philosophy and mechanics, the application of a taste correct and refined, and an ardent spirit of enterprise, he improved, embellished, and extended the arts and manufacture of his country, leaving his establishment at Soho a noble monument of his genius, industry, and success. The character his talents had raised, his virtues adorned and exalted—active to discover merit, and prompt to relieve distress. His encouragement was liberal; his benevolence unwearied. Honoured and admired at home and abroad, he closed a life eminently useful, esteemed, loved, and lamented."

Mr. Watt survived his noble partner about ten years, and was buried near to his remains in Handsworth church. That sacred edifice has thus been made a place of national—of universal interest, as the resting-place of the remains of three such men as Boulton, Watt, and Murdock. The monuments which there perpetuate their memory will ever be looked upon with pleasure by all who gratefully appreciate the material progress of their country. The Handsworth statue of Watt is admitted to be the noblest work of Chantry. It is said that when it was uncovered the old servants of Soho who stood around were so powerfully reminded of their old master that "they lifted up their voice and wept." A colossal statue of Watt, also by Chantry, in Westminster Abbey, has upon it this inscription, from the pen of Lord Brougham: "Not to perpetuate

a name—which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish—but to show that mankind have learned to honour those who best deserve their gratitude, the king, his ministers, and many of the nobles and commoners of the realm raise this monument to JAMES WATT; who, directing the force of an original genius, early exercised in philosophical research, to the improvement of the steam-engine, enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the most illustrious followers of science, and the real benefactors of the world. Born at Greenock, 1736. Died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, 1819."

When the steam-engine business increased it was necessary to originate the present Soho foundry at Smethwick. The distinctive glory of the old factory waned as the first half of the present century advanced. At length it came to be desolate and forsaken. Its noble machinery was removed, its mint was broken up, and the presses sold by auction. "Old Bess," the first English-made steam engine, which was erected in place of "Old Beelzebub," as Mr. Watt called his Scotch engine, has found an appropriate asylum in the South Kensington Museum, and we congratulate her on having escaped the hand of the spoiler. But where is the *Soho Factory*? It was thought worthy of being represented in the monument of Boulton, as a fitting memento of his "genius, industry, and success." Was not the building itself worthy of being kept in existence? When the writer first visited Handsworth, eight years ago,

the factory was still standing. He cannot describe the thrilling interest with which he contemplated the scene of so many noble associations of the past, but even then its days were numbered. It lingered on a few years of existence, worthily for a time used for a Sunday-school and a working-men's club—just life enough to alarm its spiders and make its cobwebs tremble. The windows were battered by passing boys, and in less than a century from the time it was raised by the Snow Hill toy maker, it was purchased by another Snow Hill tradesman for the value of the materials of which it was built. It was destroyed; its bricks were carted away to build less noble structures; its oaken timbers have been used up; its very dust, enriched by the metallic deposits of many years, has been turned into gold. The birth-places and haunts of poets and philosophers are kept sacred by the appreciation of a grateful country, surely the cradle of the steam-engine—the greatest instrument of the world's progress—should have been preserved. When the Birmingham artizans raised the cry, "Save Aston Hall," it would have been more appropriate had they demanded the preservation of *Soho Factory*. But it is gone, and the only recompense possible is, that the site on which it stood shall be preserved, and upon it raised a worthy monument to the memory of Matthew Boulton, to which the rising youth of Birmingham and the world may resort to quicken their aspirations, fire their lawful ambition, and learn

"To labour and to wait."

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELD.

"WHEN I was leaving New York," said Dr. Thompson, at the recent meetings of the Congregational Union, "a member of my church—a Briton—presented to me a purse, and said, 'You will find in that purse some portraits of a lady for whom I have a great admiration.'" "I glanced at the contents," continued the Doctor, "and then, looking at my friend,

I said, 'Happy the sovereign who has such subjects; more happy the subject who has such sovereigns!'" And it was pleasant to hear from such lips, republican though they were, not only the courtliest allusions to the British throne, but the most generous appreciation of the old country at large, and of its Christian interests in particular. It may be

the axiom of statecraft, that if we wish to live at peace we should always be ready for war; but the presence and words of men like Dr. Thompson in our midst, will do more to cement the bonds of international affection, and to promote the interests of humanity and of God, than a hundred politicians.

A multitude of different societies have now celebrated their anniversaries; but though many in seeming, they are one in reality. Their constitutions may be various, their organization may be diverse; their spheres of action may be distant, but their motives and their aims are after all identical. "Thank God," exclaimed, the other day, a Wesleyan missionary from Ceylon, referring to the missionaries of the Baptist, Wesleyan, and Episcopal churches, "thank God, we are all one society when we get to India!" A noble sentiment, and a true one, and one of which we need to be reminded; for we sometimes forget that virtually all our missionary collections go into the same treasury, and are appropriated to the same work.

In glancing at some of the results of the aggressive labours of the Christian Church during the last year, those of the Bible Society may well deserve priority of regard. To enable men of every clime and language to read in their own tongue the wonderful word of God: this is their enterprise; and though the sublime consummation tarries, the work hastens on. It is gratifying to learn that the interest of many, in popish and infidel France, in the Scriptures is increasing. The dépôts at Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Nice, are visited by persons of rank and influence; and thus, recently, noblemen and others attached to the suite of the Empress of Russia made purchases of Bibles at Nice; while, at the same time, colporteurs are selling thousands of copies among the Roman Catholic populations of France. In Germany, the circulation of the Scriptures is increasing. The King of Prussia has become a subscriber of £25 to the Bible Society, and we hope that he

will lay to heart the lessons of the volume he helps to circulate. The agency of the Society in Denmark has been re-organised. It is remarkable that the translation of the New Testament into modern Russ has been aided by the Synod of the Greek Church; and the Scriptures are sought for with eagerness by the people. A special agent sent to Portugal reports results of a most encouraging kind. Thirty-six colporteurs have been employed in Italy, and have issued 28,000 copies; while those in China have circulated 48,000. "I remember on one occasion," said Bishop Smith, referring to a missionary voyage he took of two hundred miles into China, "I remember on one occasion, that hundreds of the people ran along the river-side, clamorously importuning us for gifts of the Holy Scriptures, and when we came to anchor in the evening, one native came and held a lengthened conversation with the missionary, asking for fresh instruction in the way of life, his attention and curiosity having been excited by a stray copy of the Chinese New Testament, which, at a distance of some hundred miles, he had received a year before."

The value of this Society as tributary to all missionary operations, at home or abroad, was well enforced by Rev. Baptist Noel. "Let me remind you," he said, "that in India alone there are more than 500 ministers of Christ, missionaries who are all eager to see the Book of God in the hands of their neighbours, all at work in their own separate localities to place it in the hands of those ready to read it and ready to profit by it. Let me remind you that 1,000 Churches in India at this time, with an average of thirty members each, are all just in the position to profit most by this Book; that you can put it into their hands; that missionary schools multiply wherever missionary Churches multiply; and that there are in India at this moment at least 100,000 men besides, who, not being members of organized Churches, are at the same time so far convinced of the folly of their idolatry and the

truth of Christianity, that they have endured all the social hazards and sorrows which come from being out-cast from their own system—the victims of the institution of caste—and have taken up their lot with Christians. These are all now ready to make the best use of the Word of God; yea, and to offer it to all their neighbours besides.”

The London City Mission continues its self-denying labours in the metropolis, with many signs of encouragement. It is estimated that seven persons die every day in London who, but for the missionaries of this Society, would pass away without the instructions and consolations of religion. But every hour, through the livelong twenty-four of every day, more than thirty visits are paid to the sick and dying; there are more than two hundred to the poor generally, and the Scriptures are read each day in 1,600 homes. The gross attendance at the services of the Society last year exceeded 1,500,000 adults, besides at least half-a-million more who were at the outdoor services. Among the results of these efforts, 1,100 drunkards have been reclaimed; seven or eight thousand children have been sent to school, and more than 500 families have been led to commence family prayer. Religious tracts have been circulated by the missionaries at the rate of 9,000 a day, making a total of more than one for every person in the metropolis.

Excellent testimony is borne by Lord Shaftesbury to the character and labours of the missionaries of the Society. There are now missions to cabmen, to publichouses, to Jews, to the French, to almost every place and class where work is to be done; and the labourers are well suited to the task to be done. “I speak,” says his lordship, “with the deepest affection of the constituted ministers of religion, but they are not the people to go into the dens and recesses. These people require the man who goes to instruct them to have some familiarity with them; that there is sympathy between them, that they are not separated

from him by a gulf. Your missionaries are men of great experience, of sound judgment and true piety, and with a deep knowledge of and love for the Word of God, and they get access wherever they can get access; and how wonderful, how almost incredible, the results are. I am sure they would hardly be credited by any but those who have daily experience in the work which you are doing. Your missionaries are of value, not only from their zeal, but from their judgment; not only from their activity, but from the minute sagacity of exercise.”

It is, however, reason for solicitude that, in consequence of the decrease of the usual receipts from legacies by some £5,000, the Society has been under the necessity of reducing the number of its missionaries to 371; and the committee is fearful that a further diminution will be necessary, as the present income of the Society is sufficient for the support of only some 350 or 360 missionaries, at the rate of salary which has of late years become indispensable on account of the increased cost of rent and living. A loss of twenty-four missionaries, at a time when the population of the metropolis is increasing at the rate of 50,000 a year, is a calamity.

We have an encouraging report from the Baptist Missionary Society. An apparent balance of £2,400 due to the treasurer, is more than adjusted by an item of £3,000 remitted to Bengal for the use of the mission press; and though there has been lately a loss in the usual receipts from legacies, the annual contributions have been for some years augmenting at the rate of nearly £1,000 a year. In consequence, however, of the increased cost of living all over India, and in most of the colonies, the present staff can scarcely be maintained on the present income. Mr. Baxter, M.P., deprecated the attacks which had been made by certain parties against some of the African missions. Our opponents, he said, have not laid aside their hostility, but they have changed their tactics. Not long ago they declared that the mis-

sionaries did little ; now their complaint is that they are a set of fanatics, who are doing too much. "Last year," Mr. Baxter remarked, "we had a select committee of the House of Commons upon British settlements on the west coast of Africa, and certain evidence was laid before us to prove two very remarkable things, two propositions which, I dare say, will extremely surprise this audience. The first is, that Mohammedanism is extending in Africa ; and the second, that all the agents of all the missionary societies—for to do these gentlemen justice they made no distinction—on that coast are very bad men, and very much disliked. The first and most important witness on this behalf was a certain gentleman, of whom probably some of you have heard, Captain Richard Burton, one of the few Englishmen who have been in Mecca, and who, they say, is very much enamoured of at least one Mussulman institution, which shall be nameless here. But, unfortunately for testimony of this kind, and for its patrons on the committee—for I am sorry to say it had patrons on the committee of the House of Commons—there was a man in London at the time whose words even the veriest scoffer did not dare to doubt, and who knew more about Africa than any living man. I proposed that the committee should call for Dr. Livingstone, and never shall I forget those few sentences, full of force and logical power, in which he shook their baseless fabric down. The evidence extended over several pages, but I think I can condense it for the benefit of this audience into two questions and answers. The first question—'In your African travels, did you find much proof of the progressive power of Mohammedanism?' Reply—'In all my African wanderings in the interior I met but two Mohammedans, and they were both very bad men.' Second question—'Is it true that the missionaries of the west coast are very much disliked, and if so, why?' Reply—'It is true, and the reason is plain and obvious. Their holy lives are a standing rebuke to the immo-

rality of the surrounding people.' And that plain answer, to use rather a vulgar expression, 'shut up' the committee."

In the administration of our missionary operations there is one truth which applies to all societies, but which has scarcely received the attention it deserves : we refer to the evils of withdrawing from any enterprise which has once been undertaken. The Rev. John Kilner, of Ceylon, at the meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, spoke powerfully on this subject. "Sir," he said, "I was once sent on a mission of retrenchment—only once, but that was enough. I shall never forget that unhappy commission." A young missionary had been labouring at a certain station, the first of which he had had the responsible charge. He had fifteen or sixteen native agents under his direction ; and they were summoned to meet the representative of the Wesleyan Committee. Was it to receive from them fresh pledges of attachment to the great work? Was it to lay before them new plans of Christian action? No, it was to inform them that the edict of "retrenchment" had been issued, and that their services were to be dispensed with. What was the result? Fourteen trained agents—trained at great labour and expense, skilled in their work and happy in it, were cast adrift. Fourteen schools were closed, and 600 children were sent back into heathendom. These schools, too, were preaching-houses, and therefore, in effect, fourteen chapels were shut up, where the missionary and catechist had proclaimed the Gospel ; fourteen centres of spiritual influence were lost. Such an act could not be without its effect upon the mind of an acute and observant heathen people. By the labour of forty years the parents of these 600 children had learned to trust the missionaries ; but now they began to wonder, to doubt, and many to revile ; while the priests of Hindooism, whose influence had waned, gathered fresh courage and strength at the sight of the retreat of the Christian. "We retreated,"

said Mr. Kilner, "not because of his advance, and he wondered why. We were not driven out by any cruel edict of the local government; we were not compelled to run because of the boisterousness of a Hindoo mob. We withdrew, we voluntarily surrendered the post that our fathers had fought for and had manfully won. I say when this is the case it is an extremely hard thing. We do not like to have to write 'To let,' upon our agencies. We believe we ought to 'occupy until the Lord shall come.' But what," added the speaker, "was the tremendous sum of money, the withdrawal of which caused all this fearful desolation? Was it £1000? No. £500? No. £250? No. £200? No. It was only £150 a-year. I say Methodism does not know what it is doing if, for the want of £150, it shuts up fourteen vernacular schools. So far as I understand the spirit and genius of Methodism, it is un-Methodistical.

Would John Wesley have done the same? No; if he had had a silver spoon he would have sold it. And it is an un-missionary thing!" These facts contain a moral for all our societies and their constituencies.

We will only remark, in conclusion, that while our readers peruse with interest the annals of the missionary enterprise of the Church of Christ, the obligation lies upon all to share personally in it. Lord Shaftesbury says that some years ago a number of Englishmen were sent over to France to carry out some public works. When they returned, his lordship asked one of them: "Well, what do you think of the French workmen?" "Why," was the answer, "he stands by the machine, and looks at the work, and wishes that it were done; but he does nothing himself." So, "A glance at the Mission field" is good; but if it leads us ourselves to share in the glorious toil—it is better.

THE PEN AND THE PALM:

A REVIEW OF THE LIFE OF "FANNY FORESTER" JUDSON.

SECOND ARTICLE.—MISSION-WORK, BEREAVEMENTS, AND DEATH.

"VIA LUCIS, VIA CRUCIS."

"There's a dearer than mother, whose heart is my pillow;
A truer than brother's foot guides o'er the billow;
There's a voice I shall hear at the grave-guarding willow,
When they leave me to sleep in my turf-covered bed.

"Stern duty?" No; love is my ready foot winging;
On duty's straight path love her roses is flinging;
In love to the friend of my heart I am clinging;
My "home" is His smile—my "far-off" is His frown.

"He shaped the frail goblet which death waits to shiver;
He casts every sun-ray on Life's gloomy river;
They're safest when guarded by Maker and Giver,
My laurels and life at His feet I lay down."

Thus sang Fanny Forester, in spontaneous and justly-indignant eloquence, in answer to the inquiry of one of the literary magazines, referring to the rumour of her intended marriage with Dr. Judson, and consequent departure to the Orient:—"Does she deem that stern duty calls her to resign the home and friends of her heart, the fame which she has so gloriously won—nay,

perhaps, even life itself—for the far-off heathen?" And we think she was right. Led on as she was by an Unseen Hand through paths intricate and doubtful, until brought gradually into the light of her assigned and chosen life-mission, it was not hers to frustrate God's designs, nor to forget or ignore her early vows.

We told in our last paper how she

rose into fame and popularity. Hands and head too were all full—full of plans, studies, engagements, and pupils. She still resided at the Seminary at Utica—compelled so to do by the drafts made upon her purse by her purchase for her parents. In the winter of 1844—45, her health seriously failed. She says, writing to her sister, "I am expecting my breakfast of gruel to be brought up every minute. I have four kinds of pills to take—three of the largest size imaginable; the others I have to take after dinner to sweeten the meal. Then I have other doses beside; Dr. James is in for it, and he seems to think that if he cures 'Fanny Forester,' it will be the making of him. He thinks it quite best for me to go to a warmer place until summer comes, and so Miss C— has concluded to go next week with me to Philadelphia. She will put me under the care of the Rev. Mr. Gillette, a Baptist clergyman, find me a nice boarding-house, and then leave me for four, five, or six weeks, as I think best. It will cost some money, but it seems absolutely necessary, for this spring weather almost kills me. I shall get the money for my payment, and send it home before I go." This she did, and then departed with her friend for Philadelphia, the city of "brotherly love." Her fame had already preceded her, and the warm-hearted Philadelphians gladly welcomed her, whose refined and facile pen had so often ministered to their intellectual delight. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," and of this truth a striking proof is given by the course of Emily's after-life. Mr. and Mrs. Gillette, instead of recommending a private boarding-house, tendered the offer of their own hospitality so pressing and cordially, that Emily could not choose but accept. Here she remained until May, and then retraced her steps to Utica, invigorated in body and refreshed in mind. Her brief contact with the world, and with the most polished and cultivated society Philadelphia could afford, matured and beautified

her character, so that while still distinguished by the maidenly reserve which had ever characterised her, she became more genial, animated and brilliant. During the summer she resumed her old employments, but her frail health warned her over and over again to spare herself all extra exertion. She was hoping to have spent the subsequent winter in Italy, "where the oranges grow, and where they have myrtles in winter-time." But domestic matters prevented the fulfilment of this wish, and in October Emily again retraced her way to Philadelphia, taking up her residence with her old friends the Gillettes.

It was at length decided that she should winter in that city. She became surrounded by refined and accomplished companions. Among them she could number Dr. Rufus Greswold, the historian; Mr. Horace B. Wallace, N. P. Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Joseph C. Neal, and many others of lesser note. Life seemed *very* bright to her, and her future *very* glittering. She seemed to have finished the toilsome ascent of the hill of success, and to have arrived at its very summit. Her company was sought after, and she became courted and caressed on every side. Her genius and personal education secured admission into the most refined circles, and her friends predicted a bright career. Possibly the things of time and sense were attracting her soul too much, and the powers of the world to come were fading away into indistinctness. Be this as it may, the happy dream of earthly good was soon to be exchanged for the sweet, but self-denying reality of "bearing the Cross."

In October, 1845, Dr. Judson landed in America, after an absence of thirty-four years from his native land. He had been labouring amid discouragements and persecution to plant the standard of the Gospel in Burmah. He had succeeded to some extent, and some seals had been added to his ministry. But he had been twice a widower. This

very voyage had been undertaken in the vain hope of saving the life of Mrs. Judson, but she died upon the voyage, and the vessel reached St. Helena just in time for him to deposit the remains of his loved one in that lone islet. From thence he bent his weary way home, where he was received with all the rapturous and applauding hero-worship that the churches could give. In December of the same year he was requested to attend a series of missionary meetings in Philadelphia. Mr. Gillette went on to Boston to secure his attendance, and to invite him to his house. Little did the reverend gentleman dream that the two individuals now coming in contact for the first time under his roof would shortly become the "all-in-all" to each other. But it was so. On the journey, Mr. Gillette introduced to Dr. Judson's notice a volume of the "Trippings in Author Land," lately published by Emily, and asked his opinion of it. He cursorily examined it, and remarked that it was written with great beauty and power, "great beauty and power," he emphatically repeated a second time, but on learning that the writer was a Christian, added, "I should be glad to know her. A lady who writes so well ought to write better. It is a pity that such fine talents should be employed upon such subjects." Next morning he was introduced to her, and after the first greetings were over, characteristically and bluntly inquired how she could reconcile it with her conscience to employ her fine talents in writing sketches so little spiritual as those he had seen. Put on her defence, she replied by telling all. She told him how that her circumstances were necessitous, her parents indigent, her youth a constant struggle, her path up to the position she now occupied a difficult, toiling one. She represented to him how that she considered *tuition* her life-work—authorship was only a secondary one, and assumed in the first instance to supplement the want of means. Besides which, she said, she had striven to aid the *right*, and

strengthen every good principle in all her writings, and therefore did not imagine that her efforts could be looked upon as blameworthy. Dr. Judson was softened and surprised. His strict, fault-finding mood vanished, and he began to admire her. He detailed to her the main facts of his wife's history, with the view of getting her to prepare a memoir of the departed one, to which Emily readily consented. The discussion of this matter threw them much together during the ensuing few days, and of course the usual consequences followed. Dr. Judson discovered in her the germs of true, abiding faith, fast becoming hidden, it is true, by the glitter and the glare of earthly renown, but still there it was; beside this, there was a large, sympathetic heart, combined with rare intellectual powers. No wonder that she won his love: while, on the other hand, the name of Judson had been inseparably entwined with her earliest yearnings for missionary labour, had first incited her to those noble aspirations: and now the hero himself was come just in time to act as God's messenger in winning her to another and more sanctified sphere of labour. But it is not to be imagined that Emily viewed such a total destruction of her plans and prospects—such a sudden change in the "spirit of her dream"—without much perplexity and alarm. She weighed herself in the balances of conscientious self-examination, and found that she was spiritually "wanting." She knew the depth of piety, the rich experience, the mellow judgment, the earnest self-denial requisite for a labourer in the mission-field, and she judged herself miserably deficient. More than all, the missionary path, which formerly she so yearned to tread, seemed now "like death for her to enter." But Dr. Judson would not resign his suit, and after some prayerful consideration she assented. It was not difficult to foresee the storm of disapprobation that would come from contending quarters. The literary world could not loudly enough express its condemnation of the wiles by which the

reverend doctor had won the newly-found star of their admiration. The idea of his carrying her off into "grim Burmah," there to bury fame and talent in the night of heathenism, was to them worse than piratical. To the religious public, on the other hand, the matter was simply astounding. They could understand how Ann Hasseltine, and Sarah Boardman, could be fitting partners for their missionary hero; but how he could elect as their successor a young lady chiefly known as the most popular female writer of the day, was past their comprehension. Of course, the usual number of strictures were passed by both parties; but the two interested ones quietly asserted their right of thinking and acting for themselves, leaving the outside world to enjoy its own charitable opinion. She says that one thing both surprised and cheered her—while many Christian professors stood aloof, or looked coldly on her newly-cherished purpose—"many a worldling wished her a tearful Godspeed." Not one of her former pupils was surprised at her intention of becoming a missionary. There was mingled so much of gentle grace and quiet dignity in all her dealings with them, that they deemed the employment just suited to her; this is a significant fact—young people being keen observers of character, as every teacher can testify.

On the 20th of February, Emily returned to Utica, where she remained for a fortnight or so with her old friends the Anables, the Sheldons, and Mrs. Nott. She then returned home to Hamilton, to remain under the parental roof until the marriage, which it was decided should take place in June. Dr. Judson wishing to return to Burmah in that month. In a few days he followed her, and remained at Hamilton for a short time, cultivating the acquaintance of his future relatives. Here arrangements were completed with publishers for the final issue of her collected works, with the proceeds of which she engaged to complete the payment for her parents' home,

Dr. Judson advancing the amount for the time being.

Emily remained with her relatives, taking the last lingering, loving farewells of the place and people, while she awaited Dr. Judson's coming, who was then arranging with her publishers in New York and Philadelphia. Doubtless she realised more than ever the magnitude of the undertaking that lay before her; and doubtless too the womanly heart sometimes quaked, and the womanly faith sometimes failed in prospect of it. She says, in a sweet little poem written at this date,

"Thou'lt never wait again, father,
Thy daughter's coming tread;
She ne'er will see thy face on earth,
So count her with thy dead.

"But in the land of light and love,
Not sorrowing as now,
She'll come to thee, and come, perchance,
With jewels on her brow."

They were married on the 2nd of June, 1840. The Rev. Dr. Kendrick, the very man to whom she had written the letter of her early days declaring her desire for missionary work, pronounced the momentous words that inseparably linked her fate with Dr. Judson's. As he did so, he must doubtless have seen and recognised the Almighty Hand, which by many a devious turning and winding, had led her into her soul's "desired haven."

After spending two or three days together under Emily's parental roof, the pair proceeded to Utica, where Miss Anable, Emily's chosen friend, was received into the visible communion of the Baptist Church by immersion. Mrs. Judson cordially hoped and trusted to welcome her on Burmah's shore, after a time, as a co-labourer; but, contrary to all their expectations, this very friend was the one to receive her back some few years later widowed and forlorn. They then proceeded to New York, Plymouth, Bradford, and lastly to Boston, from whence they hoped to sail on July 1st. They did not, however, bid farewell to the land of their birth until the 11th, and the intervening time was spent in loving farewells on all

hands. In a letter dated the 9th, sent home, she says, "I have been crowded to death with company. Sometimes my hand has been so swollen with constant shaking, that I have not been able to get on a glove, and I have been obliged to use my left hand." On the 11th the "Fanneuil Hall" weighed anchor, and the two noble hearts turned their faces towards Burmah.

After about eighteen or twenty weeks spent on the voyage, they landed at Maulmain, where, among the first objects that met Mrs. Judson's gaze, were the two little sons of her husband brought to greet her by their nurse. She immediately took them to her heart, and it is much to her credit that she had pleaded hard before leaving America, that Ably Ann should come back to Burmah with them, which proposition, however, Dr. Judson did not consider fit to accede to. In her letters home she amusingly describes "queer, ridiculous, half-beautiful, half-frightful Burmah," and describes so truthfully and fascinatingly, that the reader almost fancies himself in the gorgeous East of his imagination. Her house, with its wilderness of rooms, thick walls, and low partitions is sometimes termed in her letters, "Bat Castle," and sometimes "Green Turban's Den." Once there, she commenced learning the language, in order to commence a mothers' instruction class; besides which it was her intention to translate such books as were judged necessary in the mission into the vernacular. In about three months they exchanged their residence in Maulmain, enlivened as it was by English residents and other missionaries, for another in Rangoon—in the very heart of heathenism—Dr. Judson longing, with true missionary zeal, to carry the gospel-message even into the very midst of the benighted Burmans. Emily cheerfully went with him, and became his right-hand helper. She also, in the hours left free from family cares, and the study of the language, commenced and completed the memoir of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson. But they soon found the inconveniences of removing to Ran-

goon. Instead of wholesome, eatable food, such as they had been accustomed to at Maulmain, they had such dishes as were sometimes revolting to civilised stomachs. Consequently, thin pale cheeks, and weakened appetites were the order of the day. In one of her letters, she says they were treated to a dinner of *rats*, of which they all partook, before finding out what it was. After seven months of this suffering, they returned to Maulmain, the Burman government not permitting them to do any mission-work in Rangoon. In Maulmain her first little one was born, December 24th, 1847, and baptized by the name of Emily Frances. She consecrated her memory by a sweet little poem entitled "My Bird," which however our space will not allow us to give. The year 1848 was a year of mingled home joy, and happy mission-work, as Mrs. Judson was now able to converse with the women. Beside this, she completed a series of Scripture questions for the use of the natives, prepared a small hymn-book, and translated the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress." 1849 was a year of much ill-health, both for her and the doctor, still it witnessed the accomplishment of much work. In November of this year, Dr. Judson was attacked by a severe cold, and dysentery. Nothing would seem to arrest the disease, and the physician prescribed a trip down the sea-coast. This the doctor tried to avoid, in consequence of the delicate condition of Mrs. Judson demanding the tenderest care. But notwithstanding her own ill-health, she ministered unwearingly to her husband.

At last it was decided that Dr. Judson *must* take an extended sea-voyage, to re-establish his health, which was evidently rapidly sinking. In a letter dated April 15th, 1850, she says, "I sit down to write you with a very heavy heart—indeed, heavier than I ever carried in my life before. I do not know whether my precious husband is still living, or whether he may not have already gone to heaven; and I shall have no means of knowing for three or

four months to come. After I wrote you last month, he continued to decline, but so very slowly that I was not much alarmed, till one evening, all on a sudden, as he attempted to go to his cot, his back gave way, and he would have fallen had I not caught and supported him. From that night he never stood on his feet. About ten days after, he was carried on board a ship bound for Bourbon, where a comfortable cot was prepared for him, but poor I was not allowed to go with him. The physician said if he went to sea there would be a chance, so the question was one of duty, else all the world would never have induced him to leave me. I had watched over him night and day for five months, and it seemed as if we *could not* breathe apart. The worst of it is the uncertainty of getting intelligence. They arrive in six weeks, and in six weeks more I *may* get letters—that is, if a vessel should be coming this way." This letter gives us glimpses of the "deliciously happy" home-life of Mrs. Judson, and also of her heart-breaking sorrow in parting with the husband of her love—as it proved, for ever. On the 22nd of April, her second child was born, but he was still-born, and thus another trial was added to her already full measure. We can scarcely imagine any situation more afflicting than Mrs. Judson's at this time. Left alone, with three children wholly depending on her maternal care, her newly-given babe under the clods of the valley, herself ill, and in a situation peculiarly needing all the loving care and succour which kindness could bestow, and worse than all, in total ignorance as to the fate of her husband. Under this agonising combination of circumstances, she poured forth her soul's sorrow in some tender lines to her mother.

About the end of August, came the tidings of her husband's death. We cannot fancy her long-drawn anguish, her anxious waiting, her painful dread, only ending in the assurance of the worst. Dr. Judson had died within a fortnight from the time he had bidden her adieu. She says, writing home, "Now I can think of nothing, and see nothing,

but the black shadows that have fallen upon my heart and life. Oh! it is terrible! My heart is aching, and I am ill with grief. I do not seem as if I should ever be well again, and then perhaps, I do not know, I may try to bring my poor little orphans home. Oh! you do not know how we have loved each other, and now *I am alone*. It was my husband's wish that I should go home with my poor little orphans, but I feel as though I can decide on nothing." At length, in consequence of a relapse in her health, brought on in consequence of the rainy season, and doubtless also, by her excessive grief, her physician ordered her home. This she decided on doing, and planned to collect the whole family together under one roof, there to act a mother's part to them. They were six in all, Ably Ann, and the two elder boys, Elnathan and Adoniram, then studying in America, and the three younger ones with her, no small charge in her delicate and widowed condition. On January 22nd, 1851, Mrs. Judson left Maulmain, and sailed for America, by way of Calcutta and England. Once more among her friends she arranged all matters connected with the family. The two elder sons were at college, Ably Ann she placed under Miss Anable's care, and retained charge of the three little ones herself. She took a house at Hamilton, near her parents, and at regular seasons all the children had happy reunions there. She recommenced her literary labours, and by this means, together with the annuity allowed her from the Missionary Union, brought up the little ones. But this did not last long. During the year 1853 her health gradually but surely failed, and the much-loved employment of assisting Dr. Wayland in the preparation of her husband's memoir, became a heavy task. In 1854 she failed rapidly. About February, she ceased to write, even letters, an ominous token, for as long as she could, she plied the pen. Then her brother wrote from her dictation, and on May 20th, we find him saying, "I fear the last of earth is speedily approaching for my sister." It was.

She was sinking rapidly into the arms of Death. She had expressed her firm opinion that she should linger until June, and in the first of that month, as her sister dressed her, she remarked, "Emily, do you know that it is June?" "Yes," she said, "my month to die." In the afternoon the death-struggle came on, and after enduring much agony, at ten of the same evening, she sweetly

drooped her head on her sister's breast, and fell asleep.

Thus passed away from our earth one of its noblest spirits—one who nobly fought the battle of life—wore herself out in the cause of truth and righteousness, furnished a bright example of sanctified intellect, and exemplified in striking combination, all the true womanly graces united with Christian fortitude.—EMMA RAYMOND.

LONDON IN MAY.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

AND so, my dear friend, you want a long letter about things in London? The only "things," I am fitted to write about just now are the May Meetings, which I have been attending morning, noon, and night, ever since they commenced; and if I could only write to you about them with the feeling I had when attending many of them, I am sure I should not fail to interest you. I will try.

I heard this May, from Mr. Hebditch, of Bristol, a very beautiful reason why the anniversaries of the great religious societies are held during the month of May. He said, at the meeting of the Irish Evangelical Society, that he fancied the "May Meetings," were put into May, because there was some hope of their catching the spirit of God's work in the natural world at this season of the year. Every tree that was not dead was telling us that it was alive; everything about us was saying, It is a time of refreshing, a time of reviving, a time for action, and we might learn that it was a time to make ourselves better, and to do what we could to make other people better, by striving as far as we could to be in harmony with the visible world around us. Of course you know that most of the chief meetings are held in Exeter Hall, which is generally crowded to overflowing. There is a great rush to get into some of the meetings, and what you have heard is quite true, that, in getting the best places, professing Christians push just as hard and get quite as red as other people. It is also true that ladies young and old knit purses or slippers, or engage in some elegant handiwork, while the speeches are being delivered; nor do they think it at all unseemly to eat an orange or a sandwich about one o'clock, having been in the hall from half-past nine, or before that. It is

also true that sometimes a gentleman is asked to speak who is really unfitted to speak to a large audience, and that the people signify their dissatisfaction with his many attempts to conclude by clapping him down,—only, good man, he won't understand, and will sometimes mistake the clapping of disapprobation for cheers of applause. It is also true that sometimes reports are most delightful when they are "taken as read." But I must say that during the present season the reports, as a rule, were as interesting as the speeches, interesting and eloquent as many of them have been.

The meeting of the Bible Society was a very large one in point of numbers, and a very interesting one in respect to speeches. Lord Shaftesbury, the noble President of the Society, in a two-fold sense, has so often advocated its claims, that he confined himself on this occasion to making an appeal on behalf of the new premises that the Society will have to find on account of being dislodged from their present home in Earl Street. Lord Shaftesbury wants all friends of the Bible Society to erect a building that shall be worthy of its great work. "Remember," said his Lordship, "we are not desiring to have some magnificent edifice that shall vie in architecture and splendour with some of the greatest works of ancient or of modern days; but I do appeal to you, when we are going to build a house to carry on the operations of this mighty and most blessed Society, the greatest centre of operation and of influence that the world ever saw, I ask you whether when this building is to rise among the great palatial warehouses, where there is everything that can minister to luxury and sensuality, everything that can be eaten and drunken, you will be content to have your house, the

Bible-house—the residence, I may say, of the Word of God itself—whether you will have that of such miserable dimensions, of so grovelling an aspect, that, compared with all these magnificent edifices around it, it will be little better than an outhouse or a cowshed.” The Report gave one to understand what a mighty work the Bible Society was really doing. Through its instrumentality the Bible was being circulated throughout the Continent of Europe, through India and China, we might almost say, throughout the world. During the past year, the number of copies of the Scriptures issued by the Society amounted to no less than 2,296,130, and the total issues of the Society now amount to 50,285,709 copies! Does not this read amazing? The speech of the day, to my mind, was delivered by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, although all the speeches were interesting and instructive. Bishop Smith, from China, gave a description of the progress of Bible circulation in that vast empire; Mr. Roberts, the Wesleyan minister, was very fervid and eloquent in maintaining the suitability of the Bible to meet the deep wants of humanity everywhere; Mr. Stuart, the representative of the American Bible Society, spoke especially of the distribution of the Scriptures among the soldiers engaged in the late terrible struggle in his native land; and Mr. Saphir, the Presbyterian minister, of Greenwich, spoke of the great reason why Christians were all interested in the circulation of the Bible,—because it told of the Saviour. Mr. Noel gave an exhaustive address upon the entire subject, dwelling chiefly upon the fact, that not until now could it have been said, that the Bible, through efficient translations, was ready for all the world. Altogether, the meeting of the Bible Society was one of the most interesting I have ever attended.

At the Sunday School Union Meeting there was some very good speaking, and plenty of that warm, enthusiastic feeling which, somehow or other, seems essentially to belong to a gathering of Sunday School teachers. If that “hard, crustaceous, molluscous old boy,” of whom Mr. Paxton Hood spoke with so much humour, had been set down in the midst of Exeter Hall that evening, I have no doubt he would have genially melted under the influence of the meeting, and have sig-

nified his intention of becoming henceforth a Sunday School teacher. From the Report we learned that Sunday Schools, which had done so much for England, were being established in other countries, and especially on the continent of Europe. Only fancy, a Sunday School in Naples! The Hon. Mr. Kinnaird, who presided, said that he had visited some of the schools there, and children more earnest, more anxious to receive Scriptural knowledge, he had never seen. There were also 700 schools in France, and one of the inspectors had seen no less than 5,000 children under Scriptural instruction. The news also from Bremen, Holland, and Switzerland, in regard to Sunday School work, was very satisfactory. Colonel Griffin, from America, said that here in England there were three millions of little ones brought within the Sabbath School walls, but that in America there was a still greater number. In America they had had a marked success during the past year. The cause of the Sunday School, he compared to a cloud rising from the sea, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but it had risen and spread and covered the whole land, and now it was descending in showers to bless and make fruitful the Church of Christ. He hoped that teachers in England and teachers in America would have such an increasing measure of success, that the nations of the Continent might say, “see what the Sunday School has done in England, see what it has done in America,” and be led to strive after the same result. Dr. Brown, in a very pleasant way, urged teachers to make their instructions as lively and as attractive as possible, for children liked an Arabian Nights' tale, but did not enjoy cold meat-pie lessons. He contrasted Sunday Schools of the present day with those of sixty-six years ago. “There was then the dreary long stick to help the old teacher to reach over his arm and crack the crown of that restless urchin who could not be still if he would, and would not be still if he could. There was the old prosy primer, the very look of which was enough to frighten the alphabet out of the brain of the most precocious of elves. There were the old writing-desk and hard ruler, and the experiment of whether the ruler or the knuckles were the hardest. There were the slate and slate-pencil,

and the sum in addition and subtraction, the latter of which subtracted very much from anything like a Sabbath observance by the children, and the former of which added very much to the misery of being at Sunday School at all." Mr. Paxton Hood, in a telling speech that carried all the meeting with it, dwelt upon the importance of a pure literature, and upon a variety of topics connected with Sunday School work. Altogether, the meeting was a success, and I have no doubt the influence of it rests upon many minds still.

The meeting of the London City Mission once more directed the attention of all interested in the moral welfare of the metropolis. The report read by Mr. Garwood was of an encouraging character: it showed that the mission had been well sustained, although, like other societies this year, through the falling off of legacies, its income was not so large as in previous years. Its receipts had amounted to £35,460 18s. 10d., and it employed 371 missionaries. An increase of annual subscriptions was greatly needed, for the falling off of legacies had compelled the committee to reduce the number of missionaries. Lord Shaftesbury, who presided, gave utterance to a most fervent appeal for aid, and, having given a graphic description of London, with its holes and caverns, where people were crowded together like wild beasts in their lairs, his lordship proceeded to describe what the city missionaries were doing. "You have devised and carried into effect a system that is most adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the time in which we live. You address yourselves to everything which arises, and nothing can be more remarkable than the sagacity with which you discover the points to which you should direct your attention. You have ascertained how wise it is to individualise your exertions. You have a mission to cabmen, a mission to Jews, a mission to the French, a mission to the public-houses, a mission to almost every place where mischief is to be found, and where evil is to be abated. You have just the sort of men to make aggressions on the population. I speak with the deepest affection for the constituted minister of religion; in their own department they are indispensably necessary; they are important beyond

all description in the pulpit and in their other ministrations, but they are not the people to break up this ground, and they are not the people to go into all these dens and recesses. These people require the man who goes to instruct them to have some familiarity with them; they want to feel that there is a sympathy between them, and they are not separated from him by so great a gulf as from others. Your missionaries are men of great experience, of sound judgment and true piety, and with a deep knowledge of and love for the word of God, and they get access wherever they endeavour to get it, and how wonderful and how almost incredible the results are. The Rev. J. Patteson, Rector of Spitalfields, gave a description of the value of the mission in his district; Mr. R. C. L. Bevan replied to some objections that might perchance be brought against the work; Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton gave some sound reasons for going forward; and other speakers entered largely into the operations of the mission, and urged its claim to a more liberal and extended support. Certainly, the present is not the time in which one city missionary can be spared from his post of duty, amid the moral wastes of the metropolis.

The meeting of the Christian Knowledge Society, in St. James' Hall, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, was a very brilliant and fashionable one in respect to the audience, but the speeches, with one notable exception, were very prosy and commonplace. Several bishops of the Established Church, with scores of clergymen, were present, and it was also a favourable opportunity for seeing a number of distinguished men. The Society, you may as well be told, was founded in 1698, and its main work has been to circulate the Holy Scriptures, the Book of Common Prayer, religious tracts, educational and other useful works. Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Sir Robert Phillimore, Canon Miller, and others, spoke on the occasion, but the speech of the day was delivered by the Bishop of Oxford. He is getting in years now, and there is not that fine rich sonorousness about his voice that there used to be, but he spoke with all the vivacity and dash of an undergraduate. While his speech was "rich in saving common sense," it was as full of witty illustration as

ever it could hold, and his well-bred audience at times were compelled to indulge in good, honest roars of laughter. This was the case especially when his lordship discoursed upon dull books. He said it was far easier to get a book written than to get it read, and that the danger even a good book had to encounter in these days was to be put under the table, or thrown into the fire. The one unpardonable offence in a book was dullness, and ditchwater dullness was worse than all. He said he would never read a dull book; he might cut open two or three pages of it, but the moment he came to the dullness, under the table the book went. He rang the changes upon this with great cleverness, but the cheering of the meeting reached its loudest explosive point when he said that some people would like the world to be all of one colour—drab. The way to obtain as much dullness as could be desired was to write a book with which everybody will be pleased; a universal drab literature was not one, however, which the Christian Knowledge Society ought to patronise, notwithstanding the leaning thereunto of any old square-toes. The bishop spoke out manfully in regard to the *honorarium* of authors, and maintained that a good book ought to be paid for, and that dull books alone could be the result of not offering authors a fair wage for their work.

I must now give you some description of the four great missionary meetings of the season. The first of these, in point of time, was that of the Baptist Missionary Society. It was a capital meeting, of the good old-fashioned sort, with plenty of cheering at the mention of great names, some good anecdotes, and touching descriptions of heathen life. There was also a slight flavour of politics about the meeting, on account of the manner in which the names of Baptist Missionaries had been untruthfully mixed up with the recent outbreak in Jamaica. The financial position of the Society was encouraging. In 1860, the annual contributions were £13,836, but from that time to the present they had gone on increasing at the rate of nearly £1,000, except during the period of the prevailing distress in Lancashire. The Society employs sixty-two missionaries, and the number of persons connected with the

various stations as nominal Christians is estimated at 17,177. There are seventy-two day-schools, and seventy Sunday-schools. These figures, however, do not include Jamaica and India. In Jamaica there were about 60,000 persons looking to the missionaries for spiritual instruction. When Mr. Trestrail, the secretary, referred to Jamaica, a peculiar silence came over the meeting, as if every one were desirous that not a word that he would speak should be lost. He stated that the appeal made to the Churches of England for £1,000, to alleviate the distress amongst the people, had resulted in contributions of £2,250; and going on to speak of the doings of the governor and his subordinates in putting down the insurrections, he warmly repelled the accusation that the disturbances were to be attributed to the teaching of the missionaries. Of course the hall immediately rang with the loud cheers of the assembly. Everybody believed what Mr. Trestrail said before coming to the meeting, but it was pleasant for hundreds together to say so out loud, through the language of vigorous hand-clapping and foot-stamping. Should the Commission fail to vindicate the missionaries from the unjust aspersions cast upon them by Governor Eyre, it might become necessary to bring the matter before the Government, and perhaps before Parliament itself. The Chairman, himself a Member of Parliament, also alluded to the matter, although he did not wish to prejudice the question. He said, "If the Report of the Commissioners, in any important respect, bears out the grave and serious charges that have been made against the civil and military servants of the Crown, the least we can ask is, that they shall be servants of the Crown no longer. The speech of the Rev. R. Robinson, one of the new secretaries of the London Missionary Society, was very comprehensive and effective, so also was that of Mr. Aldis, of Reading; but, perhaps, for fervour and a rushing kind of eloquence, there was no speech like that of Mr. Chown, of Bradford. He spoke with the strength of a locomotive that had tons weight behind it, but which it did not seem in the least to feel. He completely carried the meeting with him, who testified their pleasure and enthusiasm by repeated bursts of cheering.

The Second Missionary Meeting of the season was that of the Wesleyan Society, when there was a very large attendance. Although the proceedings of the day did not commence until eleven o'clock, the body of the Hall and platform were well filled with ministers and friends shortly after ten, and the entrance of well-known preachers was the signal for repeated bursts of applause. The enthusiasm rose to its height, however, when, at the appointed time, the chairman, John Fernley, Esq., of Southport, attended by the speakers of the day and other friends of the Society, came upon the platform. The chairman delivered a very carefully prepared speech, in the course of which he said that members of the Wesleyan Church inherited a high community of blessing and privilege, bequeathed by Mr. Wesley and his coadjutors, in the catholic character of their earliest efforts to evangelise not only Great Britain but the world. The peculiar and unique feature in the origin of the Wesleyan Church, was in rare contrast with the pervading thought and action of the Puritan Christians, and of the views entertained by their great writers. In Puritan times, ecclesiastical polity and church privileges were discussed by men of great talent and piety; yet in their writings there was but a very faint reference to the obligations of the Church to evangelise the world. Men were then engaged in doing battle with Popery, or in laying the foundations of truth and righteousness on that basis, which had been of the greatest spiritual advantage to the Church in succeeding ages. Perhaps the absence of zeal in this great missionary duty was one cause of the decay of Christian simplicity, and the defection from orthodox doctrine. Although the Church at that time was not alive to its duty, there were then individuals and corporations who felt it their duty to promote Christianity, and who founded colonies on the North American continent. The commercial basis, however, being paramount, they did not succeed. As early as 1769, missionaries were appointed to America, subsequently others to the West Indian colonies, and eventually others to the East, which led, in 1814, to the establishment of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the history and progress of which called for the deepest gratitude.

The speakers at this meeting ad-

ressed themselves to a variety of topics. The President of the Wesleyan Conference spoke of the relation which the Society bore towards the Methodist body; all missionaries who went out being regularly acknowledged ministers of the Wesleyan Church, who would preach thousands of miles away the same doctrine that was preached in England, and observe the same discipline. Mr. Kilner, a missionary from Ceylon, delivered a genuine missionary speech, full of fervour and of graphic descriptions of heathen life. He solemnly protested against anything approaching to retrenchment. Mr. Arthur gave an account of his recent visit to the stations in Italy. Mr. Allon, as a minister of another Church, congratulated the meeting on the success which had attended Wesleyan missions, saying that he should regret to see all Christian Churches conformed to one type; there was work for all of them to do, and even if they were in the same field of labour they never interfered with each other. Mr. Coley delivered one of his characteristic addresses; and altogether the meeting was pronounced to be one of the most successful and interesting that has been recently held.

The annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society came next, and Exeter Hall was filled to overflowing. In the absence of the Right Hon. Earl Chichester, the President of the Society, the chair was taken by the Bishop of Ripon, and the platform was crowded with clergymen and friends of the Society. The proceedings were opened by prayer and the reading of Holy Scripture. The Chairman said he could not refrain from expressing a feeling of thankfulness to God that the Society had been permitted to labour another year in its wonted faithfulness to the great principles on which it was founded. He considered that the Church Missionary Society was a blessing to the Church of England, to the nation, and to the world at large. He trusted all members of the Church would give a large measure of sympathy and support to the Society, that so its usefulness might be more widely extended, and a larger number of souls gathered into the fold of Christ. The Society had always estimated the value of conversions from the heathen, not by mere numbers, but by the reality of the spiritual work in the hearts of those that professed Christ. It was very gratifying to believe that so many

thousands of converts were not merely Christians in name, but Christians in deed and in truth. The call upon the Church was very urgent; the necessity was imperative that efforts should be multiplied to spread the Gospel throughout the world. The Gospel alone could heal the calamities and stanch the wounds of sin in this world, and in proportion to its spread would the nations be brought to walk in the light of God's truth. The clerical secretary then read an interesting report of the operations of the Society during the past year. It was listened to with great attention, and was frequently applauded. It appeared that the total ordinary income of the Society was £146,208, and its expenditure £144,558. The report gratefully recognized the generous response which had been given to the appeal of the Society for an increase of funds. The Society had received more than £10,000 above what had been usually received, and the increase had resulted from the general interest which had been felt in the Society's work throughout the country. The varied fields of labour occupied by the Society's agents were reviewed, and reference was made to the death of no less than fourteen devoted missionaries during the past year,—a greater number than in any former year. The report very earnestly appealed for the assistance of young men well qualified for missionary service.

I think the speech of the day was delivered by Col. Sir Herbert B. Edwards, K.C.B., who with great vivacity and power described the changes that were taking place in the stagnant East. The great native chiefs of India are now all busy in securing their rights under English title-deeds. Capital, one of the most timid things in the world, since 1857, had launched forth in a series of commercial enterprises, and every country in the world was traded with. Natives, also, were associated with Europeans in great commercial enterprises, and thus a new bond had been formed. There was an earnest struggle going on for land. The squatters were now all busy in English courts of justice trying to secure a title on the ground of occupation. The British settler was crying out for land; there was the great system of telegraphs and railways. The telegraph not only carried intelligence from man to man, but it quick-

ened human sympathy. Railways were stretching out and reaching towards the frontier, and, while giving the Government an immense increase of power, they were giving a power to the stagnant East never known before. Great works of irrigation were increasing the power of cultivation day by day and year by year. Great social changes, also, had taken place since 1857. Western education had begun to tell upon the Eastern mind. That education included what was given by the State, and what was imparted by the missionary. In the stagnant East a school of reformers had sprung up, aiming at the renunciation of idolatry, the adoption of Deism, the abolition of caste, of polygamy, of infant marriages; aiming at purity of life and conduct. There was also that class of young men who had crossed the seas to obtain education in England, and who had become outcasts from their country. He was present at a dinner given to many of these young men by Lord Shaftesbury, who desired that they should see the better side of English life before they returned to their own land. Fourteen or fifteen of them were present—some with their daughters, two or three with their wives. They all sat down to dinner just as Englishmen; they all conversed with high intelligence; they all joined in the English meal, which, to me, was one of the most wonderful sights. What was the effect of their residence in this country? They all gave the same account: their prejudices had fallen; they had changed their views. But they said, For God's sake implore your Government to help us to raise our females, to abolish infant marriages, and polygamy. When each of these young men, some barristers, some civil servants, return to their land, what would be the effect of their going among their own countrymen divested of their prejudice? Would they not themselves be missionaries of Western civilisation?

Last, but certainly not least, came the noble meeting of the London Missionary Society, when there seemed a larger attendance than ever, both on the platform and in the body of Exeter Hall. The mention of certain names at this meeting elicited the most hearty applause. Dr. Tidman's valuable services to the Society were heartily appreciated by hundreds present, and they cheered the reference

to him made by Lord Shaftesbury, and by the report, in the most approved English style. Dr. Mullens, who has just come from India to be associated with Dr. Tidman in the business of Foreign Secretary, received quite an ovation, the meeting rising to bid him welcome. Mr. Ellis, from Madagascar, received the welcome that so valuable a friend of the Society deserved, and the new secretaries, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Fairbrother, came in for a large share of encouraging applause. The meeting, as usual, was a little impatient under the report—though why the report of any good society should ever be so uninteresting or looked upon as a bore, is to me quite inexplicable—but it was not very long. There were at present 185 missionaries connected with the Society, and in the course of a few months nine additional missionaries will proceed to India, two to China, and one to South Africa. The income of the Society had amounted to £83,141. The noble Earl in the chair expressed his deep and fervent interest in the Society on many grounds.

Some very excellent speeches were delivered. Mr. Mellor, of Liverpool, suggested several motives to perseverance in the work of missions. He said:—

"There is no society, there is no cause whatever, which has sprung instantaneously into complete success. It is a poor project that we could accomplish at a leap, and the project we are aiming to accomplish is not to be secured by a leap. It is to be secured by a long, tedious, painful process of advance and aggression, with full confidence on our part that as the waves of the sea still come forward with the advancing tide, notwithstanding occasional regress, so the waves of Divine truth will spread and advance till the whole shore is eventually covered."

Mr. Thomas Chambers, M.P., contrasted the past and present of the Society, and said:—

"The facts that are contained in the report are the arguments in favour of this Society. It is, in fact, in the north, in the south, in the east, and in the west; in the midst of the myriads of India and China, and in the South Seas; in the midst of slavery, superstition, paganism, and idolatry, that the Gospel is being preached: and although this Society stands, as it does here and elsewhere, in the midst of heresies, it stands as a perpetual witness and advocate for the truth; and this and kindred societies are doing their best for the truth by doing their utmost in spreading

the Gospel. It maintains truth better than controversy, better than the best arguments that can be put into form, to take the Gospel and preach it far and wide, not only among the ignorant population of our own great towns, but among the population of the whole globe, so far as it is in our power to do."

Mr. Ellis, from Madagascar, described the great change that had been wrought in that island; he said:—

"Thirty-five years ago, the first converts to Christ in Madagascar—twenty in number—were baptised and admitted to the Church; and when he left the country last there were in the capital alone, eight congregations, and connected with them there were 12,400 hearers. The communicants in those churches numbered 2,000, and there were some 200 waiting to be admitted in March last."

Dr. Mullens, in a masterly speech, dwelt upon the Indian and China Mission, and showed the value and results, direct and indirect, of mission work. In regard to the present condition of India, his words were very encouraging:—

"Look abroad upon our Indian Empire, look at the vast provinces which God has put under our rule. We have a Government, wise, experienced, just; our trade is extending, our commerce is calling forth all the resources of the land and its supply of labour. Education is high and great, our universities are well based, and give a thoroughly sound tone to that education. Throughout the presidencies, the natives of all ranks are able to get spheres for themselves within the Government, and are not goaded on to rebellion. I have seen natives sitting as judges in the highest court of appeal, and giving a wise and efficient aid. I have seen that the most wonderful progress has taken place in our Indian empire during the last seven years, since the mutiny breaking out. An indescribable advance has taken place in the spirit of the Government, in the character of its measures, in the laws it has passed, and in the whole tone and manner in which its work as a Government is carried on. My brethren, we have the whole land before us, and we have the command, 'Go and possess it.'"

In conclusion, I ought to say that long as my letter has been, I have been obliged to omit noticing many societies whose annual meetings I had the privilege of attending. In short, while I write a meeting is being held in connexion with the Colonial Missionary Society, and the Sons of the Clergy are about to hold their festival.

J. C.

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

JUNE.

"And after her came iolly June, arrayd
 All in greene leaves, as he a player were :
 Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
 That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare :
 Upon a crab he rode, that did him beare
 With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
 And backward yode as bargemen wont to fare,
 Bending their force contrary to their face ;
 Like that ungracious crew, which faines demurest grace."

SPENSER.

WITH all due deference to the gifted author of the *Faerie Queen*, and with a full appreciation of his infinite and incomparable superiority, and a just sense of my own insignificance, I cannot help taking exception to the imagery he employs in portraying this loveliest of our English months. I cannot and will not picture to myself "jolly June" as of the masculine gender, riding ungracefully upon a crab: of course one understands the allusion to that crustaceous animal, but it is far from pleasing to the poet's eye and ear! Rather let us go forth to welcome that royal *matron* Queen June, as she comes to us in all her youthful glowing beauty!

The name of the month is probably derived from Juno, the fabled queen of the heavenly world, in whose honour a festival was anciently celebrated about this time of the year; this, however, can scarcely be asserted as an indisputable fact, since there are other opinions concerning the etymology of the word, though none of them seem worthy of much consideration. Says the indefatigable Verstegan:—"Unto June, the Saxons gave the name of *Weyde monath*, because their beasts did then weyd in the meddowes, that is to say, goe to feed there, and hereof a meadow is also in the Tutonicke called a *weyd*, and of *weyd* we yet retain our word *wale*, which we understand of going

through watric places, such as meadowes are wont to be." Another author likewise thinks, that "*weyd* is probably derived from *weyden*, (German) to go about as if to pasture." And he further says that they called the month *Woodmonath*, and that *woed* means "weed;" and that they also termed it *Medemonath*, *Midsumormonath*, and *Braeckmonath*, supposed to be so named from the breaking-up of the soil, from the Saxon word *bræcan*, to break.

The first of June has in almanacs and the calendar the name of St. Nicomede annexed: wherefore, is not known. He was one of the countless martyrs who perished for the faith, under the persecution of the Emperor Domitian.

Corpus Christi Day generally falls in June, but this year it occurs on the 31st of May, which is the Thursday next after Trinity Sunday, and the day on which the festival is always held. The Roman Catholics observe it with great ceremony and rejoicing, for it celebrates the doctrine of Transubstantiation, which Protestant England of course repudiates; though there is a section of the Anglican Church which certainly goes so far as to believe in *consubstantiation*. In Roman Catholic countries it is a day of religious pomp and splendour; flowers are strewed wherever the processions pass, countless tapers are alight in

all the churches, rich tapestries adorn the houses, music sounds, and every other demonstration of a great and happy festival prevails. Anciently it was the custom in this country, as well as abroad, to perform sacred plays, mysteries, or miracles on Corpus Christi Day; these religious plays being common during the mediæval ages, and their composition of great antiquity. Gregory Nazianzen, one of the fathers of the Church, patriarch and bishop of Constantinople, and master of the celebrated Jerome, composed plays from the Old and New Testament, which he substituted for the plays of Sophocles and Euripides at Constantinople, where the old Greek stage yet flourished. The ancient Greek tragedy was held to be a religious spectacle, and the sacred dramas of Gregory were framed on the same model: and he transformed the choruses into Christian hymns. Only one of the bishop's plays is extant—a tragedy called "Christ's Passion," and it is preserved in Gregory Nazianzen's works. As time passed on, the clergy, in order to wean the people from licentious Bacchanalian shows, instituted *mysteries* representing the miraculous acts of *saints*, not only from Holy Writ, but from apocryphal legendary sources. Some of these mysteries, however, seem to have been as open to the charge of "licentiousness" as the ancient spectacles and calendary solemnities of which pious Churchmen made so great complaints. The first dramatic representation in Italy was a spiritual *comedy*!—strange mingling of associations—and it was performed at Padua in 1243; and in 1264 a *company* was instituted at Rome, whose duty it was to act during Passion Week the sufferings of our blessed Lord! In 1313, in France, under Philip the Fair, were performed for the edification of all good Christians, the "*Glory of the Blessed*," and the "*Torments of the Damned*." At the Council of Constance, 1417, the English fathers played the "mystery" of the Massacre of the Holy Innocents, and the "mystery" of the Passion was performed in 1420, on the entrance into Paris of

our King Henry V., and the French King Charles VI.

The first trace of theatrical representation in this country is recorded by Matthew Paris, who wrote about 1240, who relates how Geoffrey, a learned Norman, master of the abbey school at Dunstable, composed the play of St. Catherine, which was acted by his pupils: it is supposed that this performance took place about the year 1110. Also, we read of "Chester plays," and that the author was thrice at Rome before he could obtain permission from the Pope to have them in the English tongue. Indeed, from the fourth century, when Gregory and the Apollonarii flourished, till the Reformation, religious plays were more or less the fashion; and in 1538, a scholar named Ralph Radcliffe wrote English and Latin plays, and among his *comedies* were "Dives and Lazarus,"—anything but a comical subject one would imagine—the "Delivering of Susannah,"—which certainly lacked delicacy—"Job's Sufferings," and the "Burning of John Huss."

The religious guild of actors at York was *obliged* annually to perform a *Corpus Christi Play*, and it was acted in that city till 1584, the twenty-sixth year of Queen Elizabeth. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, also, the incorporated trades celebrated similar exhibitions.

The 11th of June, the calendar informs us, is the feast of *St. Barnabas*, "The Son of Consolation." He was of the tribe of Levi, and for several years the companion of St. Paul. He is said to have been martyred; a statement, however, not very clearly to be verified. *St. Barnabas-day* was formerly a high festival in this country. Besides the Holy Thorn, there grew at Glastonbury, in the abbey churchyard, a miraculous walnut-tree, which never budded forth before the feast of *St. Barnabas*, and on that day, shot forth *leaves*, and flourished like the rest of its species. The tree is gone now, and in its place stands, or did stand, a very fine walnut-tree of the common sort, which seems to have no particular deference for the

feast-day of St. Barnabas. The fruit of the miraculous tree was nothing remarkable, and yet King James II., Queen Anne, and many other high personages, even when the times of monkish superstition had ceased, gave large sums for small cuttings from the original stock. Midsummer, or nightless days, now commence, and continue till July 2nd, or, as some say, later still; there is yet a rhyme extant among country people in some districts:—

**"Barnaby bright, Barnaby bright,
The longest day and the shortest night."**

In the Romish calendar, the 15th of June figures as "*St. Vitus's Day*." Our chief associations with this saint, who was also called *Guy*, are of the almost incurable disease which bears his name. Why this nervous affection of the limbs should be denominated *St. Vitus's Dance* is not really known. The saint himself was a Sicilian martyr, who suffered under Dioclesian. The sensitive plant was formerly dedicated to him!

The 21st of June we account the longest day, the sun rising at Greenwich at 3'44. A.M., and setting at 8'18. P.M. The length of day remains the same till the 26th, when it shortens by one minute, and the last day of the month finds the sunlight lessened by *three minutes* only.

On June 22nd the sun enters the sign *Cancer*, the crab, and immediately returns upon his course, as is typified by the retrograde motion of the creation. It is on this day, according to some authorities, that St. Alban of Verulam, the proto-martyr of Britain, suffered death.

June 23 is of course Midsummer-eve, when fairies are supposed to enjoy unwonted liberty, and celebrate certain mysteries of their own, on which no mortal is suffered to intrude. Shakespeare, you know, calls one of his most poetical plays, "*A Midsummer-night's Dream*," and Titania and Oberon, with sundry followers, disport themselves therein. Moreover, if on this night, at twelve o'clock, you go alone and gather *fern-seed*, you may render yourself invisible as often as you please, that is, if you carry the fern-seed with you

on your person. The chief obstacle to the performance of this feat, is the invisibility at this time of the seed itself!

There was an ancient custom of "*Setting the Watch*" on St. John's Eve. "On the vigil of St. John Baptist, and on Sts. Peter and Paul the Apostles, every man's doore being shaddowed with greene birch, long fennel, St. John's Wort, orpin, white lilies, and such like, garnished upon with garlands of beautiful floures, and also lamps of glasse, with oyle burning in them all the night; some hung out branches of iron curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once, which made a goodly show—namely, in New Fish Street, Thames Street. Then had ye, besides the *standing* watches, all in bright harnesse, in every ward and street of this city and suburbs, a *marching* watch, that passed through the principall streets thereof, to wit, from the little conduit by Paul's gate, through West Cheape, by the Stocks, through Cornhill, by Leadenhall to Aldgate, then backe down Fen-church-street by Grasse-church, (Gracechurch) about Grasse-church conduit, and upp Grasse-church-street into Cornhill, and through it into West Cheape again, and so broke up. . . The constables were divided into two parties; one halfe consisting of 120, were appointed on St. John's Eve, the other halfe on St. Peter's Eve." In the year 1539 Henry VIII. forbade this muster of armed men, and prohibited the marching watch altogether: but it was again revived, and again fell into disuse, till at length the practice was altogether discontinued. In other places the setting of the watch on St. John's Eve was formally observed: the like pageant was maintained in Nottingham till the time of Charles I.; and in the city of Chester it was observed with great ceremony and show till as late as the reign of Charles II., though interrupted during the Commonwealth.

Concerning the Feast of St. John the Baptist, June 24th, there is a great deal to be said. An old author who poetically glorifies the ancient popular customs, says—

"Then doth the joyfull feast of John
 The Baptist take his turne,
 When bonfires great, with loftie flame,
 In every towne doe burne.
 And yong men round about with maides,
 Doe dance in every street,
 With garlands wrought of Motherwort,
 Or else with Vervain sweete."

And a very ancient "Homily" informs us that—"In worship of St. Johan the people waked at home, and made three maner of fyres: one was clene bones and noo woode, and that is called a bone fyre; another is clene woode and no bones, and that is called a wood fyre, for people to sit and wake thereby; the third is made of wode and bones, and it is callyd Saynt Johannys' fyre!"

These fires are all typical: with regard to the first, 'of bones,'—"wyse clerkes knoweth well that dragons hate nothing more than the stench of brennyng bones;" the second fire made of wood,—"to be seen farre, and betokennyge that Saint Johan was a lanterne of light to the people;" and the third fire,—"betokenneth Johan's martyrdom, for his bones were brente." Brand, in his "Antiquities," justly calls all this "a pleasant absurdity."

Another author tells us of these annual fires, that were kindled about midnight, at the very moment of the summer solstice, and that by the majority of ancient as well as of modern nations,—"and this fire-lighting was a religious ceremony of the most remote antiquity, which was observed for the prosperity of states and people, and to dispel every kind of evil;" one of the relicts of Baal-worship handed down to us under the guise of a perverted Christianity.

It was also the custom of the superstitious to practice certain divinations on Midsummer-eve, such as sleeping upon the dumb cake, in order to dream of your lover. Two persons must make this cake, two bake, and two break it, and a third must put it under the pillows of the other two, unbroken silence being maintained during the whole process. So many of these silly old usages involved a temporary dumbness, that we think some cantankerous philosopher must have invented them for the purpose of restraining women's tongues! In nearly all these ceremonies the charm is broken if you speak a word, or look behind you.

There is a prettier superstition than the "dumb cake," however, though we cannot assign to it the credit of being at all more rational:—you go backward into the garden on Midsummer-eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper without looking at it till Christmas-day, or, as some say, New-year's-eve (either will do, I doubt not, equally well);—the flower will be as fresh as when you gathered it, and if you stick it in your bosom he that is to be your husband will come and take it out! There is also another version of the rose-charm: the following lines by an unknown author tell the story prettily:

"The moss-rose that, at fall of dew,
 Ere eve its duskier curtain drew,
 Was freshly gathered from its stem,
 She values as the ruby-gem;
 And guarded from the piercing air
 With all an anxious lover's care,
 She bids it, for her shepherd's sake,
 Await the new-year's frolic wake—
 When, faded, in its altered hue
 She reads—the rustic is untrue!
 But if it leaves the crimson paint
 Her sickening hopes no longer faint,
 The rose upon her bosom worn,
 She meets him at the peep of morn."

The Spanish maidens were accustomed to go forth on the morning of the festival of John the Baptist to gather flowers. But of all the blossoms of this season none bear such reputation as the *St. John's Wort*, which is so common a flower that most of you will know it well. It was supposed to expel demons, and drive away evil spirits, and was also an infallible antidote against sorcerers, witches, and wizards! Nay! it was even pretended that the plants were protected from thunder and lightning! There are no less than twelve or thirteen British species of the golden tasselled *Hypericum*, or *St. John's Wort*, besides gayer foreign kinds, which are cultivated in our gardens, and whether

the whole genus or one species only possesses the wonderful virtues assigned to it by a credulous superstition, I really cannot tell. But certain it is that on *St. John's Eve* people used to hang it about their houses, and over their doors, to charm away all evil influences; and this usage was not confined to our own country, but was commonly observed in France and Germany. In the latter country, indeed, it was used for divination, as the orpine and other plants in England. The following lines are translated from the German, and though perhaps tolerably well known, I run the risk of transcribing them, since they so fully elucidate the superstition associated with the plant:

"The young maid stole through the cottage door
And blushed as she sought the plant of power;—
'Thou silver glow-worm, O lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic *St. John's Wort* to-night,
The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide,
If the coming year shall make me a bride;'

And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Thro' the night of *St. John*,
And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.

"With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams shed;
'Bloom here! bloom here! thou plant of power,
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour.'
But it drooped its head, that plant of power,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower:
And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,
More meet for a burial than bridal day.

"And when a year was passed away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay;
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Thro' the night of *St. John*;
And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay."

An elegant and romantic legend, certainly; but I cannot help remarking that any kind of belief in omens and charms is unworthy a rational being, and still more unworthy of any one professing the faith of Christianity, since the creed of an ignorant superstition is undoubtedly an affront to our Heavenly Father's Providence. He who cares for the sparrows, and numbers even the hairs of our head, will never leave us to the blind chances which such senseless and sinful observances imply. Moreover, bad omens

often bring to pass their own predictions, by terrifying the weak mind of their superstitious votaries. So great is the influence of fear, and so powerfully may nerves be wrought upon, that it is most probable that, as a rule, people who imagined they read their own death-warrant in certain signs and tokens, *would die* from sheer apprehension and brooding over their predicted end.

St. Peter's Day, the 29th of the month, is a high day in Rome. The apostate Church, which pretends to derive her authority from this saint,

celebrates his festival most splendidly. St. Peter's Church is illuminated : its columns, capitals, cornices, pediments, the lofty dome, the lantern, and the cross, are all traced out in lines of fire. "Millions of lights are reflected in the bosom of the Tiber," says a traveller in the earlier portion of this century, "and mingling with the golden glow of evening, seem covered with burnished gold, and have a most striking and magical effect." Grand fireworks are exhibited from the Castle

of St. Angelo ; sheets of liquid flame seem rolling to the earth, fountains and jets of fire spring upward to the skies, immense wheels revolve with unexampled swiftness, and mimic stars and suns shoot up with a brilliancy almost too dazzling for the wondering eyes of the beholder. This magnificent illumination is repeated on two successive evenings, and costs an immense sum of money.

As for the flowers of June, I will not even try to enumerate them, for

"Who would sing the flowers of June,
Though from grey morn to blazing noon,
From blazing noon to dewy eve,
The chaplet of his song he weave,
Would find his summer daylight fail,
And leave half-told the pleasing tale."

So we will only welcome the beautiful Queen June herself, as she comes to us all fair and fresh in her robes of richest green, brodered too with all the flowers she loves ! How bright are her sunny tresses, wreathed about with summer roses ; how sweet her fragrant breath, as wandering over hill and dale she comes towards us, singing on her way, till the lark nestles down at her feet, and the wild winds changed to balmy zephyrs twine themselves around her graceful neck, and the great sea-waves, ceasing all at once

their "billowy anthem," play only on the smiling shore, sweet, silvery trills of chiming melody ! Hail to thee, beautiful, beloved, and royal June ! Yes ! we hear your pleasant invitation—"Come to the woodlands, come away !" And we come, oh ! rose-crowned Queen, we who can : we leave the busy mart and thronging haunts of men, and seek the leafy shade, the borders of the stream, or the margin of the deep blue mere ! And at night we quote Wordsworth, and say—

"Who would go parading
In London, and masquerading
On such a night of June ?
With that beautiful soft half moon,
And all these innocent blisses,
On such a night as this is !"

Thank God for these "innocent blisses," which now and then for a brief space seem to give back

glimpses of the joy and loveliness of Eden lost !

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

ALICE'S ALLEGORY ; OR, THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE Alice Egerton was sitting one day on a low stool by the nursery fire, when her mother entered the

room. She looked with a troubled expression into the fire, as if thinking deeply on some subject. On her lap lay an open book, but Alice was not reading.

"What is my little girl puzzling herself about?" asked Mrs. Egerton.

"Oh! mamma, I am so glad you are here!" replied the child. "I want to ask you a question, can you stay to answer it?"

"Yes, my dear, I am come to sit with you."

"Then please, mamma, what is a pilgrim? I have been reading about Christian going to the Celestial City, and all the people who go there are called pilgrims. Are there any pilgrims now?"

"Yes, there are many hundreds making pilgrimages still."

"I suppose they are all very good people, mamma?"

"Not *all*, Alice; but before you can understand me, I must tell you what the word pilgrim means,—a stranger or foreigner, and was applied to those who travelled from their own country to visit the shrines or tombs of holy men, and such a journey is called a pilgrimage. Many persons went as pilgrims to the Holy Land; you know where that country is, and why it was so called?"

"Yes, mamma; it means Palestine, and it is called the Holy Land because Christ lived and died there, and nearly everything we read about in the Bible happened there."

"Very well. Pilgrims first visited Palestine in the reign of Constantine, about A.D. 300, and after that time the numbers increased."

"But why did they go?" interrupted Alice.

"Perhaps some went from mere curiosity, or because others went, but many looked upon it as a meritorious act; that is, if they had committed some great fault, or failed in their duty, they imagined that it would atone for past sins to go on pilgrimage. After a time other places were visited, such as the shrines of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome, and of other saints in France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, and England. Do you recollect, Alice, when we visited Canterbury last summer, we went to the Cathedral, and after service looked at the tombs? That of Thomas à Becket had many, many pilgrims constantly visiting it, so that the stone steps were worn down in the middle by their knees."

"Oh! yes, mamma; I recollect it very well."

"The Mohammedans, too, have their pilgrimages to Mecca, where their

prophet was born, and to Medina, where he died. The poor Hindoos also. You remember reading about Juggernaut, the frightful idol, and how many thousands were cruelly sacrificed every year at that horrid festival?"

"Oh! yes, mamma," said Alice; and she shuddered as she thought of the pictures she had seen of the dreadful car, drawn by so many people.

"The poor Irish used often to make 'rounds,' as they called them, walking barefoot many weary miles, and saying long prayers at the shrines of different saints. In all Roman Catholic countries this practice is more or less observed. But I think I have said enough to make you understand what a pilgrimage is; I will try now to explain the pilgrimage of Christian and his family. If you look at the title of your book, you will see that it is called an 'Allegory,' that is the same as a fable or parable, and means something *real* expressed figuratively or fancifully. More than two hundred years ago, there was a good man, named John Bunyan, who was kept in prison for twelve years, because he did not conform to the opinions of some others in Church government, &c. While this holy man was confined in Bedford Jail he wrote this book. Perhaps he really did dream some parts of it, as he had some very remarkable dreams. At all events, he gives the story under the similitude (or likeness) of a dream; and even the title seems to have done good, for I remember reading the account of a number of Bibles being sent to a Roman Catholic country, and on the top of each pile was a copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' whether accidental or designed I do not know. On examining them at the Custom House, the officer took up several of the *upper* volumes, and, reading the title, supposed it to be the account of a visit to some holy place; and taking it for granted that *all* the books were alike, he closed the chest, and allowed it to be sent off."

"That was good!" exclaimed Alice. "I dare say God ordered it so. Go on, mamma."

"No, no, my dear, I must stop here; I hear little Harry stirring, and we must amuse him. But, Alice, I will not forget our conversation, and perhaps some day you may hear an account of some other travellers to Mount Zion."

"Oh! that will be delightful," said

Alice. "I will not forget what we have been talking about, and now that I know it means going to heaven, I wish I could be a pilgrim. Are there any so little as I?"

"Yes, my darling; and you do not know how often your papa and I pray that our dear little girl may choose the narrow way that leads to eternal glory."

CHAPTER II.

Several weeks had elapsed since Alice's pleasant chat with her mamma, and she often wondered when she should hear about the little pilgrims, when one half-holiday, as she was sitting quietly in the parlour, working a kettle-holder for grandmamma, her mother folded and directed a letter she had been writing, and then, taking a large manuscript from her desk, said, "Can you guess what this is, Alice? Do you still wish to hear about the pilgrims, or have you forgotten what I promised you?"

"Oh! no," said Alice, and her countenance brightened, "I have not forgotten, and I have often wondered whether you had; but I thought I would not tease you, because I know you have a great many things to think about."

"You are a good child for being so patient and thoughtful, and now I am going to reward you."

THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

I had been reading Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and portions of it were passing in my mind, when my eyes closed to outward objects, and my thoughts took the form of a dream. I seemed suddenly transported to the City and Plain of Destruction, and the streets and lanes were just as I imagined them to have been when Christian set out on his journey. I was grieved to find it still filled with inhabitants, who were buying and selling, and getting gain. Births, marriages, and deaths were as frequent, and business as brisk as ever, judging from the air of bustle and importance visible in every passer-by. I did not relish the pushing and shouting, the roll of carriages, and the noise of heavy waggons, and therefore made my way to a green in the outskirts of the city. Sitting on a bank, I watched for some time a merry group of dancers, who were tripping lightly to

the sound of music. Waiting till they sought rest after their exertions, I stepped up to one, and asked if there were any pilgrimages now to the Celestial City, such as I had read of in former years. "Yes," replied she, "more than ever; indeed, everybody means to go some day or other." "I am very glad to hear it," said I. "They are willing, then, to conquer difficulties for the joy that is set before them?" "As to that," returned she, "the journey is not what it used to be: at one time everybody walked, and some are silly enough to do so still, but most of the better sort ride." "I was not aware," observed I, "that the path was wide enough to admit of carriages." "Oh! they manage somehow," she replied, "when they cannot go one way, they take another, and there is a new railway lately made, and many people go by that. Some persons certainly say that it is not safe, and there are men at the terminus constantly trying to frighten or persuade people not to use it, and telling of dreadful accidents; but I don't believe their stories, for if there is any truth in them, how is it that people still continue to go by it?"

"Perhaps," said a timid little girl, "they do not know of the danger, for nobody ever returns by the trains to tell them of it. I shall walk when I go."

"Nonsense, child," replied the first speaker; "I intend going by rail when I do go; but I mean to stay and enjoy myself here till I am an old woman. The trains go so fast, that I shall be there before many that have been walking years and years." Here several voices exclaimed, "Well done, Thoughtless, when you go we will go too!" The company then dispersed till no one was left but the little girl, and a boy a few years older. They were still in earnest conversation, when I joined them unperceived, and could discover that they were talking of the journey. Both had agreed to walk, and nothing now remained to be discussed but the time of their departure.

"I shall set out to-morrow," said Lowly. "But why wait till to-morrow?" replied Earnest. "Come to-day, dear Lowly. Let us ask the great King to give us His counsel and help." The two children then knelt down and prayed, and after a while a voice said, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for

thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." "Let us go first and bid them farewell who are at home," said Earnest. The same voice sounded, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." "Then let us leave all and follow him," said the two dear children; when a third time the heavenly voice cried, "No man hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting." They then rose from their knees, and walked on, hand in hand, and I followed them. Indeed, I had taken so deep an interest in their welfare that I determined to accompany them throughout their pilgrimage. They walked briskly towards the little wicket-gate, through which all pilgrims must pass to the Celestial City, singing as they went:—

"Heavenly Father, gracious King,
Design to hear our humble lay;
Let us loud Thy praises sing,
As we travel on our way.

"Keep us safe from every ill,
All we want do Thou provide;
As we journey let us still
Be far ever near Thy side.

"Leave us not till life is o'er,
Till we reach the promised land;
Where are pleasures evermore,
For the happy ransomed band."

CHAPTER III.

The air was so pure, and the flowers bloomed so freshly, that the children walked on very happily, and Earnest said, "How sorry I am that we stayed so long in the City before we made up our minds to go on pilgrimage. I think if everyone knew how pleasant the journey is, everybody would go."

"But, dear Earnest," said Lowly, "we must not expect every day to be so fine and bright. I know we shall have many troubles, but our Heavenly Father will watch over us and enable us to bear them. Look! what is that creeping along on the grass?" I should tell my readers that Earnest had been anxious to get some bright scarlet berries that pleased him, and he had gone out of the path a little—only a very little—way into a grassy spot, and a green serpent was coiled up on the ground just ready to spring upon him. But Lowly, who had walked more cautiously and looked

to her footsteps, saw it in time to pull her friend hastily aside. The children were both much terrified, and sat down awhile to recover themselves. At last Earnest said, "I wonder the Great King allows such venomous reptiles to come in our way. We shall never be safe if the road is infested by such creatures. Let us ask Him to remove them."

"No," replied Lowly, "it was all our own fault; we should not have turned aside even a very little. If those berries had been fit food for us they would have been found growing in the way. No doubt our good Friend put the serpent there to frighten us. Let us try and keep in the path, though it is rough and stony. I have heard that serpents cannot move easily amongst gravel and stones." Earnest was quite convinced by his friend's argument; and before the children left the spot they begged forgiveness for their folly, and help in future trials. "When they rose from their knees, the same voice they had heard in the Plains of Destruction sounded sweetly, "My grace is sufficient for thee. My strength is made perfect in weakness." Then they went on their way rejoicing. They had not gone far, before they saw a boy lying half dead by the wayside; near him lay some berries like those they had so nearly gathered. They inquired how the lad came there, but he only groaned in the anguish of his spirit, crying, "Lord save me, I perish!" Our little pilgrims knelt beside him and joined earnestly in the prayer. They soon saw an angel in white, coming quickly to the spot. He smote the suffering boy, saying, "Rise up! I am the Great Physician, and I have heard thy cries, and the prayers of thy friends, and have come to heal thee." He then gave the boy a bitter, nauseous draught, and obliged him to take it. Lo! after a while he was healed, but he was very weak for a long time, and walked slowly in the bitterness of his spirit. Let us leave him, Lowly," said Earnest, "it will be night before we reach the wicket-gate if we walk his pace." But Lowly replied, "I have thought of a better plan, we who are strong ought to bear the infirmity of the weak, he will faint by the way if we leave him to himself, and let us not forget that, if our good King had not sent the serpent to frighten us, we might ourselves have died from eating those red berries. "Ah! Lowly,

you are better than I," said her friend. "How thankful I am that you are my companion." They then led the poor sick boy between them, and he leaned on an arm of each, which supported him wonderfully. They talked comfortably to him, and cheered him. He told them that his name was Fearless, that he had climbed up the bank to gather the bright berries that grew on the other side, had filled his pockets with them, and finding their taste pleasant had eaten heartily of them, till a sudden faintness had seized him, so that he fell, and had no power to move or do anything but cry, "Lord save me, I perish!" Then the three children made a resolution to cry unto the Lord in their troubles, and not to trust in themselves.

Now I saw in my dream that they journeyed on; and, as they walked, Fearless, who was naturally of a good constitution, got gradually stronger. He frequently took a dose of the medicine supplied by the good Physician, which strengthened him for his journey. They now saw the Slough of Despond before them, at which Lowly began to tremble, but Fearless said, "Fear not, dear Lowly, our Lord will not let us sink; He hath delivered us, and in Him I trust." So they went on, looking cautiously for the steps. The day was bright, and the Slough was not so deep as usual, and they picked their way patiently through it, praying to the Strong for strength. Now I observed a bridge raised over the Slough of Despond. It had been constructed by the proprietors of the railway, with great trouble and expense,

and was built on a large arch that spanned the whole breadth of the Slough. While our little pilgrims were picking their way slowly and cautiously, a train rattled over the bridge. "There they go, high and dry," said Earnest, "while we have to plunge through the mire." "But, said Fearless, "I know which path I prefer." "So do I," said Lowly, "and I am sure that large arch cannot last long without a support; it seemed to shake with the weight of that long heavy train." "Oh! I am sure I do not envy them," replied Earnest, "all the troubles that are in the way are ordered by the Lord of the way, and I hope we shall never go out of the path to escape them." "We shall go from bad to worse, if we choose our own way," continued Fearless. When they were come to the other side, they gave thanks to the Lord, who had brought them thus far on their way. Then they saw some ripe fruit growing on a tree, in the very path, and honey flowing from the rock. At first they were afraid to taste it, lest it should be poisonous, when presently they heard a voice singing sweetly,—“Eat, O friends; yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!” Then they sat down under its shadow, with great delight, and its fruit was sweet unto their taste; and they sang—

“Oh! let us praise our God
For all His watchful care,
For help throughout the miry road,
And this delicious fare.

“May we renew our strength
As on our way we move,
Till we arrive in heaven at length,
Where all is joy and love.”

THE HOUSEWIFE'S MISCELLANY.

19. SALMON, TO BOIL.—Scale and clean your fish, taking care that no blood is left inside; lay it in a fish-kettle with sufficient cold water to cover it: throw in salt in proportion to the quantity of water which the size of the fish requires, but be sure not to use *vinegar* in dressing either salmon or trout—we are assured on the authority of the best cooks that it destroys both *colour* and *flavour*. Let the kettle boil quickly, then take off the scum, and let the fish *simmer* gently till done. Eight minutes to each pound of large thick salmon, and six to thin fish, is the time generally allotted, but experience only can teach the precise

moment when it is fully cooked, which is when the meat separates easily from the bone. Of the two evils, it had better be over than underdone, because under-cooked salmon is particularly indigestible, and to some delicate stomachs almost poisonous in its deleterious effects. If, when the fish is really dressed, any delay should occur, do not, on any account, let it remain in the kettle, by such treatment it will become watery, insipid, and colourless. Drain it, and while waiting for table, keep it hot by means of warm cloths. Serve on a hot napkin, garnished with lemon, parsley or fennel, but remember that to the last-mentioned

article some people have a thorough aversion. Send up with it plain melted butter, and a bottle of any good fish-sauce, or lobster, or shrimp, or anchovy sauce according to preference. *Cucumbers*, when in season, are seen on most tables, thinly sliced, as an accompaniment to boiled salmon. Many persons never eat salmon without a cut lemon on the table; they consider a sprinkle of the squeezed juice greatly to improve the flavour, but real fish-lovers generally care more for the pure flavour of the salmon itself, with only a little plain melted butter. In choosing your fish, feel with the finger and thumb, if the belly be firm and thick: *red gills* are by no means an infallible sign of freshness, though you may rely on this, if dealing with a respectable fishmonger, who would not think of making a transitory gain by means of the tricks of the trade. Fish small in the head and thick in the neck are generally preferred. Crimped salmon should be put on in hot water: it takes less time to boil than the uncrimped fish.

20. SALMON CUTLETS.—Cut your slices of fish about an inch thick, rub them over with salad oil, and season with pepper and salt; place them on a gridiron, over a clear fire to broil, and carefully turn them over every five minutes, moistening them occasionally with a little butter or oil, according to taste; they will be done through in about half an hour, as you may ascertain by gently pressing the bone, and if quite dressed it easily separates from the fish. Or else, butter sheets of white writing-paper, and lay each cutlet on a separate piece with the ends twisted; they are perhaps more delicate cooked in this way, but in either mode they are excellent. Serve with melted butter, or anchovy sauce if required.

21. SALMON PICKLED.—Take away the bone from your fish and divide it, if you have sufficient, into handsome pieces. Take equal quantities of the liquor in which the fish was boiled and good vinegar; sprinkle each piece with a little salt, and a very little pepper, throw in a few black peppercorns, and a little whole allspice, if you like it. Let the salmon be quite immersed in the liquid, and put it in an earthenware pan, which set covered in the oven till the ingredients are quite hot. Or else, boil the liquor and vinegar with the spice, &c., for ten

minutes, and when cold pour it over your salmon. In twelve hours it will be quite ready to bring to table.

22. LOBSTER SAUCE.—By all means choose a *hen-lobster* if you wish good sauce. Out the meat into small equal pieces; put the spawn and coral of the lobster, with half an ounce of butter, into a mortar; pound it till quite smooth, and rub it through a hair sieve, covering it up till wanted. Make one pint of melted butter very smoothly, always stirring it one way. By using milk instead of water your lobster colours better; and if only a very small lobster be used, half a pint of melted butter is sufficient. Put in the spawn and one large teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, a little salt and cayenne to taste, a little pounded mace, if liked, and two tablespoonfuls of cream, if you are not bent on an economical sauce. Mix the sauce well before you add the lobster-meat, that it may not be broken: this should always be put in the last thing, and then let it get thoroughly hot without boiling, which would immediately spoil the rich red colour on which the appearance of the sauce depends. Let it simmer one minute after the lobster has become thoroughly hot through. Some add a little lemon-juice as flavour. *Shrimp sauce* is made simply of melted butter and the required quantity of shelled shrimps, seasoned with cayenne. This sauce also must just simmer, but not boil, after the shrimps are added. A teaspoonful of anchovy sauce improves.

23. GREEN PEAS, TO BOIL.—If possible have your peas gathered when you want them, and do not shell them long before you proceed to cook them. Having shelled them, wash them well in cold water and drain them, and put them into plenty of water in which moist sugar and salt have been thrown, in the proportion of half a teaspoonful of sugar and a heaped teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water. Boil them quickly over a brisk fire; if young from ten to fifteen minutes, the larger sorts twenty minutes or more, and old peas half an hour. But the average time is twenty minutes, and they are easily tried. As the season advances be careful not to *miss* the sorts of peas at one dressing, since if you boil *marrowfat*s, and more tender kinds with them, the latter will be reduced to pulp, while the former

are only cooked to perfection. Some boil a small bunch of mint with the peas. I think it a decided improvement, but others differ on this point. If the peas are at all old or inclined to turn yellow, put in a *very small quantity* of carbonate of soda—too much will mash the peas and impair the delicacy of their flavour. On this point be very careful. Servants are often presumptuously lavish with the soda, and spoil

as a matter of course, the vegetables they are preparing. When the peas are tender set them to drain in a colander over hot water, but not touching it; put among them a pat of butter not larger than a walnut, let it melt, stir the peas well together, dredge a *very little* flour over them, stir again and serve in a hot vegetable-dish. With young peas soda is never required.

MARCH AND MAY.

We waited for thee, March, with bodings drear
Of piercing, pitiless winds and sunless skies;
And lo! thou camest smiling to our sphere,
A maiden, with the lovelight in thine eyes!
Our hands were only half held out to greet thee,
But thine were open, dropping sweetest flowers;
Our steps were slow in going forth to meet thee,
But joy thrilled through the music of thine hours.
And didst thou not, through all the budding trees,
Woo back again the last year's minstrelsy!

But May! oh, how we looked, and longed for thee!
Thou wert our star through winter months of gloom,—
In the chill stillness, our low melody,—
In the stern barrenness, our life and bloom.
And thou art here! But all our dreams are vain;
Our hands are chilly in thy icy hold;
The changeful sunshine flickers on the streams,
And keenly blows the wind across the wold.
Upon thy face the clouds hang dim, and low,
And thy green garment hath a fringe of snow.

Dear one! thou, too, art looking sadly on
To the drear March that hasteth day by day,
And longing with an aching all unknown
For the bright sun and blossoms of thy May.
But patience! dear one, clasp with trusting hold
The gracious guiding hand outstretched to thee,
Nor yield not faintly, nor be vainly bold.
For "as thy day is, so thy strength shall be."
Leave the unknown to Him, so shall each day
In victory or endurance pass away.

May 2nd.

LUCINDA BOWSER.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REJECTED Articles cannot be returned unless accompanied by postage stamps for the purpose, nor can we undertake to give an opinion on MSS. or to state upon what grounds they are declined. Persons sending short pieces, poems, &c., should keep copies, as the Editor cannot in any case be responsible for contributions of this nature. It is also indispensable that the full name and address of the author should be legibly written on the first or last page of all MSS. forwarded for approval. Owing to great pressure of business, it is impossible immediately to decide upon the merits of articles; correspondents must therefore not imagine themselves neglected or forgotten if answers be somewhat delayed.

THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1866.

'I NEVER WANTED ARTICLES ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS HALF SO MUCH AS ARTICLES ON COMMON SUBJECTS, WRITTEN WITH A DECIDEDLY RELIGIOUS TONE.'—*Dr. Arnold.*

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1866.

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THE

CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1866.

THE ALPINE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, WITH ADVICE TO FELLOW-PILGRIMS.

PART I.—MONT BLANC, AND ITS CHIEF POINTS OF VIEW.

HAVING walked and climbed many weary and yet many delightful miles in and over the Alps of Switzerland and Savoy, I may be qualified to advise, direct, and encourage other Alpine pilgrims, who are disposed to benefit by antecedent experience, and also to enliven the quietude of those who are compelled for various reasons to remain at home. I am just now resuming my alpenstock (as the long iron-shod pole which mountaineers carry is styled), and when the reader peruses these lines I shall, I hope, be on one side or other of Mont Blanc, or in some of the valleys running up towards Monte Rosa, or perhaps near the Italian lakes. I purpose in this and some subsequent papers to present such notes as I think will prove serviceable, and such descriptions as may prove interesting both to those who travel among the Alps, and those who travel only round their own hearthstone. But I shall avoid the fashion of Guide Books, for they are abundant, and accessible enough. The Englishman will generally have his "Murray," the Frenchman his "Joanne," and the German his "Baldeker"—all these are useful, and possess their respec-

tive advantages. I have used them all, and read them nearly through, page by page. There is likewise a special guide for mountaineers, by Mr. Ball, to be completed in three volumes, two of which have already appeared, and the third has been recently announced. This is the completest, and most thoroughly Alpine in its character, but ordinary tourists will probably prefer a more compendious guide, such as that of Murray, or Baldeker. Of the latter there is an English translation, and of the former there is an abridgement, which Mr. Murray calls "The Knapsack Guide," for travellers in Switzerland, with clue maps, &c. London, 1864. It is small, neat, very condensed, and useful for short-timed tourists, and costs five shillings. I find the older work of Ebel, in two thick volumes, still useful for minute details of botany and mineralogy. What I should recommend any determined and continuous Alpine tourist to do is to follow my own example, in preparing six or eight small blank note books, heading each with an Alpine district, or principal range of mountains, and gradually filling up these several note-books with information

culled from all trustworthy sources. My own little manuscript note-books, thus filled, are, I believe, more practically useful than any one guide-book, though partly enriched from them all.

There is now a considerable Alpine literature, the extent and excellence of which would surprise readers new to the subject. Three beautifully illustrated works are now before me; another will appear in a few weeks, and possibly others may succeed them, as there is a reading and consequently a remunerating public for them all. The publications of the Alpine Club are themselves now rather numerous.

Of maps, I will only say, that while the great Federal map, by Dufour, is the only detailed one on a large scale, something like our Ordnance Map, the common traveller will not carry it, though the tourist intending to locate himself in one or two spots should get the sheets containing them, as he may do at the principal towns. But the ordinary tourist should get a pocket map, and will find the new edition of Keller's map sufficient for him. That of Lenthold is fuller, but not so clear and legible. He can see them all at a bookseller's shop in Geneva, or Lausanne, or Basle, or Lucerne, and purchase one for from seven to twelve francs, mounted and adapted to the pocket. Over them all, as over the guide-books, I have pored for hours and days, and though poor as a mountaineer's map, yet I think Keller's as good, reasonable, and intelligible as any for the general traveller. If you attempt high passes, or the "grand courses," as the guides term the greatest mountaineering feats, then you must have "Dufour" for that locality. Mr. Reilley has prepared for the Alpine Club an excellent map of Mont Blanc, the result of much disinterested labour. The zeal, activity, and toil which this gentleman expended on the preparation of this map, from actual personal examination, are really remarkable.

When I first visited the Alps, I made that very prevalent mistake

against which I wish to caution my fellow-pilgrims, viz., attempting too much in one visit. Consequently, I returned jaded, tired, and unrefreshed, and when I reached my own house, was scarcely able to give my mind to any study for a month afterwards. At the outset I enter my earnest protest against this practice. Every season young men may be seen toiling under knapsack and a hot sun in a manner to which they have never been accustomed before, and really frustrating the objects of their holiday. I am almost sure that many lay the foundation of a series of diseases by their Swiss excursions. What infatuation for sedentary men just escaped from the counting-house, or college, or close law-court, to aim at walking twenty or more miles daily, upon insufficient or indigestible food, on rough roads, or perhaps up steep slopes, under a broiling July or August sun! And what heat strikes down upon the devoted pedestrian's head in the narrow Alpine valleys, especially on the Italian side of the Alps. All down the Val d'Aosta, and along the Italian lakes, the heat is frequently furnace-like in high summer. Indeed, walking at mid-day is then impossible, or alarmingly imprudent in the valleys, or on exposed slopes.

There is only one way of exploring the Alps comfortably and completely, and that is, dividing the country into topographical sections, or convenient districts, subjoined to some central scene or mountain of special interest, and then devoting one season exclusively to one district at a time. Thus, the French side of Mont Blanc, together with all the scenic points and valleys, up to the head of the Lake of Geneva, would form quite ample exercise ground for a long summer visit, and whoever would thoroughly visit the most beautiful parts of this district would have enough before his eyes and stored in his memory for a lifetime, if he never returned to the Alps. In the remainder of the present paper I will show how this district may be most profitably visited.

The tourist may leave London in

June or July, or at latest, August. If he desire quiet, let him select June or July, for then the inns are thinly tenanted, and host and waiters will patiently listen to his imperfect French. In July also, they will listen, for they are not yet overwrought. But in August they will often turn a deaf ear to your murmurs, save to all but douceurs. August, at Chamouni is a French or Swiss Vanity Fair. Over-crowded inns—tourists turned away, and prowling about for beds—rumours of the last bed just taken—the little dirty, stony streets, stuffed with visitors of all sizes and conditions; rough and smooth guides, porters, servants, waiters, English, Scotch and Irish, French, German, and Americans—all one babbling Babel of chattering and clattering; parties coming in from the day's excursions—parties arranging for the morrow. Alpine Club-men, who have been up, or are going up Mont Blanc—young men in their Alpine novice, fired with the mountaineering mania. Oxford and Cambridge men discussing plans, and peaks, and passes; and then, in the midst of all, dashing in with a rousing rattle of wheels, comes a diligence, or private carriage, from which descend weary passengers to renew the vain search for beds and rooms. All this you may plunge into during any August at the little village of Chamouni, lying at the foot of the huge monarchical Mont Blanc.

Do not go to such a place late in August, but at the end of June, or in July, or in the first part of September. If you visit it in mid-August be sure of discomfort, and excitement, and confusion and hurry. One August I was tired, and I got no sound sleep, no good or sufficient food, and scarcely a bed decent enough for a republican. As to sleep, why the whole night was as the day for noise and traffic and interruptions. Above all, rang slowly but stunningly that *new bell* in the Catholic Chapel, which precludes sleep from all who have nerves, brains, and ears to hear. One night, to my astonishment and distress, it rang

not merely twelve (and every succeeding stroke was as a hammer to my brain), but after the twelfth stroke (when I fondly hoped all was over), it began again, and in all rang *twenty-four*! How this was contrived, whether by one or two bells, I know not, but of the fact I am certain, and my distress I now remember perfectly well. Again, at two o'clock, *four* was sounded. At length I got up, and saw the sunrise on Mont Blanc. Oh, the misery of those five watchful bell-beset nights at Chamouni!—nights exceeding long days of great fatigue. I wonder that this wretched bell had not tolled for my funeral. Nothing will induce me to try a night at Chamouni in the height of the season. The only cool and quiet thing in the place was Mont Blanc itself. All the little world seemed fretting and fuming round its base, and the horrible bell sounded as if in unceasing warning to the living mass of tourists, that must all soon die, and become as cold and lifeless as the icy monarch himself. No repose at Chamouni in high summer, except in the low, hidden, forgotten grave!

I believe that Chamouni may be advantageously visited in June for an early visit, or in the beginning of October for a late one. At both these times it is quiet, but I prefer June. If no unusual quantity of snow has fallen, you can easily walk or ride on a mule through the striking pass of the Tête Noir, from Martigny to Chamouni, and then take up your abode at the Royal or the Saussure Hotel. You may pass a month at Chamouni, and then not exhaust the striking excursions, all noted in the Guide Books. There are two, however, which may be accomplished with comparative ease, and which, I think, at least equal if they do not surpass all the others.

These two are as follows:—

First, the ascent of the Brévent, from which in a clear day there is the finest ice and snow mountain view in Europe, or as fine a one as any of a continuous range of *near* peaks and glaciers. Any of my fair

readers may ascend on mules (nearly) to this Planpraz—that is the easier portion of the ascent towards the peak of Brévent. Here there is a chalet and refreshments, and here the fair climber may rest, and in an hour or so descend easily to Chamouni by dinner time. If strong and agile enough to climb a rocky staircase, called “the chimney,” in which there is little danger and no overwhelming fatigue, the visitor will again peer from the very top of the Brévent an astonishing view of the whole range of the Chamouni side of Mont Blanc. Every prominent rock, mount, and glacier can be clearly distinguished, as also can, by means of telescope, any party at that time ascending the great mountain. With the naked eye you can just trace sundry little black creeping dots, when once identified as the climbers. Although these mountaineers are opposite to you, across the valley of Chamouni, yet they appear to be mere specks, and by such means only can you realise the magnitude of Mont Blanc. Every thing around you is on so huge a scale that the sense of altitude and magnitude is lost, until you can mentally measure by a known moderate size such as that of a man. An ascending party may be followed by your eye, or by the telescope, from the Brévent along the whole route from Chamouni, across the Glacier des Bossons, to the Grands Mulets. There the mounters sleep for the first night. Next day they begin very early to cross the great plains of ice, to cross the Dôme du Goûté, after having passed the Grand Plateau. Then they crawl over the the Bosse du Dromadaire, and along a continuous ridge to the rounded dome of snow which forms the top.

In a fine dry summer like the last the ascents of the mountain are numerous, perhaps from twenty to thirty. After all, it is a trial and test of physical endurance, and nothing more. Most strong men could accomplish this feat after a week or two of proper training; but of course the thin, organically sound young man has the advantage over others.

Severe walking and climbing, and descending for two successive days, with an intervening sleepless, cold, cheerless night at the wooden hut of the Grands Mulets, must be manfully encountered. I never have, and never shall attempt it, for two main reasons—(1) You may obtain almost, if not quite, as grand a view from a secondary height, and, as I believe, actually a superior one from the Brévent itself (where we are supposed to be now standing). This I infer, because from the Brévent you see the whole of Mont Blanc and every peak and eminence—every fine aiguille, or needle—in a grand mass confronting you; whereas when upon the top of the mountain you lose the mountain itself, and of course look only upon the Brévent and the allied ranges opposite. This may be familiarly represented by looking at St. Paul's from Blackfriars Bridge, and then from the top of the Dome. Every Londoner knows which is the better view. Let the Brévent be Blackfriars Bridge, and St. Paul's Mont Blanc, and you have the contrast at once before you.

(2) When you do gain the top, you do not necessarily or even generally get the view. At least five times out of ten it is either misty or cloudy, or not clear, and in such case you have all the fatigue without the reward. There are not many days when the summit is quite cloudless for any number of hours in succession, and even if the summit be cloudless the distant prospect may be, and frequently is, obscured. In fact, I never yet met with a mountaineer who had a perfect view from Mont Blanc. If ascending, I would rather go in June or late in September, believing these to be the clearest times. But, in my opinion, the ascent of Mont Blanc is the grand delusion of the Alps, involving great fatigue, some expense, and a most uncertain reward. Take the Brévent instead, and you will have quite enough climbing, some risk in mounting the chimney, and obtain a view grand and glorious enough for any inhabitant of this world of sin and suffering. Of one

thing I am sure, viz., that no summit in this vicinity at all rivals it, except that of the Buet, a round glacier-topped mountain, a good way behind to the left when you stand on the Brévent. The Buet has great fame as a place of view; it takes in the same prospect, with, however, a wider horizon. Its height is 10,207 feet above the sea, which raises it above the nearer ranges, and leaves the frontage of Mont Blanc rising more than 5,000 feet above the spectator. It is also an easy ascent when you get to the bottom—that is, easy comparatively—but to get to the bottom involves much walking and a long circuit. I think the best way to approach it is from the Tête Noir by a detour a short way above Valorsine, visiting the beautiful Cascade Barberine on the journey. Another but longer way is from the valley of Sixt, but this involves sleeping in chalets and a long day's walk. Even from the top the nearer ridge of the Brévent intervenes between the spectator and Mont Blanc, and cuts off the lower part of Mont Blanc. In all respects, then, I take it the Brévent is to be preferred. The Planpraz is 6,959 feet in height, and the less capable climber may rest there and be content, while the summit of the Brévent being 7,856 feet, and show all the North side of Mont Blanc in one vast precipice from top to bottom at Chamouni. The ascent of the Planpraz requires about three hours, and that of the Brévent about five hours from Chamouni. I have done the latter between breakfast and dinner, descending to the late table d'hôte at Chamouni without very great fatigue, and in the company of ladies, who, however, took mules to Planpraz. One word to ladies—the present full fashion of dress must be abandoned on such ascents. London fashions might lead to accident on steep jagged rocks. Ladies must also reckon upon nine hours' absence and activity, but healthy tourists, even of the softer sex, can mount the Brévent. Again, and finally, I commend it to them as the very finest excursion from Chamouni which

they can perform. Give up the Flégère for the Brévent, or do both if possible. The night before starting go to the bureau of guides in the village, telling him to call at your hotel at six a.m. Go up as early as possible, for in all mountain views the morning is the clearest and most promising time. There are views which are seldom or ever clear after about ten o'clock a.m.

The second important excursion I would recommend from Chamouni is a walk to the Montanvert (which every body takes), and after refreshment has been obtained at the hut there, I advise you to go down to the edge of the Mer de Glace, but not to cross it at once, as the herd of visitors do. Here there is a very long transverse passage, and any guide will conduct you by it across the glacier for a fee of two or three francs. Arrived on the other side, you descend by the *maurais pas* (a rather troublesome rocky pass) to the valley of Chamouni. This is the common course, and any guide or guide-book will name it. But I suggest to you first to ascend the glacier, and to leave this lower transit to the last. For this purpose I select a guide with whom you may make a bargain to accompany you up the glacier as well as across. For a few francs (say five or six) the guide will take you above Trélaporte, where you will traverse the glacier diagonally below the junction of the Glacier de Léchand with the Glacier de Géant. You then cross four *medial moraines*, or heaps of stone brought down by the descending glacier and left in or about its middle. These four moraines correspond to as many points of junction between the separate ice-streams that make up the Mer de Glace. Be sure to order your guide either in going or returning to take you to one of the *moulins*, or mills, which you may visit by a slight detour. Ordinary tourists never see these, but they are amongst the most beautiful and interesting objects on the glacier. A *moulin* is in truth a large hole worn through the ice of the glacier by the continual action of falling water—some natural circumstances having

given direction to the waters melting at the surface of the glacier in summer time. I presume that several little streams have met at the moulin, where they have worn their way for years slowly through the ice. Then the streams, flowing towards this hole, have increased, and finally it becomes a kind of central icy cascade.

The beauty of it lies in the clearness of the ice, and the singularity in the disappearance of the water altogether, as though it ran down through a funnel. The noise of its fall in that region of awful stillness is additionally remarkable. Lean over the moulin, and then, when you stand erect again, gaze round at the vast walls of ice and rock that rise up thousands of feet all round or before you. Listen to the frequently falling stones, as the sun gets power, and dislodges them from the icy vices in which the frosts have fixed them. Gaze up at the tortuous glaciers slanting down from the summits above; mark how they wind in elegant curves, and how innumerable breaks, termed crevasses, seam and crack them in all directions. Gaze around, above, below, and confess that you now behold a scene unexpected and unsurpassed. The higher you can climb and the nearer you can get towards the Jardin (a little rocky island in the ice called the Garden, from its wild flowers), the more extended is the ice-world before you. Any where hereabouts you stand in the very heart of the glacier domains. The ice-fall of the Glacier du Géant, in its unearthly stillness and purity, seems *icified* in mid-fall before your eyes. It resembles a parted water-fall turned into ice in mid-descent. Every wave and dash of water glaciated at one and the same instant, and fixed for ever in one enduring mass. It is a Niagara arrested and solidified, robbed of its crashing voice of thunder, but robed in new and glistening beauty—never more to be melted till that final day when the elements themselves shall melt with fervent heat.

The crevasses or cracks of these glaciers constitute the terror and real peril of glacier walking. They

are in effect so many man-traps, and when covered with recent snow are all concealed pitfalls, into which an incautious step may plunge you irrecoverably. High up in these glaciers, and still more in others, you may watch them yawning beneath your feet, and then understand the real risks of Alpine mountaineering. The great safeguard is roping or fastening yourself to an experienced guide and to your companions with well tested rope: then if one man falls into a crevasse the others pull the rope quite tight, and thus jerk him out. To be jerked up from even a small crevasse is a singular sensation, and when you first experience it your nerves will be a little shaken. Stories innumerable might be narrated of glacier perils, crevasses, snow bridges, and marvellous escapes, as well as melancholy and fatal accidents. The advantage of this present ice-walk is that you may be easily led around and across the moderate crevasses, and thus by common precautions and vigilance avoid any particular danger.

You may also obtain a distant glimpse of the curious *séracs*, a term applied to large castellated masses of ice, the formation of which is curious. The ice is broken by the descent of other ice into transverse chasms of enormous width and depth. The ridges between these break across again, and thus the huge castellated blocks are fashioned. You may likewise meet with glacier-tables. The glacier-table is formed by a large stone resting on a mass of ice, which is gradually worn away round and round its thickness, until it becomes a pillar, and supports the stone like a table on its top. The stone itself has protected its pillared ice-pedestal, and *that* has upheld the stone.

If you can contrive by sleeping at the hut (called the Pavilion!) of the Montauvert, and thus getting the whole day upon the glaciers, you will find subjects for admiration and for meditation during the whole twelve hours, which, if rightly disposed, you will find all too short. Take your bag of provisions, and

get your guide to understand that you want to see everything that can be seen on condition of returning at dusk to Montanvert. What a study of geology in the several moraines, which are in truth rough geological museums, containing a confused collection of rock specimens from the summits. Crystals of quartz are to be found there, and I have one before me now, which I found.

One hint I must not forget—by all means take a light green or blue veil and a pair of coloured spectacles with you, if you spend long days on glaciers and amidst snow-peaks and passes. Otherwise you will inevitably have snow-blindness—a temporary and curable, but a very unpleasant affliction. The spectacles will prevent blindness; the veil will save you from a skinless face. I may here add another hint. The best protection against heat is a long piece of white calico or linen, fastened round your cap or hat, and falling down *behind* like a weeper and a follower at a child's funeral. Indian travellers use this, and it may be had at the hatters in London. It is termed, I think, a *punkah*. It may save you from a sunstroke. The nape of the neck is the part to protect in the first place.

But to return to the glaciers. The most terrifying state of things about them is the falling of boulders during the heat of the day. Even the short distance you can have now traversed has not been free from this danger, but in another glacier I have seen and heard big stones shoot down like cannon-balls, and just under a rock wall I have been assailed by stone balls as hotly as in battle. One blow from one big mass would of course kill the passer by. To dodge these glacial artillery demands no little adroitness, vigilance, and intrepidity; and as you cannot see the enemy approaching, it is really a serious risk to pass anywhere within shot-range. I once saw a boulder fall from a peak above us, shoot out as if flung from a balista, and then spin in the air like a war-shell, finally crashing down within a short distance of me, scattering ice-splinters

and small stones far around. Running such a glacier-gauntlet as this is most alarming work, and if once performed will never be forgotten.

There exist in the heart of the ice-world some of the most firm-looking, yet truly unstable structures to be found anywhere in nature. But such appearances of solidity and steadfastness are often quite deceptive. Yonder, for instance, we see high up on the side of this glacier a multitude of crags and leaning columns of ice, which cover a precipitous incline. You may be passing there at mid-day, or during the hot hours, when suddenly a stunning crash will arouse you. Crash, crash, nearer and louder! Lo! immense masses of ice are splitting up in their descent. It is an ice-avalanche. Down and destructive they roll and rush, followed by boulders of perhaps half a ton in weight. Some of these strike the surface of the glacier, and then rebound as if elastic balls. Others describe great curves, and some are turned aside so as to take the most unexpected directions. A sharp cannonade in war may be louder but not more alarming. There are parts so frequently swept by these ice-avalanches and their accompanying stone-shot that they are always bare, seemingly scathed, and swept, and scored, and seamed—everywhere showing desolation and swift destruction.

I will not at present enlarge upon the phenomena of the ice-world in its inner domains. I wish to conclude this paper by further hints on the best natural observatories of the Mont Blanc range.

By ascending from Chamouni to either high above the valley, you continually see all along the deep trench. Go up to Argentiere early some morning, and then slowly ascend the Col de Balme, which is 7,231 feet above the sea-level, which you may readily reach in three hours from Argentiere; or gain the same point on your way to Chamouni from Martigny. From this Col there is a justly celebrated and very fine side view of the whole range of Mont Blanc and the long

valley of Chamouni. All the needle peaks, or *aiguille*, rise up in rank and file before you, and the grandeur of the *tout ensemble* is undeniable. I advise going to the Col from Chamouni, because approaching it from Martigny is a long and very wearisome walk. When I took this walk one day under a hot August sun (having been flayed by insects the previous night at Martigny—a horrible hole for insect persecutions) I arrived at the Col so jaded that I lay down and fell sound asleep for an hour on the summit. When I woke, the whole grandeur of the scene lay unrolled before me, as if it were a sudden magical vision rather than a waking reality. Never shall I forget the scene, or alas, the fatigue and utter exhaustion of body.

Another similar observatory called the Col de Voza (5,938 feet high) may be visited at the opposite extremity of the valley of Chamouni, where of course just the reverse of the view from the Col de Balme is obtained. From thence one may go westward, and ascend the Mont Joli (8,760 feet high). This mountain stands in a similar relation to the west end of Mont Blanc that the Mercut holds to the northern face of the mountain. The ascent is not at all difficult or laborious, and is well worth making. If you have seen the views from the Col de Balme, from the Mercut, from the Col de Voza, and from Mont Joli, you have thoroughly scanned the aspects of the great monarch of mountains, on all but the Italian or south side, as thoroughly at least as is practicable, without a special or long exploration of such great point and peak.

To complete the survey of the mountain, you must pass over to the Italian side, making for the village of Courmayeur, where you will find adequate accommodation, throngs of Italians from Turin, in July and August, and this not the same kind of little Vanity Fair as at Chamouni, for at Courmayeur things are quieter, there are fewer English, as the place is rather more difficult to reach from England, and also fewer

guides, and less clamour and clatter. Also you have a totally different view of Mont Blanc in form and structure. But I feel that I must reserve the details for another paper, as they are many, and cannot be compressed into the close of this communication. I believe I shall have rendered, and shall be rendering particular service by this explanation of the best way of viewing the more conspicuous glories of Mont Blanc. I only wish that I myself had been in possession of such particulars some years ago. It is vexatious to find that you have missed great things from ignorance, or wasted time on inferior things. If my fellow-pilgrims will give the month of July or September to such a tour as I have performed, and shall continue to describe, they will have accomplished all that can be comfortably achieved in the time, and will have grand pictures stored up in memory for winter days at home.

If any visiting tourists do not feel strong enough for the range of Mont Blanc, there are numerous beautiful halting places where they may rest, luxuriate in quiet, and await their more capable companions. For any one at all weakly or nervous, or for one thoroughly unstrung, I should commend a week or fortnight's retreat at such a place as Chambéry, in the Val d'Ille. This very charming spot is easily reached by rail from Bouveret, a station at the head of the Lake of Geneva. Stop at the Monthey station, and then hire a "char" (a sort of low wagon or chaise) to take you up to Chambéry. Better still walk the whole distance in about three and a-half hours leisurely, and let your baggage come up on the little vehicle. I scarcely know a lovelier valley walk in the whole Alps—I say *lovely* not grand. The vegetation in summer is superb—the variety considerable—every turn beautiful. There was a good inn, the Dent du Midi, at Chambéry. It was rebuilding in stone when I was last there; but I see in a newspaper letter that the then proprietor has had his licence with-

drawn for shameful extortion and threats practised on an English lady. I know nothing about this but from the letters in the *Times*. There was another inferior little inn there, the Croix Federale. At either, I think, you could arrange to stay *en pension* (i. e., to board and lodge) for a week or more, at from four to five francs a day (five francs at the Dent du Midi).

There the views of the huge mountain, the Dent du Midi, which exceeds 10,000 feet in height above the sea, are grand and imposing. You can walk under its precipices, and can make excursions of four, five, six, or eight hours in various directions, with rich reward. It is just the place for the condition of health or ill-health I have described, as demands only moderate exertion, and you can have regular meals and sufficient food. I spent three days of fog and mist there, and in such circumstances it is as melancholy as may be. The drawbacks in all such places are the number of children in the families who reside for some time in these pensions; the noise the children make at night, the want of wet-day amusements, the cold in snowy weather, and the petty *espionage* of the idle ladies respecting their fellow-visitors. Mountaineers in rough soiled clothes and hob-nailed boots will be quizzed there in a quiet way. Mountain inns were the proper places for them. They have no business amongst idle, dressy females, and over fretted children, and one o'clock dinners. If they will go to such quarters, I can assure them they must be self-contained, contented, and not look for much confraternity.

Of other similar *pensions* near this locality, I should commend those at the Diablerets, which can be reached at Digle. These, however, are indicated in guide-books, and therefore I have no occasion to say more about them. Murray will give the details: I will only add that the scenery of the Diablerets is rather imposing, and that there you may see a *cirque* of glacier mountains, more nearly re-

sembling those of the Pyrenees than almost any other in the Alps.

One or two last words on personal matters shall be all for the present. Take as little luggage as you can contrive. The cost of transit will equal or finally exceed your own. Press one trunk in two, and if you can make a small one suffice, the better. To transmit a trunk on mule-back long distances is very expensive. Happy they who can manage with knapsacks, and can carry them themselves!

As to clothes. Let gentlemen take their flannel shirts, stout boots, and a uniform tweed suit, strong and loose. Be sure to add a Scotch plaid, on the uses of which I could write a chapter. Let ladies equip themselves in similar manner; *mutatis mutandis*. Be particular to take a square or two of soap, and half a pound of good tea. An ounce of bicarbonate of potash will be useful in correcting acidity.

As to money. Take the circular notes of the London Joint Stock Bank. The managers will explain the details. For ready cash, change your sovereigns at Paris into Napoleons.

In respect of books. Take two or three at most; one should be a Bible. The others either a Milton, a Shakespeare, or similar book, besides your "Guides." A Foreign-office passport will always be a safeguard for identification, and is easily obtained in London. A language conversation-book, with a Murray's "Handbook of Travel Talk" is serviceable to all who are not linguists. But in nearly all the places described in this paper, plain English is understood by waiters and some others. It is singular that these people learn English more readily than we learn French. A landlord of a Swiss inn told me that there must be in the popular hotels one English-speaking waiter. He himself had learned English in two long winters by the aid of a dictionary and grammar, in proof of which he asked me if I "would not have the goodness to like a wipe?" That is, would I not wash myself?

J. R. L.

THE FORTUNES OF CYRIL DENHAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XX.

A LOST LOVE.

THE moment Cyril saw his friends, he knew that they brought him evil tidings. Sir John's frank face was stern and grave and sad, and Lady Ashburner's sad also, but tenderly compassionate. Had he unwittingly offended? he asked himself as he stood before them. One asks such mental questions in such seasons of perplexity and dread, far more swiftly than one can utter them, or write them down. Cyril replied to half-a-dozen suggestions of his own excited thought, before any words of greeting passed his lips. But those greetings died away almost unspoken, for more and more he felt that something terrible awaited him—some cruel ordeal through which he needs must pass, and from which he must not seek to flee.

"What is it?" he asked, when he had fervently but silently shaken hands. "Is *Elizabeth*—?" But the words could not be spoken. He knew that it was concerning Elizabeth they came to speak: and was she *dead*?—had her proud young beauty faded like the flowers of spring—was the grave covering that queenly form, those lovely eyes, that sweet transcendent bloom? *No!* for there was no anguish of bereavement in those two pale countenances, and there were no mourning garments to foreshadow the awful truth! Was she then sick, or *dying*? *No!* or her mother were not here sorrowful but composed. A telegram would in such case have summoned him to Forest Range; *they* would not have journeyed up to town to break to him such tidings! Was she then *faithless*, or at least inconstant? He remembered all the careless letters about the gossip of the neighbourhood, and the state of the conservatories, and the long silence; his own appeals disregarded, his entreaties for "just a line or two" unnoticed, and the sickness and weariness of

spirit that had seized him since the beginning of the month. Yes! that was it: he read it in their faces.

"What have I done?" was his first question, when, recovering somewhat from the blow, he began to understand the aspect of affairs.

"Nothing! Only Elizabeth finds she was mistaken; she never loved you in the way she thought she did. She will ever regard you as a dear friend, but she cannot marry you; she cannot be your betrothed."

"Tell her that I will not have her friendship," he cried fiercely, "if she yield me not all, I will accept nothing at her hands. Let her henceforth look upon me—no, not as an enemy; I never could be that—but as an alien, a stranger. I never wish to see her more!"

"*Cyril!*" And Lady Ashburner's gentle eyes were full of tears, and her voice was weak and broken; there was humiliation in her tone. Then it occurred to him, dreamily as it were, that she too was suffering from her daughter's strange caprice; and he was softened, and clasped her hand, and murmured, "tell me all about it."

She looked at her husband, for she was clearly in no condition to tell the tale, and he began: "Really, Cyril, my boy, I don't know how to tell you, for I scarcely know how it all transpired myself. I suppose I am a dunderheaded blockhead, since I went on my own way calmly enough, never for one minute fancying that aught was wrong. You see, at first, I did not like the idea of you and Lizzie making a match of it; neither did my lady there; we had other views for our daughter—our only child. Perhaps we were too ambitious, and we are punished. Besides, to speak plain truth—and it is best always to be plain—we did not trust you sufficiently to commit to you our girl's happiness. Mind, we did not distrust you morally; the blemishes in your character were not such as the world points out and blushes at;

we feared your want of energy, your impulsive temperament, your lack of perseverance, your waywardness, so to speak. Nor can I, as a father, be thought mercenary if I say that I seriously considered the fallen fortunes of your family. Though, mark me, your worldly fortunes would not have given me the least uneasiness had you boasted of the far grander and more inalienable possessions of high-toned courage, fortitude, patience, and unwavering constancy in pursuit of any aim.

"Still, Cyril, having so far consented and reconciled myself to the proposed match, I did not repent when the great bubble burst, and your poor mother sank under the shock. I watched you very keenly, and I saw, or thought I saw, that there was the right stuff in you. While your mother influenced you, or rather ruled you, I could scarcely judge impartially. I always felt that much that seemed objectionable in you might be traced to her. I am not speaking unkindly of her, saying thus much, for I reverence my old friend's memory, and she was a grand woman after all, though for her 'the time was out o' joint;' but while she lived you were not exactly a free agent, and I never knew how much of that which most displeased me was attributable to her, or to yourself. Well, as I told you, I watched silently and closely, as it behoved me to watch for my daughter's sake, as matters were between you; as I verily believe I should have watched from sheer interest in yourself—the last remnant on our British soil of that fine old family of the Denhams, who have ever been the Ashburners' time-tried friends and firm allies. And it seemed to me, and to my lady too, that you came out bravely, that you developed qualities we had never suspected in you before, and we were both increasingly satisfied. And we were fully prepared to ratify the half implied engagement, which we rather reluctantly permitted a year ago."

"Then it is from Elizabeth herself the blow comes? But surely—surely! oh! Lady Ashburner, I have feared this, but now it has come! I think

I must be dreaming! When I remember Elizabeth's conduct months ago, when I look over her early letters—those she wrote before and after I stayed with you in Cornwall, her many innocent, girlish, but most ingenuous expressions of regard, I *cannot* believe it? What have I done to estrange her? I have been faithful to her in my inmost thought."

"Cyril, do you recollect that I told you Elizabeth was naturally *fickle*? It is hard, it may seem cruel, to say so of my child, but it is the truth; only I hoped—I do hope—that maturity of womanhood may remedy the fault. I think as she grows older she will become more steadfast; she will cease to be capricious. I always dreaded that she would attract and win hearts only to discard them, not from any hateful love of coquetry, but from sheer changeableness of feeling and intention, and for that reason more than other—quite as much for your sake, Cyril, as for hers—I refused so long to countenance your mutual attachment. I feared this might ensue. I knew Elizabeth to be a very child, but you were a man; and I would have saved you this suffering had it been possible. But you would not have believed me, Cyril, had I pointed out your danger a year ago; indeed, I think Sir John did warn you that you were risking your happiness on the very frailest tenure. But you were deeply in love, and love heeds not counsel: it is ever the old, old tale!"

"I had been a wretch had I doubted Elizabeth then, Lady Ashburner. My love for her was as ardent as it is abiding, and I should have hated myself had I even fancied hers was not the same. I trusted her, Lady Ashburner, fully, implicitly. I thought if our marriage were delayed for years, I should find her still loving constant, *faithful*! and now—only one little year! But go on, I interrupt the wretched story: let me know it fully, and then we will refer to it no more. Has Elizabeth really said in so many words, that she,—that all must be over between us?"

"She has said so, very distinctly,"

returned Sir John, "I forced her to a plain statement of her feelings; it is but a fortnight since I began to suspect that her sentiments had undergone a change."

"One word, Sir John; have I a rival?"

"It pains me deeply to say, *yes!*"

"Who is the man?"

"I would not answer your question if it were possible to keep you in the dark, but sooner or later you must know."

"Let me know all *now*. I would rather accept the worst at once. A bitter draught is none the more palatable for being taken in sips; better drain the cup at once, and have done with it."

"It is Vivian Gower who has supplanted you."

"The man is a villain; was it not enough that he must possess my very birthright?"

"Hush! you are speaking under the influence of strong feeling, and you have cause to speak, but you must not be unjust."

"I retract the latter part of my foolish sentence. He has honourably bought Monkswood, and if he were not its master, some other man would be there in his place. And heartily I wish any other man had been my successor; but he might have left me Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth is more to blame than he, Cyril; he knew not of your claims. He did not and he could not look upon Elizabeth as an engaged woman. He believed that the coast was clear for him as for other pretenders to her hand: only, instead of coming forward handsomely and openly, he seems to have preferred a very crooked policy."

"But he has explicitly declared himself? You are sure he is not trifling with her? I tell you that he is just the sort of man to play fast and loose with woman's love!"

"I am convinced of it! Yes! He has spoken out,—to Elizabeth, to her mother, and to myself; also to Agnes Craven."

"What did Agnes say to him?"

"I cannot tell, but she offended him very deeply. She has a very bad opinion of Vivian Gower."

"She cannot think worse of him than I," said Lady Ashburner; "I altogether distrust him; he is a thorough man of the world, selfish, heartless, arrogant!"

"And you will give your daughter to such an one?"

"Never, Cyril! Nothing will induce either her father or myself to consent to such a marriage. Prudence, principle, personal aversion, and affection for our child, alike forbid it!"

"At least she will be saved then from Vivian Gower. I can the better resign her if I am sure she will not be thrown on the mercy of *that man!* any other, any other, Sir John! Better that you wed her to some honest, God-fearing farmer—the humblest of your tenants, than to an infidel, a libertine, like Vivian Gower."

"I knew that Mr. Gower held what are called peculiarly *broad* views, and I had strong suspicions about his private character. Are you sure that he is all you say?"

"Perfectly sure. I can refer you to persons who know him but too well. But you *have* refused to wed your daughter to him?"

"I have, most unconditionally. But, Cyril, you know something of Elizabeth's temper, and I fear the fellow's artifice. She is easily wrought upon, and she may be persuaded into disobedience. I would fain know all I can about this suitor, who must be decidedly repulsed. Self-willed she may be, but I think not defiant; and she would certainly perceive the mistake she has made if she really knew the objectionable character of the man to whom she has so rashly pledged herself. She would be content to submit to her parents' will."

"It would not be fit that Elizabeth should hear any particulars of Vivian Gower's conduct:—they could not be repeated to any innocent girl: but you, her father, shall know and judge for yourself; she must be content to rely on your assurance. Once more I affirm that Vivian Gower is a bad man,—a hollow, specious man. I told you this before, when I never dreamed he would be my rival."

"I know you did ! And even before you spoke, I had perceived much in him that I strongly disapproved,—a lightness in speaking of sacred subjects, a dangerous contempt for law and precedence ; also careless allusions to sins that ought to be regarded with profoundest horror ; added to this—I distrusted his professions on many points, I thought him generally insincere ; beneath the polish of the highly bred and world-wise gentleman, there seemed to me to lurk that which is neither fair, nor lovely, nor of good report. And my lady never took to him ; from the very first, she regarded him with disfavour, and after that visit he paid us last year, she abstained from asking Kate Gower, whom we all love, to come to us again, because it was evident that the brother and sister could not be separated. Then you know he bought Monkswood, and came to live at once in the Close at Southchester, and ever since he has been riding over constantly, ostensibly to ask my counsel, to consult about some architectural difficulty, or to show us plans. We have given him the cold shoulder more than once, but he would not be repulsed. I was mostly afraid to have him coming about the place on Agnes' account. I felt quite secure about Elizabeth, and rejoiced to think that in her speedy engagement and the private understanding that actually subsisted between you, between us all, indeed, I need have no anxiety on this score. If my daughter did not make a wealthy marriage, I trusted she would make a happy one, and I was content,—it was simply on my ward's account that I disliked his frequent presence among us."

"I do not think Vivian Gower would ever succeed with a girl of Agnes Craven's stamp ! And as regards Elizabeth,—she is utterly deluded, carried away by a deceiver. It is but a dream ;—she cannot continue to care for him ! Still she is lost to me,—I can never again cheat my heart into the belief that I only am her best beloved. But tell me, did Elizabeth confess to you or to her mother, her change of sentiments?"

"Not till we forced her to explain herself. She told Agnes Craven first, and begged her to intercede with us, but Agnes refused to interfere, only counselling her to be candid and explicit—and *to be sure of her own feelings*. Then, by chance, Janet, in looking over Elizabeth's dressing-box, searching for something which was wanted, found therein a valuable antique ring, which she had never seen before. When asked—carelessly enough by Janet—Elizabeth replied so strangely as to suggest a mystery, but at last she confessed that she had received it from Vivian Gower, but feared to show it lest her mamma should be displeased on Cyril's account. Janet was alarmed, and some conversation ensued, in which it transpired that Gower had dared to speak of love, and that she was quite inclined to regard her implied engagement with yourself as a mere girlish fancy, which had died out of itself, in the natural course of things."

"A fancy ! — a mere girlish fancy ! and I thought I had gained a woman's heart !—the heart of the only woman I could ever make my wife, if indeed I might be so supremely blessed !" And then it was that Cyril broke down most completely, and seemed to realize in all its bitterness the great sorrow that had come upon him. The passing away of Monkswood was not half so hard to bear ;—for a while it seemed as if this great grief *could not* be borne. The hope to which he had clung in the hour of his extremity was gone, the fair promise of the future, which had lighted all the dreary months since he left St. Croix had faded into nothingness and darkness : even Elizabeth herself seemed mythical, shadowy, for it was to him, as if the radiant creature he had loved, and who had pledged her faith so confidently, so willingly, had been but his ideal—had never really lived ! no ! the Elizabeth of his imagination was frank and true, impetuous certainly and enthusiastic, but most loving, most devoted, most warm-hearted, a girl to be trusted among

a thousand! ah; it was her very impetuosity, her charming half childish enthusiasm that had seemed to make her all her own! Oh! agony of thought, when one awakens from such a dream, to know it is but seeming! and he who wakens thus, rather he who is rudely, carelessly awakened, never dreams again the beautiful dream of love and youth, and full unclouded trust! Of all that Cyril had suffered from adverse fortune, of all that yet remained to suffer, this was perhaps his most disastrous hour, for he lost for long his faith in human nature; a great darkness came upon him, the enemy of souls would fain have won him to himself,—for awhile he doubted God! Rank and wealth were gone, and he had seen them depart with tolerable fortitude; he could afford to be a bankrupt in the world's estimation, while yet there remained to him the rich treasure of his idol's love. And now that was gone,—say rather it had never been, he had deceived himself. He had staked his all and lost, she had won, and left her winnings for any one who chose to take them up; he had poured out the earnest love of a man's heart, and she—she had called it, the “fancy of a boy and girl,”—he was no boy, in his five-and-twentieth year! And there were girls not eighteen, who had kept faith for a lifetime! She would class him with the “little lovers” of her childhood, who used to bring her wood-pigeons and wild strawberries, and sun themselves in the capricious smiles and favour of their beautiful child-mistress! While he would never put away the image of his youthful love, he would cling for ever to the memory of those happy days at pleasant Forest Range, of those canters over the breezy downs, those quiet evening talks among the flowers, those twilight rambles on the rugged Penrhoe shore, all past,—and to be forgotten, or recurred to lightly, save by him.

“We are in Grosvenor Place,” said Sir John at length, when Cyril was gaining more composure, “you will return with us, and be our

guest to-night? To-morrow we go back to Forest Range.”

The name of Forest Range was to the young man a source of cruel pain, but he replied to the invitation, —“she is not there?”

“In Grosvenor Place? certainly not! We came up partly to make our own arrangements, partly to see you; and we left Elizabeth at home with Janet and Miss Craven. However, we think it would be best that Elizabeth should see a little of the world, perhaps we have kept her too much in seclusion. Agnes too, ought to be introduced, though she cares very little about it; still it is but due, so we are coming up for the season about the middle of next month. Perhaps in society, Elizabeth may be cured of this most unfortunate fancy,—I will not give to it the sacred name of love.”

“God grant that in some way she may be cured of it, if it be not so, her misery is sealed,” said Cyril, sighing deeply. And he was thinking then, not of her breach of faith, which was paining him so acutely, but of the peril in which she stood, if she persisted in entertaining the proposals of Vivian Gower. He went home to Grosvenor Place with his friends, and the circle in Mrs. Matthews' drawing-room saw him no more for several days, for on the plea—no feigned one,—of serious indisposition, he breakfasted in his own room, and came back late at night, admitted himself by means of his own latch-key, and went straight to bed, or at least to the seclusion of his bed-chamber.

Mrs. Matthews allowed all the male members of her family, her husband excepted, to possess a latch-key, but Cyril had scarcely ever profited by it before. But from that time, he used it almost nightly, to the infinite disgust and chagrin of Angelina and Miss Grundison, who did not care to play duets, or sing sentimental ballads for the benefit of Mr. Battelbringer. Gregory too, generally spent his evenings out.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. MILDRED'S CLOSE.

"I HAVE made up my mind; I mean to go abroad," said Cyril one evening to the Rattenburys, husband and wife. Toodlums being on his knee, and Jack sitting at his feet, gravely contemplating the serious sad face of his friend.

"What on earth for?" asked Mr. Rattenbury. "I wish I had your prospects; there is nothing for me but hard labour and steady toiling up the ladder, while *you*—but you fellows, who get your bread ready buttered, are always inclined to quarrel with it. If it came to you hard and dry like mine, and not too much of it, you would sing a different tune."

"I shall speak to Sir John Ashburner, and I know he will transfer to you the influence he has employed for me; you shall take my place, it was a shame that I ever had it, and you, the senior, who knew the work, you a married man!"

"State patronage seldom concerns itself with your private affairs, if you are to have a post it matters little whether you have nineteen children, or whether you are living *en garçon*, in chambers, and if you are not to have it—why! it is the same thing. I should never think of asking for a berth on the plea of being a family-man. However, I tell you flatly, I will not have the great man's patronage, and you will stop at home, and go at a moderate pace up the ladder, while I crawl behind you; and you will marry, find another Minnie, if you can, and have a Toodlums of your own. But what's the matter?" For Cyril had set the child down, and over-turned little Jack, and he looked like a man who suffers from a sudden and fearful spasm. "I may as well tell you the simple truth," he said at last, huskily and low. "I was engaged to be married—not precisely engaged, perhaps, but there was an understanding,—she, the girl whom I trusted as my own soul, is fickle, false. We are nothing to each other now and—"

But Minnie eagerly interrupted him. "I dare say it is all a mistake. Because there are such things in novels, people do not believe in them in real life. Once, through a misunderstanding that fell out quite naturally, my husband and I were on the eve of parting. He thought I was false; I thought he was hard and cruel. If I had been proud as many women, we should have been separated for ever in this world. Oh! don't let pride stand in the way; perhaps a few words will set all right."

"No! no! There is no mistake. It is very good of you, Mrs. Rattenbury, to be so earnest on my behalf,"—for Minnie's pretty blue eyes were full of gentle womanly tears, partly from compassion for Cyril, partly at the recollection of that dreadful time, when her life happiness had come so near a wreck. And then he told them all about it, and how he had lost all heart in his work, and cared only to get away from scenes where everything reminded him of the cherished hopes that had been so cruelly destroyed.

Mr. Rattenbury kept silence, and seemed to be occupied in making little entries in his note-book. Minnie's tender heart was rent between sympathy for Cyril, and indignation towards Elizabeth. "I never did like beauties," she said, at length, quite savagely, "people may say it is only envy, and quote the fox and the sour grapes, but beauties think only of themselves; they are selfish and self-satisfied, and exacting, and heartless, and—"

"Hush, hush, Minnie!" cried her husband, "do you know you have always been a beauty to me?"

"To you! Yes! That is all very well, and it is a great deal better to be beautiful to one's husband than to all the world. But no one else would ever say of me more than—'She looked very pretty to-night,' &c., when I happened to be well-dressed and in my best looks. I was speaking of women who are so really beautiful that everybody must acknowledge it under any circumstances. I dare say this Miss Ash-

burner would look lovely in one of my common morning prints."

"She would, indeed," returned Cyril. "Her beauty is so totally independent of adjuncts; she might look resplendent dressed for the Queen's drawing-room, but she would be quite as fair in a simple muslin gown with wild flowers in her hair. But that is nothing to me now."

"Let it be nothing," said Rattenbury, seriously. "Denham, do not fling yourself away for the sake of a false woman."

"No!" interposed Cyril. "I cannot let you call her *that*. I have told the story of my wrongs too bitterly. She was never false, never insincere, always transparent as the day, but she did not know her own mind. She was fickle, variable. Had I been by her side, this had never happened; but I was away, and an enemy stole in, and supplanted me."

"Be thankful you are supplanted. What is faith worth that cannot endure the test of absence? Let her go, Cyril, let her go! In years to come you will be thankful for this. Forget her—or if you cannot do that, think of her pitifully as of one who prefers glitter to pure gold—and go on your way manfully, disdaining to wear the willow. Bless me! what simpletons Tasso, and Dante, and Petrarch were! They hugged their misery as some men hug their joys, and like the abominable beggars of our streets, they took pleasure in showing you their sores and scars. But Tasso did not spend his days under the shadow of St. Stephen's, and Dante knew nothing about a special correspondence, and Petrarch never belonged to any club, or quarrelled with his landlady about a latch-key!"

"All the same, I cannot stay in England!"

"And where will you go?"

"I have not thought yet—anywhere, except Greenland or the unexplored districts of Africa. I might get attached to a foreign embassy, but I rather think I should prefer going to Australia, and living in the bush, or scrambling with a

lot of other fellows at the diggings."

"Not you. Your literary and æsthetic tastes would scarcely have free scope on a sheep farm, and you have not the proper *physique* for gold hunting, take my word."

"One cannot always choose; one must take the good the gods provide, and be thankful or at least content. I am growing very philosophical, Mrs. Rattenbury. Why do you look at me with such appealing eyes?"

"I thought you were speaking like a heathen, and I don't love Pagan philosophy. I believe it makes men like the Spartan boy, who hid the fox beneath his robe till the creature had torn him to death. They may endure agonies with a smile upon their lips, but they drop down and die at last."

"Well?"

"You would not wish to die of secret anguish, without any consolation?"

"I really cannot say, but I should wish to die, if I *must* die, and make no moan, however, great the pain."

Minnie shook her head. "A dreary *finale* to a life of suffering," she said, gravely. "Philosophy always seems to me to make men miserable."

"My dear Minnie!" cried Rattenbury. "How dreadfully heretodox your sentiments have become. First of all, you decry the beauty that all men worship; now, you undervalue the philosophy that all men preach."

"I take philosophy at just its real worth, Robert. It is a grand and a sublime thing, I know, but it cannot *stand of itself*! And I feel sure that if one leaned upon it in the hour of one's extremity, it would prove a broken reed."

"On what then would you lean?"

"On God!" answered Minnie, very simply. "Then I think God might use philosophy as a means to an end to enable us to see our position clearly, and to make all rational effort for deliverance. Depend upon it, philosophy and science, and all those noble things, are like fire and water—excellent servants, but most

dangerous masters. Let religion rule; not to the exclusion of reason and learning, and the other wonderful things you talk about, but keeping them vigorously at work only in subservience to herself."

"My wife is right," said Rattenbury, approvingly. "Cyril, I believe we gain our best, our truest wisdom from the women."

And Cyril, thinking of Sally Hawkes and Agnes, and his life-long friend, the lady of Forest Range, assented emphatically. "Well," continued Mr. Rattenbury, "if you will go abroad, I suppose you must: a wilful man must have his way; only don't take one-sided views of life, they will subject you to much after-inconvenience. But promise me one thing—let three months elapse from this day before you attempt to change your present position. If *then* you are still in the same mind, I shall say, Go, and God speed you. There's nothing like letting your impulses have time to solidify themselves. I dare say it is very romantic and poetical to be a 'child of impulse,' but it is also very unsafe, and by obeying hot-headedly the dictations of a passionate heart, one's apt to come to grief, and what is worse, bring others to the same condition. Just take the advice of the town clerk of Ephesus—'*Do nothing rashly.*' It will save you a heap of trouble, and spare you oceans of regret, if you pause and take breath before you rush across the barrier; if you look before you leap; if you 'bide a wee,' as my Scotch landlord says, before you take a step that cannot be retraced. Will you grant me this delay, Denham?"

"You don't know what you ask, Rattenbury."

"I think I do. The question of your future proceedings is a perfect polygon. I being mathematically inclined, want to turn it about and inspect all its sides; a view of one or several sides only might be injurious—*fatal.*"

"But Miss Ashburner will be in town very speedily. I do not wish to meet her."

"London is wide enough, surely! You may walk its streets for twenty

years, and never meet your friend or neighbour, unless you make appointments. You will know Miss Ashburner's haunts. Keep clear of them. I should think *she* would not wish to meet *you.*"

"Most probably she would not, and I shall not be in her circle. I have nought to do with the gaieties of the season."

"She is coming up to be introduced, then?"

"Yes. Lady Ashburner wishes her to go thoroughly into society. It may alter her views. Hitherto she has lived so very quiet a life, seeing only just a few of the county people."

"Sensible mother! Depend upon it, Cyril, some one else will soon supplant this objectionable suitor; perhaps, after all, she will learn to appreciate that which she has so recklessly thrown away."

In the end, however, Cyril *promised*; and so it was settled that till the first week of August there was to be no change, nor were any steps to be taken towards leaving the office in Parliament-street, every scheme for the future was to remain most strictly in abeyance. And Rattenbury was contented, and said to his wife when they were again alone:—"Poor fellow! He is just the man to be ruined by a grief, like this, especially when one remembers that it follows on a series of family misfortunes; and he is just the one to take some desperate step, that may plunge him into a life-long misery. But three months of waiting must be good. I should not wonder if by that time he does not meet Miss Ashburner and nod to her as carelessly as to any other woman."

"And I should wonder very much indeed," said Minnie, with her most sagacious air.

Two days afterwards, Cyril was absent from his post, and when Rattenbury enquired about him at Mrs. Matthews', he learned that "he was gone down into the country, to the sea-side," Angelina thought, for he had been rather delicate of late. And Angelina was right, inasmuch as "the idol of her

soul" had really started for Chetley, a little village on the coast, scarce three miles from busy Southam, with its crowded docks and bustling quays, and sparkling harbour water. But on the road he paused, and the visit he paid to Chetley was only of a few hours' duration.

It was by the midnight train that he reached the Southchester station; he could not go on to St. Croix by rail, the train not stopping there between 9.45 p.m. and 7.15 a.m. Not a passenger besides himself alighted; but the station-master, cross and sleepy as he was, at once recognized him and said, "Ah! Mr. Cyril, we are glad to see you in these parts again. Come to stay a bit, I hope?"

"No. And, Gardner, may I ask you as a favour not to speak of my presence here to any one? I do not want to meet with any former friends. I have come down to have a last look at the old place, and I would rather be *quite alone*."

"To be sure, sir, I understand. So would any gentleman who has been as unfortunate as you have, only I hope you'll not take it to heart very much. But Mr. Gower has made the most wonderful alterations. There's a whole army of workmen in the place—some in the house, some in the grounds, and the old lodge is level with the earth."

"Mr. Gower has a perfect right to do what he chooses with his own. I wish to see Monkwood again before it loses every trace of its former self. I shall probably never visit it again."

"And they do say," continued the communicative station-master, now quite roused up, "they do say, sir, as Mr. Gower is very sweet upon Miss Ashburner, at Forest Range: we all thought she was for you. But, dear me, though Miss Ashburner's as fresh as flowers in May, and looks for all the world a queen in her own right, I'd rather, if I was a gentleman, make up to the other young lady with the pale face, and the sweet smile. She was at my house the day before yesterday, about a parcel that was expected to come, and had to be sent on; and

she stayed talking to my wife ever so long, and my wife says it was better than any sermon to hear her, for she didn't get tired of listening to her, which one does of listening to a regular sermon preached in a pulpit, if it isn't very short or very good indeed! And says my wife, says she, 'Miss Craven is a real good one; she makes the best of everything that comes, but looks for all the best of things in the other world. She's made me that cheery, I could sing hymns till bedtime!' Do you think, sir, that it's true that there's anything between Mr. Gower and Miss Ashburner?"

"It may be; but I would not say. It is not a match that her parents would approve."

"No, indeed! Mr. Gower has been a wild one; and if my little Alice were seventeen instead of seven, I would not trust her in his way not for untold gold! Perhaps if he marries he'll settle down respectable, and Miss Ashburner would be just the right sort for the mistress of a place like Monkwood."

Cyril could hear no more, so he hurried away down the familiar road, which led into the East gate, and so down into the High street of the city. But when he came to St. Mildred's-lane, he turned into the narrower thoroughfare, and came presently into a little dull, but highly respectable, square or close of ancient houses. At one of these he stopped, and pulled a bell-handle, that must have been manufactured in the middle ages, and was presently admitted by some one into a low, whitewashed hall, crossed by several beams of blackest oak, and this someone was Sally Hawkes.

Sally had saved some money during her long service at Monkwood, and then she had inherited a small legacy from a distant relation; and when Mrs. Denham died, she felt strongly averse to begin life, as it were, afresh, under new and strange auspices; so she made up her mind to have a home of her own, to take a cheap, roomy house, and let lodgings to elderly ladies, and curates, and venerable gentlemen, and other staid persons

of undeniable respectability. Cyril gave her a good deal of old furniture, that looked very well in the quaint and neat and scrupulously clean rooms; also, he committed to Sally's charge such things as he had reserved for himself—a few books, a few pictures, some chairs and tables, and the mammoth bed from the Cedar Chamber, with sundry other family possessions that were, as advertisements say, "of no use to anyone but the owner." But in one of her airiest rooms Sally had arranged them all, and it pleased her to call the room Cyril's, and to keep it in order that he might occupy it whenever he came to Southchester, if he chose. Though, as Sally argued, "he would naturally choose to go to Forest Range;" she did not know that he would as soon now take up his quarters at Monkwood as at Forest Range.

"Well, Mr. Cyril, it is very good of you to come to me!" said Sally, fondly, as she held his hands. "I feel as if—now don't be offended with me—as if my little brother, who died years ago, had come to see me."

"You will never offend me, Sally; I shall always feel that you are something belonging to me, something left of the old times, that seem strangely precious now that they are gone away for ever. Yes! I come to you as a younger brother; you will be always my patient, motherly sister!"

"I hope so, Mr. Cyril: you are all that is left to me of the old Monkwood life."

"A life that cannot have many pleasant reminiscences, I fear."

"Looking back upon it, it seems very calm and pleasant; there were trials, certainly, but so there are in every lot, and I had grown into the dull, grave routine of Monkwood. I had grown to like it, and a visit now and then to Forest Range, was my dissipation; just the little variety that seasoned the monotony of home. Only you were always the sunshine of Monkwood, Mr. Cyril. You will breakfast here to-morrow morning, or rather this morning, before you go to Forest Range?"

"Sally, I shall not go to Forest Range to-morrow, or the next day, or any day."

"Mr. Cyril! Oh! what is it? You look so pale and stern. You have not offended Sir John, or my lady?"

"No, Sally! But Miss Ashburner has changed her mind, that is all!" And then he told her the whole story.

Her grief and indignation were so very sincere, that Cyril felt more comforted than he had been since the miserable truth had been disclosed to him; but he would not let her speak harshly of Elizabeth. It was something unprecedented in all the annals of his experience that Sally Hawkes should say hard things of any one; but here she was, carried away in a tempest of feeling, pronouncing judgment against the offending heiress of Forest Range, and speaking more decidedly than any one had ever heard her speak before. And at last she sat down and cried heartily, for Sally was a far-seeing woman, and she at once predicated to herself the mischief that would ensue. There was that in Cyril's altered face, which told her that this trial was telling upon him most adversely. "And what have you come for, then, Mr. Cyril?" she said presently.

"Well, Sally, I might have come to see you, to be sure that you are comfortable in your new home, and that no one is imposing on you!"

"I do not think you came to see me, Mr. Cyril."

"Perhaps not, primarily, but inclusively with other reasons, Sally. I really want to know how you are 'getting on,' as people say."

"Thank you, Mr. Cyril, very comfortably. My rooms are all occupied, and all my lodgers are of the stamp I wished when I purposed keeping house in this way. I have Mrs. Dunstan, the old prebend's widow, in the drawing-room, and Miss Cleverly in the downstairs parlour, and young Mr. Chasuble, the curate of St. Mildred's, has the two little rooms that you thought the nicest in the house."

"Then you have no anxieties, Sally?"

"Thank the Lord, no, Mr. Cyril! All has been very happily ordered. No one who really trusts in God can be *very* anxious, I think!"

"I have known good people very anxious—nay, miserably anxious!"

"Perhaps it was their temperament! Some people seem naturally to look at their surroundings through smoked glasses, and they are very unfortunate; for as each person has some sorrow more or less in his existence, he who is the victim of gloomy forebodings suffers every trouble apportioned to him twice or ten times over, and not only so, for he endures what may be called imaginary evils! He disquiets himself many a time about miseries that never come to pass. But Christian people should have *faith*; faith, that all is sure to be made clear at last, all 'ordered' for the very best."

"Do you think it is '*ordered*' for the very best, that I should lose Monkswood, and the last remnant of my decayed fortunes, and now the only woman who could ever make my life good and beautiful and bright?"

"Yes! I know it is all '*ordered*,' there is no doubt about it. And that, generally speaking, all these trials will be for the best, I am also sure; but whether it will be *FOR THE BEST* to you, individually, I cannot quite tell. I think it rests with yourself."

"How, Sally?"

"The Word of Truth tells us, 'that all things work together for good to them that love God!' It does not tell us that they work together for good to those who love the world! that is, not specially, though out of all things good will be derived, I do not doubt!"

"You mean that out of my trouble will spring good for other people but not for myself?"

"Yes! I do mean that, Mr. Cyril, for nothing happens in vain; what is a great calamity to one generation may be a fruitful blessing to another. But Mr. Cyril, why don't you secure the blessing for yourself? Why

don't you let these adverse '*things*,' which give you so much pain, work together for your individual good?"

"By loving God, do you mean, and so qualifying myself for one of the elect?"

There was a mocking tone in Cyril's voice, a hardness in his face, that smote Sally to the heart. She shook her head sadly. "Oh! Mr. Cyril, you cannot qualify yourself for one of the elect. Unless God calls you, you cannot love Him!"

"What am I to do, then? Suppose He does not call me? Am I to blame in such a case!"

"Mr. Cyril! God calls all who humbly and heartily desire it. God has called you many a time, but you would not hear His voice, or hearing it, you would not obey. Oh, Sir! remember that there will come a *last time*! There will be a final call!"

"But loving God, Sally, is really very difficult work, and He has dealt very hardly with me!"

"No! no! not hardly, but very lovingly. Cannot you see that He is emptying your heart of all earthly good, that you may stretch out weak weary hands, and clasp the eternal treasure that is laid up where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal? You have lost one inheritance, Mr. Cyril, but had you kept it, it could have been but for a few quickly fleeting years. Now you are called to a better and fairer inheritance that may be your's if you will have it, for Time and for Eternity, for it is incorruptible and undefiled, and it cannot fade away. Oh! Mr. Cyril dear! won't you take it? won't you set out for the Kingdom?"

"I feel too world-worn, too *hardened*, I believe, Sally, to set out for anywhere! If it is God's will that I should suffer such reverse and pain of mind, I cannot resign myself to it! I would alter it if I could. I feel like one who is unjustly treated. Why should I be singled out for sorrows that come, indeed, not as single spies, but in battalions? Why should I suffer, and Vivian Gower triumph? Why should mine be all the loss and his

all the gain?—mine the shadows and the darkness, and his the sunshine?"

"Is it the *sunshine*, or only the delusive light and warmth that a meteor may give?"

"I do not know; but this I do know, that with him all is pleasantness and satisfaction, while with me it is all wretchedness and discontent!"

"Dear Mr. Cyril, it is sorrow, I know, but it need not be wretchedness! Nothing but sin should make us really wretched, and for that wretchedness even, there is abundant consolation."

"Sally, your life and mine are very far apart. If it were in nothing else, you are a woman and I am a man, and you know Mrs. Barrett Browning, with the most charming *naïveté*, confesses—

"Women cannot judge for men."

Also, I live in the busy world and you live here, in the cloister, as it were, in this calm, secluded St. Mildred's, with the sound of church bells and cathedral chimes about you, and your simple duties and few temptations."

"Mr. Cyril, dear! I like to hear the bells calling to praise and prayer; but you know:—

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime!"

"Sally, I must go to bed, we can talk again to-morrow, or as you would say to-day, for the cathedral clock struck the quarter after two some minutes since. If you begin to quote Keble there is no knowing where you will end, and I am mortally weary."

"Well, good night, Mr. Cyril, I have kept you talking too long. I hope you will sleep in the gable room comfortably. It is certainly the nicest in the house."

"I am sure it is, Sally, or you would not have assigned it to me. I know you of old."

CHAPTER XXII.

VALEDICTORY.

Cyril slept very badly in the gable-room, and in the huge, heavy, curtained bed, which had been transported from the Cedar Chamber. No male Denham had even lain there before, save in unconscious infancy, in bridal days, or in the last great agony that parts the flesh and spirit. He was the first who had ever used it as an ordinary couch for ordinary sleeping purposes. Very soon the rosy morning light was touching the grey cathedral pinnacles, as they rose in all their fair and slender proportions above the roofs of the surrounding houses, and the birds began chirping and warbling about the projecting beams and hideous spout-heads of the ancient dwelling, and still Cyril tossed about beneath the faded canopy, and slumber refused to visit his heavy eyelids. He was thinking of many things, ramblingly, discursively, as one does think in hours of enforced sleeplessness; and at last his thoughts culminated in one point—his friend and hostess, Sally. "Yes!" he mused to himself, "it is most absurd. I have always felt as if Sally were a sort of little mother to me; she talks as if she were a score of years older than myself, whereas, in truth, she is my senior only by six or seven years. She is good as an angel, and as true as gold, and she loves me with all her honest woman's heart! Why should I not marry *her*? She is a lady by birth, though she was my mother's dependent! Why should I doom myself to a solitary life, because a capricious girl cannot, or will not, keep faith? Sally has had her love-dream, and so have I! and she is only six years older than myself! We could not live here, it would not be desirable, so near Monkswood and Forest Range; we should live in London, and be very quietly, comfortably happy. I am sure of Sally, I have known her all my life; *she* would never clasp my hand to-day, and let it go to-morrow; she would be faithful to

me, if she ever promised ! But if ! I am not at all sure that Sally would say "yes," even if I asked her ; only if she were to say it, it would be said for evermore. She would never plead that—

‘Colours seen by candlelight,
Do not look the same by day!’

I could not *properly* love Sally, I know ; but then, we have both of us followed that mocking phantom poets and novelists call Love,—only to be disenchanted ; and might do each other good, I dare say, and jog on most respectably."

Poor Cyril ! Had it come to this ? Was he willing to take the bread of life, and renounce for evermore its wine ? Could he content himself with sober wintry days, calm indeed and mild, but leafless, flowerless, grey, passing swiftly from the morning twilight to the evening shades ; when once he had thought to sun himself in the glorious summer months, with wealth of song, and foliage, and fairest bloom ? Musing thus, he fell asleep, and the morning was well on its way to noon, when he awoke from a dream of Monkswood, and Elizabeth as its mistress and his wife, and found himself in his own state-bed, in Sally's gable-room. He went down full of apologies, but not so sure, as when he fell asleep, of the expediency of converting Sally into Mrs Cyril Denham. And if he had doubted while he was dressing, his doubts were more than quadrupled when he went down stairs, and saw Sally's pure, meek face, with its sweetest but gravest expression bending over the coffee-cups. He took one glance at the steadfast, calm countenance, the gentle brown eyes filled with anxious thought, the regular but faded features, the colourless and somewhat sunken cheek, and the plain bands of soft brown hair, already slightly streaked with grey ; and decided, almost unconsciously, but very firmly, that he had been half dreaming when he entertained so ridiculous a notion. And since Sally had taken to housekeeping she had taken also to neat Quaker-like little caps, which became her

rather than otherwise, only they made her look much older than she really was, and gave her the staid, elderly matronly air she desired to present as the mistress of an establishment. No ; such a notion was not to be entertained by broad daylight. Sally would be shocked, pained, insulted ; for certainly it had never occurred to her that Cyril was thinking of her in any other light than a faithful, humble friend, half sister and half mother. She would as soon have dreamed of being affianced to her pale, smooth-faced lodger, the high-church curate of St. Mildred's, who treated her exactly as if she were fifty years of age, and confided to her his own strong conviction that the clergy of the Church of England were equally bound with their brethren of the elder Church—viz., Rome, to vows of strict celibacy. And if Cyril said one word, that should reveal the light in which for a brief hour he had thought it possible to regard her, there would be an end to the kindly, sisterly intimacy which had grown with his growth, commencing in his early boyhood, when he was perpetually plunging into scrapes, to be dragged out or coaxed out by Sally Hawkes, then first sunning herself in the smiles of the man of sugar-loaves and finest hyson ; and continuing to this day, when he found himself counting upon her as upon his only faithful friend. Certainly, Sir John and Lady Ashburner were faithful still, and so probably were Agnes and Janet Anstruther, but then they were all associated with Elizabeth, and must therefore in some sort be henceforth dissociated from him. After all, Sally was the one to whom he could now pour out his heart most freely, secure of sympathy, of interest, of kindest aid, if that were possible. Oh no ! a thousand times, no ! It would not do, to risk this firmly settled friendship, in a vain attempt to change its long-established aspects. Sally Hawkes must be still, the dear, good affectionate Sally she had ever been ; and he must be the Mr. Cyril she had petted and lectured, and almost idolized so long : they

must go on so, for the remainder of their lives. And for once, Cyril showed himself to be not the child of impulse; though if Sally had been present when the idea of marrying her first started up in his mind, it is more than probable he would have proposed upon the spot. Happily for his comfort and well-being, and for her own peace and happiness, he was in the gable-room, and she in her neat little chamber, fast asleep. And the colours that he had seen so vividly in the red glowing morning beams, did not look the same at the breakfast-table, with the full broad light of noon staring down upon him. He went to the afternoon service in the cathedral, entering by a little door that he knew of in the cloisters, and glided into one of the stalls, where he was not likely to be observed. How familiar it all seemed! The beautiful building itself, of which he seemed to know every arch and corbel, every shaft and capital, the dim soft light falling on the dark carving of the choir, the voices of the choristers, the tones of the organ, the exquisite perspective of the long and high arched nave. And this was his last visit for many a year; his farewell to this "dim and mighty minster of old Time."

He listened to the service like one in a dream; he heard the sacred words, but they fell all unheeded on his ear, and still more carelessly on his heart; and yet there was something in the rising and falling waves of solemn sound, that soothed the weariness of his sorrow-laden spirit. All too soon for him, he heard the prayer of St. Chrysostom, and the Benediction; and the great *Amen* swelled once more along the ancient choir, and died amid the groinings of the "high embowed roof." The choristers and clergy formed in procession, and their white surplices flitted past the screen, and across the southern transept, and were lost in the gloom of the venerable cloisters; and then, the cathedral being nearly empty, Cyril rose from his seat and walked slowly down the nave. He paused when he came to the great western entrance, and cast

one long sweeping glance along the beautiful perspective of pillared aisle and lofty choir, and shadowy "lady-chapel," a lingering look of pain, for in his heart of hearts, he loved that glorious cathedral of his native Southamshire, and he might see it never more; for this was his farewell visit to the haunts of early years, as still he clung to the idea of leaving England, when the three months of pledged inaction should be past.

He came out into the brilliant light of the May afternoon, and took the lonely meadow way to St. Croix. How green those lawn-like meadows were! How vivid were the tender hues of bud and foliage! How fair the shifting beams that through the broad canopies of emerald verdure played on the translucent waters of the streams, that, like a flashing network, mingled and interwove with their flower-fringed currents! And how exulting was the carol of the lark, as he rose above the leafy grove into the warm blue dome of sky, that brooded over all. Never was a May-day softer or more beautiful; never seemed the grey hospital and the solemn minster-church of St. Croix so hallowed and so fair, as on that sunny afternoon; only Cyril himself was out of tune, and an unutterable sadness weighed down his heart.

He went to the porter's lodge for the key of the church, and crossing the great quadrangle, found himself once more within the tall, dark nave, where mould and damp were thick upon the heavy Norman pillars. It was the weight of centuries and the memories of a long-faded, but heroic Past, that made those lonely aisles so solemn.

And there, in the shadow of the chancel, the dim light falling through the richly-tinted eastern window, on the worn marble of the floor, and on the ancient altar-tombs where slept the Denhams who had held their own full proudly under Tudor and Stuart kings and queens, was the quiet grave where his mother slept in peace.

But what was Cyril's surprise to see upon the simple stone bright flowers of early summer—pearly

hawthorn sprays, young roses, and blue forget-me-nots. Who could have brought them thither? What loving hand had strewn them on the marble? Who had cherished her memory so tenderly; was it *Elizabeth*?

His heart said, *no!* It was not Sally, for she had been all day busy about her household duties, and he had left her in St. Mildred's Close, mending the stockings of the pale-faced curate. It must be Agnes Craven; she had watched beside his mother to the last, with all a daughter's tenderness. Yes! it must be Agnes Craven.

He lingered long in the quiet church, till the sunbeams faded from the chequered pavement, and the slender pillars and tracery of the high triforium were crimsoned over with the slanting rays of the descending sun; then he rose, took one flower from the dying wreaths that covered the initials "*F. B. D.*," gave one more look at the tattered banners drooping from above—banners of battle, that his ancestors had borne—and passed again into the green quadrangle with its grey piles of building round about its smoothly shaven lawn, and its mossy sundial; and in a few minutes more, by the woodland path that skirted the black pool, he reached his old home of Monkswood. But he tarried a very short time there; all was changed: it was another Monkswood that he gazed upon; not the Monkswood of his race and of his own past youth, and not the Monkswood he had pictured to himself when building magnificent airy castles of his ancestral halls restored to their ancient splendour. Everywhere lay heaps of mortar and rubbish and hewn stone; the whole house was surrounded by scaffolding, and the interior seemed so altered, that one glance through some of the unglazed casements was enough! Still he was glad he saw it thus; he would far rather see it so, than in all the glories of French windows, and plate-glass, and stately portico. The shield of the Denhams was taken down, and a new pediment erected, whereon, doubtless,

was to flourish some symbol of the Gower family. Just as Cyril turned aside into a thick, yet unpruned laurel-walk, the fumes of a cigar, floating on the mild evening breeze, warned him of some person's close vicinity. He stepped into the shade of a great spreading cedar with boughs that swept the ground; and in another minute Vivian Gower passed by, now taking a puff at his cigar, now humming snatches of a tune from "*La Traviata*." His proud, handsome face, and haughty, careless step, were almost more than Cyril could endure. Dark thoughts passed through his mind as he watched his rival, his *enemy*, for so he deemed him, saunter up the ever-green alley to the broad terrace in front of the mansion, and there seat himself on the broken balustrade, and contemplate the "restorations" with an air of ineffable complacency. Doubtless he had strolled out to inspect the progress of the day, and he had a perfect right to be there, on ground that he had bought and honourably paid for: but Cyril hated him—hated him so bitterly, that in his heart he cursed him, though no words of passion passed his lips. Nevertheless, as he turned away and plunged into the wood, he knew that he left his curse on that man, and on the Monkswood which he owned! Well might Lady Ashburner say that Cyril Denham, with all his moral goodness and greatness, and sweetness of character, was no Christian. And well had it been, that Cyril's curse were the only one that lighted on the head of the new master of Monkswood. The curses of outraged husbands, infuriated brothers, and maddened fathers had been launched at Vivian Gower, and worse than all, the curse of an evil life, of innocence betrayed, of talents perverted, of wealth squandered in iniquity, of God's great wrath, was on him,—on him, and he knew it not; or knowing it heeded not.

As Cyril neared the station, it occurred to him to run down to Fairchurch, and so on to Forest Range, and finish up the silent farewells of the day; a train was

just due, and he took his ticket, and was soon at the well-known little station, whose platform he had trodden so happily, often so elately.

It was a beautiful May evening, and the moon at the full; still when he reached Forest Range the shades of night had fallen, and he could wander about securely and unobserved. Seeing a light in the library, the windows of which opened on a shadowed lawn, he went forward to have one last look at the room where he had spent so many pleasant hours. Sheltered by a large arbutus, he could approach the window very closely, and looking in, he saw Elizabeth selecting some books from a pile that lay upon the table. Agnes Craven stood near her, absorbed in a small volume she held in her hand. Yes! there was his fair, false mistress, so radiantly beautiful, so bright, so happy-seeming! There was his friend and sister, so serenely grave, so *calm*! and all the while his heart was breaking. The one so glowing, in

her proud, girlish loveliness, the other so peacefully content in her sweet poetic dreams and classic lore. He could be nothing now to either—and yet, he had thought Agnes Craven true, when she called him friend and brother.

Feeling himself now indeed alone in the world, he sadly turned away, and went back to Southchester. If he could only have known that one true heart was beating still, with purest love for him; if he could but have guessed that Agnes was reading lines he had first commended to her notice, and that she was thinking far more of her living and unfortunate friend than of the dead and high-souled bard, whose verses met her eye. But Cyril did not know, did not guess; and he went on his way solitary and uncheered; and the Tempter said to his soul which had wandered far from God, and heavenly blessing: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

AN HOUR IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"BEAUTY," says Sir Charles Eastlake, "in all its highest forms, is calculated to impress on human beings the belief in a perfection greater than this world contains." The words are adopted by the Royal Academy as the motto inscribed upon its catalogue for the year, and they seem to imply that the Exhibition in Trafalgar Square is intended or believed by academicians to present to the public eye the highest forms of beauty. These will of course include highest in degree and highest in kind; and it is beyond question a just and noble view of the duty and service performed by artists, to regard them as commissioned by their countrymen to search out beauty, to give it embodiment with brush or with chisel, to educate the common eye to see it, and, through the ministry of delight, to lead the mind to the contemplation of a beauty and a perfection which the fairest hues and forms of this world can only suggest.

The artist is to wait upon nature in her own domain, where, encircled with the pomp of woods, and lulled by the sound of rivers, she withdraws from the din of man, and the dingy tumult of material civilisation; to come upon her in her moods of pensive tenderness, or of rejoicing splendour; to mark the early dawn, when drowsiness seems still to hang about the sky, and the roseate and golden tints steal gradually, silently, imperceptibly, upon the grey fringes of the clouds, as if morning were afraid to startle the spirits of slumber and of night; to watch the play of the sun in forest glade, or about the peaks and summits and gorges of the hills, when the sky is clouded and the wind is high, and gleam and shadow chase each other in glorious sport, every chasm alternately a palace of light and a dungeon of gloom; to haunt the sea-shore, and follow the sail lit by one ray falling out of the darkened heaven, as it dips

beneath the horizon ; to take note of the relief against the distant sky of the foreground crag, crested with pine, the watch-tower of the broad champaign beneath, through which, out of the far distance, winding and widening in argent coils through fields and groves aerial and remote, floats the white river. And from the beauty of external nature, which is infinite in its variety and changefulness, the true artist will rise to the beauty, higher still, of human character and life, to the trait of heroism, the deed of courage or self-sacrifice, the grandeur of lofty purpose, the beauty that mantles in the human face divine when the light of virtue and of gentleness irradiates it from within. This is the beauty which is most difficult to define, and which belongs to the province of poetry rather than of painting ; but a great painter will sometimes realise it ; and the eye must be blind indeed which has never caught a glimpse of it in a *Madonna*, by Raphael, a girl, by Reynolds, a young wife, by Gainsborough.

The motto chosen by the Academicians has led us into this train of thought ; but, sooth to say, he who enters the present Exhibition in quest of the highest forms of beauty is likely to be disappointed. There is probably a necessity that it should be so ; for only a very few men are born in a generation gifted to perceive the rarest beauty either in nature or in human life ; and the most that can justly be expected of any school or class of artists is that they shall faithfully and diligently represent the ordinary facts of the world around them. This remark is particularly applicable at a time when artists depend for patronage on a miscellaneous public, incapable for the most part of perceiving that beauty which is unchanging and eternal, but interested by any felicitous transcript of the popular prettiness of the hour, and delighting in any ugliness which has been commended to them by fashion. The beauty of the ball-room is one thing ; that immortal beauty of which art ought to be a revelation is another ; and the first step in an education

either to the enjoyment, the criticism, or the practise of art, is the clear apprehension and firm grasp of this fact. The laws of beauty, whether the beauty of form and colour, or that higher beauty of sentiment and action which is the poetry of life, are as fixed as any other laws of the physical or moral universe. They can no more be altered by man than the laws of geometry, though they are, as has been said, of all laws the most difficult to determine or define. Fashion, on the other hand, is ever changing ; it is the creature of vanity, the reflex of caprice and passion ; it is modified by a thousand considerations of mere shop-keeper interest ; and, although among a people endowed by nature with exquisite perceptions of the beautiful, and accustomed by a succession of great artists to the contemplation of noble art, there will always be a tendency in the prettiness of fashion to approximate to the beauty of art, yet, as a general rule, the two are more likely to be in contrast than in coalescence. The Greeks were the most gifted people in relation to the perception of beauty that ever existed, and in proportion to their numbers they produced incomparably more great artists than any other people. In ancient Greece, therefore, life and art drew close to each other, and the laws of beauty may be studied in the fashion of Greek coins. From certain circumstances also, which existed in the middle ages, a high sensibility to beauty appears to have been then diffused through cultivated society, and the fashion of mediæval costume is comparable to the beauty of Greek statuary. But nine-tenths, nineteen-twentieths, of all the art we have had in this country in the few centuries during which we have been painting at all, has been a record of the artificialities of the most artificial society the world has yet seen, a chronicle of the impertinences wherewith fashion has burlesqued and belied the beauty of nature : patches, hoops, coal-scuttle bonnets, flower-pot hats, swallow-tail coats, periwigs, bustles, crinoline. All these things passed for beautiful while the smile of fashion was upon

them; but though fashion always beguiles her votaries into admiration of her latest-invented monstrosity, she happily opens their eyes at the same time to the ugliness she formerly patronised; and young ladies, who are prepared at any moment to suffer martyrdom by fire rather than forego crinoline, wonder with unfeigned amazement how their great grandmothers could permit themselves to be disfigured by the patch. Hence there can be no great difficulty experienced by any one in apprehending the fact that art, if indeed she has any sphere which can be called her own, must look beneath fashion in all its vagaries, and discern a beauty which can be felt by every generation. This was done pre-eminently in the sculpture of the Greeks, which has been admired for two thousand years with the same rapture of astonishment and delight with which it was greeted by the contemporaries of Phidias; and it was done, though with less completeness of success, by the greatest Roman and Venetian painters of the sixteenth century. There is, we repeat, very little of the highest beauty in the present exhibition. There is plenty of prettiness, plenty of fashion; the washerwomen and shepherdesses are as unexceptionably dressed as those which frequent the trickling waters or grace the verdant slopes of Drury Lane; dust has been carefully wiped off, the frills of the ladies have never a stain on them, and the nap lies with exquisite sleekness on the gentlemen's hats; but of beauty which will continue beautiful for fifty years—of that higher beauty of which Sir Charles Eastlake speaks, and which the catalogue seems to promise us in this Exhibition—there is little.

These remarks could not be more simple or forcibly illustrated than by the portrait of Mr. John Crossley, of Halifax, painted by Mr. J. P. Knight, Royal Academician. There is no difficulty or doubt as to what a portrait painter ought to aim at. He ought to give as much of the man's character and history as is habitually expressed in his face, dress, carriage, and immediate environment. No man, not even a

Royal Academician or a Lord Mayor, could maintain, were it expressly put to him, that it is a matter of high importance, when a portrait is to be painted, that the subject of it shall have on a coat just come from the tailor's, shall have had his boots brushed five minutes before, and has marched out of the hair-dresser's shop into the artist's studio. Least of all did John Crossley of Halifax require to be thus got up. His face has much character; large-featured, with a general strength and massiveness about it, yet open as the face of a child, the expression a combination of firmness, kindness, modest self-reliance, broad sagacity, and unaffected piety, besitting one of the rough but real aristocrats of manufacturing Yorkshire. Seen in his manner as he lives, John Crossley would have made a portrait in which several generations might have recognised a high order of manly beauty. We could not have believed it possible to make him look so insignificant as Mr. Knight, Royal Academician, succeeds in doing. A smart, smirking, elegantly trivial gentleman, who has just put on a new coat,—that is the Royal Academician's conception of John Crossley. We shall be very much surprised indeed if the townsmen and neighbours of Mr. Crossley are satisfied with this picture, and put it in their Town Hall.

The first name of much note which attracts us in the catalogue is that of Mr. Leighton. He has hardly done himself justice this year. His large picture has an almost slovenly breadth of execution, and there is a sameness of type in the faces of the figures which suggests impatience of study. This is a pity, for Mr. Leighton's sentiment is finer, his perception of dignity and gracefulness in line is truer, his general conception of what art ought to be is higher, than those of any of our younger artists. To show his rare gifts to the greatest advantage, the utmost delicacy and carefulness in execution are indispensable. The "*Painter's Honeymoon* (4)," is one of Mr. Leighton's first attempts to depict

the quietly sentimental aspects of English life, and its decided success will, we trust, induce him to linger in this region. A young artist and his newly married wife are seated together, intent upon a sketching board, on which his right hand is drawing, his left meanwhile clasping one of hers, while her other rests with easy grace upon the board. The heads draw tenderly towards each other, and nestle like two doves side by side. Her face is beautiful with that faint misty bloom which half obscures, half transfigures, the faces of Mr. Leighton's beautiful ladies. The merit of the picture consists in the exact rightness of the impression it conveys: tenderness and trust, and silent depth of happiness, without a trace of simpering sweetness, or vulgar effusion. The happiness of the pair is the happiness of lovers, but not of married lovers. A touch more or a touch less of feeling would have spoiled the picture, but Mr. Leighton never gives that touch, and it remains delicately perfect at once in moderation and in power. His larger picture, "Syracusan bride leading wild beasts in procession to the temple of Diana, (292)," is a striking composition, and there is much of grace, much of stateliness, in the attitudes and drapery of the numerous female figures. But consummate success with such a subject would have tasked the energies of a Titian, and the painting of Mr. Leighton is in many places hard and flat. There is little satisfying beauty in the faces, and individual features are sometimes rendered with positive coarseness; the left ear of one of the girls to the right is large to the extent of deformity.

Sir Edwin Landseer is, we need hardly say, not only an English but an European favourite, and it is pleasant to think that his touch has still that power, his eye that fine perception of form and character in animal life, his general manner that combination of breadth with delicacy, which have been the charm of the public for thirty years. His "Indian Tent,—Mare and Foal (92)," is a characteristic example of

the master, admirable in the force of its handling, and full of boy-like delight in animal life. The privileged white mare, a frolicsome bay foal at her feet, has lain down luxuriously on the Turkey carpet of the tent; one or two hounds are disposed about and behind the mare; and higher still, on the roof, are two monkeys, one of them with an orange in his paw pretending to be asleep, the other wide-awake and on the watch, more in roguishness than in hunger, for an opportunity to seize the prize and have a race for it. Horses, dogs, and monkeys are alive with animation and character, yet there is a sentiment, a poetry, about them which we find in all Sir Edwin's painting, and by which it is distinguished from that of every other artist who has worked in the same field. "Lady Godiva's Prayer (109)," Sir Edwin's other picture of importance, is said to have been painted by express command of her Majesty, and the artist must be confessed to have executed the royal mandate with much less success than that of Shakespeare when Elizabeth told him to show Sir John Falstaff in love. Every one knows that Landseer cannot paint a man or woman as he can paint a horse or dog, but this Godiva is below even his level. The palfrey, fine-limbed, shaggy-browed, with mild, intelligent eye and glossy coat, is perfect; the spaniel looks up at his lady in her conspicuous absence of costume in most dog-gish perplexity, and enquires, with a bark which the spectator can almost hear, what is the meaning of this unprecedented situation; the doves, fluttering, fussy, intent upon sundry grains of corn in the foreground, are instinct with tremulous vitality: the lady is clay. The picture belongs, we presume, to the historical class, but in the cultivation of "high art" Sir Edwin is not so particular about studying from "the hantique, the glorious hantique," as was Mr. Gandish, the eminent teacher of Mr. Clive Newcome. He prefers that frank audacity of genius which, for example, in illustrating the history of Rome, presents the fast

young men about town in the days of the Volscian war, as driving tandem in the last new Bond Street curricule, blue veiled as for the Derby, and smoking very large cigars, or endeavours to throw some light upon the "mysterious disappearance of Romulus," by representing the legs and boots of his Majesty protruding from a ditch, while a bottle of XXX gin is in sad and suggestive proximity to the scene of catastrophe. The grim Leofric's history is not minutely known to us, but we fancy that he and Lady Godiva reigned in Coventry somewhere about the eighth century. Witchcraft was greatly prevalent at that period, and the ancient female, Lady Godiva's nurse, who stands in Sir Edwin's picture at the pony's head, and shuts her eyes in disapproval of the Earl's rudeness, is evidently a witch of incomparable skill and power. Happily she exerts them, on the present occasion, with thoughtful beneficence. That her mistress may have soft treading for her delicate feet, she has brought a Turkey carpet all the way from the Levant, and through the six centuries which have still to elapse before Turkey comes into existence. As so heroic an action as that of the Countess deserves to be recorded, this old dame has a neat little pen-wiper hanging at her waist; as a pair of scissors may prove handy, she has them ready, in a fancy scissors-case, of the best green Russia leather, the very sweetest and newest thing in scissors-cases that was to be had for love or money from Messrs. Parkins and Gotto; and as a devotional frame of mind will support the lady under her trying circumstances, the last new church-spire has been brought from Twickenham and put down in the background. The publisher of the Comic History of England should see Sir Edwin and ask whether he could not produce a series of similar illustrations of English History, from the landing of Cæsar downwards. Cæsar in cocked hat and white trousers, will be upon the deck of the Northumberland, and Captain Heaton will be lying flat to have

a pop at him from the downs above.

To a very different style of historical painting does Mr. Maclise's "Death of Nelson, (47)" belong. It is faithfully studied both as a whole and in its individual incidents. There is unaffected pathos in the quiet, dignified, sorrowful, yet resigned and invincible sinking down of Nelson under the fatal shot. Without coarse demonstration of delight, but with intense interest, the French prisoner whispers to his mate that Nelson has fallen; immediately around the dying hero there is consternation and distress; but the dread work goes on unpausing elsewhere, the levelling of the gun, the poisoning of the musket, the hauling of the rope. The signal slate thrown in the confusion on the deck, inscribed with the words "England expects every man to do his duty," reminds us of the last glorious words ever addressed to a British fleet by Nelson. The slighter touches, the tattooed "Sue" on the dead breast, two hearts pierced by a Cupid's arrow beside it, the snuff-box inscribed "Poll," the ruddy child-face of the powder-monkey bewildered with the terror of the scene, yet unflinching in the performance of duty, are admirably illustrative of the sailor life of the period. The ghastlier incidents of the fray—the eye fixing in the moment of death, while women vainly lave the brow, the agony of the wounded as they are carried below, the dark red stain wherever the eye may search for it—are sufficiently marked to let us know that we are in the dread presence of battle, but are not dwelt upon with vulgar emphasis or exaggeration.

There are a good many pictures of which the character is more or less religious. "Hagar and Ishmael, F. Goodall, R.A. (6)," an expanse of desert, shut in by a background of arid hills, half in shadow, half in lurid sunshine; Hagar and her boy in the foreground, the fierce light of noon pouring upon them, the skeletons of camels peeled by the vultures, one of which flutters lazily in the heat-haze, lying around. The picture is

excellent in conception, but defective in the rendering of human expression. "The Remorse of Judas, E. Armitage, (10)," is a sternly simple representation of the betrayer as, in the haggard agony of despair, he urges the high priests, who turn upon him looks of ineffable scorn and serene indifference, to take back the thirty pieces of silver. "Gethsemane, E. Sheil, (35)," is not without impressiveness in the gloom which surrounds the Saviour, and the tender grace of the angel ministering to Him, but is too solemn and awful in subject for treatment by art. "Wayside Devotion, Brittany, G.H. Boughton, (107)," is earnestly studied, and the devotion of the poor peasant-girl, if superstitious, is sincere. "The Child Jesus in the Temple, W.C.T. Dobson, A. (273)," is namby pamby.

A picture which lingers in the memory as characteristically and creditably English—equally fine in its feeling, and more healthful in general tone and sentiment than pictures of the same class by the French—is that (91) to which Mr. A. Dever, whose work it is, affixes the words, "Singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." A room in an English home; summer twilight, grey and golden, brooding in the distant sky; forms of landscape, faintly shadowed, seen through the open window; but within, the candles lighted and set upon the piano for the evening hymn. There are four figures in the room, a brother and three sisters. One of the girls, the eldest of the three, sits at the piano playing; the two others stand and join with her in singing, the hands of the taller of the two crossing tenderly on the breast of the third, who is a little one, and stands before her sister. The brother, a midshipman, leans on the piano, trifling with a fan, and listening in silent admiration. The girls are dressed in white muslin; their hair is the darkish brown, common in English girlhood, and a touch of scarlet ribbon about the head of one of them gives vivacity to the colour. The face of the girl at the piano, seen in profile, is beautiful in its clear white and red, and in the delicate, though by no means

impossibly delicate, shape of the features; but it is not in the face alone, perhaps it is not in the face principally, that her charm consists; it is in the tender elegance of arm, and hand, and bust, and waist, and pure white dress, and in the unaffected heartiness with which she throws her whole soul into the singing, so that we can almost hear the notes as they come from her lips. The two other girls sing with equal enthusiasm, though, in the comparative plainness of their features, they are something of a foil to their sister. What makes the picture remarkable, is its historical correctness as a delineation of English girlhood in its customary aspect, and of the atmosphere of peace and beauty which pervades ten thousand English homes. There is nothing in the world so lovely as a good and beautiful English girl—lovely in ruddy glow of health and graceful vivacity of motion—lovely in gentle force of character, in clear and quick intelligence, in spontaneous and free-flowing kindness, in radiant unsuspecting purity of soul, too deep in its modesty to be prudish, too bright in its serenity to be cold, breaking hearts, if that must be, as innocently and unconsciously as the statue for love of which the foolish fellow drowned himself.

Mr. J. C. Hook sustains his reputation, and that is saying a great deal. For the salt breeze, and the splashing pier, and the bounding boat, and the lichened rock, and the brawny, swarthy fisherman, and the glow of light in green wave, commend us to the pictures of Mr. Hook. There is a high moral suggestiveness in the title to one of his pictures: "Give us this day our daily bread." The prayer is uttered in the creak and strain of the mounting sail, as the fishermen hoist it, with "Yo, heave ho!" at the mouth of the bay, to go to seek in the fields of the sea—those fields which most of all are reaped in *faith* (for who can tell where the harvests are ripening under the wandering brine?)—that daily bread which is best prayed for by honest working.

The landscapes of the year are

of high excellence. Old Stanfield is still unmatched in rendering of tempestuous waves, and abandoned wreck, and strong ribs of rock planted against the rage of the sea, and skeleton arms of machinery on Cornish crags. Old Linnell is unapproached in the vermillion of the rolling clouds of evening, when the wain struggles to the top of the hill, and the crimsons and purples are beginning to burn clear towards the horizon. Creswick does not alter much in his pale golden tint of sky and sea, and general tendency to an undertone of weak green. The meadows, skies, clouds, burning mountains, and trees of Lee have that well-washed and glittering look which are always found in them and never found in nature. Mr. Cooper's sheep and Mr. Cooke's ships are as well painted as ever; while Davis, Leader, Cope, and many others, deserve a length of notice which the limits of our space absolutely forbid us to devote to them. All that we have from the pencil of Mr. Mason is thoughtful, and will repay study. Mr. Raven sends one of the simplest and one of the most complicated and difficult pictures in the exhibition; the first a blackbird upon a cherry-branch, against blue sky, singing from the midst of the white blossom (499); the other, "Midsummer Moonlight—mist rising (95)," an extraordinary effect of moonlight on mist in watered and wooded scenery, the whole having a mysterious and bewildering look, which, however, when we examine the picture, is found not to arise from confusion. The veracity of the cherry-branch and blackbird may embolden us to confide in the veracity of the trees, reflected in the shadowy lake, and the weird moonlight streaming amid the folds of the mist.

"Moonrise (150)," by C. F. Daubigny, a foreign artist of distinction, will repay careful study; but it is, unfortunately, so ill-hung that only by straining the neck and fatiguing the eyes can it be studied at all. It is grand in the simplicity of its conception, and in the sombre majesty which invests the scene. Deep twilight over the darkened landscape;

pallid glimmering of moonbeams through the fleecy clouds which veil the heavens; steady rising through windless air of the smoke of the cottage relieved against the faint illumination of the sky. As you peer into the picture you perceive a man carrying a lamb, a woman leading him with a lanthorn, and a dog limping behind. This is one of the greatest works of the year, and its hanging is neither courteous to a stranger nor creditable to the discernment of the academicians. Two remarkable landscapes by M. Daubigny are to be seen among the French and Flemish pictures in Pall Mall. Another instance of unjust hanging is presented in Mr. Brett's "Capri in the Evening (479)." This is on the floor in the North Room, and, though happily well seen when the eye is directed to it, is apt to be entirely overlooked. Mr. Brett is the first landscape-painter among the Pre-Raphaelites, and this is by far the best work we have seen from his hand. The picture is not only wonderful in execution, but magnificent in composition. Beyond an immediate foreground of terraced garden stretch the waters of the bay, beautiful in rippled calm of evening sunlight, marvellous in subtle mingling of green and blue, and faint streaming of delicate purple. On the right is a low battlement of grey stone, and above and beyond this, still on the right, rises the mountain foreland, its facing of precipice sending back, ledge after ledge, the red light of evening. On the left hand, closing in the bay on the farther side, and passing round to form, along with the meeting crag from the right, the gate of the bay, are mountains bathed also in the flush of evening. In the background are loftier mountains, hiding their heads in the purple and roseate bases of the clouds, which again take the light of sunset, and lift it towards heaven in purer splendour than that of the hills below. Between the forelands, through what we have called the gate of the bay, white sails are passing to the blue sea beyond. The noble composition is seen not only in the balance of

the masses and the harmony of the colours, but in felicitous application of the principle of repetition, used so powerfully by Turner; the form of the battlement on the right being repeated in the crag above, while the domed summit of the highest cloud carries the form of this same crag, the centre of the picture, away into the depths of heaven. We rejoice to observe Mr. Brett's extraordinary power developing thus nobly, and almost venture to recognise in him the man who is destined to carry on the succession of our great English landscapists, and to ascend, by gradual but sure steps, to the vacant throne of Turner. We have only to ask for a little *more* boldness of touch in tree foliage, and rising wave, and wrinkled hill-side; a little *more* simplicity of conception and breadth of composition; a little less of orange and cactus, and a little more of the spirit of Italy. Strongly contrasted with this picture of Mr. Brett's, are Mr. Harvey's "*Glen Dhu, Isle of Arran (526)*," perfect in its feeling of the character of Scotch landscape in the Western Highlands and Islands, and Mr. Graham's "*Spate in the Highlands (373)*," which appears to be pronounced by general consent the first landscape of the year. The river comes down from the hill gorge tawny with yellow foam, whirling in dark amber eddies, roaring and raging over bank and rock, bridge and

tree. The bed of the river is lost in the overflowing current, and the stream lashes out in its wild freedom like a horse that has broken from its rider. The hills rise on either hand and in the distance. The sky is gloomy with rain-cloud, but the storm is abating, and the sun kindles dazzling gleams of light amid the torn fringes of the mist. These flying flame-like gleams are among the most striking phenomena of storm scenery in the Highlands. Against their white blaze the firs on the shoulder of the nearer hill stand out black. The struggling sunbeams lead the eye away into the valley as the river loses itself among the hills, and imagination can still see them flashing upon the face of the stream. A bridge has stood in the middle distance, a massive stone bridge; but it has been rent across, and its very stones scattered in the bed of the torrent; and now the highlander, who, unconscious of the ruin, has driven his cattle to the bridge, endeavours to turn them back again.

On the whole, considering the amount of superior painting to which we have referred, and the amount, perhaps still greater, to which our space forbids us even to allude; and recollecting that Millais and Hunt do not exhibit; we are inclined to pronounce the exhibition not below an average.

THE EXHIBITION OF HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

WHEN the Rev. Charles Kingsley delivered an inaugural address as Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, he said to his undergraduate hearers:—"If any of you should ask me how to study history, I should answer—Take by all means biographies, wheresoever possible, autobiographies, and study them. Fill your minds with live human figures—men of like passions with yourselves; set how each lived and worked in the

time and place in which God put him." It is fresh in the memory of the readers what was said by Mr. Carlyle in his inaugural address to the students of Edinburgh University. As Mr. Kingsley said—"History is the history of men and women." The Earl of Derby must have believed in this doctrine when he conceived the design of gathering together from every part of the kingdom such portraits of the men and women of the past as might

be found in the halls and castles of the noble, and the grange and manor of the squire. It was known to Lord Derby and thousands of people besides that there were priceless treasures to be found in the old homes of grand old England; and it was a sign of the generosity of the head of the house of Stanley, that he desired to see these portraits brought together into one place after the fashion of the picture-gallery in the last Exhibition, that all might enjoy the treasures possessed by a few. It was proposed in the spring of last year by the noble earl to the Lords of the Privy Council on Education, and "my lords" took up the suggestion very readily, and have pursued it with great assiduity and success. The portraits are now being exhibited in the old refreshment galleries of the Great Exhibition of 1862, fitted up of course and re-arranged for the occasion. The opportunity thus afforded for seeing this year a thousand national portraits is one which has never been obtained before, and all who love art or history should see it without delay, and visit it again and again as convenience may assist. It was with an almost paternal pride that the earl referred to this exhibition in his speech at the Royal Academy dinner, and said that "Looking at the collection as a whole—looking at the length of history over which it ranged, and at the variety of sources from which it had been taken—looking also at the vast multitude of men and women represented on the walls—he ventured to say that never in this country nor in any other had there been such an exhibition of portraits to excite the interest alike of the artist and of the student of history."

The plan will only be worked in two or three sections representing historic periods, and therefore we are to expect other exhibitions to follow the present. The principle of selection observed by the Committee is simply the following—To receive portraits of all eminent or noted persons who have lived in England from the earliest period of authentic portraits, inclusive of portraits by

foreigners who have attained distinction in England, whether by English or foreign artists, and only exclusive of miniatures. The works of distinguished artists will be admitted, even though they may represent obscure persons. So that it will partly represent art and partly history.

Many of the portraits are of very considerable value even as works of art, and others which have no intrinsic value possess very great interest as being in some measure illustrative of our national history.

The men and women who look upon us from these walls were such as influenced English history during stormy and eventful times. The "Morning Star of the Reformation" twinkles in the first constellation upon which we gaze, and near him John of Gaunt. Amongst the last on whose faces we look as we are leaving the exhibition are the distinguished men who hailed the Revolution of 1688. Wicliffe wears an active, humorous face, lighted up by a bright eye, and marked by a nose which nobody fails to observe. At the end of the gallery the good, quiet, heavenly face of Matthew Henry looks forth, as if to breathe a benediction upon us before we leave. We encounter the tough old warriors of a period as far back as the time of Neville Percy, the great king-maker, clad in the simple costume, or bristling armour of those early times; and here also are the gay Cavaliers and indomitable Roundheads, who settled at Worcester and Naseby what their own England should be in the coming centuries. English philosophy is represented by its father, the great Lord Bacon, who looks acutely and anxiously from those dark eyes which shine like diamonds yet beneath that dark hair, and give a life-like expression to the face of one of the greatest men living at that hour in Europe. Poetry meets us in the sad but thoughtful countenance of Chaucer, and introduces us before we leave to Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Taylor, the water-poet. We see the writers and thinkers of

the great century in whose first years Elizabeth held the sceptre with a firm and royal grasp, and on whose last, the taciturn, but true-hearted Prince of Orange held it still with not less strength, and scarcely less devotion. Here is that peculiar man and erudite scholar, Robert Burton, who wrote the "Anatomy of Melancholy," which Dr. Johnson said was "the only book which had ever caused him to leave his bed earlier than he had intended." The narrow face has an eccentric cast in it, and the pursed lip betokens a man who would quiz you if he were now to breathe from the canvas. Sir Walter Raleigh looks like a leading mind, in that positive, commanding face. And while one speaks of this remarkable man, whose pen was not more handy to him than his sword; who was as much at home fighting her Majesty's Opposition on the Spanish Main or on the floor of the House of Commons, we are tempted to pause, and glance as hastily as we can at those wonderful men whose names have made England great in the history of the world. Who can ever think of the true mental strength of old England, and not recall the names of Elizabeth's lieutenants when she fostered the fine ambition of ruling the greatest nation upon earth? Who looks without pride upon the good, thoughtful countenance of Sir Francis Walsingham, her secretary; or without admiration on that fine noble, in his grand costume, the great Sackville, Earl of Dorset? We see the Queen's favourites side by side, and remember that the jealousies and passions of that strange time have now no power. We look up at the splendid Earl of Leicester, and think of the ill-fated Amy Robsart and the glories of Kenilworth; at the unfortunate Earl of Essex, who was first petted as a lover, and then beheaded as a traitor by the proud and jealous woman whom he had flattered and followed. We are reminded of the teaching of a book whose lessons might have spared the follies and sufferings of those eventful lives, one of whose

counsels tells us: "Put not your trust in princes!" As we mark the numerous portraits, in every variety of costume, of the Virgin Queen, we are not surprised that she should have inspired the passion in the breasts of these fine young courtiers, which was destined to suffer from such strange varieties of history, and such sad reverses. Elizabeth was born to be a queen: that face with its arched and regal brow, its clear forward-looking eyes, its fixed thin lips, would have risen to queenhood from a peasant's hovel. It was not wonderful that she gathered around her so many men of real power and excellence. Weak and flippant men merely could not have lived in the *sharp* sunshine (if we may so put it) of that countenance. And though we may have no inconsiderable difficulty in looking through that cloud of ruffle to the shining face behind, we cannot ignore the queenly beauty of the daughter of poor Anne Boleyn. She is painted for us by Zuccherro, de Here, Hilliard, and Mark Garrard; and hers was a face which painters were almost forced to paint somewhat correctly. She had a prodigious fancy for dress and state, for pomp and splendour, and knew not how much greater she would be to us all now if she had cultivated more simplicity and less pageantry. It was here that she was always in danger of losing her truest dignity and of eclipsing the splendour of a reign which bore to England greater fruits than any had ever done before. Sir Philip Sidney, the flower and pride of English chivalry, wears on these walls the handsome face and graceful form which every reader of history has ever supposed him to have possessed; and hanging close by is his mother, a simple, chaste, and beautiful woman, worthy of being known as the mother of one whose name shines with as much purity of lustre as any of the greatest men of that Elizabethan age; and not far off is his wife, once Frances Walsingham, the daughter of the great Secretary, as well as his father, Sir Henry, himself a statesman and a soldier. Here also is Mary Sidney, Countess

of Pembroke, sister of Sir Philip, the estimable woman of whom Ben Jonson wrote those well-known lines which cannot be called an epitaph :—

“Underneath this sable hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse :
Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn’d, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”

In this period there is another group, smaller in extent, feeble in its influence, and yet a halo of some kind of splendour gathers round it to some eyes ; others see but a dark cloud, in the midst of which a fiery gleam betokens blood and murder. Who doubts that I am writing of Mary Stuart, who had a face far more beautiful, as some would think, than her royal cousin, Elizabeth Tudor, and whose attire, in one striking respect, is still preserved in the use of our beloved sovereign. But the beauty is of that order which needed the counsels of Knox to save it from the snares of Rizzio. And here is David Rizzio, who looks thoughtful, clever, and not so bad as he might be reckoned by the pen of the historian. One turns with interest from looking at the unfortunate Italian musician to gaze on the equally unfortunate Earl of Darnley.

The period still detains us, for not far off is a man whom Englishmen may be trusted never to forget,—her own great son, and greatest poet—William Shakespeare. Of course we have before us the celebrated Chandos portrait, of which we have all seen innumerable en-

gravings, and copies of this, as well as other ideals. On whatever picture of him you look the impression still is that William Shakespeare had a face of rare beauty and power. Ben Jonson, that fat and resolute fellow, is holding his own most stoutly, and looks exactly the sort of man who would know the quality of sack and canary, and always sit at the head of a table whoever sat at the bottom of it.

We cannot stay to shake hands with Sir Francis Drake, that daring buccaneer, nor with Sir Martin Frobisher, who fought the Spanish Armada and encountered the more resolute icebergs of the Polar Seas, alike in loyalty to his beloved liege : nor on that fine, dear old man, the father of his age, as we pass along, the Earl of Dorset. We want to look at some of the Cromwellians. We can afford to pass by the vain and feeble Charles, and even to ignore the gay and splendid Buckingham ; we do not care to pause before the proud and powerful Strafford, nor to look even at the wrong-headed and vain-hearted Laud, for we are eager to behold Cromwell, and the men and women who helped brave old Oliver to conquer the insipid kingliness which would have blighted the hopes of every true man in England at that time. We are before him—good, true, rugged, thoughtful Oliver ; and instantly to our lips arise the words of one who is even now looking at us, his Latin secretary, and the man who found words for the deepest thoughts of England in her sharpest hour of agony :—

“CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God’s trophies, and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream’d with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester’s laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still ; peace bath her victories
No less renowned than war : new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.”

And while one turns round and looks at the beautiful face of John

Milton, who could thus happily and forcibly express the true longings of

free hearts, Wordsworth's not less memory with uncommon interest,
 beautiful sonnet comes back to though we only find time to exclaim,

"Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour,
 England hath need of thee."

We had forgotten that we saw as frequent visitor at Milton's early
 we came along Henry Lawes, a home in Bread Street, that

"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent;"

but let us look at this Cromwell family. Before us is Sir Oliver Cromwell, the Protector's uncle, one of the sort of men who saved England, under God, from irretrievable ruin; and now, here is the great Protector's mother, with solemn large eyes in the face of her, looking like the woman of whom we have read as having retained to her latest day the love and honour of her illustrious son; and near to her is a pleasant, serious, spare-faced man,

who is soon known to be the husband of the good old woman we have just seen; and then we look on Oliver himself; and whatever pencil describes the man, we can see nothing in him but truth and purity, and unblemished honour. And though Bridget Ireton may seem a little prudish as we turn away from the ladies who graced (?) the Court of Charles the Second, we feel that this whole family were

"Born in the tender light
 Of golden suns and deep-starr'd night divine."

It is near six o'clock, and we can only glance while the moments hasten, at the beautiful face of Milton once again, and the fine countenances of Marvel, Admiral Blake, John Owen, and the immortal

Dreamer, sighing as we remember that our bustling, wealthy, busy England of to-day hardly seems to produce men like those who are bidding us "Good-night!"

SEVENTEEN AND SEVENTY;

A LIFE STORY. IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

How I love the peaceful gloaming of a sunny summer's eve!
 And my thoughts are amaranthines I will into chaplets weave,
 I can see the opening vistas of the years upon my way,
 I decide upon the future with a stern resolve to-day.

There are voices wild despairing in the clamour of the strife,
 And they pierce my deeper spirit as I sing my song of life;
 "Be a prophet and a hero, an avenger of the wrong,
 Come and help us, haste to save us, pass no day in idle song."

And I gladly thank my Maker that I am so strong and young,
 That I have the kindling ardour and the eloquence of tongue;
 I will lift aloft the banner, will be foremost in the fight,
 So I gird the armour on me, for the battle of the right.

Men shall honour, women bless me, and the aged and the poor
Shall find fragrant flowers of healing I have scattered at the door,
And the laughing little children, they shall climb upon my knee,
And the merry homes of England shall be full of happy glee.

God will help me, men will cheer me in my work of love divine,
The oppressed shall find a helper and the suffering shall be mine;
I will join the rank of nobles, of the men of iron wills,
I will leave the world the better for my march upon its hills.

I will marry little Nellie with her wealth of sunny hair,
Many maidens may be richer, but I know of none so fair,
She will fill the house with music while I labour for the good
Of a world in sorrow sighing, of a love-fired brotherhood.

Men shall never call me selfish, I will stand with open hand,
And my riches shall be bounty falling broadcast on the land,
So I end my hours of dreaming, I will labour from to-day,
Striding on o'er doubt and hindrance in an ever upward way.

PART II.

I have passed a weary journey, from the bottom of the hill,
I will stay and look behind me while my life is present still ;
There they stand in motley circles, all the pictures of my life,
Some are beautiful with pleasure, some are strangely dark with strife.

I have seemed to live for nothing, I have tried to live and failed,
I have lingered as a dreamer and my sunny dreams have paled ;
Now I mourn about the lateness of the light that comes at last,
I am drawing near the boundary of the future and the past.

Yet I meant to fill my people with the blessed wine of mirth,
Yet I meant to be a soldier in the battle of the earth,
But about my life are surges of a sea of sin and wrong,
And I can but cry in weakness, " God of strength, how long, how long ? "

I have fought, but 'twas the battle of the foeman poverty,
I have been amongst the strugglers, but I never could be free;
I have met with disappointment every eager step I took,
It is full of sin and sorrow, let me close the mystic book.

How I wept for little Nellie, when she laid her gentle head
On another heart that loved her, but I loved my work instead,
And I thought, oh ! labour grandly for the suffering human race,
Ah ! those gorgeous dreams have faded, I have filled the lowest place.

But I know it matters little now the strife is almost done,
That I never gathered riches, that my joy wags never won ;
And perhaps my imperfection may have led to sacred rest,
In the nearing jasper city, in the country of the blest.

There was One who had no failure in a life of perfect good,
Who was Master of the labour I have never understood ;
He will take me in His pity where the woe shall never come,
Though my life and youth have faded, I shall live again at home.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A BOY'S SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

BY AN OLD BOY.

No. II.

I AM a believer in that admirable domestic institution—cousins. Some people don't care much about theirs, perhaps because they have not any worth caring about; but my lot has been cast under a kindlier star. Of course, being "an old boy" now, I may be trusted to deal with this theme with that lofty impartiality which becomes those in whose veins the blood runs chill; yet I am not so old but that I can muse over the tender weaknesses of old times with pleasure. To meet summer after summer with boy cousins, to ramble over field and wood together, to ride—sometimes three at once—on the same horse, to fish in the deep pools of the brook for trout (and to catch them too), to plan new schemes for rat and rabbit hunting, to agree and sometimes disagree (though we never quarrelled) on a thousand projects of innocent sport and rural adventure: all this was more jolly to a town boy let loose in the country than he can well describe. "Jolly," did I say? Yes; nor let my reader vaunt himself that he does not sanction modern slang. So grave and ancient a divine as Trapp—a great authority withal with Mr. Spurgeon—employed the term many a year ago, and in a connection that sounds quaint enough. "It was jolly quiet," he writes, "at Ephesus, until St. Paul arrived!"

Then there were our fair maiden cousins. One of them, alas! never grew to womanhood. Of loving nature and timid tender heart, she passed away; and those who knew best how pure a Christian life she had lived, and who watched the child-like faith and heroic fortitude of her early death, wrote with tearful eye, but with hand severely true, her epitaph: "Faultless before the throne."

As for the rest, I have all my life averred that girl cousins are a de-

lightful provision of nature. Near enough in blood to be loved almost as sisters, and yet distant enough to make it sometimes an open question,—just the least bit doubtful—whether some yet tenderer sentiment may not spread like the first faint ray of rosy morning over the scene. "Nonsense," perhaps some reader exclaims, in the tone of an exasperated cockatoo, "cousins have no business to marry; it's contrary to nature." Most true, my gentle censor, I quite believe it, I humbly answer; but sometimes people do what they have "no business" to do. "What business have you in that boat, sir?" once, with simulated anger, demanded a stranger on a wharf to a gentleman who was getting his little yacht under weigh? "What do you mean?" replied the owner with surprise. "Why, it's my own *pleasure boat*." "Yes," was the rejoinder. "and that's the reason why I say you've no *business* in it." And so, my critic may be right, but after all *some* cousins do marry; only just enough, I grant, to leave it with all the rest sufficiently an open question—a matter of doubt; and we know the sagest philosophers will sometimes take the benefit of the doubt. True, to add the glow of another sentiment to the cold beauty of a brotherly love, may be like giving aroma to the chaste petals of the lily; but after all I do not know whether a sweet-scented lily should be condemned. However, as I said before, it's an open question—a very little open, like a door that nature or chance has left simply on the latch; but because a door is left ajar it is no reason why any one should enter, or (perhaps some will answer) stay out. All I now assert is this, and I do it with the most unhesitating confidence, that cousins are a beneficent provision of nature, a delightful dispensation, a glorious

institution, especially the girls. And if any one shall differ from me, all I say is I pity him.

My cousin William had just finished his story about the brandy cask when Dick came up, carrying his cap with one hand and resting it on the other, as if he greatly feared lest he should spill the contents.

"Well, Dick," inquired my cousin, "what have you there?"

"Some eggs, Master William," he replied.

"Eggs!" we exclaimed. "What eggs? Where did you get them?"

"Partridges," answered Dick. "I went to take the mowers some beer, and while I was with them sure-ly if Sam didn't cut off the old uns' head—she sat so close on her nest. I'm afraid they won't be much use," he continued; "but I'm a-goin' to take them to the keeper's. He always gives us a shillin' for a nest of partridges' eggs."

"What will he do with them?" I inquired.

"O, he'll put them under a hen," said my cousin, "if he's got one that wants to sit. But I don't envy the poor old thing her job," he added, as Dick walked away.

"Why not?" I asked.

"I don't envy the hen her job if she gets it," said William, when Dick had gone.

"Why not?" we inquired.

"You see, if she should hatch them, she will have to rear them, and before they can eat grain they will have to be fed on ants' eggs, and the ants will crawl all over the hen, and so bite and tease her that by the time the partridges are reared the hen will be all skin and bone—only fit for a scarecrow."

"Indeed," I said. "But how do they get the ant's eggs?"

"O, easy enough. They take a barrow or a cart into the field where there are ant hills, and dig them up and put them into the cart, and give them to the young birds. The keepers rear lots of young birds in that way, and then turn them adrift."

"And do they get tame?"

"Well, perhaps half tame. I dare

say they would become quite so if any one were to cut the wings of the young birds, and keep them in a walled garden or yard, and give them plenty to eat. If he didn't succeed the first time, after a bit they would get used to their food and to the sight of men, and at last, I dare say, would breed in the poultry yard. Some day we'll go over to the keeper's lodge, and see how he manages. He has lots of pheasants on a summer evening walking about the place like old hens, and very pretty they look; and hares and rabbits too."

"A capital place," said Charles, who always loved the smell of powder, "to shoot them."

"No," replied William, "they never shoot them close to home. That would frighten and unsettle them. So they generally shoot all round the estate; this drives the birds home for shelter, and prevents them wandering on to other people's land. But let us go off to the hay-field, for Dick says they've begun to mow, and we shall find some more nests there, I dare say."

Away we started, boys and girls, across the home fields, then over the brawling brook that divides the counties of Northamptonshire and Leicestershire, up the hill to the new barn, and down again till we reached the long meadow, whence we could hear what Milton calls "the pleasing sound of sharpening scythe" (I thought he had a better ear for music). Already the mowers had been at work for some hours, and the heavy swarthes of grass lay in lines across the fields.

"Now," said my cousin, "let us hunt for some nests. Stoop down, and look upwards underneath the boughs if you can, and we shan't be long before we get a nest or two."

But his experienced ear and eye were the first to find.

Suddenly we heard a quiet rustling among the leaves of the thorn hedge, and some large dark-coloured bird flew off on the other side.

"A blackbird," said my cousin quietly, "and there's a nest not far off, I know. That's just the way they go—sly old things. When you

come near their nest they drop off almost without a sound, and then they slip out at the bottom of the bush, and are gone. They can make noise enough if they like; but they take care to make none then, for fear it should draw attention to their nests."

"Here it is!" exclaimed Charley, bending over a mass of thorn branches which stretched out from the hedge into the field. And, sure enough, there it was: made of earth and moss, interwoven with twigs, and lined with hair and fine hay, and in it lay five greenish grey eggs, covered with light brown and liver-coloured spots and stripes.

"Shall we take them home?" I inquired.

"Well, no," said William. "You can have one, if you like. They won't miss that, perhaps, for I don't think birds are very good at arithmetic. But I never," he added, "take young birds, except when I really want one to keep, and then I get one just when it is ready to fly. I always think it's a horrid shame for boys to get poor little tender half-fledged birds, that can't possibly live, and soon chirp and gape themselves into starvation and death from cold and want of food; and I've known boys even put them on the top of a post to fling stones at. I do hate cruelty to dumb animals."

"But you said just now," interposed Charley, that you wanted one to keep, if you could get one. How do you manage that?"

"O," said William, "I've got two at home now in a cage. There was a nest of them in the garden hedge, and I could see into it as I walked up and down the path. Well, I watched the young ones till they were nearly big enough to fly, and I put my hand in rather suddenly upon them, and slipped two into a large wicker cage before they knew where they were, and then I hung it up in a tree close by the nest. Of course they did not quite approve their sudden change of lodgings, and jumped about the cage; and the old birds, hearing the cry of the young ones, flew round and about, uttering

their loud "Tsitziirr! Tack! Tack!" I walked away, and watched behind the bushes to see what they would do. As soon as I was out of sight the old birds flew to the cage, and hanging on the front held solemn counsel concerning the unexpected state of affairs. Exactly what they said I was not informed, but I expect the questions of board and lodging were uppermost in their minds: for the conference ended by the old birds flying off and soon bringing back some grub for the prisoners, whom they fed day after day, until at last the young ones were able to pick up the food I gave them."

"What was that?"

"A piece of stale bread, soaked well in water, and a little milk poured over it, and sometimes mixed with barley or wheat meal—that is about the best thing for them; but they will also eat bread, meat, and scraps from the table. I kept them both till I could tell, by its singing, which was the male, and then let the other go, and now it sings beautifully, not unlike a nightingale; but I've also taught it to whistle several airs, and it is such fun to hear it go off with "Rory o' More." You shall hear it when you come up.

On we went, searching among brambles and blackthorns, white-thorns and hazels, elders and alders, sometimes striding across the ditch bottom, sometimes clambering up the banks, and occasionally getting "bullfinched" in the hedges, as the huntsmen say, so that to go either backwards or forwards was almost impossible. At last, in the thickest part of a whitethorn bush, I had a find.

"Here's one," I exclaimed.

In a minute William was at my side, pulling back the boughs and pushing his way into the middle of the bush. "Yes," he said, "there's something here. Look!"

We looked. The nest was made of dry leaves and fibres, firmly and neatly platted with hair and wool, and lined with hair and wool and the down of the seeds of willows, and inside were three dingy bluish eggs, marked with short lines and specks of pale pink, and one fat

flabby little bird, just hatched. Poor little chap! He seemed all head and stomach, the skin of the latter being so thin that he was certainly a very transparent character. I'm afraid he couldn't have been very clear in his views, as he evidently mistook William for his mother, for no sooner did he appear than poor little dicky opened his very wide mouth very wide indeed, and kept it in a very ridiculous attitude of expectancy for nearly a quarter of a minute, and then beak and head disappeared at the bottom of the nest.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A linnet's nest," said William. "They usually begin to hatch in May, but perhaps their first brood came to grief, and then they get another as soon as they can."

"How many broods have they in the year?" said Charles.

"Two generally, but sometimes three. In winter time they fly about in flocks, and feed on thistle down, dandelion, and flax seeds; and at the end of a fine winter evening you may see lots of them perching on the top of some bare tree, warming and pluming themselves in the last rays of the sun, breaking out all at once into song, then chirruping together quietly, and after a bit they all go off again in a grand chorus. But let us be off, for there's the old bird, and if he catches us here he'll perhaps forsake."

For the old bird was sitting on the topmost spray of a thorn-bush, about thirty yards off, surveying the proceedings. He was a grey linnet. His breast was of a light rust colour, and his back was spotted with dark brown and reddish white. After the linnet has moulted twice, there are specks of blood red on some of the grey feathers of the forehead, and there are broad yellowish margins of the feathers. It is then called the yellow linnet. It is often crossed with the canary, and then can hardly be distinguished from the grey canary.

Of its song Burns has sung:

"I waldna gie the lintie's sang,
Sae merry on the broomy lea,
For a' the notes that ever rang
From a' the harps o' minstrelsie,

Mair dear to me, where buss or breer
Among the pathless heather grows,
The lintie's wild sweet note to hear,
As on the ev'nin' breeze it flows."

We were turning into the lane at the foot of the Broxhills, when suddenly we heard a flustering of wings, and saw a partridge running along the road, shivering her wings, and crying out as if it were wounded, and could not escape.

"I'll catch it," shouted Charley, and off he went in full chase.

"Catch a weasel asleep," said William, laughing, and holding the pigeons in his handkerchief and hand.

"He'll catch her, won't he?" I inquired. She is running only slowly, just in front of him, and he will overtake her."

"Not he," replied my cousin. "She's only shamming. She can run as fast as a horse, and can fly when she's tired of running, or fly and run too. She's only leading him off the scent, away from her chickens. I'll be bound they are just round here somewhere. Look in that tuft of grass over there."

I went up to examine it, and in doing so nearly trod upon a little brown chicken that had been half buried in the grass, but which, when I drew near, thrust itself further into the weeds. Two others were close by; and, as I captured my little friend, off went the rest at full gallop, with legs and wings, and disappeared through the hedge bottom on one side the lane, into the clover field on the other.

"Don't hurt it," said William, as he saw I had made a prize, and came up. "Ah, I knew the trick of the old dodger. Well, Charley, have you caught your game alive?" he added, as my brother now joined us.

"Why, she wasn't lame," he replied, half reproachfully, at the moral impropriety of the trick which had given him a chase for nothing. She could run like the wind, and now she's coming back along the other side the hedge, clucking away like an old hen."

"Here's one of them," I exclaimed, holding up my captive.

"What a little beauty," said Charley, as he looked at its clear bright mild eye, its pretty brown back and wings, and tiny but ready feet. It's like a chicken, only prettier and livelier looking.

"Shall we take it home?" I inquired of my cousin.

"O no; we couldn't manage it alone. Let it go." I laid it gently on the ground, and off it went, and in a few minutes I have no doubt was under the tender wing of the mother, who with such wonderful instinct could thus provide for the safety of her little ones.

A STORY OF WICLIF.

SECOND PART.

IV.

ENGLAND RESTIVE, AND WICLIF AGGRESSIVE.

THE papal power in England was of gradual growth, but reached its height in 1213, when John consented to pay an annual tribute for the kingdom. This was not paid regularly, but it had never been formally remitted or disannulled. Kings and Popes both taxed the clergy. Matthew Paris, a monk of St. Alban's (in 1246) writes very dolefully about it:—

"On the one hand we are oppressed, on the other bound; we are bruised, as it were, between the hammer and the anvil; and are ground as between two millstones."

By the appointment of foreigners who never crossed the Channel to the best English benefices,—“his Holiness making no provision for those livings which had no provision for his Holiness;”—by sending one legate after another, not to protect the sheep that were lost, but gather the money that was found; and by claiming first fruits, fifths, and thirds, sometimes even “crying halves,” the Pope certainly got the lion's share. Thus our friend “between two millstones,” tells of one Master Martin, a Pope's commissioner, who declined to receive any sums less than 30 marks (£250?); “lest so great a man should seem to be over-anxious about trifles;” and how the Pope, seeing some handsome gold fringe on the dresses of some ecclesiastics at Rome asked where it was made, and being told “in England,” replied, “of a truth England is our

garden of delights; truly it is an inexhaustible well where many things abound, from many things many can be extorted;” and forthwith sent sacred letters to the monks to supply him with some fringe for his own chasubles. “Some talked of separating from Rome altogether;” “there was not a benefice of any note from whose breasts the milk had not been sucked quite dry.” “The Pope had lost all bowels of mercy.” Even a cardinal remonstrated “that England, like Balaam's ass, wounded by the spurs, and blows of the stick, was speaking out.”

This was a hundred years before Wiclif's time, but reform had advanced so slowly, that the Pope's receipts from England were greater than those of the crown; and, in 1350, Parliament resolved that the Pope should not provide for vacant benefices. “Some former laws,” says Tom Fuller, “had pared the Pope's nails to the quick, but this cut off his fingers, so that hereafter his hand could not hold and grasp such vast sums of money as before.” For fifty years the Popes had all been Frenchmen, and resident at Avignon in France, so that all moneys falling into their hands were regarded as indirectly enriching the French. And yet in 1365, soon after the victory of Poitiers, the Pope was impudent and foolish enough to demand the resumption of John's tribute, and the payment of thirty years' arrears. The King referred it to Parliament, and Parliament flatly refused. A nameless monk wrote in support of the Pope's demand, and Wiclif,

being a king's chaplain, was appointed to reply. This he did in a pamphlet containing the arguments of certain lords, whether supposed or real we cannot tell, of which the substance was nearly thus,—“If the Pope wants the money, let him come and take it, if he can. As Christ's Vicar, the Pope can have no feudal rights! Tribute is for service rendered; but we have had sufficient experience truly, as to the failure of the Pope to serve us either in body or soul. There cannot be two civil heads, both pope and king; one must give way. There is some doubt whether John ever did agree to this tribute, if he did, it was simony, and therefore not binding on us. Therefore England *ought* not, and England *will* not pay the tribute!”

In 1372, Wiclif took his degree as Doctor of Divinity, and at once began to lecture at Oxford on theology. He afterwards published the substance of them, and as we might expect from his previous performances, they are very outspoken and independent. A few extracts will indicate their tone:—

“*Venial and mortal sin.*—The phrases *mortal sin* and *venial* are mostly on the lips of those Prelates who know better how to extort money for sins than how to cleanse any man from his transgression, or distinguish between mortal and venial, about which they babble so much. That only is mortal sin which is final impenitence, and all else is venial, since it may be pardoned.

“*Martyrdom.*—Christians should be soldiers, but this applies not so much to temporal Lords as to the clergy; for as the abomination of desolation begins with a *perverted* clergy, so the consolation begins with a *converted* clergy. Hence we Christians have only to declare with constancy the law of Christ, even before Cæsarian Prelates, and straightway the flower of martyrdom will be at hand.

“*Persecution.*—Christ wished the law to be observed willingly, freely, that in such obedience men might find happiness; hence He appointed

no civil punishment to be inflicted on transgressors, but left the persons neglecting them to the suffering which shall come after the day of doom.” “There is no necessity, nor do I advise it, that they should fight with or kill the friars.

“*Saint-worship.*—Whoever entertains a saint, should direct his prayer to Christ as God, not to the saint especially but to Christ. For our Faith assures us that Christ is the Mediator between God and man. Hence many are of opinion that when prayer was addressed to the middle person in the Trinity for spiritual help, the Church was much more flourishing than now, when many new intercessors have been found.

“*The Scriptures.*—It is the will of the Holy Spirit that books of the Old and New Law should be read and studied, and none should give credit to the writings of holy Doctors, especially of the Romish church, except in so far as they have their foundation in Scripture.

“*Antichrist.*—It is supposed, and with much probability, that the Roman Pontiff is the great Antichrist. After this great Antichrist come the lesser antichrists. The injunction of Christ was, ‘Feed my sheep;’ but the duty of preaching is laid aside, and the practice of *fleeing* is introduced in its stead.”

Such doctrines were openly taught in the presence of young students and grave scholars. It was well known that Wiclif had written against the Pope's demand for the tribute, so monks, and friars, and priests dropt in to the lecture-room to take notes of heretical points. One can almost imagine them dotting down “the babbling Prelates,” “the flower of martyrdom,” “the one Mediator,” “the supremacy of Scripture,” and “the lesser antichrists.” These things were new to many—especially the young, who like freshness and reverence daring in any cause—who flocked to his lectures; but they were heresy to others, who were careful to inform the authorities. Such words were lighting a flame that the anathemas of Constance

and the persecutions of a hundred and fifty years could not extinguish. They set Europe on fire with Protestantism, and it is burning yet; nowhere more purely and brightly than in the land where Wiclif taught and lived it.

In 1373, the English Parliament adopted measures to confirm the statute of Provisers which the Pope had succeeded in evading, and sent Commissioners to Bruges on the matter, but to no purpose. The next year they sent again, and nothing could have shown their resolution to have their own way more plainly than the choice of Wiclif, the now well-known Reformer, as one of the Commissioners. This is the only time he crossed the Channel; he was never incensed as Luther was, by the corruption he might have seen at Avignon or Rome. They met the Papal emissaries at Bruges, then the emporium of the eastern trade, the resting-place of the Lombards, and the mart for English wool; in fact, the Venice of the North. English and French embassies were meeting there at the same time; and here John Wiclif and John of Gaunt may have been brought into close intimacy, if they were not previously acquainted. The English Reformer would take little interest in the Hook and Kappel jaw parties which then divided the burghers; and still less in the "pageants splendid that adorned those days of old," "the minister from twenty nations," and the "stately dames, like queens attended" in "more than royal pomp and ease." His business was with the Pope's messengers, and his honest heart must have trembled with indignation to find that the Bishop, his coadjutor, had been entrapped by the wiles of the Romans, so that once more they retired from Bruges without accomplishing anything. Wiclif could not have been in close intercourse with the Papal legates for six weeks, without learning much of Roman worldliness and duplicity, and so far much was accomplished.

V.

WICLIF'S FIRST SUMMONS.

The next year (1375), the king presented Wiclif to the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. Just after this John of Gaunt lost nearly all his influence, so that, when Convocation assembled on Feb. 3, 1377, they met with no check in summoning Wiclif before them, to answer certain charges of heresy, on the 19th of the same month. Wiclif's lectures were beginning to show signs of fruit.

News of the summons soon spread through the city; gay young men lay bets on the issue; smart apprentices took the side of the Reformer or not, simply because their masters took the other side; monks turned off an extra glass of their best vintage, and friars were seen to pass a widow's house without begging, and to drop a coin into a widow's hand, in prospect of Wiclif's certain condemnation. Early on the morning of the 19th, the dark narrow streets leading to St. Paul's were thronged. Bishops, abbots, and other high dignitaries ambled along "on fat horses with jolly and gay saddles and bridles, ringing by the way, and themselves in costly clothes and furs;" fat monks came puffing up Ludgate Hill; priests and friars walked barefoot through the dirt; nimble apprentices dodged their masters who had left them to mind the shop; mercers of all goods, merchants from all parts, foreigners in town, nobles at ease, knights at home, yeomen from their farms, gaping country clowns, and all that miscellaneous rabble that *will* be, when a "row" *may* be, pressed towards the large old Norman church that winter's morning. Courtney, the Bishop of London, and son of the Duke of Devonshire, presided; and had scarcely taken his seat, when a small group reached the limits of the outside crowd. It was John Wiclif with a plain black robe flowing from shoulder to waist, where it was tied round with a band, and thence to his heels, a velvet cap upon his grey head, and a long white staff in his hand, bearing such

a lighted countenance as great men always do when called to try their utmost strength. Though supported on either hand by the Duke of Lancaster and Lord Percy, it was with difficulty he made way into the church; as they passed through the porch, the Duke whispered, "Shrink not a hair-breadth;" but Wiclif was not the man to shrink. When they had forced their way in, Lord Percy tried to obtain a seat for Wiclif, but the Bishop rose angrily to protest.

"Lord Percy, if I had known what masteries you would have kept in the church, I would have stopped you out from coming hither!"

"He shall keep such masteries," said the Duke, "though *you* say nay."

"Sit down, Wiclif," said Percy, without heeding, "for you have many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat."

"It is unreasonable," exclaimed the Bishop, "that one cited before his ordinary should sit during his answer; he *must*, and he *shall* stand."

"Lord Percy's motion is but reasonable," replied the Duke; "and as for you, my Lord Bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride, not of you alone, but of all the prelacy in England."

"Do your worst, Sir."

"Thou bearest thyself so long upon thy parents, which shall not be able to keep thee, they shall have enough to do to help themselves."

"My confidence is not in my parents, nor in any man else, but only in God, in whom I trust, by whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth." The Bishop spoke proudly but firmly,—he was not an ignoble man. The Duke whispered to Lord Percy, "Rather than I'll take these words at his hands, I will pluck the Bishop by the hair out of the church." Others heard the threat, and raised such a tumult that the two nobles were glad to retreat as best they could. The Bishop at once closed the meeting; and Wiclif, who had remained a silent spectator, escaped

for the time; not yet was "the flower of martyrdom at hand."

In June, of the same year, Edward the Third died. In July, Richard the Second was crowned. In October, the new Parliament met, and at once turned their attention to the encroachments of Rome. The question was discussed whether England might lawfully detain for its own defence, the treasure which the Pope demanded; and it shows how little Wiclif had suffered from his trial, that it was submitted to his opinion. The substance of his reply was:—

"God has given stones hardness, beasts claws, and men limbs, for self-preservation; and the body of the state, whose members are laity and clergy, has received the same power of self-defence, and may therefore detain and retain the aforesaid treasure in case of need. Further, whatever the Pope asks he must ask as alms, and only as alms, for so the apostles asked. He cannot be both lord and apostle; but if, as he professes, he be an apostle, then this is the true form of the apostles' trade, '*lordship and rule are forbidden, ministration and service are commanded.*'" Wiclif was nothing cowed, he did not "shrink a hair's-breadth."

VI.

WICLIF'S SECOND SUMMONS.

Ten days before Edward's death, the Pope issued several "bulls" against Wiclif, by which the Bishops were directed to keep him in safe custody till he should answer certain charges of heresy, or else to cite him to appear before the Pope within three months; and the Chancellor of the University to hand him over to the Bishops, and suppress the teaching of such heresies at Oxford. The king's death caused some delay, and the University was disposed to question the Pope's authority, and demanded time, so that it was April, 1378, before the Synod was convened at Lambeth, and Wiclif appeared before it.

The monk Walsingham says that "nearly all the Londoners were Lollards;" and, when not irritated

by the obnoxious presence of the Duke, they would openly favour the Reformer. Many of the citizens, therefore, came across the water, to see how the good Doctor fared; and some of the wealthier even pushed their way into the chapel, and intimated in very plain terms that the Commissioners had better be careful what they did with Wiclif.

Let us stand by Lambeth stairs, under the budding trees, and see what notabilities may be coming over in the barges and ferry-boats. That barge, full of monks in white vestments and black cloaks, with palid cheeks that munch beef or mutton, is from the Charter House. This other one creeping up by the South side of the river is crowded with Dominicans or Black Friars. Every convent and monastery has sent some spectators. The ferry that comes across from Westminster carries a mixed party; among them a knight,—a Wiclifite, and a good friend to “poor priests,”—who—

“loved chivalry,
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy;
Was ever honoured for his worthiness—
And though that he was worthy, he was
wise,
And of his post, as meek as is a maid;
He was a very perfect, gentle knight.”

By his side is a monk, whose head is bald and shines as any glass; he is not “pale as is a wasted ghost,” but is a “lord full fat, and in good point:” be sure he is not on Wiclif’s side; but we are, and so may join the laugh of those two fops that follow him up-stairs, before we turn it upon themselves. Their hair is elaborately curled; their short gowns with long white sleeves are of costliest stuffs, (the one embroidered with flowers red and white, the other divided down the breast and spine into different colours,) their shoes are soft, worked in the pattern of a church window, with long tips drawn towards the knee by a chain; their caps are of velvet with ostrich feathers. Such extravagance may well prompt the rhyme—

Longbeards, heartless;
Painted hoods, witless;
Gay coats, graceless.
Maketh England thriftless.

These dandies are in the height of fashion, and so the lisp in their talk —“I thay, dotht thee remember our going to hear thith Wiclif lecter at Oethford? What a wood thing it wath about Entith and Quiddith, and that thort of thing; thome thaid it wath vewy new, thomethaid it wath common, what they call hewethy; otherth thaid it mutht be vewy old, it wath tho vewy dwy.” They have come for sport. They knew Wiclif as a popular lecturer; his trial will be a pastime, a morning’s diversion from bull and bear-baiting. But there is sturdier stuff in that firm-built, elderly man, with a forked beard, a particoloured coat and a beaver cap. He speaks with a slightly foreign accent, for forty years ago he was a poor Flemish weaver, starving on long hours and short pay, but was attracted to England by the promise of shorter hours and larger wage, and some sly hints about the fine Norfolk lasses; he has proved them true—married his master’s daughter, is doing an extensive business with his sons, and is now on his way to the wool mart at Bruges. The dark complexioned man by his side is a Genoese merchant, explaining his favourite scheme of making Southampton the emporium of the eastern trade; next year he will have the king’s permission to stow his goods in Southampton Castle, and afterwards be murdered by some jealous English merchants. The enterprising fellow deserves a better fate. In the next ferry are Dr. Heppindgen and Dr. Hereford, both of whom teach Wiclif’s doctrines at Oxford, and shall suffer for it presently; Master Ashton is with them, who shall one day declare that his faith is that of the Church apostolic, and refuse to defend himself in Latin, but will plead in English, which the common people can understand. In the same boat are other “poor priests,” Wiclif’s antidote to friars: the forerunners of Wesley and Whitfield, in preaching the gospel *outside* the church walls, when priests would not have it preached *inside* them; you may meet them all over England, at the cross-

roads and street-corners, or in the market-places, distributing Wiclif's tracts to such few as can read, and calling upon all with heartfelt eloquence to quit sin, to follow holiness, and love the Lord Jesus Christ.

There is a private barge coming down the river, belonging to the elder of the two standing near the prow, who is a wealthy lawyer that has made his money by his work, but is better known to us as "the moral Gower." His corpulent companion, with slender limbs lining his red hose, his fair Saxon hair just turning grey, and his head bent downwards, as if "expecting to find a hare," has just set them all in roars of laughter by a humorous description of how he was fined one shilling thirty years ago for thrashing a grey friar, and leaving him to roll in the dirt of a city street. He has travelled much, both on his own concerns and the king's, and is now comptroller of the wool customs. His wife was sister to the present Duchess of Lancaster, but he buried her twelve months since; his hair was not so grey then. He, too, like his friend Gower, has written verses, as yet only a few. Next to Wiclif, he is the noblest man by Lambeth stairs this April day. He is not so learned, but he is a greater genius. Wiclif is the first of Reformers. He is the first of English satirists. Wiclif is the saint. Chaucer is the poet of this age. The "Canterbury Tales" are a locked-up treasure in that overhanging brow of his, and to-day's scenes will add something to his "breezy verses."

But the duke's barge with shield of lions and fleur-de-lis is half across the river, and we must hasten to the chapel if we would hear Wiclif's reply. The Latin preliminaries are soon over, and Wiclif, who has been standing, turns to his attendant for the reply which he has written. Unfolding it calmly with some preface remarks, he reads from the MS. in clear, decisive tones—no recantation, but a firm defence and distinct reiteration of his opinions. We will only record two points.

"Peter," he says, "committed venial sin; so too may the Pope,

who may even be guilty of the sin of final impenitence. Therefore if he be remiss, the cardinals should reprove him; and if they will not, then the whole church, laity as well as clergy, should seek to reduce him to obedience."

These were brave words in the face of a Pope's commission five hundred years ago. "The laity may chide priests, even the Pope himself." Again, about excommunication, he says,

"No man's curse is anything but as it is ratified in Heaven. But priests and friars profess that their curse really damns a man. Now if they do believe that, they curse so often, and for such trifles, that they must be very fiends for cruelty; and if they don't believe it, then are they hypocrites and liars, deceiving the people."

And this accused man can add, though threatened with the curses and anathemas of his clerical judges, "Such I will defend even to the death, if by such means I may reform the manners of the church." Such surely is "declaring Christ's truth with constancy before Cæsarian prelates, and straightway the flower of martyrdom will be 'at hand,' but 'precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of the saints.'"

There was scarcely time for the delegates to advise Wiclif to refrain from teaching such doctrine in the pulpits and schools, when a message came from the Queen Mother that they should desist from further procedure. "The delegates," says Walsingham, who was greatly vexed at Wiclif's escape, "shaken as a reed in the wind, became soft as oil in their speech to the open forfeiture of their own dignity, and the injury of the whole Church."

VII.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

Wiclif did not cease to lecture at Oxford, but after the severe illness, in which the friars visited him, applied himself more closely to declaring their evil deeds and laying bare the corruptions of the Romish

The Pride of the Latymers.

Church. Not content with the discovery of single corruptions and the effort to lop them off one by one, the Reformer sought for the *root* corruption, the principle which fed the rest. His visit to Bruges, his

summons to St. Paul's, his appearance at Lambeth, and his recent illness, teaching him that he was feared and hated by the enemies of truth, quickened his desire to lay his "axe to the root of the tree."

THE PRIDE OF THE LATYMERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "FROM DARK TO DAWN IN ITALY," ETC.

XIV.

L'ART DE PARVENIR.

NARRAGHMORE was a very dull place. The sluggish canal which crept to it from the interior—a line on which towns were wont to be strung, ere the iron rail linked them with a living nerve—might be a type of its progressiveness. The shallow lake which the same canal helped to drain close by, was not more stagnant than the little population. Yet like most puny populations, they took "the rustic cackle of their bourg" for the great sound of the surge of life that circles the world. They had a newspaper which chronicled the small beer of the place, and so helped out this delusion. Harmless delusion enough, perhaps, if it had not resembled the self-gratulation of the Chinese in impeding necessary improvement. It used to chafe upon Hugh Lake, who had peeped over the edge of the nest, and seen something beside the mossy walls and twigs that shut in his birth-place. He had ambition not only for himself, but also for his town; and provisions of what he would do when he became a great manufacturer.

For already the first step had been achieved, or what he fondly hoped would prove the first step; he possessed the earnestly desired machine which was to him as the basket of porcelain to day-dreaming Alnaschar; and it came to him in the following manner:—

His cousin Lancelot had shared his good-fortune with him; he lent Hugh fifty pounds of the money which Miss Latymer had given him as a propitiation in the time when she needed health. "I heard the

Yankee say your machine would cost thirty guineas," were the words of his letter. "And you can repay me when you have made your fortune, old fellow, if I don't make mine at the diggings." A very short letter, and very sweet to Hugh, who went away without a word concerning his errand to anybody, and came back in a week with his prize. There it was in a wooden packing-case, exulted over by Hugh in a manner inexplicable altogether to the gentle Mrs. Lake, and gazed at by Bessie with dilating eyes. She understood him better than their mother, for she also had that elixir of youth in her heart which is called Hope. Believing Hugh to be "awfully talented," she detracted nothing from his previsions because of their rainbow hues. While the mother had viewed life so long through the cloudy weather of poverty and privation, that she might be excused for not readily comprehending the vivid colours of Hugh's aerial landscape.

"It is a very clever-looking machine, my dear," she said, having put on her spectacles the better to appreciate its intricacies." And it makes a fine noise, just as a machine ought. I am sure, if people could be got to work with it, their clothes would be made very fast indeed; but, oh, Hugh, my dear, what is to become of the poor dressmakers and tailors if these things become general?"

"What is that to me, mother?" replied the young man, testily. "I only want to make my own fortune, and all your fortunes. Everybody must look out for himself in this world." And he worked the little machine with greater clatter than

ever to drown the sentiment which sounded so hard and selfish, and which he was displeased with himself for uttering.

"I am afraid it cost a great deal of money, Hugh?" said his mother, timidly, when next their eyes met. In the poor little life she had led (how pitiable are the petty economies of penniless women!) this consideration had come to be always the first.

"Money? Of course it did. But I can afford it, thanks to that grand fellow Lancelot. Ah, won't I pay him back with interest? I am determined that the loan shall be a regular investment, not merely a sum at five per cent.," he added, in his anticipative flush of returns. "Why, I expect the venture will double itself before we've done."

"Don't be too sanguine, my dear boy," Mrs. Lake thought it necessary to say; her face had been saying it all along. She could have reminded him of certain castles built in the air when he had been invited to occupy a stool in Mr. Etough's office, and all he had purposed to achieve in that limited situation. The waxen wings of Icarus had melted, and he had found himself quickly in the mire. He saw that she remembered, and he felt vexatiously humbled under those kind patient eyes.

But in truth his very sanguineness was a most important factor towards his success. The cautious and timid seldom effect anything worth while in this world; they creep in grooves which the bolder have made. They are not original nor enterprising, but safe. It is your sanguine-hearted man who strikes out a fresh path, and marches in it confidently through mists towards the rising sun. Thus have great results been wrought by enthusiasts, because they have believed so utterly in themselves and their purposes, that others caught the contagion, and became their willing instruments. Shall Hugh be able to make the solid Mr. Brown, prosperous draper, believe in him and his project so as to risk something in the speculation?

Not at first. Heavily substantial people are not easily moved from their accustomed beat. Mr. Brown believed firmly in the old sleepy slow-coach business habits of Narraghmore, which was natural enough, seeing that thus he had made his money; and he could not see that a great awakener was approaching, in the shape of the railway, which would certainly communicate a new pulse to the place, and necessitate more vigorous action. Slowly, (after the manner of Hibernian contractors,) slowly over the level east country, was building the embankment which should bear the locomotive of the future. Already you could travel within twenty-five miles of Narraghmore by train, and unsophisticated people actually made trips on purpose to look at our common marvel—the unpurged steam-horse come in fresh from its hundred or thousand miles; huge as levathan, tractable as a pony-chaise. It was an exhibition to the simple country-folk, who had not yet got rid of an inclination to cross themselves ("Holy St. Munchin betune us an' all harm!") when they heard the rush and saw the flash of dropping cinders and flame-tinged smoke of nights along the line. And every little town which it touched began to stir and seethe with fresh emotions, as do stagnant rockpools when the first throbs of the rising tide wash over the edges, as earnest of full ocean by-and-by.

Perhaps Hugh Lake's new machine was a waif from the coming tide. It fell to work in Mr. Brown's back-shop, and certainly turned out marvellous seams in all sorts of materials. People came to look at it curiously, and the draper, who at first would scarcely deign to employ its services, was well-pleased to have his premises a centre of attraction. For the Mordecai of Brown's success was the opposition shop at the corner of the High Street, kept by White; and a humbling of this rival by the influx of sight-seers and possible customers was delicious. The culminating point of which enjoyment was obtained one day that an infirm baronet, mighty in the county,

entered, walking with two sticks as was his wont, and gave a large order for liveries—a defection from the opposite camp.

“But I like to encourage native enterprise,” said the patron, alluding to this fact. “We have far too little of it in Ireland, eh? And the man who pushes forward,—eh?—pushes forward to meet the times, I say,—the man who is spirited enough to risk capital in improvements—just the phrase I use to my tenants, Mr. Brown, eh?” And the old baronet chuckled, and rattled his sticks after a manner that he had; while the draper stood bowing to the ground with a very red face, caused partly by the posture, and partly by the consciousness that he ought in justice to admit the listener, Hugh Lake, to his share of the commendation.

“Eh, eh, ‘what?’” said the old gentleman, putting his hand to his ear to catch some faint disclaimer. “It wasn’t you, eh? And I find it on your premises, setting a good example to the tradesmen of the town, eh? Then who was it who made the discovery, eh?”

Then Hugh, who indeed had been the working exhibitor of the machine, was named and exhibited himself. The old gentleman ran his cool and well-bred eyes over him as though he were a yard-wand.

“Does you infinite credit, young man.” He laid one infirm leg across another as he sat, preparatory to the fulfilment of his public duty by encouraging this son of the soil. “When I see a member of the lower classes of society, so to speak, cultivating the interests of his country, as for instance, by the introduction of machinery, eh? or the risking of capital, which is, in point of fact, the spending of money, eh? Do you follow me, sir?”

Hugh bowed.

“Very well, Sir. In short, by a patriotic attention to the weak points of our national system, as for instance, our absence of a manufacturing population. I say that man deserves patronage, and he will find it in Sir Nevil Firebrace!”

There was well-meant encourage-

ment here, however distastefully doled out to Hugh Lake’s proud spirit; and he forthwith eagerly sought to interest the old baronet in the details of his machine and its capabilities. But Sir Nevil’s understanding, never large enough to look far beyond himself, had not been improved by the youth of reckless dissipation, which left his age on two sticks; he only knew that machinery was necessarily connected with manufactures, and that manufactures would be a good thing for the county, if they could be by any means set afoot, and would raise the rental of his estates.

Hugh laid up the interview in his memory, seeing therein a chance of much more than the immediate order for liveries which so elated his principal. Mr. Brown’s was an establishment of the species called “monster”—though the name was due in his case, not to the shop’s abnormal size, but to the incongruous junction of its contents. It could furnish any article, from a knitting-needle to a dress-coat; and after this public appreciation of the sewing-machine by a magnate of such unexceptionable revenues as Sir Nevil Firebrace, the proprietor began to contemplate clothing contracts. Hugh Lake rose a hundred per cent in his opinion, for nothing succeeds like even a little success. As for him, daring youth! he had fixed his eyes upon partnership, without other capital than his brains; and he meant to attain farther than partnership, also.

It was not now, nor recently, that rising in the world became the engrossing object of his thought and care; he had been used to devour all that literature of “getting on,” which makes success the creditor of life, and would (apparently) have every man push out of the place in which he was born into some place imagined higher. For really it would seem as if the writer of many such books considered that being satisfied with “the state of life to which it has pleased God to call us,” is a mean and pitiful weakness, whence true manhood will deliver itself by toil and struggle.

and torment if need be. Anything for John Smith rather than that he should (according to our forefathers' old-fashioned ideas), "learn and labour truly to get his own living and do his duty," as shoemaker's apprentice, or journeyman hair-dresser, or in whatever other humble capacity his bread is obtained; he must strive to be something else, or forfeit all claim to nobleness. We must agree with the thoughtful essayist who remarks, "If there were less struggles to rise into the higher grades of society, and less attempts to keep up the fictitious appearances which accompany such struggles, it is clear that one great taint and misery of modern life would be absent." Not but we must honour the self-made man, when force of character and ability have been God's means to raise him; we only wish to indicate the danger on the other side of what seems so fair.

Hugh Lake, at all events, was thoroughly imbued with *carte-de-parvenir*, from the above and other sources; and now believed he had discovered a ladder to opulence, and even set his foot on its lowest stair. Climb it he would, cost what it will! He studied such books as he deemed would help him, and his special period for this purpose was Sunday. His mother remonstrated after her timid fashion; but he declared that after once attending church, he considered the rest of the day his own: "and to what better use," quoth he, "can I devote it, than to self-improvement?"

"Ah, Hugh!" she said, "it is Christ's day. You know it should be spent to please Him, and show our thankfulness for His death and resurrection."

"Dear mother," he said, taking the hand on his shoulder tenderly in his own, for though (after the manner of many sons), he was so wise in his own conceit that he never thought her arguments worth listening to, he was yet very fond of her: "Dear mother, women are too strait-laced. Don't you know that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath? It is impos-

sible I could spend it in a round of religious duties."

"Hugh," she rejoined, "it is God's Day of Rest; and you are making it your own day of hard work. I don't think God can bless that."

But he silenced her with an embrace, and went on studying and drawing diagrams. A foolish feminine scruple! While scaling his mighty molehill of earthly eminences he had no time for scruples. "I must strain every nerve, and fill every moment with hard work," he thought. Aye, but stolen property seldom prospers, and a surely indurating process for the heart, and deadening for the soul, in such devotion to the concerns of this life as absorbs the time which ought to be given to the concerns of the higher life.

And Hugh Lake was calculating on the basis of his seventy mortal years; not on the basis of his ten thousand years, or half a million years of life surely coming. Yet if his immortality meant anything, it meant more than that, and was consequently rather important as an item in the estimate. Said Wilberforce to a young friend who had consulted him on the choice of a profession: "Think particularly whether you are choosing for time only or for eternity. For of course a sensible man will wish to choose that which will be best in the long run. And then it is as much part of the consideration what will be best for me between my thousandth and two thousandth year, as between my twentieth and thirtieth!"

XV.

DECLINE TOWARDS FALL.

Some things are beautiful in decay, like the foliage of a forest when touched into colour by the first frosts; some things are grand, like a hoary ruin which Time binds up with loving arms of ivy, and whose rents are salved with soft moss and wild blossoms; some things are merely pitiful, like a fallen family. The money foundation at Kyle had given way, and the once imposing

edifice was sinking visibly. Mr. Latymer shut his eyes firmly to the fact, but there was one person who showed lately an alarming disposition to open them.

This was his attorney-agent, Mr. Etough. He seemed to be tightening the bands of pecuniary supplies, quarter by quarter. The estate did not yield, or the incumbrances swallowed up the income; the cattle died, or the crops failed, or the tenants ran away; there was always some excuse of extraordinary validity for the narrow grudging cheques to Mr. Latymer's account. And that unreasonable son in the Hundredth Hussars (a Latymer could bear commission in none but a crack regiment, which is well known to mean one in which expenses hold an incalculable proportion on the wrong side of the pay), wrote home for remittances in terms that would not be denied—could not be denied, for the honour of the family. A Latymer must show himself just as moneyed a man as my Lord Rattle-cash, heir to half a million acres; or Cornet Doubloon, whose father was a usurer in the city. Miserable pride, say you? But look at the respectable people that indulge in it every day. Look at the households that suffer for the extravagance of a representative outside, who does not understand that he is acting a daily falsehood, *i.e.*, pretending to be what he is not. And no humiliation could be in his eyes so deep, as the manly avowal of poor circumstances.

They scarcely acknowledged it even to each other at the mansion of Kyle. There was a fiction of pecuniosity kept up. Beresford was the only one who looked matters straight in the face, and threw herself into the breach with her puny magazine papers. Oh, the sweetness of earning money! She did not at all wonder that Lancelot had gone to the other end of the world with that hope. But for girls—there was nothing except to sit still at home, and endure whatever came. It may be guessed that these thoughts visited her tenfold after the Editor of "The Single-women's Serial" would have

none of the poor little contributions signed double B. That calamity almost made Beresford misanthropical; but it also, disgusting her with plans beyond her reach, made her practical with reference to what lay under her hand.

The household sadly wanted reformation. The species of promiscuous entertainment called "open house" had been given up in the dining-room, after it had helped considerably through more than one generation, in producing the present deranged finances; but it continued in the kitchen. Beresford proposed to cut off this source of expense, and to curtail the number of servants.

To her mother she spoke; her father was so grand, so self-contained, she was so certain of the wave of his majestic hand with which he would dismiss the subject as a petty domestic detail, not to be compared in importance with the date of a battered coin found in the neighbouring bog, that she would not say anything to him about it. Now her mother had as much capacity for *ennui* as any fine lady in the land, and could not bear a useful subject long. She was afraid that any movement towards thinning the number of "followers," would detract from the prestige of the establishment. "Ah, if you had seen Kyle in your grandfather's time!"

"But, mother, he had a fine income, and it is useless to conceal (at least from ourselves) that papa has not. I cannot bear to see his study-coat so threadbare—though, to be sure, he looks splendid in anything," Beresford was very fond and proud of her father. "And I hate getting those Italian lessons, while I know he can so badly afford to pay the Signor."

"I should like to see the bank that dishonoured your father's cheque!" exclaimed Mrs. Latymer, with a momentary flash. "My love, you are disposed to exaggerate. There are, indeed, some temporary difficulties,—and the Signor is such a perfect gentleman, so *distingue*, such a nice companion for your father, who cannot associate with any low and questionable person."

... Bless ...

averred that he was a very nice gentleman, giving no trouble with his cooking, for he mostly prepared his own dinner of some whitish stuff with a "furrin" name, (macaroni,) than which she would sooner eat a mess of stirabout any day herself; so different from dear Mr. Chetwynd, which liked his little comforts as well as anybody, as why shouldn't he? And she could not deny but the "furrin" gentleman had a habit of talking to himself in an outlandish way that no mortal could understand a word; and he was over and above fond of smoking little paper pipes he made himself, (cigarettes); but he was careful out of all measure of a little twig he had growing in a pot—only a couple of green leaves, not a flower at all. Now that same budding twig was his passport straight into Mr. Latymer's romantic heart.

Why is it that the romantic affections so graceful in youth, nay, so essential that youth without trace of them is a monstrosity, become ungainly in advancing years? Perhaps, because when they appear beyond the natural term of duration, their existence is as frequently correlative with a distinguishing want of practical sense. Mr. Latymer had the misfortune to retain such attribute of his youth still, in overpowering quantity. It had nearly brought him to an imprudent marriage long ago, and yet had put him off therefrom afterwards by becoming linked with his pride. Still he shaped sonnets to the Moon, disregarding rheumatism in his efforts to gain inspiration from that chill luminary. When he beheld the Italian's twin-leaved twig, he recognised it for a slip of orange-tree, brought, of course, from Pescara's own sunny birth-land; what tender feeling it betrayed—what passionate patriotism! Mr. Latymer's admiration for the exile was thenceforth unbounded.

Yet, despite his touching love for everything connected with "*la patria*," an incident occurred one day rather at variance with the valiant scar on his chin. The friends had been walking in an alley of

the shrubbery shaded by fir-trees, amid an atmosphere pervaded by that subtle resinous odour which is now discovered by physicians to be so eminently salubrious, that the neighbourhood is planted with pines about sundry continental health resorts, merely for its sake. As they emerged on the broad avenue, another foreign figure appeared at the turn close by—an Italian likewise—an itinerant Savoyard, with monkey on shoulder and green-covered organ on his back, whose unshorn muzzle instantly parted amid its black bristles into a white-toothed grin from ear to ear, as he recognised persons upon whom he might probably levy tribute. Pescara stared as if he had seen a ghost; and his countenance by no means expressed unmixed gratification.

"How charming, a fellow-countryman!" exclaimed Mr. Latymer, looking not at him, but at the approaching pleasurable object, which having touched its hat, began forthwith to grind. "My dear friend, you can now have the happiness of hearing your native tongue spoken in its integrity. You can hold discourse with another from the soil of beautiful Italy!"

But Pescara did not seem to see it. With something very like a gasp, and his hand pressed to his liver, as he felt that organ growing pallid, he stammered out, "Not just now, *amico mio*—I am not well—I am ill—I must depart—a *rivedersi*, my dear gentleman!" And he disappeared in the shrubbery shaded by fir-trees. The fact is, that he was horribly frightened; much more so than was permissible in any person adorned by such a sword-scar.

The innocent occasion of his dread passed on towards the house, in obedience to a wave of Mr. Latymer's hand, grinding out his music as he went. Our Piedmontese had been round the country on a professional tour, enchanting the cottagers everywhere, especially with that lively specimen of animal life, his monkey in a scarlet jacket, and its brilliant performances. May we venture to say a word in favour of

his music? Now-a-days it is the fashion not to tolerate barrel-organs. "Unmitigated nuisance," say the people who can hire and hear the best music at pleasure. But how about the multitudes who cannot do this? Does nobody prefer a simple air performed in faultless time, to a mangled masterpiece on the piano? Without doubt these street-organs are the music of the poor—the only glimpse to be had by the masses of those gems of melody which charm the rich. And if for this reason alone,—because they add a gleam of pleasure to lives of toil, long may Britons have Italians to minister unto them in the matter of barrel-organs.

"Certainly a nobleman in disguise," cogitated Mr. Latymer concerning the bolted Signor. Already

he knew that caution formed a marked feature in Pescara's character: caution amounting to suspicion. Was the little post-office at Kyle safe? No letters ever opened by order of your Government? Absolutely no seal ever broken—but sacred confidence observed? Answered as such queries are answered on British soil, he seemed but half-reassured. And the sudden sight of a countryman in the flesh had quite upset his nerves; his continental imagination was imbued with an idea of spies. He spent his evening in the thickest plantation he could find, experienced the differences in damp between a British beech-wood and a Tuscan olive-grove; and stole home after night-fall, double-locking his chamber-door.

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELD.

THE beneficent genius of the missionary enterprise, whether at home or in foreign lands, is well illustrated by an incident quoted the other day by the Rev. Aubrey Price. On one occasion a Scotchwoman was terrified at seeing a horse gallop down a street, and dragging behind it the fragments of a shattered carriage, from which the driver had been thrown; while directly in front of the track of the infuriated beast a little child was playing and prattling. Her mother's heart leaped within her, and with a wild cry she darted forward at the peril of her life, snatched the child from the very jaws of death, and clasped it to her bosom. A bystander who had not stirred a step to help, turned his cold grey eye upon the mother, and said, "Why, woman, that is not your child!" "No," she replied, as the warm blood flowed back into her pale cheeks, "no, bless it; but it's somebody's bairn." And in that answer we have the disinterested compassion of those who look abroad upon their fellow-creatures as children of that same Father who "made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the

earth," and which teaches us to exclaim,—

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of light deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Hath learnt Messiah's name."

Since our last "Glance at the Mission Field," we have had opportunity of perusing at leisure the reports and speeches of many of our leading missionary societies, from which we propose now to cull some treasures, reserving, however, many besides for future reference.

A few years ago, a letter was addressed to the London Missionary Society from a "gardener" at Stoke Newington, offering himself for the mission work. Ultimately his services were accepted, and William Ellis has laboured long and well in the field. Fifty summers have passed away since that gardener began his spiritual husbandry, and once more with smiling face and brisk step, his spare but well-knit form stood upon the platform at Exeter Hall. His last four years in

Madagascar have somewhat weakened sight and voice; but there is the wonted play in those eyes, and the same gracefulness of utterance as of yore. "A little more grey in the hair, a little more depth in the facial lines," and that is all. "Five times," he says, "has the annual gathering of this great society been held since I had the pleasure of appearing among you: but," he adds, and we feel how true are his words, "I have been with you in spirit."

The change that has taken place in the condition of Madagascar between Mr. Ellis's first visit and his last could not fail powerfully to impress both mind and heart. Even ten years ago a deep night of idolatry brooded over the length and breadth of the land, with nothing to mitigate its terror but a few small points of light that seemed to make the gloom around only the more profound. Around the homes of those who were suspected of being Christians, sentinels and spies were posted to detect anything that might create or confirm suspicion; and trial, and fetters, and probably death would have followed conviction. When conversing with Christians, they would say to Mr. Ellis, "We must pray; we cannot live without praying;" but if he dared to pray with them it was only when night had cast its mantle over the scene; and in the innermost room in his house they would kneel together—praying in a whisper, lest they should be overheard, nor might those who had thus assembled venture to leave the house till midnight had passed. "It came to my knowledge," says Mr. Ellis, "that at one time eight sentinels were planted round the inclosure with orders to take down the names of any persons who came to my house. I recollect the last night I spent before departing for my native land. A number of distinguished Christians had come to spend that last night with me. We remained perhaps from nine or ten o'clock in conference and prayer till nearly two in the morning, and even then they dared not venture out to their homes without first sending a person to look at the gates through

which they could pass into the street. Such," he adds, "was the state of Madagascar when I came away."

The edict had gone forth, and the missionaries must leave. Then the night of persecution followed—persecution more fearful than ever had been known in Madagascar. Six of those who had been present at that farewell meeting, including some of the most eminent Christians in the island, suffered death; and everything that malignant heathenism could devise was done to extirpate the votaries and the faith of the gospel. At last, in 1861, the morning of a new day began to break; and no sooner did the tidings reach this country than arrangements were made for conveying to the Malagasy Christians the assurance of the sympathies and prayers of the Christians of England, and for a renewal of the mission work among them. Within a fortnight Mr. Ellis was on board the vessel that was to convey him thither, and in due time he reached his destination. How different now was the scene from that he had previously witnessed! The foam was still breaking high over the reef on either side the harbour of Tamatave, there were the same lowly huts by the battery on the sandy beach; but instead of the heads of thirteen Englishmen and Frenchmen stuck upon poles to terrify foreigners from those dread shores, there was a white flag bearing in scarlet letters the name of "Radama," the friend of the Christians. Instead of Christians being afraid to identify themselves with the missionary, two officers came on board to say that they were expressly deputed by the churches to bring Mr. Ellis a welcome; and subsequently a messenger from the palace arrived with a letter inviting him to proceed at once to the capital. Instead of assembling as of yore under the ban of persecution, the Christians gathered upon the Sabbath in their several congregations, and Mr. Ellis first visited that which met for worship in a chapel that not long before had been turned into a prison for felons and for Christians—a building which,

in order further to desecrate it, had been used also as a stable. And on that spot whence the first martyrs had been led forth to die, a congregation of 800 were assembled, who welcomed the missionary with a hymn of thanksgivings to God. In broken words he told them of his appreciation of their kindness; assured them that England had never forgotten the long night of suffering through which they had passed; that English Christians had sent him to convey their expression of unabated affection; and that they were anxious to aid still further in carrying on among the Malagasy the work of God. "I also told them," he added, "that there was a large number of Bibles coming, and also several missionaries. After I had spoken, thanks were returned to God in utterances interrupted by the tears of the people. I may mention that it is an unusual thing with them to show emotion. The Malagasy are not like the Africans—emotional in the expressions of their religious feelings. I do not say they have not religious feelings, or that these are not strong, but they are not accustomed to give vent to them. On that occasion, however, there was a manifestation; they were unable to repress it, so great was their joy. And I may take this opportunity of saying that if there is one thing more than another which strengthens and encourages the heart, and brightens the prospects of the churches in Madagascar, next to the unfailing truth of God in regard to His own promise, and His assurance that He will never leave them nor forsake them, it is that they are one with the Christians of England." It is an interesting peculiarity of their language that they speak of England as their father and mother. And when it has been said—"How can we be both father and mother?" they have replied, "You and your country, and the Christians in England, are all that father and mother can be to us; we have affection, we have kindness, we have care, and we have assistance and help from them; they are father and mother to us."

Similar scenes were presented elsewhere. On the same day Mr. Ellis found 1,000 people occupying a large carpenter's shop, which the government had given them for worship. Here a number of government workmen had been formerly instructed by lay members of the early mission in the arts of working wood and iron, and also in the more excellent knowledge which makes wise unto salvation. "I thanked God," says Mr. Ellis, "when I saw the simplicity, order, and apparent sincerity of their worship. I then visited," he adds, "another church in the west, nearly as large, and well filled with Christian worshippers. There were, perhaps, nearly 1,000 people there, and the same services were carried on."

Five and thirty years ago the first converts to Christ in Madagascar—twelve in number—were baptised. There are now, in the capital alone, eight congregations, connected with which there are about 12,400 hearers, including more than 2,000 communicants; and when Mr. Toy wrote by a recent mail, he mentioned that he had nearly 200 candidates, whom in the course of the next three months he expected to admit into Christian communion. The Church of the capital is also a missionary and aggressive church. Some of its best men are sent out to such of the villages around as contain a little congregation—perhaps a Christian family or two, and these serve as the nuclei of further operations. Connected with two of the metropolitan churches there are thus no fewer than sixteen village churches.

How, we may here inquire, has so remarkable a result been secured? and the answer is one on which Christians in every land may profitably reflect. When we trace the stream of Christian influence up to the fountain-head, we find that it was not the weight of eloquent preaching, not the spread and the spell of some great religious revival, not even the reading of the Word of God, that has been chiefly instrumental in this work. Generally it has been the spirit—the character—the conduct—the conversation of

Christian members in their own family circle that first produced a favourable impression upon the minds of those who became converts, and led them to think that there must be something strong and true in a religion that could produce so great a result. "I remember," they would say, "this man when he was a thief, that man when he was a drunkard; I remember this man when he was addicted to every vice, and when we were afraid of him, and used to detest him; and now a more honest, true, sober, and kind-hearted man than he could not be. There must be something in this new religion that could produce all these changes."

Nor must we forget to tell that in bringing about the altered temper of the Malagasy government towards Christianity in that island, the sovereign lady of these realms has shared. We thank her, and we thank Him from whom all right thoughts and holy desires ever come, that, when the recent draft of the treaty of amity and commerce between Great Britain and Madagascar was being prepared, there arose in the heart of our well-beloved sovereign a desire to insert in that document the following memorable plea—a plea that thrilled from woman's heart to woman's:—"Queen Victoria asks, as a matter of personal favour to herself, that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of the Christians." The request availed, and in the treaty that was returned, there came the answer: "In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, Queen Rasoheryna engages that there shall be no persecution of the Christians in Madagascar."

Every section of the Christian Church in England will join in the welcome accorded the other day to Dr. Mullens, who, after twenty-two years' labour in the mission field abroad, has been called to responsible office in the administration of mission affairs at home. Fresh from scenes of labour, we naturally ask, "Watchman, what of the night?" And this watchman answers with an accent that rings out clear and full—"Night there is, indeed, but

'the morning cometh.'" Long has the darkness lingered over mighty regions of the east. Mohammedanism, when it came to India, had added pride, ferocity, and treachery to the vices that had already found a congenial soil. "The warlike zeal of Mahmoud, of Ghiznee," says Dr. Mullens, "the ruthless fanaticism of Allah-ud-din, the stern bigotry of the great Emperor Aurungzebe, crushed down under foot all the rights of the Hindoos, plundered them of their property, drove their women into seclusion, and left thousands of their temples heaps of ruins. Hindooism, again, has only led the people into an idolatry growing more and more degraded every year. It produced the terrible system and sufferings of suttee and hook-swinging; it has never been able to check falsehood and lies; it has led the people into deeper and deeper vices. And, until Christianity came, the wise and gentle teacher—came like Christ Himself, with silent footsteps, words of compassion, and deeds of might, to soothe the crushing sorrow, and to bind broken hearts, no one had ever appeared to satisfy human longings or to dig up the deep springs of human woe. Growing enlightenment and public law—the law established for Christian nations—have already swept some of these evils away; and those influences of the Gospel are now at work which, under the Spirit's blessing, shall eventually cure them all." Yes, "the morning cometh!"

Much of the work that has been done in India, as well as elsewhere, has been preliminary. "We have learned," it has been truly said, "to know ourselves; we have learned to know our antagonists; we understand Hindooism; we know all its literature; we know its history; we know its arguments; we know the spirit, the character, the resources of its priests; we have seen the vast vested interests that stand on the side of idolatry, and form such an awful barrier to the spread of truth and the progress of conviction. But we have fleshed our maiden sword: we have already won our first victories, and we know that there is

nothing to fear." In addition to this, the various agencies of the Christian Church in India have been wonderfully developed. We have now our houses, our churches, our schools, our dictionaries and grammars. We have perfected ten translations of the Bible in the languages of India, and fifteen translations of the New Testament. We have books for education, tracts for heathen, volumes for Christians—descriptive and controversial, and hymn-books for worship. And these things are the preliminary and the platform of further operations.

Nor is it simply that, in addition to all this, there are now some 50,000 communicants in the churches of India, and 200,000 professing Christians, who meet for worship on the Sabbath, and who labour for the instruction of their families at home; but the native Christians are beginning powerfully to influence the heathen population around. The heathen, says Dr. Mullens, admit that the Christians have embraced the new faith from conviction. They "acknowledge at last that our Christian people differ from themselves, and that there is a practical holiness, a truth, a family purity, an uprightness, a compassion, a benevolence among them, which in their own unhappy society does not exist." The mission churches, too, are learning the importance of maintaining themselves. In this particular

the churches at Tinnevely and in Burmah stand forth conspicuously. The young Free Church in Calcutta is now self-supporting; another in the same city contributed £150 last year for missionary purposes; and the flourishing communities in Travancore raised last year some £780. There are also a larger number of native preachers in India than ever before: among 25,000 male communicants there are no fewer than 2,000 preachers, 200 of whom are ordained to the ministry, besides 1,800 catechists and 1,500 Christian schoolmasters and teachers—3,500 in all. Especially in the two branches of the Church of England—the Church Missionary and the Propagation of the Gospel societies—and in the Wesleyan Churches of Southern India, the number of ordained native ministers is multiplying, and there is a prospect that the list will so rapidly grow as before long to exceed that of European and American missionaries. "Would that all the Lord's people were prophets."

But our space is exhausted. We have glanced at only two fields of foreign missionary labour, and at these but hastily. We shall hope in our next to call attention to some facts of interest gathered from other scenes of holy toil, where, in the high places of the world, other labourers are bearing the burden and heat of the day.

THE TROUBLED SEA.

By EDWIN HODDER.

DEVONSHIRE is rich in contrasts. There are wild spots which have defied cultivation for ages, and glory in their wildness now as they did when the first human being broke their solitude. There are broad undulations, yellow with the ripened grain; peaceful plains studded with rural homesteads, where the honeysuckle climbs to the housetops and scents the air with its perfume. There are wildernesses of beauty where the wild flowers bloom and the ferns wave, and the rabbits and squirrels come forth

fearlessly. There are rocky hills which stand up clear amid the blue sky, some dark and barren, and others tufted in every crevice with verdure. In the openings of the hills the eye rests now on wild moorland in the distance, and now on bright green strips of meadow lying open to the sunshine. There are quiet lanes with hedgerows and bushes, and among them climbing plants interweave their delicate boughs, covered with foliage and flowers or sparkling berries. There are dense forests, where those

"green robed senators of mighty woods, tall oaks," have stood for ages in the unbroken calm.

In the course of a day's ride in Devonshire, it is possible to pass through busy towns humming with a restless crowd, into desert glooms; it is possible in one half-hour to be amid the "fairer forms that cultivation glories in," and in the next to wander through solitary places, rich in the profusion of uncultured beauty, the spots which nature loves to call her own.

But beautiful as are the inland sceneries of Devonshire, not less charming are the sceneries of its coast. There the bold cliffs overhang the plains of sand, and the shore is strewn with shining shells and pebbles. Numerous creeks tempt an exploration, caverns court the wanderer to their shade, and the broad blue sea, with its mysterious voice and crested waves sparkling in the sunlight, ceases not day and night to reflect upon its bosom the image of the Eternal.

The business that brought Edward Benson into that part of the country was completed, and having a day or two to spare before returning to London, he was enjoying the rest that is a thousandfold more sweet when following close upon hard and strenuous work. He was a young man of five and twenty, or thereabouts, although in moments when the features of his face were in repose, there was a look of weariness that belongs to a more advanced age. His life had been full of sharp struggles; the prospects of boyhood had been darkened by the sudden death of his father before the plans which had been proposed as to the completion of his education could be carried out, and he was called from the thoughtless enjoyment of school life to work for his living. An orphan, with none in the world whose voices could make an echo in his heart, without the opportunities to cultivate those habits of thought and aims in life which had been the bright dreams of his boyhood, he looked upon the world gloomily, and saw in life more of darkness than sunshine. He was

conscious of having a disposition naturally reserved, and this consciousness thwarted him in every attempt to cultivate friendships which would link his soul with the souls of others, and gain for him a participation in the joys and aspirations which stirred their lives and moulded their characters. Often when he returned from the day's duties and sat alone in his apartments, a depressing feeling of isolation stole over him; he had no kindred dear to him, there was not in the world one heart that beat responsively to his. He would pore over a book and read of earth's sympathies, and close the volume with a sigh. He would gaze from the window at the passers-by, and watch the smile that generated smiles; and his eye would dim with a tear as the word rang through the empty chambers of his inner life, alone! He took refuge in study, and night after night, in the labour of thought, he strove to create a world for himself. He peopled it with men of bygone ages, and held converse with those who "being dead, yet speak." He wandered through cities where the dust he trod once breathed, and he watched the conflict of nations long since perished.

But it was an unreal life he led. The daily duties in his office were drudgery, for they brought him forth from his world, and the bustle of business contrasted strangely with the dreams of his quiet hours. And he was doing himself a continual injury; human hearts require human companionships; man needs the fellowship of living, thinking, joyous being, and the more we unite with those around us and merge our lives into theirs, the more we qualify ourselves for enjoying the sunshine and brightness of being.

When Edward Benson was entering his twentieth year, a change came over his whole life. He became acquainted with a family, kind genial folks, before the warmth of whose welcome his icy reserve melted away. He revelled in the new joy of companionship, and felt the overwhelming superiority of

ordinary living hearts to extraordinary dead ones. He found facts in relation to human happiness, where he had been accustomed to think only of ideality. And there was one in that family in whom Edward found concentrated more than all his poetic imaginations pictured—Amy, the loving, playful, thoughtful Amy. There was magic in her touch, music in her voice, sunlight in her eye. She was the life of the household, the joy of the home, and Edward never thought of happiness or beauty or love without thinking of Amy.

Now there was something in life worth living for, and Edward Benson entered with heart and soul into the purposes which lay before him. Amy loved him as he loved her, and the object of all his ambition and all his hope was to work and rise in the world, and be able to make a home suitable for her.

Five years, five long years, he persevered through many disappointments and many cares. At one time, when it seemed his bright dreams were about to be realized, and he thought to have reached that position which he coveted, a failure in the house of business in which he was engaged dashed his hopes and prospects to the ground. Then he had to commence again, standing almost where he stood when he first trod the threshold of mercantile life. But Amy cheered and smoothed the ruggedness of his path, and inspired him with fresh hope; and when a few more years had rolled away, he found he had gained by his apparent loss.

Edward Benson was rambling by the sea-side on the coasts of Devonshire. In a few days he would return to London, and then the hope of years was to be consummated, and Amy was to be his wife.

A strong wind had swept over the sea the day before, lashing the waters into angry motion. Now the wind had died away, the sun shone brilliantly; not a cloud was in the heavens, not a pulsation in the air; but still the waves rose and fell, and dashed their seething mass of water upon the shore.

Edward found a nook sheltered from the sun, and he lay there watching the waves and musing.

"What an old type, but ever new!" he thought. "The sea of life, what storms and calms it has! There is in it an image of every life, and surely of mine. Those billows struggle and heave in their motion until at length they settle down into peace. There is the conflict of life, wave dashing against wave, each striving to gain upon the other, until both break in bubbles on the shore. There is the issue of life, all passing away into the dread eternity."

He watched a wave rising in the distance, crowned with a snowy crest. It toppled over and fell. He watched the undulation striving in vain to reach its former height, and vanquished in the attempt by other waves, which had gained the impetus that one had lost. Gradually it undulated nearer and nearer the shore until, with one futile effort to liberate itself, it burst, and fell in glittering drops upon the sands.

Lost in thought, Edward had not observed the approach of a gentleman rambling upon the beach. In that wild spot he had not expected to meet with any one, and he started as the stranger stood beside him. He was an old man, with white hair and a mild, calm face, lighted up with an abiding smile. There are people we sometimes meet to whom we feel instinctively attracted, whom we seem to know and they to know us, to whom the fellowship of thought is free. This Edward felt, and, without a particle of his natural reserve, he made some passing remark to the stranger which the time and circumstances seemed to warrant, and, as the stranger stopped in his walk, was demanded. Edward wanted some one to talk to, and he was not at a loss to see the want was natural. After a few ordinary commonplace remarks were made, the stranger sat down beside him.

"I have lived in this neighbourhood for upwards of forty years," said the old man. "and its beauties are as new and fresh as when I first came here. The voice of the sea has preached to me nearly every

day during that period, and it always has a fresh text."

"May I ask you what the text for this morning was?" said Edward, smiling, "for I seem to have heard a voice, but cannot quite interpret its utterance."

"*Jesus rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm,*" answered the stranger. "Last night the waters were roaring, and their cry came up like the sound of many voices; now they are subsiding to rest, and to-morrow we shall see the ocean pacified and calm, with scarce a ripple on his bosom. And so with man, the strong passions and the stormy trials which agitate him, the Prince of Life alone can restrain; and when He speaks peace there is peace indeed."

"Strange," said Edward, half musing and half replying to his companion; "strange that that name should be associated with this scene. You quote, Sir, from the Scriptures; but does not nature reveal God, have we not His eternity written on these everlasting hills, His glory in the heavens, His providence in the intricacies of life around us—does not this sea teach us He is infinite, that He rules the destinies of life as He rules the raging of the waters, and that the bounds of our existence are fixed by Him as the bounds of the waves?"

"It does. But nature is only an alphabet, revelation is the alphabet set in order. We may see God in the abstract in His works, but we can only see God in relation to our necessities in His word. I can imagine nothing more gloomy than a weary man who has been the sport of fortune or the slave of sorrow, coming to the sea or any of the works of God for comfort. He finds abstraction where he wants a friend, and that friend, Sir, is He who, when troubles or storms in life come, can alone rebuke them, and make a great calm come over the soul."

"But man may learn, at least from the sea or from nature at large," answered Edward, "that God who governs and rules all things, rules His destiny too; and he will be satisfied in knowing that

he has contended well, even if he has lost the contest."

"A poor satisfaction!" said the stranger. "It is not enough if we have centred our hopes and joys in an object to have that object taken from us, unless we know why it is taken. It is not enough to know that the cup of joy which we are about to quaff is shattered, unless we are told it contained poison. No, it is essential that we should both see God and see His purposes for us, and we can only do this by seeing Jesus, who is the Mediator between God and man, and who shows us the Father."

Edward Benson knew nothing of the mysteries of which the stranger spoke. His religion was the religion of thousands—the mere acknowledgment of God. He had never since the days of his infancy been directly spoken to upon a personal religious question. There was a charm in the novelty which urged him to further conversation, and for a long time the clergyman (for so he proved to be) continued to talk to him, and tell him in simple natural language some of the grand truths which were the comforts of his life. It was in vain that Edward endeavoured to maintain his position in the argument, there was in the language of the clergyman a force which argument could not repel.

And when the stranger resumed his ramble and left Edward alone, there came up into his mind strange feelings about the past. He thought of those early trials he had borne, and how the loss of his earthly father never seemed to have created in his heart a yearning for the love of a Heavenly Father; the long weary years of loneliness, and his vain struggle to create a world and people it with spirits with whom He might hold converse; and he smiled as he thought how strange it was he never longed for the companionship of Him that sticketh closer than a brother—if such a companionship were to be had.

But these were passing thoughts. He was getting gloomy and miserable, he would shake them off and think of Amy.

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

JULY.

"Then came hot July boyling like to fire,
 And all his garments he had cast away :
 Upon a lyon raging yet with ire
 He boldly rode, and made him to obey :
 (It was the beast that whylome did forray
 The Nemean Forrest, till th' Amphytrionide
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array :)
 Behind his backe a sithe, and by his side
 Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide."

JULY, the seventh month of the year, according to modern reckoning, the fifth, by ancient computation, was called *Quintilis*, until Marc Antony denominated it July, in honour of the Roman dictator Julius Cæsar, who reformed the calendar, and who was born in this month. The Saxons called July *Hen-monath*, probably expressing the meaning of the German word *hain*, signifying wood or trees; hence, *hen-monath* might mean foliage-month, a name most thoroughly deserved. But they also called it *hey-monath* or *hay-month*, "because," says Verstegan, "therein they usually mowed and made their hay harvest."

On the first of July, 1690, was fought the battle of the Boyne which decided the fate of James II. and the Stuart dynasty, and established William III. on the throne of the people. During the struggle which preceded this engagement, James laid siege to the city of Derry, or Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, on the waters of the Foyle. The besieged had no means of long defence; the greater part of those within the walls being people who had fled from their homes for shelter; they had only about twenty cannon, only a few days' provisions, and the fortifications consisted of a simple wall overgrown with grass and weeds, no fosse even before the gates, neglected drawbridges with rusty chains, and towers and parapets built after a fashion that might well excite the derision of the followers of Vauban. Yet this stronghold of Protestantism sustained a

siege and blockade for a hundred and five days, till the garrison was reduced by famine, pestilence, and the accidents of war from seven thousand to about three thousand effective men. An incredible number of persons—women, and invalids, aged people, and others, incapable of bearing arms, perished within the walls of the devoted city. Tallow and salted hides were the rations of the garrison; rats, which came to feed on the unburied corpses, were hunted and greedily devoured, and a small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money, but bartered for the far richer treasure of some handfuls of oat-meal.

Two gallant soldiers, Major Henry Baker, and Captain Adam Murray, had called the Derryites to arms; but the true hero of those appalling months was, certainly, an aged clergyman, named George Walker, rector of the parish of Donaghmore, in the county of Tyrone; who, with his neighbours, had taken refuge in Londonderry, on the approach of James's army. The perfidious governor, Lundy, who had secretly meditated giving up the city to the enemy, escaped, and Baker and Walker were elected in his stead, the former taking the military command, the latter doing his utmost to preserve internal tranquillity, and to dole out supplies from the magazines. Praying and preaching occupied a large part of every day; their spiritual arms were kept well-oiled and burnished, and there were within the beleaguered city eighteen

clergymen of the Established Church, and seven or eight Nonconformist ministers, all acting together in perfect harmony, forgetting all differences, and exerting themselves indefatigably to rouse and sustain the spirit of the people. Lord Macaulay tells us how cannon were planted on the summit of the broad cathedral-tower, ammunition being stored in the vaults. How, "in the choir, the liturgy of the Anglican Church was read every morning," how, "every afternoon, the Dissenters crowded to a simpler worship." A battering cannonade was poured into the town, which was soon on fire in several places; chimneys crashed down, roofs were beaten in, and the inhabitants of the ruined houses were often crushed, or killed by the explosion of the bombs. But still the heroic band within the walls kept up their courage, and held out resolutely through all the horrors of famine and disease. Governor Baker died of fever, but Walker still lived on, and his cry was "No surrender." Again, quoting from Lord Macaulay, we recount that, "at one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined; his innocence fully proved; he regained his popularity; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued."

And all through those July summer days the men of Derry saw the English ships riding far off on the bosom of Lough Foyle, but not till the 28th of July did the *Mountjoy* succeed in crossing the boom which the enemy had thrown across the river, bringing to the famished population abundant stores of food; and during the night of the 31st, the besieging ranks retreated, and Londonderry was saved! By no art could the remnant of provisions left have been made to hold out two days

longer. "Five generations have passed away," says the great historian, "and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. A lofty pillar, rising from a bastion which bore during many weeks the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and down the Foyle. On the summit is the statue of Walker, such as when in the last and most terrible emergency, his eloquence roused the fainting courage of his brethren. In one hand he grasps a Bible; the other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts in the distant bay. Such a monument was well deserved; yet it was scarcely needed, for, in truth, the whole city is to this day a monument of the great deliverance. The wall is carefully preserved, nor would any plea of health or convenience be held by the inhabitants sufficient to justify the demolition of that sacred enclosure, which in the evil time gave shelter to their race and their religion." On the 31st of July, 1689, Walker gave thanks to the God of armies for the victory achieved; and sometime afterwards he paid a visit to London, where he was received with boundless enthusiasm. Both Universities offered him the degree of D.D., and he met with a most gracious reception at Hampton Court. William III. presented him with an order for £5,000, saying with benignity, "And do not think, Doctor, that I offer you this sum as payment for your services. I assure you that I consider your claims on me as not at all diminished."

There were those who rose up as this great man's detractors, but he defended himself with moderation and candour. Doubtless, in some minor points he erred; and the multitude seem always to imagine that a hero should be a *perfect* man in every way.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, Walker accompanied the men of Londonderry to the battle of the Boyne; he had been just chosen by William as Bishop of Derry, and

was overwhelmed with congratulations. Unhappily, he had by force of circumstances contracted a passion for war, and he easily persuaded himself that by indulging it, he was discharging his duty to his country and his religion. He forgot that a fighting divine is sure to be a cause of scandal; and he pressed forward in the fight, and almost in the moment of victory, while exhorting the men of Ulster, was shot dead. So perished the celebrated George Walker, July 1st, 1690, at the memorable battle of the Boyne.

"Sir," said an attendant, after the fight was over, to the King, "the Bishop of Derry has been killed by a shot at the ford." "What took him there?" growled William, who thought him, and not unjustly, a busybody, for running into danger without any real call of duty.

But now the struggle between the House of Orange and civil and religious liberty, and the false House of Stuart with its treachery and love of arbitrary rule was virtually over, and on the ninth day after the battle the exiled monarch landed at Brest, and from thence proceeded to St. Germain, where, after several ineffectual attempts to re-assert his claims on England, he settled down, and kept a dull Court, where abject superstition, discord, and dissembling reigned supremely; and at length, one Good Friday, while engaged in the solemn service of his Church, he was seized with paralysis. He rallied, however, but on the 18th of September had a second fit, to which he succumbed, and he died on the 16th of September, 1701, and his remains were afterwards laid in the chapel of the Benedictines, at Paris, in the vain hope that at some future time they would be removed and re-interred with kingly pomp at Westminster, among the graves of Plantagenets and Tudors.

The 14th of July is memorable as the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille in France. It was in the year 1789; and the infuriated populace had risen, crying—"let us storm the Bastille!" and on they rushed like an overwhelming flood

that nothing could withstand. The fortress was taken, the horrible dungeons thrown open to the day, the emaciated victims were brought forth; the siege lasted but three hours! In 1831 was erected in the *Place de la Bastille* the *Colonne de Juillet*, in memory of those who fell in the three days' struggle of the previous year. This column of July is of bronze, on a marble base, 154 feet high, and cost nearly £50,000. The Bastille, which formerly stood on this spot, was used as a state prison; it was built in 1379.

The 15th, as everybody knows, is St. Swithin's day! and the popular idea is, that if it rain on this day there will be rain for the next forty days succeeding! The superstition takes its rise from the legend of St. Swithin, which I copy verbatim from the respectable authority of the antiquary Brand. "In the year 865, St. Swithin, bishop of Winchester, to which rank he was raised by King Ethelwolfe, the Dane, dying, was canonized by the Pope. He was singular for his desire to be buried in the open churchyard, and not in the chancel of the minster, as was usual with other bishops, which request was complied with; but the monks, on his being canonized, taking it into their heads that it was disgraceful for the saint to lie in the open churchyard, resolved to remove his body to the choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession on the 15th of July. It rained, however, so violently on that day, and for forty days succeeding, as had hardly ever been known, which made them set aside their designs as heretical and blasphemous; and instead, they erected a chapel over his grave, at which many miracles are said to have been wrought." It is alleged that St. Swithin, or *Swithun*, was a sort of private chaplain to Egbert, king of England; he also educated Ethelwolfe, who appointed him to the see of Winchester; also that tithes were by him established in England, he prevailing on Ethelwolfe to enact a law by which the tenth of the land was given to the Church.

Notwithstanding the forty days' demonstration of the elements, the relics of the saint were afterwards removed into the cathedral, on its being rebuilt by William the Conqueror; and there they still remain, inasmuch as his grave is always pointed out to whomsoever visits the stately and historic old cathedral of Winchester.

In "Poor Robin's Almanac" for 1697 occurs these lines—

"In this month is St. Swithin's day,
On which, if that it rain, they say
Full forty days after it will,
Or more or less some rain distil."

There is also another familiar quatraine—

"St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days it will rain na mair!"

Certain it is that at this time of the year a great quantity of rain generally falls. A learned writer, discussing "*Solstitial and Equinoctial Rains*," attempts to account for this undeniable fact, but his reasons are too abstruse to be favoured with any place in these simple pages. On this day, if it rains, country people say that the apples are christened, and begin to be fit for eating.

July 25th is St. James' Day, that is the festival of James the Great, apostle.

The following day is dedicated to St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, whose birth, like that of our Blessed Lord, the Roman Catholic Church declares to have been miraculous. The legend, which tells an altogether fictitious story, pretends that Anne and her husband, Joachim, lived for twenty years without issue, and Joachim was reproached by his friends as being counted unworthy of God to have children. Joachim retired to bewail his misfortune, when an angel appeared to him, and assured him that he should have a daughter, who should be called Mary, and for a sign he declared that Joachim should meet his wife at the Golden Gate, much troubled at his absence from home. Then the angel appeared to

Anne and made her a similar promise, and gave her as a token that she should meet her husband at the Golden Gate, the which came to pass, and they rejoiced at each other's visions, and returned thanks, and lived in cheerful expectation that the promise would be fulfilled. In the Romish breviary of Sarum there are forms of prayer to St. Anne, which show, how high these stories placed her. She is called "a vessel of celestial grace;" and her devotees blasphemously beg of her "remission of all former sin." They also beseech her to appease her daughter, that she in turn may appease her Son! The mind sickens at the contemplation of folly so profane, and the heart rejoices that our own days are not cast in such an age of ignorance and darkness, but in a time when he who runs may read, and learn the revealed will of God from the pages of a pure unmingled Scripture!

Also in the breviary of the Church at Salisbury there is a prayer for the 27th of July, beseeching the benefit of the Resurrection through the prayers of the "*Seven Sleepers*!" Who were these "seven sleepers" of whom mention is so frequently made? Alban Butler says they were Ephesians, who for their faith, were in A.D. 250, under Decius, walled up together in a cave, wherein they had hidden themselves, and there they remained a matter of two hundred years more, when their rest being invaded by a mason at work with his tools, "they awoke, and were rayssed, and they supposed verily that they had slept but one night onely," instead of 229 years! Being hungry, Malelius, one of the seven, went into Ephesus to buy bread, and found to his surprise the sign of the cross on all the gates of the city; and his money when he offered it was refused, and he charged with having found a treasure of old coin. Poor Malelius was terribly afraid, imagining that they would carry him before the Emperor Decius; but they took him to a certain church, and there the consul and the bishop examined him, first of all disbelieving his statement on ac-

count of the date of the money he had tendered, and then coming to the conclusion that he was in a heavenly vision!

And so a great multitude went with Malelius to the cave, and there "they saw the saynted syttinge in the cave, and theyr vysages lyke unto roses flourying!" And the bishop sent for the emperor from Constantinople, and he came marvelling greatly, as well he might; and as soon as the saints beheld the emperor, "their vysages shone like to the soune," and the emperor embraced them. Then they demanded of the emperor that he should believe in the resurrection of the body, for to that end they had been raised; and immediately they gave up the ghost, and the emperor wept, and "embraced them and kyssed them debonayrly;" and he would have buried them magnificently, but the same night they appeared to him, and besought him to let their bodies lie on the earth, as they had been before, till the general resurrection; and the emperor obeyed, but he caused the place of their sepulture to be adorned with precious stones.

This ridiculous story was actually read in churches and chapels, and doubtless believed devoutly as we believe the record of our Blessed Lord's life, death, and resurrection. One hears it said sometimes that such and such a disturbance was enough "to wake the seven sleepers!" But few persons know who these sleepers were, that is to say, know the exact legend of their two centuries and a quarter's slumber. Who they *really* were no

one can ever know, the question arising whether they ever lived at all, save in lying fictions of monkish tales. It is of no great consequence, only in the perusal of such traditions one feels devoutly thankful for the Reformation, which swept away such heaps of senseless histories and blind observances.

The last day of the month the Romish calendar dedicates to that wonderful man, *Ignatius Loyola*, the founder of the order of Jesuits. He was born in the castle of Loyola, in Guipuscoa, in Spain. He distinguished himself as a soldier and a man of letters, and was converted during an illness, resulting from a wound received at the siege of Pampluna. He immediately set about mortifying the flesh, scourging himself three times a day, and passing the greater part of the night in praying, watching, and weeping. He travelled extensively, and finally instituted the "Fathers of the Order of Jesus," whom he persuaded John III. of Portugal to send to the East Indies as missionaries. Ribadeneira says—"Our blessed father, Ignatius, was general of the society fifteen years, three months, and nine days, from the 22nd of April, 1541, until the last of July, 1556, when he departed this world."

But the celebrated order of *Jesuits* lived and prospered, as all the world knows, and are still in great force, though an enlightened age deprives them of the terrible power they once wielded, and defeats many of their machinations! In the atmosphere of a free government and a free press, Jesuitism can never flourish.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

ALICE'S ALLEGORY; OR, THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the little travellers had rested themselves till the shadows began to lengthen, they rose up, and continued their journey till they came to the

wicket-gate. They knocked, and it was quickly opened, but they found, to their dismay, that the opening was so small they could not pass through it. They toiled and pushed for a long while to no purpose, and poor little

Lowly was almost exhausted, when Fearless saw a large gate a little to the left of the wicket, and as he was hesitating how to act, a smiling maiden made her appearance, beckoning him towards the gate. "This way," said she, "this is the way all the better sort of pilgrims go. Only strict, old-fashioned people pass through the wicket. It crushes the garments, and quite spoils them." Fearless was just about to follow "Delusion," (for that was the name of the maiden), when Lowly said "Do not go. I have found out now why we cannot pass through. We wear all the thick garments of the City of Destruction, and it is those that prevent our entering in. Let us strip ourselves of the filthy rags of our own righteousness, and clothe ourselves in the Robe of Righteousness that our Saviour has wrought out for us, so shall we have entrance." Just then one of the shining ones made his appearance, smiled sweetly upon Lowly and her companions, and threw around each of them that heavenly garment, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, and removed from them the cumbersome, heavy garments of sin. Then they felt so light and joyous as they passed with ease through the gate. Now I saw that Delusion slipped away abashed through the great gate, for she could not face the heavenly messenger. Then, as they looked admiringly upon each other, the boys said, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the lowly." Their heavenly friend then took them into the lodge, and provided for them soft couches, where they sank into gentle slumbers, singing, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." Early in the morning their friend awakened them, gave them a feast of heavenly manna, making them drink of the pure water of the river of life. He gave them also a guide-book to direct them, and a staff and lamp to protect and cheer them. Then, tenderly kissing them, he looked up to heaven, and said, "Father, I pray for them which thou hast given me, for they are thine. Father, keep through thine own name, those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one as we are. They are not of the world even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through thy truth.

Thy word is truth. Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." Then, turning to the children, he said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Then he laid His hands upon them, and blessed them, and departed, and our little travellers went on their way rejoicing. "I little thought," said Fearless, "when I lay fainting by the wayside, that I should ever get so far, and have the fellowship of two such dear friends, and be clothed with this garment of salvation. Bless the Lord, O! my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O! my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Bless the Lord, O! my soul!" "What made you think of coming on pilgrimage?" inquired Earnest. "Why," said Fearless, "I was always bold and daring, the first in every mischievous sport. If there happened to be a quarrel or an accident, I was quickly on the spot. One night I dreamed that I went on the new railroad, and met with a fearful accident. That dream (which would have terrified most children) made me wish to go by the railway, so the next day I went up to the station, and was just about to enter, when a voice said, 'Beware,' and a strong hand drew me kindly but firmly away. I turned to see who it was that was holding me back, and I perceived that it was one of the watchmen that are constantly trying to prevent passengers from going by the railway. I tried to be angry, but he looked so full of grief and love, as he said, 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? O! you know not the dangers of that road.' 'I care not for dangers,' said I, 'Nay I glory in them.' 'Then, why not choose the old, narrow way? there is always some trial there, always some difficulty to conquer, and the great King will give you the victory for the sake of His Son.' 'Well,' said I, 'Let me go, and I will consider of it.' I turned and walked back, but a voice sounded

constantly in my ears, 'turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die.' Then I thought 'If what these watchmen say be true, it is as bad to stay in the city as to travel by the trains,' and I thought I could never again enter the city, and, as I wandered up and down, restless and wretched, I saw a sign-post—'To the Celestial City.' Upon examining it more closely I saw written:—'Ye have not yet resisted unto death, striving against sin. Wherefore, lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees, and make straight paths for your feet.' I did not stay to read further, but set off at once. I met with nothing remarkable, and was just beginning to think there would be nothing to bear and nothing to brave. When I saw those red berries I tried to climb the path, but slipped down again and again, and just when other boys would have given it up, I determined that I would not be conquered by a little bank by the road-side, and I seemed to want the berries all the more because they were difficult to get; so I made another effort, climbed the bank, and filled my pockets with the berries. You know the rest of my story, but you do not know how thankful I am to the Lord of the Way for healing me, and sending me two fellow-travellers. Let us thank God, and take courage."

CHAPTER V.

Earnest and Lowly then told Fearless how they had lived merrily in the city, and danced and played, thinking themselves as good as their neighbours, and fancying that such good children as they were *must* be saved when the city was burnt up, when one evening they heard one of the faithful ones cry, "Rejoice in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the days of thy heart and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." They went home sorrowful, but neither told the other what was passing in his mind. But the next morning's dance had no charms for them, and after it was over (as you have heard) they determined to leave all, and journey to the heavenly city. As they thus walked and talked together, they travelled far on their

heavenly way, and at length sat down to rest, being very weary. Sleep overtook them, and they slumbered long and heavily, till they were awakened by a loud voice, saying, "Arise and depart, for this is not your rest." They started up, and found the air damp and chilly. Dark clouds were drifting along the sky, and a tempest was gathering over their heads. They looked about in every direction, uncertain whether to proceed, or take shelter under a tree, when all at once Earnest bethought him of his guide-book. He looked eagerly at it, but his eyes were still heavy with slumber, so that he could not read, but he prayed, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wonderful things out of thy law." Suddenly his sight became more clear, and he saw distinctly "A Lodge for Pilgrims" marked on the map, a few yards from the place they were now in. They had not been able to see this building on account of the trees by which it was surrounded. They ran on, and had but just reached the gate, crying, "Hide me from the windy storm and tempest," when the door was opened by a porter, and they remembered it was recorded in their guide-book, "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me." So the storm raged without, but they felt it not, for they slept sweetly in the shelter their Lord had provided for them. In the morning the porter wakened them, and gave them provisions for their day's journey. Earnest drew Lowly aside, and begged her to ask the porter for food for *two* days, lest they should not meet with a house on the following day. "Trust," (for that was the porter's name) said, "Nay, my little friends, not so. In your book you may read, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,' and yet, again, 'Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Take no thought for the morrow.' Then he bade them farewell, and sent them away with a blessing. So they set forth once more, refreshed and strengthened, and journeyed on for many miles. But the day was hot, and at noon they were weary and exhausted, so that they could go no farther. Lowly began to droop, and they were compelled to halt awhile

till she recovered. Then Earnest and Fearless led her between them, and cheered her with words from their precious guide-book, for there was a word in season for them at all times. Then Lowly saw a high rock before them. They hastened up to it, and there rested awhile in the shadow of that great rock in a weary land. They took some refreshment, and washed their feet at a stream that ran hard by. Moreover, they drank heartily from a spring that gushed from the side of the rock where they sat. When they were quite rested they arose, and continued their journey. The waters from that precious rock had so cheered and strengthened them that they walked bravely on, singing :—

"O Lord, another day is gone
And we have been protected ;
And ever as we've journey'd on,
Our steps have been directed."

Preserve us safe, defend us still,
And let us never wander,
Till we arrive at Zion's hill
That glorious city yonder.

Where all is rest, and joy, and love,
Where we shall grieve Thee never ;
But soar aloft, to dwell above,
With our Great King for ever."

The breezes blew softly, and the little birds sang their evening hymns to their Creator. Thus they went onward, till the shadows closed round them like curtains. But they had no fear of the darkness. They knew that their Lord had given His angels charge concerning them, and that no harm could befall them. Very soon the large round moon rose in the east, and shed her soft, sweet light on their path. After a while they entered a thick grove whose trees shut out the light of the moon, and they were beginning to grow weary again, when they saw down a short lane, a lodge, with a lamp burning in front. They went to it, and knocked long and loud for entrance, but no one answered them. The watch-dog too, began to bark furiously, and poor little Lowly trembled so that she could hardly stand. But Fearless comforted her in his usual way, "Fear not, my staff will keep him at a distance." But still the children knocked without any answer, till they were perplexed, and knew not what to do. It was too dark to see the plans on their map, and they dared not go back out of the

grove, when suddenly Lowly recollected her lamp of faith. It had hung at her side ever since she left the wicket-gate. She soon kindled it, and sat down to examine her map. There she saw the house marked plainly, and by it was written, "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." Then it came into their mind (what they had not thought of before) that the lodge was not in their path, but down a short turning to the left. Then they hastened into the narrow path once more, and through the grove, lighted by the lamp of faith. "O ! how good is our Heavenly Father," said they, "He hath not left us without a guide on our journey. We thought it hard that no one answered our loud knockings, yet, if we had had our desire, and had been admitted to that house, what would have become of us ?" Then they thanked their gracious Saviour, who had delivered them in His own way, and had not left them to trust in their own understanding. When they had passed through the grove all was bright moonlight again, and they went on joyfully till they saw a "House for Pilgrims" before them. The kind host took them in, fed them, and conducted them to their chambers, for they were very weary with their long day's travel. They slumbered till the dawn of the next day, and their sleep was sweet unto them. Then they awoke, greatly refreshed and strengthened, and thanking their good friend, they offered their prayers and praises to the Lord of the Way, who had put it into his heart to show kindness to them, and set out on another day's journey.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a bright morning, and our young friends walked cheerfully onwards till they were weary, for the road is up-hill all the way to Mount Zion (except the descent of the Hill Difficulty, and the Delectable Mountains). As the sun rose it beat fiercely on their heads, so that they were well-nigh exhausted. Now Fearless began to complain, saying, "It is better for me to die than to live." But Lowly reasoned with him, saying, "Dost thou well to be angry ?" And he said, "I do well to be angry."

Then Earnest and Lowly left reasoning with him, seeing he was wise in his own conceit. But they besought the Lord and He prepared a gourd, and made it to come up over them that it might be a shadow over them, to deliver them from their grief. So they were exceedingly glad of the gourd, and rested in its shadow all that day and night. But God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered, and it came to pass when the sun did arise, that God prepared a vehement east wind, and the sun beat upon the head of Fearless that he fainted, and wished in himself to die, and said, "It is better for me to die than to live." But his friends betook themselves to prayer in their distress. They read also in their guide-book the history of three children, who were cast into a fiery furnace, and were not burnt. Then said they, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us, and in Him we trust." Then were they strengthened, and soon afterwards the wind changed; and there arose a cloud which increased in size till it covered the heavens, and there was a sweet refreshing shower. After a while the rain ceased, the sun shone out, and there was a beautiful rainbow seen in the heavens. Then they remembered another part of their guide-book, in which it was written, "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." Now, I saw in my dream that Fearless lay fainting on the ground, and Earnest and Lowly thought he was dead, and they wept much at his unhappy end. They thought it would be useless to speak to him, and yet they could not bear to leave him a second time lifeless. Then they recollected another verse of their Book, "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." They prayed earnestly to their Father in heaven to restore their erring companion; and while they were yet speaking, he came slowly towards them. The cooling shower had fallen on his fevered body and revived him. So he arose and sought for his staff, which he had thrown from him in his anger, and leaning on it he joined his friends before they had finished their supplications. They welcomed him back right lovingly, while he rejoiced with trembling. Then they went on to

the Interpreter's house. The porter quickly opened the door to them, and they were very glad to rest themselves, being extremely weary. They spent the remainder of the day in sweet converse with the inhabitants of the house, and went early to rest. In the morning they were awakened by the birds singing sweetly outside their windows. They arose quickly, and after thanking their Heavenly Father for His care of them, they descended to the hall, where they were joined by all the members of the household. After a plentiful and wholesome repast, their host proceeded to show them some of the wonders of the place, as he does to all those pilgrims who sojourn at his house. They went into a large empty room, lighted by a skylight at the top. There they were left alone for a short time, and they began to wonder why they had been brought there, for there was no furniture of any kind, nor any windows out of which they might take a survey of the prospect around the house. At last, Lowly espied a number of small holes or openings in the walls, fitted with glass. These had been unnoticed by her companions, they had been looking *higher*, and so failed to perceive them.

Lowly peeped through one of them and saw a large green meadow, covered with sheep. A shepherd was lying asleep on a flowery bank, but the sheep looked frightened, and bleated piteously. Then a great fierce wolf leaped into the fold, and the shepherd awoke, and, seeing the wolf coming towards him, he left the sheep and fled, and the wolf attacked the poor sheep. Then came another shepherd, ruddy, and of a beautiful countenance. He had a harp in his hand, and sang hymns of praise to his Creator, while he took charge of his flock. While he was singing, there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock, and he went out after him and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against the shepherd, he caught him by his beard, and slew him. He slew both the lion and the bear. Now Lowly was much astonished at what she saw, and she thought within herself, "Surely no man could love his friends more than this good shepherd loves his sheep." But after a time this shepherd was

forced to go away to live with a king, and comfort him with his music. Then Lowly was afraid the poor sheep would perish without a keeper. But they were not left for long, for shortly afterwards the owner of the sheep came into the field. He was a great King, above all lords, and He ruled them and fed them, and watched over them. Lowly thought of a verse in her precious book (which she loved more and more every day), "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom," and she felt that she loved that blessed Shepherd with all her heart. She heard Him say, "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine; and I lay down my life for the sheep. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Then little Lowly, quite forgetting where she was, fell on her knees and exclaimed aloud, "Lord, make *me* one of the lambs of Thy flock!" She then looked up and saw the master of the house standing by her side, and she blushed and looked frightened. But he smiled kindly on her, and said, "Fear not, dear child, listen once more to the Good Shepherd." Then Lowly looked again through the glass and heard Him say, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." He then asked her if she understood what she had seen?" and she said, "Not quite." Then said he, "The first shepherd of the sheep was a hireling. The sheep did not belong to him, and when the wolf came, he ran and fled. The second was keeping his father's sheep. His name was David. While he was in the field he kept the sheep well, but he had to leave them. But the Good Shepherd is the Lord of Glory who liveth, and was dead, and behold He is alive for evermore. He died to save those precious sheep, and no man can take them out of His hand." Then Lowly thanked the good Interpreter, and thought much of what he had told her.

CHAPTER VII.

Lowly and the Interpreter then went to the place where Earnest and Fearless were looking, and their guide said—"What do you see, my boys?" And Fearless said, "Sir, I have been looking at a crowd of people passing along the road. They seemed to be following some great physician, for numbers of sick persons were brought to him, and he healed them in a moment. Surely there never was such a physician before. Then I saw one poor woman trying very hard to get near this good man, but she could not speak to him for the crowd. Then she came behind him, and touched the hem of his garment. Now I heard the people saying that she had been ill for twelve years, and had spent all her money upon physicians, but none of them could heal her. But directly she touched the garment she felt well. Then the Physician turned round and said—"Who touched me?" And when all denied, one of His followers said—"Master, the multitude throng thee and press thee, and sayest thou who *touch*ed me?" But He said—"Somebody *hath* touched me, for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before Him, she declared unto Him before all the people for what cause she had touched Him, and how she was healed immediately; and He said unto her—"Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace."

Then said the Interpreter—"What can you learn from this sight?" "O! I admire that brave woman. She was not afraid of the crowd, but came right up to the Good Physician and touched His garment. That is just what I would have done." "And yet," said the Interpreter, "she was afraid of offending. She came trembling, when she thought her Lord was angry: let it teach you this lesson—*always* fear God, and then you will have little else to fear. Be not high-minded, but fear." Then Fearless coloured, and the tears came into his eyes as he remembered how he had rebelled and murmured against his heavenly Father. Their guide then turned to Earnest, and asked what *he* had been looking at. "I have been watching that same Physician, Sir, and a woman came to

Him as He sat in a house, and she fell at His feet, and cried unto Him, saying—'Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David, my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.' But He answered her not a word; and I wondered that He did not speak to her, and supposed that the woman would have gone away, thinking she had displeased her Lord. But still she cried for help. Then His friends besought Him, saying—'Send her away, for she crieth after us.' I suppose the poor woman thought that the disciples would beg their Master to cure her daughter. Then the Physician said—'I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' Then I heard some of them that stood by, say—'This woman is *not* a daughter of Israel; she is a Gentile.' I thought *then* that the woman would surely leave off praying to Him. But she came and worshipped Him, saying—'Lord, help me.' But He answered and said—'It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs.' I was very sorry for the poor woman, and began to think the Physician unkind. But the woman did not seem offended or angry. She answered mildly—'Truth, Lord, yet the *dogs* eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.' Then the Physician smiled on her and said, 'O! woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' And her daughter was cured that very hour."

"Well, my boy, what may we learn from this story?" "O! Sir," said Earnest, "I can learn a great deal from it. First, never to leave off praying till our prayer is answered. Secondly, never to think hard thoughts of our Lord, though He may not grant all our desires at first. Thirdly, never to pray to any one else. When that poor woman besought the disciples, instead of praying to their Lord *for* her, they only begged their Lord to send her away, because she cried after them." "Very good," said the Interpreter; "there is no other name given among men, whereby we may be saved, but the name of Jesus. He is the only Physician for the soul, and He gives us healing without money and without price."

CHAPTER VIII.

The good Interpreter shewed them many more views, and explained them. In one they saw the sower sowing the seed, and some fell by the way side, and was very soon picked up by the birds. Some fell on stony ground, some among thorns, and some on the good ground. When it was covered with earth, the children said—"Is it not all lost? for we cannot see it." "Have patience, my little friends," replied the Interpreter. "If you were to see this same field at harvest time, you would find that the seeds had sprung up and borne some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred-fold. They then saw the prodigal son setting out on his journey with his portion, and the same son wasting his substance in riotous living. Then feeding the swine, whose food he would gladly have shared, but no man gave unto him. When he was nearly starved with hunger he thought of his kind father and his dear home, and said—"I will arise and go to my father." "I should think his father would have nothing more to do with him after his having left him in that undutiful manner," said Earnest. "God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are His ways as our ways. Look at the other end of the picture." Then they saw that while he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion on him, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him. And the son said—"Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." But the father said—"Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf, and let us eat and be merry, for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found," and they began to be merry. Then said Lowly—"How pleased his elder brother must have been. I know I should be, if my brother were lost and found again." "Alas! no," said their guide. "Hear him asking the servants what these things mean, and see him come to his father complaining that he had never had a kid given to *him*, though he had served his father those many years. The father answered his ungrateful son with the greatest mildness—"Son, thou art ever

with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.' " "Is there no lesson to be learned from this view ?" enquired the Interpreter.

"I think it teaches us not to want to have our own way," said Lowly. "If that prodigal son had not left his father's house he would not have almost perished with hunger, nor have been obliged to feed swine." "And," continued Fearless, "if he had not made up his mind to return and confess his sins to his father, he would have died of hunger." "And then again," said Earnest, "if his father had not been very merciful and forgiving, he would not have received him again and rejoiced at his return." "Yes, my dear little ones," said the Interpreter, "He is more ready to hear than we are to call upon Him." "I think, Sir," said Lowly, "I have read in my book, 'If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'" "Yes, my child, it is written so in your book."

"Surely that elder brother deceived himself when he said, 'Neither at any time transgressed I thy laws?'" said Fearless. "I wonder he could speak so boldly." "Ah, my boy," said their friend, "the heart is deceitful. I wonder how anybody could say, 'I do well to be angry.'" Fearless said no more, but hung down his head and sighed deeply. Their guide then shewed them a lovely group of children of all ages, clustered around that same gracious Lord, and there were mothers and nurses bringing their little ones for Him to bless them, and His disciples rebuked those that brought them; but the Lord said—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.

Another view represented the Lord Jesus, seated on the top of a mountain, and a vast multitude around Him. He had been preaching to the

people, and they had listened for a long time till they were very hungry, and the Lord had compassion on them, and fed them all with seven loaves and a few little fishes, and they all ate and were filled, and they took up seven baskets full of what was left. There were four thousand men there, besides women and children. Then they saw (through another of the glasses) some men in a little ship on the sea; there was a fearful storm, and the poor men were in danger of being lost; when, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. The men were very frightened, and cried out for fear. But Jesus spoke to them directly, saying—"Be of good cheer, it is I—be not afraid." Then one of them (whose name was Peter) said—"Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water;" and He said—"Come." And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and, beginning to sink, he cried, saying—"Lord! save me." And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, and said unto him—"O! thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased, and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went. The children were filled with wonder and admiration at this scene. Then they saw a grand wedding procession going out at midnight to meet the bridegroom, and there were ten virgins amongst the followers. They all had lamps burning brightly. But after awhile, when they arose and trimmed their lamps, five of the virgins had no oil in their vessels with their lamps. And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came, and those that were ready went in with him, and the door was shut. Afterwards came the other five, crying—"Lord! Lord! open unto us." But it was too late, they were not admitted. The children were very sorry for the poor outcasts, but their guide told them this picture was shewn as a warning to pilgrims. "Let it be a warning to you, my children. Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh."

THE FAMILY VISITOR.

OUR DAILY FOOD.

BY ERNEST ETHERINGTON.

"Give us this day our daily bread"—MATT. vi. 11.

"Feed me with food convenient for me."—PROV. xxx. 8.

WARM BEVERAGES: INTRODUCTION OF
TEA: THE TEA PLANT THEINE: IMMO-
DERATE USE OF TEA: TEETOTAL-DRUNK-
ENNESS: TEA-DINNERS: TANNIC ACID:
COFFEE: THE COFFEE PLANT CAFFEINE:
CHICORY: ADULTERATIONS: COCOA: THE
THEOBROMA: PREPARATION: CHOCOLATE:
NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLES OF COCOA: CON-
CLUSION.

ALREADY we have spoken of the two most important natural liquids,—water and milk; but there remain other and artificial drinks to be considered, which are popular alike with civilized and semi-barbarous nations. Those which we are about to examine as to their history, nature, and effects, are tea, coffee, and cocoa.

In the first place let us remark, that a love for warm drinks seems universal. As a rule, fermented drinks are taken cold, and infused drinks hot, and it is in the latter we are just now peculiarly interested. Not only does the practice of taking heated beverages prevail in cold climates, as would seem only natural and expedient, but in warm temperatures also. In arctic and tropical regions, there is the same deep-seated cravings for warm infused beverages, whether we consider the North American tribes with their native teas, or the indigenous warm drinks of Central Africa. The beverages the world infuses are many, but those with which we English-folk are most familiar are those just mentioned—tea, coffee, and cocoa. And these three are indeed types of all others, since tea represents all those drinks which are infusions of leaves, coffee, those which are infusions of seeds, and cocoa, those which are really of the nature of soups or gruels, as they are made rather by diffusion than infusion.

The nations of antiquity knew nothing about tea. They all regarded alcohol as a cherished luxury, and from the days of Noah were no strangers

to its seductive influence; but to "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," they were unfortunately strangers. Tea and coffee were unknown in Europe till the 17th century, now they are in universal repute, and poor indeed, almost at starvation climax, is the fire-side where the homely teapot is not regularly seen; coffee is almost as popular, and cocoa is extensively patronized, particularly by teetotalers. In each of these is a special property and active principle. Tea contains volatile oils and *tannin*; coffee, empyreumatic oils and *cafféins*; cocoa, fifty per cent. of a fixed oil, which is solid at one temperature, and *theobromine*.

That tea was first brought into Europe from China no one doubts, but, the exact date is involved in some obscurity. Some writers believe that the Portuguese have the merit of first introducing the Oriental herb, for as early as the year 1577 they had commenced a regular trade with China; and Edmund Waller, the poet, in some complimentary lines addressed to the Queen of Charles II. favours this idea. Tea was probably first used in China about the eighth or ninth century of the Christian era, and the tea-plant is a native of China, but has been introduced into Japan, and cultivated with much success. The tea-plant thrives best in the cooler parts of the torrid zone, but will grow in temperate latitudes, as far north as forty degrees.

The plants are evergreen shrubs of the same family as the well-known *Camellia Japonica* of our greenhouses. There are several varieties, as *Thea Bohea*, or the black tea plant, which also produces the inferior kinds of green that are made about Canton. *Thea viridis* of more northern growth from which are made the finest green teas, and *Thea stricta*. But botanists have now recognised these several varieties as all belonging to a single species, owing their difference in ap-

pearance and habit, to cultivation, soil, and climate. There are some very costly teas, used only by persons of rank in China, and never brought to Europe:

Tea in its native country is generally taken unmixed. Our mode of drinking it, with sugar and cream or milk, arose probably from its introduction as a beverage among people whose tastes were already formed, and who required something to make the bitter infusion palatable. And the practice thus commenced lasts till this day, and physiologically considered, is decidedly an improvement on the Oriental fashion. In Russia, a squeeze of lemon often takes the place of cream, and in Germany they make weak tea, and flavour it variously, as with vanilla, and cinnamon, and even rum.

The effect of tea is to exhilarate without intoxicating. It excites the brain to increased activity and produces wakefulness, hence its value to hard students, and to persons who are compelled to keep vigil during the night; nor must we forget that it will often diminish, and sometimes cure, a nervous headache. Besides *Theine* and Tannic Acid, tea contains water, caseine, aromatic oil, gum, sugar, fat, woody fibre, and mineral matter.

By the consumption of a certain quantity of tea, the health and strength of the body will be maintained in an equal degree upon a smaller supply of ordinary food. Tea may be said to save food, while at the same time it soothes the nerves and brightens up the intellect. We cannot, therefore, wonder that it should be a favourite with the poor, that the little brown teapot should be standing on the hob, at almost every hour from dawn to bedtime, for by its aid they can afford better to dispense with the substantial meal, and yet find themselves cheerful, comfortable, and ready for their work.

The reason of this is that *theine*, even in very minute proportions taken into the stomach, possesses the quality of diminishing the waste of tissues which regularly goes on in every healthy person; and if the waste be lessened, the necessity for food to regain it is of course lessened in the same proportion. In the case of very old people, whose digestive powers have lost nearly all their vigour, tea is of incalculable use, since by arresting the waste which must be the sequence of diminished

nourishment, it prevents the body from falling so rapidly away, there being less demand on the failing organs of digestion. Well may tea be called "the old woman's luxury."

Still there is something to be said on the other side of the question, an immoderate use of tea is infinitely worse than total abstinence from the exhilarating draught. There are some persons who drink tea very much as others drink alcoholic liquors—excessively, injuriously, *sinfully*. There are those who will drink *strong tea* not once or twice but many times a day, living almost entirely on the stimulus, the artificial strength it produces. I speak advisedly when I say that such are committing actual sin, for they are indulging certain tastes to the injury of the powers given by God Himself, impairing physical vigour, shattering the nervous system, and bringing on divers pains and infirmities of the flesh, as certainly as the lover of port wine, and ardent spirits, is consuming these beverages, not as God's good gifts, but as the devil's lures to soul and body's loss. I believe it quite possible that a rabid—I do not use the word disrespectfully or sneeringly—a rabid teetotaler may become a drunkard in the sight of God, while men extol him as an apostle of the holy cause of temperance. The quantity of three or four grains of *theine*, which is sufficient to prevent undue waste of the tissues, &c., is contained in less than half an ounce of *good tea*, for Professor Johnston tells us that an ounce of really good tea contains about ten grains of *theine*. Now half an ounce of tea may be taken by most full-grown persons daily without any bad results, but if twice this quantity, involving eight grains of the alcoholoid *theine* be taken, the pulse becomes more rapid and intermittent, the heart beats more strongly, trembling and nervous irritability are induced, and the victim becomes a dyspeptic fretful invalid.

I encountered a young lady last year in Belgravia, who in the height of the season actually confessed to having on one, and she could not be sure that it was a solitary occasion, taken tea nine times in the twenty-four hours. Her maid brought a cup to her bedside early in the morning, she took tea at her regular breakfast, and tea again at her luncheon, at two o'clock. Then she attended a "kettle-drum" of a

religious character where I only hope the piety and the tea were in just proportions. She came home to dress for dinner, and drank a cup of tea during the process of her toilet, and another cup as soon as the ladies retired from the dining room. Again she indulged in her favourite beverage on preparing for a ball, and while at the ball, she took yet another cup as refreshment, preferring it to ice and waffles, or white soup, or light wine, or any other food, solid or liquid, at command. Once more, returning home after sunrise, she drank the final cup, and went to bed, to be awakened on the following morning by her maid bringing her, according to custom, the first instalment for the day. This is of course an extreme case, and the young lady in question presented every appearance of incipient *delirium tremens*, though she never tasted wine or any alcoholic stimulant; and I really believe her to be as culpable as another unfortunate lady I once knew, who actually consumed many bottles of eau-de-cologne as a drink when debarred by her sorrowing husband from the best French brandy, and so drank herself into an early and dishonoured grave.

Tea is a great blessing to the poor, the aged, the invalid in certain types of sickness, the student, and the man of literature; also it is a wholesome and comforting drink to nearly every person of full growth, except in peculiar cases, where it cannot at all be taken; but it ceases to be a blessing, and is perverted to a curse, if any of these classes I have spoken of abuse it. Surely it is a great sin to take God's good gifts and turn them into poisons!

One thing more, and I have said all I have space to say concerning tea. Tea dinners, as we call them, are bad things, producing indigestion; for the tannic acid the tea contains is more astringent in its effect on the contents of the stomach, taken with animal food, than with merely bread and butter; and the practice of taking tea several hours after dinner is by far the best, since by that time the food has proceeded too far in the process of digestion to be interfered with by the tannic acid. Also, the astringence of tannic acid has the effect of diminishing the natural secretions of the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels, and a tendency to constipation may be increased by tea.

COFFEE was introduced into Europe about the same time as tea. The first coffee house in London was opened, in 1652, by a Greek, named Pasqua. But its use was known in Persia as early as 875, and it was introduced into Arabia in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The tree producing the coffee berry is said to be indigenous to the countries of Enarea and Caffa, in southern Abyssinia, the coffee tree, in these districts, growing wild, like a weed, over the rocky surface of the country. The plant itself belongs to the same natural order as the cinchonas, or quinine-yielding plants, and the coffee plant which produces the greatest amount of the coffee of commerce is the *Coffea Arabica*. It is an evergreen shrub, or small tree. In some countries it attains a height not exceeding eight or ten feet, in others it averages from ten to fifteen feet. It begins to flower at two years old, and it then comes into full bearing, and it will continue, under favourable circumstances, for twenty years, at all seasons producing flowers and fruit. The blossoms are white and fragrant, and the berry is first red and then purple, and contains two cells, lined with a cartilaginous membrane, and in each cell there is a single seed, curved at the back, and deeply furrowed in front.

The Arabian or Mocha coffee is small, and of a dark yellow colour; the East Indian and Java coffees are larger, but of a paler yellow; while the West Indian, Brazilian, and Ceylon coffees have a bluish or greenish grey tint. The *caffeine* of coffee is identical with the *theine* of tea; and has similar properties. Like tea it exhilarates and keeps awake the weary watcher; it counteracts stupor produced by fatigue, or disease, or opium, and imparts a certain sense of comfort and repose. It makes the brain more active, and soothes the system generally; while it makes the waste of matter slower, and the demand for food less. Coffee contains three ingredients:—*first*, a volatile oil, on which the aroma depends; *secondly*, the astringent tannic acid, which is changed to some extent in roasting, but still retains a portion of its natural properties; hence coffee, in the prepared berry, is not so constipating as infused tea; indeed, associated, as it is, with the volatile empyreumatic oil, it has a positive tendency in the con-

trary direction; and to the same result, the large percentage of fat contained in coffee may contribute; *thirdly*, the *caffeine*, which is identical with *theine*. One pound of unroasted coffee contains, besides water, *caffeine*, trematic oil, gum, woody fibre, &c., 1 oz. 17 grs. of sugar, 1 oz. 402 grs. of fat, and 2 oz. 35 grs. of caseine! But as we do not eat the coffee grounds, it is possible that we do not at all take up the gum and woody fibre, and some other constituents. There are various ways of making coffee; some boil the ground berry, others only infuse it, and there are all sorts of patented inventions in the way of coffee pots, for producing an agreeable beverage with an economical expenditure. I am inclined to think, with Dr. Lankester, that "the one great secret of making good coffee is to put enough of the prepared powder into the pot;" a secret that applies equally to tea-making. The doctor thinks that one ounce and a quarter of ground coffee is the least that should be allowed to a pint of water! Chicory, which is not unwholesome, taken in very moderate quantities, is now frequently considered an improvement to the genuine coffee; but it is better to buy pure coffee, warranted as such by a respectable tradesman, and to add chicory to your taste, than to purchase the mixtures which are ordinarily sold. Truly, if you cannot be sure that your chicory is unadulterated, you had better discard it altogether, and be content to use more coffee, for it may happen that, under the guise of chicory, you may get roasted carrots and turnips,—which are, however, innocuous,—and also Venetian red,—which no one can consider wholesome,—and even brick-dust, with which the unprincipled Venetian red manufacturer sometimes grinds up his colour.

Coffee is a useful and delightful beverage, to be partaken of moderately; its abuse is open to the same objections as those to which intemperance in tea is liable.

We have little time to devote to cocoa, which is prepared from the seed of the *Theobroma cacao*, a small, but beautiful tree, a native of the West Indies and Central America. It grows spontaneously in Mexico, and on the coast of Caraccas, and in forest-like profusion in Demerara. It is cultivated in the Mauritius and in the

Island of Bourbon. The Spaniards first introduced it as a beverage into Europe in the sixteenth century. Linnæus was so fond of it that he gave to the tree producing it the generic name of *Theobroma*—"Food of the Gods."

The cocoa bean of commerce is prepared for use by a gentle roasting in an iron cylinder till the aroma is developed. It then becomes more brittle, and is of a lighter brown, and its natural astringency and bitterness are less perceptible. It is manufactured for the market in three ways:—being beaten into a paste in a hot mortar, and mixed with starch, sugar, &c., and so formed into the granulated, flake, rock, or soluble cocoas of our shops; or the bean is deprived of its husk, which forms about eleven per cent. of its weight, and it is then crushed into fragments, and forms the cocoa-nibs we buy as the purest form in which cocoa can usually be procured from the retail dealer; or, lastly, the shelled bean is ground at once into a paste by means of hot rollers, and then mixed with sugar, and seasoned with vanilla, and sometimes cinnamon and cloves; and this paste forms the familiar, old-fashioned chocolate, which takes its name from the ancient "*Chocollati*" of the conquered Mexicans.

It possesses certain exhilarating and sustaining properties, like those of tea and coffee, and is besides eminently nutritious. It contains a volatile oil, a principle resembling *theine*, but not identical with it, called *theobromine*, and a third ingredient which remarkably distinguishes it from tea or coffee,—a certain fatty matter, known as cocoa-butter; and it is by reason of this constituent that it is not unfrequently disagrees with delicate stomachs; and it is to lessen the sense of this richness that starch, sugar, and fragrant seasoning are so frequently ground up with the roasted bean.

In fact, cocoa is rich in all the important nutritive principles which we value in our ordinary forms of food, and as it contains caseine or gluten, fat, sugar or starch, and mineral matter, as well as *theobromine* and the volatile empyreumatic oil, it unites, with the strengthening and nourishing qualities of milk, the exhilarating properties of tea and coffee, though the alkaloid of cocoa is certainly milder in its effects than *caffeine* or *theine*.

I have now concluded my simple remarks on our daily food. In conclusion, let me remark they have been intended rather as incentives to thought and study of a most necessary and interesting science, than any scientific detail in themselves. The writer himself is not a professed chemist, but he has paid earnest attention to the investigations and discoveries of others, and he has tried to use his *common sense* respecting the health and physical comfort of the human creature generally. He considers it a Christian duty to take proper care of the miraculous and beautifully wrought frame with

which the Lord Himself has furnished him, and not to injure it, or to waste its powers by carelessness, prejudice, laziness, self-indulgence, or wilful ignorance, remembering the apostolic injunction, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Should it seem desirable, the reader and the writer may meet again some day in the pages of the "Christian World Magazine," and discuss the subject of well-known narcotics, opium, tobacco, and snuff, also saying a word or two about alcoholic liquors.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S MISCELLANY.

24. **GREEN PEA SOUP.**—Put a quart of shelled peas into a pint, or a pint and a half of good broth or stock, from which all fat has been removed, and add several slices of thin ham, or a small piece of very lean bacon, four good-sized onions well peeled and thinly sliced, the crumb of two French rolls, and a bunch of parsley and mint. Let them simmer for an hour, and then pour in another quart of broth, or, if you have it not by you, of water, in which you have previously boiled the *pea-shells*, and simmer for another hour. Then boil two large handfuls of spinach, freshly gathered, squeeze it dry and rub it *with the soup* through a sieve. Have ready a pint of young peas well boiled; add these to the soup, put in one good-sized lump of sugar, and season to taste. Give one boil and the soup is ready. If your broth or stock is very poor add more peas and more spinach; a few veal scraps from the butcher's will greatly improve the preparation.

25. **SALADS.**—It is a great mistake to soak lettuces for salad, the process materially injures their flavour, though still, if your vegetables be at all *stale*, you had better let them lie in water for an hour or two, and *small* salad, such as cresses, radishes, &c., requires very thorough washing. But a fine freshly-gathered lettuce should be only well *rinsed*, shaken, and well *wiped* with a soft cloth, then sliced into small pieces. You can add, according to taste, cresses of any kind, or radishes scraped and sliced, also beetroot, and if desired, spring onions, chopped fine.

A few fresh-gathered leaves of green mint are by many people esteemed a great improvement. If you do not care to make a regular salad-dressing, just season lightly with pepper and salt, throw in one tablespoonful of beet salad-oil, two of vinegar, and a large teaspoonful of moist sugar. Mix all well together in the bowl, with a salad knife and fork, and serve.

26. **SALAD DRESSING.**—Boil four eggs for half an hour, then put them in cold water, and when cool, shell them, afterwards pounding the yolks in a mortar, or beating them in a bowl to a smooth paste. Then very gradually work in a teaspoonful of well-mixed mustard, a very little white pepper, and the merest *souppçon* of cayenne, also salt at discretion, and four tablespoonfuls of cream. Stir all these ingredients slowly and thoroughly, till they are perfectly incorporated, and then blend with them four tablespoonfuls of salad-oil. Now pour in sufficient vinegar, *drop by drop*, to render the preparation of the consistency of cream; if it be not *very gradually* added the whole mixture will curdle and be spoilt. The salad should not be added to the sauce till just as it is brought to table. You may prepare enough for several days at once, and when bottled and kept in a cool place, it will be good for nearly a week. The *whites* of the eggs, cut into rings, make a nice garnish for the salad. Two good-sized *very* mealy potatoes beaten up, form an excellent substitute for the yolks when eggs are not easily procurable. You cannot stir the dressing too much, nor

can it be made successfully in a hurry.

27. **CRAB DRESSING.**—Take one teaspoonful of mixed mustard, and the same quantity of good moist sugar, and *very slowly* add two tablespoonfuls of salad-oil. Still carefully mix in four tablespoonfuls of quite fresh milk, and half that quantity of vinegar added by slow degrees lest the dressing *curdle*. Season with salt and white pepper or cayenne to taste: it should present a soft *creamy* appearance. It is also very good with salads. In making this dressing, as in every other mixture of the kind, remember that the ingredients cannot be too gradually added, or too thoroughly blended.

28. **PRESERVING.**—All fruits and vegetables intended for preserving should be free from bruise and blemish, as injured fruit quickly decays and spoils the sound fruit in contact with it. It should not be in the least over-ripe, and should be gathered on a dry, fine day, when neither the morning nor the evening dew is upon it. Such fruits as have a bloom on them should not be wiped if it can be helped, and the process of preserving should be commenced on the day the fruit is taken. There are so many ways of preserving that it is impossible in a single short recipe to give full directions. Fruit may be *bottled* whole in various ways. It may be simply placed in the bottle, shaking it gently while filling, and lightly corked; then the bottles may be placed in a pan of cold water, with a little hay at the bottom, and the pan be set on the fire till the temperature of the water is very gradually raised to 160 degrees at which it must be kept, or below 170 degrees for twenty or thirty minutes. As the fruit shrinks, fill up each bottle as far as the bottom of the neck, from one of the other bottles. When all are done, remove the pan from the fire, take out each bottle separately and fill it with boiling water to within an inch of where the

cork will reach; cork it immediately with as little shaking as possible, and tie down the cork, and cover it with wax or resin, and as each bottle is finished, return it to the pan of water, where it must remain till the water has become gradually cool. Place the bottles on their sides in a cool dry place, turn them partially round, once or twice a week, for the first month or two, and occasionally afterwards.

Some pour melted fat on the fruit just before corking, in which case the bottles must be stored in an upright position. For the regular preserving, to every pound of fruit allow $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar for jams, and the same quantity to every pint of juice for jelly. Loaf sugar is decidedly to be preferred. Some indeed use 1 lb. of sugar to a pint of juice for jelly. Put the picked fruit and the sugar into the preserving-pan, stir it and let it boil for about three-quarters of an hour, carefully removing the scum as it rises. Try a little in a cold tea-cup to see if it sets, and remember that while underboiling prevents sweetmeats from keeping, over or violent boiling brings them to a candy. Let the jam remain uncovered in the pots till it is cold, then cover with oiled or brandied papers, and finally cover over the jar with tissue or fine writing-paper brushed over on both sides with white of egg. When dry, this covering will be quite hard and air-tight: this method dispenses with tying-up. Unless the family be very large, it is better to use small or medium sized jam-pots, the contents of which can be used at once, or at several times. Great attention should be paid to the cleanliness of the preserving-pan: too brisk a fire, and inattention in not stirring repeatedly is sure to burn the jam and spoil the pan. Keep the jam always in a cool, dry place, never in a cupboard adjoining an outer wall; a damp place causes mould, a hot one fermentation.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1866.

SUMMER LIFE IN CANADA.

BY A CLERGYMAN FORMERLY RESIDENT THERE.

ONE of the most curious things in this wonderful world is how places in the same latitude, in different countries, vary in their summer and winter climates. Pekin, which is further south than Constantinople, has the cold and heat of Quebec, and that delightful scene of grilling in August, and solid rivers in May, would find itself somewhere in the middle of France, if it were some day to slip over to Europe on the line of the map on which it is placed. Toronto would be within sight of the Pyrenees on the south, were it to take the same flight, and New York, where blue ice is sawn from navigable streams, by the cubic foot, for months, would be melted out of such frigid humours by settling alongside Madrid. Nor are different continents needed to show such varying contrasts. This eastern side of America next us is coldness itself compared to the other, as the Buffalo and Moose deer show they have known for any number of ages, by their wandering farther and farther north, in their summer migrations, the more they get to the west. The plains of the Saskatchewan, in the heart of the continent, are the ideal of a rich grain-growing region of vast extent,

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though, if they had lain on the eastern coast, they would have been as high as the barren shores of Hudson's Bay, or the unspeakable rigours of Labrador. How it comes, I leave the reader to settle as he sees fit, but so it is. It seems as if cold and heat had mapped out their respective domains when sadly unfit to keep any but a very serpentine course round the planet.

For some things, at least, I cannot but think we may be thankful for living in Britain, whatever the worthy patrons of other countries may say to the contrary. As regards Canada, one of them is the length of its winters. I have a Montreal paper before me, of April 25th, which informs its readers that "the river is now beginning to be chequered by steamers and other craft," that is, in the immediate neighbourhood of Montreal itself, but it has to add that "some steamers are still detained by ice at the wharves at Boucherville," which is almost within sight of the city. As to Quebec, such boasts would need to stand in type good part of a month before they could be made about it. Canada West, on the contrary, was walking the course towards summer, while its colder sis-

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ter was looking out on frozen harbours. A letter I have just received from Toronto, of the 16th May, breaks into singing at the fact that "the leaves were coming out on the trees" in my friend's garden, coming out after having slept in the earth, or in the sprays which they now adorn, for six months. We, here, with our hedges green through the whole year, and with flowers that wreath its brows from beginning to end, can hardly realize all vegetation hybernating and vanishing utterly, for two seasons out of the four. What would our retreating winter be if it were not mocked away by clouds of crocuses, and primroses, and anemones, and hyacinths, and snow-drops? But they come and pass, and the March violets follow, and the daffodils and daisies, and the April cowslips, and wallflowers, and lilies, with orchards covered with white and pink, and the lilac swelling into blossom, while even Canada West has not a sign of green, except her pine-trees, perhaps, and the winter wheat, where high enough to cover the soil, and not buried in winter snow. I know that Canadians talk of their bright skies and their sleigh-bells, but the sleigh-bells mean cold that might send a shudder through the heart of John Bull even in June, and furs for men as well as for ladies, and such fires, at least in the country, as need to be seen to be realized. But I have to do with summer, not winter, and it is always unpleasant to speak about faults when there are ever so many good points to set over against them.

The breaking up of the winter is often as sudden as some magical transformation. The ice that has bound the harbours and rivers for months, looks to-day as if it would never be gone, and to-morrow you rise to look on the light flashing from waters that seem to leap for joy at being set free. The fact is, only the final act has been sudden. For months the sun has been telling on the frozen fetters that held them fast, until they had only the look of their former strength, and all that was needed was some stormy wind

to send heaving waves beneath them, from the outside, to break them into ten thousand pieces, and bear away every trace of them in a few days. It is a beautiful sight to see the wreck floating past on some broad river, with the light fringing it with prismatic colours, and shining from countless points, as if from walls and towers of diamond; for the wind that breaks up the field plays the strangest freaks, by the help of the water, in piling the fragments into curious islands, which are let glide away, one by one, over the blue. The heat and the cold come often most unpleasantly close together. A change of the wind, or some other private arrangement, makes you open your windows and change your clothes, when almost the day before the thought of doing either was out of the question. In a week from the cold of an arctic winter, you may be wiping your brow for the heat. The year bears the weary want of verdure and flowers with wonderful patience, till, just at the end, it can bear it no longer, and makes a leap into summer. Spring and summer, in their haste to get back, come together, and vie with each other which shall do most, and be quickest in repairing the waste of their last year's reign. They don't come "veiled in a shower of shadowing roses," but they scatter before them the loveliest green, in a thousand tints, and, in the woods, wake up flowers of the brightest tropical beauty. Every one feels how sweet the delicate leaves of the spring are, even in Britain, but in Canada, after the long desolation, they come with a charm unknown to us. While the water of the melting snows, or the earliest rains, are still deep in the furrows, the young grass shines up from below like a channel of emerald. There are no hedges, and very few single trees, but every landscape is more or less wooded, and the fields that are bare the one week begin to look covered the next. The winter wheat, which has been in the ground since the September before, has, of course, the start, but the meadows are hardly behind it, and the farmers take care to give all possible help

to the rest, to let it make up as much leeway as it [can. Indeed, it is one of the greatest drawbacks to Canadian farming that so much has to be done in so short a time, both in spring and autumn. If there were hands enough, everything might be done at once. Spring wheat and oats, and barley and peas, and buck, wheat and Indian corn, and potatoes, all clamour for attention nearly together, and what one or two poor pairs of hands, which are all most young farms have to boast, can do with so much, you may easily guess. The earliest and the latest sees the weary worker out in the fields, driven by the hurrying season to task himself far beyond what he should. As to gardens, even for vegetables, they are not to be thought of in short-handed districts, unless the wives or the daughters can see to them. Flowers round a farm-house in the Bush, or even in most of the more open townships, are almost unknown.

To get the seed in the ground in their rough, stumpy fields, or, still worse, where the stumps having rotted out, there is more surface to be worked, is almost more than can be managed, without any care being thrown away on the ornamental. The grain crops all get the same treatment. In the newest and roughest farms the ground is only scratched with a harrow, which flies about in a very wild way, even after the slow-going oxen, as it strikes on a stump on one side, and catches on a root on the other. What with the patch round these stumps and roots which cannot be got at, the hollows which are too wet, the bits of burnt wood and branches and the tufts of uprooted grass, and cumbrance of many kinds, the poor farmer has only a small share of his ground, even after it has been cleared. But the harrow before and after sowing, gives him a very good crop in a good year, from what he can reach, and there is not a farmer's heart prouder, I dare say, in England, than his, in the Bush, at the yellow ears waving, in autumn, amidst the wild gaps of the stumps. Indian corn is sown in what are called hills, at distances of three or

four feet, a few grains dropped into a hollow made by a hoe, and then covered with soil raked on the top of them—forming what bears that name. Pumpkins are generally planted along with it to economise the ground, and provide that Canadian version of stone broth, pumpkin pies, as well as for the sake of the cattle, to whom these huge vegetables are paradise pippins. Drilling, or machine-working of any kind, is unknown on land, except on a farm, here and there, near a large town; the sower goes forth to sow in true primitive fashion, with his measured step, and the swing of his right arm.

Nor are the birds of the air wanting to rob him of his reward. They come at times in the shape of clouds of pigeons, which would eat up everything if not driven off,—and at times in that of smaller depredators. The pigs, however, are the Bush-farmer's deadliest enemy. Their wits are as long and sharp as their noses, and their small eyes have more brains behind them than all the other prey of the butcher together. The stories of the trouble they give by finding out holes in fences, and pushing through them, are part of the stock amusement of every country fireside. Horses and cattle given to leaping or breaking fences are a further trial of bucolic patience, and I have sometimes thought even Job would have scratched his head if he had had to do with them. In some parts every beast or bird seems to be treated as given to invading the fields. Geese and pigs, no less than horses and cattle, wander about with wooden contrivances round their necks, to make success in their aggravating attempts, if it may be, impossible, and the hens make very surprising circles of lofty tumbling when they try to fly with the one wing that is left them.

The fertility of the soil in some parts of Canada is a great blessing to the overtaken farmer. If it needed all the manuring and high working of British land, he would have to abandon it, but it never sees any such stimulants or aids. To change the crops after a few years,

and, if possible, bring a new piece under cultivation is all that is thought of. The returns are, of course, very much smaller than with a more scientific system, but both capital and labour are unequal to more. The richness of the first years of spots redeemed from the forest is, however, amazing. I have seen crops of melons that would make the fortune of West End fruiterers, sown by the Indians upon Lake Huron with their toes—a scoop with the foot making a hole, and a push back of the mould, with the same primitive tool, covering the seed dropped lazily into it. For years together the original strength of the long fallow ground yields crop after crop with undiminishing vigour. Cucumbers, of which some kinds are a yard long, pumpkins that fill a bucket, wheat than which no finer is grown, and other grain and produce in similar perfection, reward even the rudest and scantiest industry. Yet, it must not be thought that anything good, even in the field or the cabbage-bed, gets leave to pass through the world without trouble. What with flies, worms, grasshoppers, the rust, and the frost, everything green has a pretty gauntlet to run before it gets to the golden honours of autumn. Insects are the curse of all tropical or even warmish latitudes, though I suppose they are blessings in disguise as well. In Canada they have a fine time of it during the summer. In the woods, the mosquitoes sail in clouds, and keep the unfortunate cattle who seek their shade in a state of lively excitement, with their tails swinging like demented bell-pulls. In every field, the grasshoppers put all human agility to shame by their wonderful leaping. It is like an incessant discharge of some strange artillery to hear and see, and not seldom feel them, shooting from every side as you pass by. The worms that go to the root of the matter are something awful even to name—the very thought of the “army worm” coming over one like a dumb palsy. Then there is the rust, which scatters its red blight with distressing liberality

year by year. Still farmers thrive, and if not rich, are well fed, and as contented as most of their race elsewhere, at least so far as their crops are concerned.

Flies in doors deserve a few lines to themselves. If Pharaoh had more than sometimes darken a Canadian room, he deserves sincere pity even after three thousand years. I have seen tables, at dinner, black with them. You eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. They keep you awake by night, and they run over your nose at sunrise. How often have I seen a Canadian draw down his blinds, darken his room, and then, having opened the door, to show the alluring light outside, proceed to drive out the distracting swarms by waving some cloth with steady advance from the uttermost corners. How often have I seen two sugared shingles hung with treacherous skill, the least space apart, get blacker and blacker with countless victims, till Fate, in the shape of the housekeeper, brought the two together with dire effect! Outside, the harmless gnats and water-flies are legion. I once sailed for miles through a bank of white gnats on the Niagara, the numbers forming which would give even the calculating boy brain-fever to get on paper. They were so thick you could not see through them any more than through blinding snow.

The birds of Canada differ greatly from those of Britain; indeed, the Fauna together is hardly in anything the same. There are robins—but they are thrushes, and are only called robins from having some red on them; no larks, nor song-birds of the old country, nor even its sparrows keep one in mind of home. But brighter forms, if not sweeter singers, flit through the woods or across the open, winged rubies and emeralds that dazzle as they fly past. The humming-bird, swiftest of feathered things, poises itself over the cups of flowers, blue-birds light on the fences before you, and woodpeckers with scarlet heads call your attention from every decaying tree. Still, it is often remarked how few birds come in one's way if he wait

for them doing so. In the woods themselves you have to stand still, and watch for a time, and then you will see that the trees are not without samples of many kinds; but if you ride or walk on without looking, you may go far and see none.

The break-up of the winter means the break-up of the country roads, and that brings more than we in Britain can realize. Through the Bush the "roads" are simply tracks cleared from trees, and, indeed, excepting a few leading routes, few are much better. No more than earth, they need only water, and wheels, or feet, to work the two up, to make the wildest possible depths of mud. It used to be as bad in the towns as elsewhere. A Toronto joke of old times used to be that a man was seen crossing the street up to his middle in mud, and, when asked if he would like a rope thrown to him, declined it on the ground that he had a good strong horse below him! To go any distance before the roads dry is well nigh impossible. On foot you may leap from spot to spot on the edge, or go through the woods alongside; but on horseback, or with a vehicle, it is serious work. On the stage road up to the West, before it was macadamized, and thrown out of use for public travel, by the railroad, the great ponderous coaches on leather hangings were often bemired. They used to have to send off to the next farm, perhaps not very near, to get help to pull them out of their trouble. Often and often oxen had to be borrowed to drag waggon out of some slough of despond, and doubtless this still continues in not a few districts. At one place a great gap, washed away, would be filled up with rails taken from the next fence, or spars cut from the woods, and, at another, a stream of water would be flowing across. Travel was wholly suspended except where unavoidable. I remember being told at London, C.W., that the stage was laid off from the state of the roads, and would begin running again when they got better; and I had to walk, or leap, seventy miles, in consequence. Need I say anything of

the corduroy roads, those awful engines of torture, on which your bones are rattled, not over the stones, like those of the pauper in the poem, but over the logs, till you don't know what to do. Or need I speak of the fine stumps that lift the wheel at one side so delightfully, and then let it down with such a refreshing thud. I wipe my brow at the very remembrance. The only two I ever saw very well pleased with them were a young fellow and his sweetheart, who clung to each other with a most tender embrace, as each horrible lift announced an approaching crash.

With summer there comes a wonderful revolution in dress. Fur caps, coats, and gloves are laid up in pepper and camphor, and are forgotten till the next fall. Everyone very soon sighs for the days of the fig-leaf, and the Indians carry out the principle still. I have seen them on river St. Clair with only a cotton shirt, and that was rather a trouble. The ladies fly to the lightest muslins; gentlemen turn to linen, and ladies' stuffs. Straw hats depose the black beaver. The whole world pants. "Melting moments," said an old navy captain to me one day, "as the sailor said under the line." The ladies use their fan assiduously in church and chapel, waving them in a way most distracting to the clergyman. But, indeed, he himself is soporific enough, and gives as well as gets a sleeping draught in not a few cases. Addison declared that courtships were managed by the language of fans in his day; I fear it is the same still across the Atlantic. The girls know how to use them for recognition, reconnoitre, repulse, or encouragement—to a marvel. The dogs make every one envious that it is not fashionable with humanity to loll out its tongue; and the pigs, deep in wayside ditches and mud holes, up to the ears, are felt to have attained the sublime of comfort. A day or two now and then are as warm as Jamaica, and the nights are at times as warm as the days. A sheet weighs half a ton; your very shirt seems a pea-jacket. The water

drinking becomes something awful. John Evelyn declares in his diary that he saw two bucketfuls poured into a poor wretch on the rack, in France; if it could be done in Canada it would be a mercy. The fat gathered by everyone in winter, melts off in large drops, till corpulence becomes flabby, and ordinary size looks white and wasted. Thus, with frequent and bountiful respites of coolness, lest nothing at all but bones should be left, the Canadian world moves on, till the sun kindly leaves them to the delicious cool of the fall, or the bracing cold of December.

One curious result of the bad roads, the heat in summer, and the snow or the bad roads in winter, is that nobody walks who can by any means get himself carried. Horses or waggons, borrowed, or turned from the farm to the journey; anything and everything rather than walking. Indeed, Canadians know nothing of the pedestrian habits of British people, and even they lose them when they go over, as the greyhounds sent to Quito, lost their quickness of foot. The system of borrowing is inveterate and universal. "A buggy" is rather the property of a neighbourhood than of its owner, and even if broken during the time of loan, is returned, not seldom, without an attempt at getting it mended. I remember a clergyman whose vehicle was twice broken by borrowers, and sent back, without apology or repairs. Nor is it only to save the legs that *meum* and *tuum* are thus confounded. It reaches from pots and kettles up to horses, harness and sleighs, axes, augurs, hoes, harrows—everything must be at everyone's service if you do not wish to be reckoned a churl. I speak of rural districts, where this practical communism is the only way, in the earlier years of a settlement, of getting on almost at all. It would amuse folks in Britain not a little, to return to the fondness of Canadians for saving their legs, to see the contrivances to avert such a calamity. I have seen the fourth wheel of a "Buggy" laid up in the vehicle itself, and a rail stuck where it had been, and the

affair driving on as coolly as if all were perfectly right. The word "carriage" is not used as with us. Whatever will carry you, if it were a greengrocer's cart, gets that imposing name. As to harness, there are smart sets enough, in every village and town; but odd pieces of rope play a useful part in not a few that come out from the Bush.

Fashions, altogether, are rather out of the way in the country. An old clothes'-man would turn up his eyes in despair to see the ancient hats and coats that come out on some of the rural nobility on high days, brushed and trimmed as of old, but of most antiquarian types. I believe you will still find, in some parts, a sample of the huge coat-collars which buried the heads of our fathers to the ears, and hats are practically immortal, for even if twice dead by right, they have still to do duty. Of course, the young ladies are fashionable wherever they are. I have no doubt they are at this moment in the full glory of chignons and dinner-plate bonnets, and that crinoline, after the most unmeasured inflation, has had a distressing collapse with the receipt of the last styles from Paris. I knew of one case in Nova Scotia, of a country bride buying a pair of white window-curtains for her marriage dress, with a huge vase with flowers on the one side, and some ornithological devices, on a large scale, on the other. I once saw a man, in the winter-time, marching along in a suit of green drugget, with a wonderful pattern flowing down his back and legs. The cost of dress is of course lightened by the care with which it is kept, for not a few, of the thrifty old generation, could rival a poor woman whom I heard lately lamenting the poor quality of her shawl, from its fading after her having it only fourteen years! But the climate is a still greater aid to economy. In Britain, the damp and soot play terrible havoc with the perishable gear that envelope or adorn the ladies. In Canada, first cost may be greater, but a white bonnet lasts clean till the wearer is tired of it, and damp never cockles a dress or

destroys a feather, so that, in the end, it is cheaper to dress well there than here. Nothing rusts in Canada as it does here, and windows are contented with very few cleanings. The tin roofs of some of the churches and houses shine as brightly, years after, as when first put on. The clear skies, indeed, are one of the principal charms of the country. Day after day, and even week after week, is one long heaven of bright blue weather, with a canopy over you reaching up, one would think, almost to the gates of the New Jerusalem.

Yet, don't let any one think it better than our summer days, when we have them. Nathanael Hawthorne is right in saying that a fine English summer-day is perfection, unrivalled in America. Neither too hot nor too cold, one could hardly think it could have been more delicious in Paradise. The very haze that softens the landscape heightens its charms, and then the glorious stretch of daisied and buttercupped meadows, with their herds and flocks, and the waving fields and sweet hedgerows, and great umbrageous trees, roughened with ivy, and vistas of quaint villages, ancient mansions, and church towers or steeples, and the shining waters one meets so often, and sweeping valleys and wooded hills, with all the changes at every turn, make an English landscape, lighted up by a summer sun, the ideal of pastoral loveliness. Canada is lovely, where you can see it, but it wants the artificial aids of age to make it all that it will be generations hereafter. The trees in the forests never spread; they are too much crushed together for that, and having no choice but to exchange height for breadth to get any sun at all, show long bare trunks with a capping of foliage high above. To grow English-like trees will take many a year. The orchards in some parts help to make up for the bareness in others, especially in the Thames District in the West, which are not unlike Gloucester or Somersetshire in their cultivation of tree-fruit. It is beautiful to see the whole country covered with sheets of pink and

white blossom in spring, in these apple-growing countries, and delightful for fragrance to pass through them. The fruit of Canada is unsurpassed of its kinds. Our ribston-pippin in England is perhaps the most perfectly delicate apple of all, but the Canadian apples, as a whole, are, without question, finer than the British. I cannot go so far as dear Nathanael Hawthorne, and say, that the best English kinds are about as good as an American turnip, but certainly the Canadian orchards yield a world of exquisite flavours. Some varieties are very large, some hard and late, for winter. But so great is the crop in most years, that, in the spring, every farm house has its great bouquets of apple-blossom on the tables and in the windows; and, in the autumn, the sale of the fruit, in barrels, is amazing. Through the whole year, apples in one form or other, dried or in their natural state, are an unfailing addition to every meal. "Apple sauce," that is, apples boiled in brown sugar till they will keep, is handed out by the plateful to all alike, and apple-pies and fritters, &c., &c., crowd the rudest board. Indeed, pastry and fruit take largely the place of the orthodox pudding of England. Pumpkin pies, gooseberry, strawberry, tomato, red plum, or other preserves, are made by the barrel, and served out almost by the ladleful. Our modest spoonful of blackberry, or other jam, would go down a Canadian labourer's throat with one mouthful of bread. I remember seeing a fellow sup, with a tablespoon, a decanter full of green-gage preserve, incautiously set before him. Plums and peaches grow to a very large size, and are luscious and exquisite in the extreme. Raspberries and strawberries grow wild wherever they can get at the sun. The sides of the road from London to Sarnia used to abound with them, but I suppose the railroad has uprooted them all long ago. Gooseberries don't seem to grow so well; the climate, perhaps, is too hot for them.

With the end of June, comes the first of the farmer's harvest labours, and if ever a man deserved pity, it

is he. From earliest light to darkest twilight, and even, when the moon is full, far into the night the weary arms have to swing the scythe or the cradle, and race with time to get in the crop before one thing overtakes another. Wages are too high to let him spare himself, if, indeed, he have not everything to do single-handed, which is the case on the smaller farms in the Bush. Hay, wheat, barley, and oats come one after another with wasting rapidity, and so great is the heat of the sun in some seasons that the grain and even the grass may be carted into the barn the day after it has been cut. To leave it out, as is done here, would be out of the question. It is dried nearly as soon as mown or cradled. The water drunk by the men in the field is astonishing. A bucket always stands on the shady side of a stump, covered with grass, to keep it cool. As to perspiration, it runs off, as with the puddlers and chainmakers of our

northern counties. Such work in such heat must surely tell on the constitution. In a few districts, as round Toronto, reaping machines are beginning to be introduced pretty freely, but they would be of no use where there are stumps in the fields. Thrashing machines go through the country in autumn, to prepare the crop for the market, that is, go to those parts to which the roads give free access, and mills at no great distances from each other turn the grain into flour. About the end of August the fields are empty, except of potatoes and green crops; and, in September, the circle begins again for another year, by the sowing the winter wheat. Some other time, I may speak of the work of other seasons, and of many things left out even from the story of *Summer Life*, but the reader and printer alike waive me off from further trespass upon them, at present.

THE FORTUNES OF CYRIL DENHAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WAITING FOR A CROSSING.

A BROILING Midsummer succeeded to that fair flowery May. The month of June, though brilliant enough at the gay West End, in the Parks, and in the more aristocratic suburbs, was in the crowded city dusty, stifling, and unsavoury. Westminster, of course, was a trifle better than St. Paul's Churchyard, Fleet Street, or the Strand, and Parliament Street was perhaps as cool and shady a resort as Westminster could rejoice in, though now and then breezes came up from the river which were trying to persons of delicate olfactory perceptions, to say the least of it. The Thames embankment, of course, though thought of, was not even about to be commenced, and the Thames mud at low tide,—and it was always low tide, some people in their disgust averred,—steamed

up in the cloudless sunshine odours that were neither healthy nor agreeable. Mr. Rattenbury had been away from his post for some days, he had been extremely unwell, and change and rest were prescribed for him; consequently the whole establishment of the Rattenburys had migrated to the neighbourhood of Ramsgate, and Cyril missed him, and his bonnie little Minnie, to say nothing of Toodlums and Jack, more than he imagined could possibly be the case.

In those days Cyril was trying to convince himself that he cared very little about his fair and fickle mistress. He felt secretly displeased with Sir John and Lady Ashburner because they had not managed matters better. He had a sore feeling when he thought of Agnes; she had not, he told himself, fulfilled her compact of sisterhood, for she had not written him one word of sympa-

thy or counsel since Elizabeth's faithlessness had been disclosed. He forgot that he had not written to her, and that delicacy on her part might leave it to him to take the initiative in such a correspondence; and he felt a kind of morbid satisfaction in believing himself to be one of those unlucky wretches against whom Fortune perpetually arrays herself. In those days, too, he neglected his toilet, to the indignation of Miss Crumple, who felt herself outraged in sitting down to table with a gentleman who allowed his whiskers to go unpruned, wore any sort of neck-tie, and was not as particular as he ought to have been in the article of wristbands and stick-ups. Also, as Adeline plaintively whispered to her friend, "he shunned the festive circle," that is to say, as a rule, he abjured post-prandial seed-biscuits, boiled oranges, and mild ginger-wine—not the famous "*Stevens's Green Ginger*," which is really wholesome and agreeable, but a horrible decoction prepared by the indefatigable Angey herself, from a receipt of her great-

grandmother's, and expressly designed by her for the after-dinner delectation of her mother's boarders. Also, he fled from the musical perpetrations of the two young ladies; for "Ever of Thee" he had first heard under far different circumstances, and he had the bad taste not to appreciate the Norma duets. If he vouchsafed to remain while his glass was filled, and an orange quartered on his behalf, he always escaped as the first strains of "*Mirar, O Nor—or—mer!*" fell upon his ears, for Angey and Adeline had lately taken to the Italian, to his inexpressible dismay.

In those days Cyril certainly cultivated a forlorn aspect; he put his Longfellow and his Tennyson out of sight, and lived upon Byron and L. E. L. And while Norma and Adalgisa were screaming at each other in the drawing-room, Cyril, in the retirement of his chamber, was pacing its narrow bounds, now and then stumbling against the washing-stand, or running full tilt against the iron bed-post, and reciting,—

"The heart will break, yet brokenly live on!

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one that was
The same, and still the same, the more it breaks;
And thus the heart will do, which not forsakes,
Living in shattered guise, and still and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold."

Or else,—

"We know not how such tears
Are half forgot in future years;
How life effaces as it goes
The keenest pang of earlier woes,
How careless and how cold we grow,
Dry as the dust we tread below:
As if the grave its chillness threw,
The grave—which I am hastening to."

The very worst pabulum Cyril Denham could have selected.

And so it went on till Midsummer-day was past, and the July sun was burning fiercely over the land, and every body who could get out of town was making preparations to join in the general exodus. Hotter and hotter grew the atmosphere of the ancient city of Westminster,

more and more unsavoury were the odours steaming up from the royal Thames, more and more drowsy—or so people thought—were the deep sweet chimes that Big Ben rang out from his lofty campanile, and Cyril began to hate the very stones and mortar that formed his prison-house. His mind was quite made up now. Two months of the three of pledged

inaction were expired; in four weeks more he would be free to prosecute the schemes which had suggested themselves to him, and he would not let the grass grow under his feet. He had decided upon Australia, and to Australia he would go; he would put the past away from him, he would begin a new life in a new world, spurning the old Northern hemisphere which had treated him so cruelly. Yet these stern resolves were scarcely in accordance with the Byronic frame of mind in which evening by evening he indulged.

One evening, when the universal sultriness and weariness was at its height, Cyril, who had done but a very poor day's work, and was conscious of it, sauntered slowly homeward, foolishly frizzling himself in the burning sun, instead of seeking the shady side of the street. He felt a kind of pleasure in being scorched, and he would have rejoiced gloomily had a tremendous thunder-storm set in and drenched him thoroughly. It was only a piece of all the rest, that the elements should show him disfavour. He had reached that most unhealthy state of mind in which a man likes to heap up and aggrandize his woes, and prefers sullenly to contemplate them rather than make any effort for their diminution.

As he slowly paced the hot and dusty pavement his thoughts went off to the Australian future he had promised himself; and his soliloquy was something like this:—"Yes, I am quite decided. Even Rattenbury cannot say I act from impulse, when he finds I adhere to my first plan. Stay in England! I hate the country! What has England done for me; what does she promise me if I still remain a British Islander? What have I to live for here; what ties have I to bind me to my native land? None! My mother is in

her grave; a villain lords it at poor old Monkswood. My love is faithless; my friends are cold! I am sick of this monotonous life of daily toil and artificial courtesies. The old world, for me at least, is *blasé*, worn-out, used-up. I will try another, where life is newer, fresher, less conventional! A few more weeks, and I shall escape from this desolate great London; I shall feel the quickening, rough breezes of the mighty sea, and before me will be the land of freedom; a land where no one knows my past, where none can point and say, 'There goes the last of the Denhams of Monkswood, a beggar and an outcast; a man deserted by God and by his fellows!' A land where I may delve and dig, and need not be ashamed; where I need not dine at six o'clock, and shall certainly dispense with tablecloths and etiquette. Yes, I shall rough it in good earnest; I shall be a son of the soil, with hard brown hands, and earn my bread in the sweat of my brow, and all the past may go—go, as if it had never been! for altogether will I dis sever myself from the life I have led here these five-and-twenty years."

As far as "sweat of brow" was concerned, Cyril was enjoying that, as he strode along in the glaring sunshine, in rare perfection; though the sudorific process had nothing at all to do with earning bread. Perhaps in the New World, perspirations and bank-notes might be more intimately allied. He was picturing to himself life in the backwoods; roving, hardy habits, meagre fare, hunting down the food for his own larder, perils, privations, everything that was comfortless and uncivilized. He had even begun to recall complacently some lines in his favourite poem of "Locksley Hall;" and it was really a wonder that he did not astonish his fellow-pedestrians by bursting out with—

"There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.
There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race."

And yet, one of the minor miseries of Cyril's life was Mrs. Matthews's

rumpled tablecloth, which the wretched worried house and parlour-

maid never folded rightly; and, indeed, there was scarcely a household arrangement which was not a source of some annoyance, from the abject Mr. Matthews himself, to the chocolate and blue paper which disfigured the walls of his own chamber, and contrasted badly with the green and amber hangings. The under-breeding of the ladies of the "family" was quite as much as he could bear, and yet they might be supposed to be vastly superior to the *squaw*, the "squalid savage," with whom he was thinking of uniting his destinies. It was all very well in perspective to burst all links of habit and wander far away, nobody knew where; but the reality might and probably would prove insufferable.

But still musing on Australian and wild Indian solitudes, he took his way, and presently discovered himself quite out of his latitude, and bearing away from the spot where his dinner was awaiting him. Retracing his road, he came upon some of the more aristocratic thoroughfares, and was presently in Grosvenor Place, opposite the Palace Gardens, when a clock striking the hour, warned him that he was already late, and caused him to accelerate his speed. He was waiting for a crossing, for though the season was nearly at an end, there was a considerable bustle of carriages, when looking up, he was transfixed to behold, so near that he could have stretched out his hand and taken hers—*Elizabeth*! She was sitting in her father's barouche, languidly leaning back, and playing with the delicate lace-edging of her parasol. How beautiful she was, how sweet her smile, as she spoke to her companion, an elderly lady whom Cyril did not know! How lustrous were the soft dark eyes, how pure the exquisite colouring of brow and cheek and lips, and in spite of the rather indolent *pose*, how graceful, how queenly, the outline of that matchless figure! There was more of the woman about her than when he had parted from her at Forest Range six months before; there was that finish in her air and style which

intercourse with society alone can give; but she was fairer than ever; and Cyril, gazing on her, felt all his wounds bleeding afresh, and throbbing with the great agony of the first keen pain. She did not see him, for though her face was partly turned towards him, her eyes were bent on the occupants of another carriage, whose attention she evidently wished to engage. Spell-bound, Cyril stood still on the edge of the pavement, quite regardless of sundry pushes and pokes, and hasty remarks from his fellow-passengers, who did not thank him for stopping the way so stupidly. For the moment he forgot all about American prairies and Australian backwoods; he forgot even that he was on his way to Mrs. Matthews's; he felt as if the events of the last few weeks had been a bad dream from which he had suddenly awakened, and all his hopes were blooming once again, as in the days when first he told his love.

At last Miss Ashburner, having exchanged a bow and smile with another lady, slightly turned her head, and her regards fell full on Cyril's face. Their eyes met; his were sparkling with passionate love and passionate anger, and mingled despair and scorn were in the lines about his mouth; the blood rushed in torrents to her face, and for a single instant the dark eyes fell, and then were raised to his with a steady almost defiant gaze. She gave him, however, a stately bow, and then turned herself completely from him.

He could bear it no longer; and without waiting for a clear path, he dashed in among the wheels and the spirited horses, who were chafing at their tardy progress, and would certainly have been run down had not a policeman seized the heads of a prancing pair, and asked Cyril, in no very courteous tone, whether he were a fool, or so tired of his life that he was trying to fling it under the horses' feet!

But Cyril, like an exhausted swimmer, pushed blindly on, and succeeded in reaching the opposite pavement without being stunned or in any way disabled. But he found

himself so faint and so confused, that he was glad to hail a passing cab, and so avoid the dangers of the crossings, and also of losing his way, for he found that he had but a very indistinct remembrance of the turnings he ought to take. Five minutes more and he was safe at Mrs. Matthews's door. In the hall he met Angelina, and explained to her that he was unwell, and could not join them at the dinner-table; he would go to his room, and have a biscuit and a little wine and water. Angelina clasped her hands, partly in real, partly in affected agitation, for Cyril looked so ill that no one could suspect him of shamming indisposition; with all her silliness, Angey certainly cared a great deal for Cyril, and had she been cleverer and a little more refined, she might have won her game; for ever since it had occurred to him to marry Sally Hawkes, he had been reckless enough to engage himself to any woman who might have sufficient tact and address to propose to him without shocking his sense of fitness and propriety. If Cyril could have "taken up" with Angey Matthews, he would have had a vulgar, badly connected wife; but I believe she would have been faithful to him, and would have loved him truly. And her love would have demonstrated itself in a blind submission to his wishes; for Cyril was to her "a bright particular star" above her sphere, whom yet she dared to worship; it would also have expended itself in cooking him dainty little dinners, and keeping his socks and shirts in faultless order, in scrupulously airing his linen, and warming his slippers on cold winter nights, and being content herself with the veriest scraps and the draughtiest corner, and counting as her highest pleasure a day at Richmond, a walk in the Park, or half-price at the theatre—with *him* of course, without whom even Paris, or the Italian Opera, or a palace in Belgravia were desolation. "Oh, Mr. Denham, do let me send for Mr. Tompkins?" was Angelina's first request. Now Mr. Tompkins was the Esculapius of the Matthews

family, and had recently attended Miss Crumple, and quite restored her nervous system, as she told every one about her; but Cyril did not like him; and indeed why should he call for any medical man, since medicine will not minister to a mind diseased? He sat down in the little library, a tiny room leading out of the hall, a room or closet where no books were, or ever had been, where Mr. Matthews sometimes smoked his pipe, the "powers that be" being favourable, and where people who called on business were generally shown. He sat down because he could not stand, otherwise he would have gone straight to his room and secured himself against intrusion. "No, thank you, Miss Matthews," he replied to Angelina's agonized entreaty, "there is really nothing the matter, only the heat has been too much for me to-day;" and then, compelled by a strict regard for the truth, he added, reluctantly enough, as Angey felt, "and I met an old friend, who—who made me remember many painful circumstances."

"Dear me! I'm very sorry, Mr. Denham. I hope your friend hadn't used you ill? But there! nobody would have the heart to go and use *you* ill, I'm pretty sure!" Angey would have given anything she possessed to know if the friend were of the masculine or feminine gender; somehow her instinct told her the truth, but she spoke as if a female friend were quite out of the question. "I should hate him, if he had done you any harm; I hate him now, for putting you about so, and making you look so pale."

"We will not talk of my friend if you please—my friend indeed no longer. I am better now; you will make my excuses to Mrs. Matthews."

"To be sure I will, and I'll send you something that will do you good; but Ma did count on your being in your place to-day, and so did I."

"Why to-day, Miss Matthews?"

"If you'd only call me Angey now, it would seem not half so stiff, and you one of the family, and have been for this year past! Well!

I wanted you to be at table to-day, because there really is a dinner worth eating!—salmon, and green peas, and lamb, and currant tart, and cherry pie. And Ma wanted you, because of the new comers."

"What new comers, Miss Matthews?"

"There now, 'Miss Matthews' again! why won't you say *Angey*, like all the rest?"

"It would be a liberty; I have no right to call you by your Christian name. But about those new comers, I have heard nothing about them?"

"Why, Mr. Denham, it's been mentioned continually; nothing else has been talked about in the drawing-room; but there! you go away and shut yourself up before the dessert is on the table—no wonder you are in the dark!"

"But you will enlighten me?"

"Oh, yes! They are in the house now, and Miss Somerset is in her room, dressing this very minute. Mamma says she is a beautiful girl. I have not seen her, but Addy says she is a great over-grown thing, looking very bold and fast. I am sure I hope she will not get us into any kind of trouble; it is a pity to have that sort of person in a select family like this."

"But you spoke of more than one arrival; who accompanies Miss Somerset?"

"Oh! her father—a fine-looking man, only I don't quite like his eyes, they seem to me to have a sort of—what do you call it expression?"

"A sinister expression," suggested Cyril.

"Yes! only I never can think of the right word when I want it."

"Then we have a Mr. and a Miss Somerset among us! I hope they may prove an agreeable addition to our circle. But now, if you will excuse me, I will go up-stairs; if I feel better, I will join you in the course of the evening. You will say all that is necessary for me, I am sure."

And Cyril departed, and Angelina lingered a minute or two in the bookless library to say to herself, "I wonder now *who* it was he met!

He is so close about his friends; I am half afraid it is some love-affair that is making him so miserable. Ah! he'll come into a splendid fortune some day, and marry a lady of title, as he ought to do. I know I might as well have fallen in love with one of the planets, or with a prince—Ah! unhappy Angelina!" And Angey glanced commiseratingly on her showy muslin flounces, and heaved a deep, deep sigh, that came, however, from the very bottom of her too susceptible, but really kindly heart.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

LATER in the evening, Cyril feeling really better, and also angry with himself for the emotion he had not been able to suppress, went down stairs, and made his appearance in the drawing-room. Mrs. Matthews was openly, and the young ladies were secretly delighted; only the elder lady resolved to speak to him in a serious motherly way, at the first opportunity, on the impropriety of general negligence of toilet. But Adeline and Angey thought he looked far more interesting than Mr. Gregory, or Mr. Battelbringer, who had donned white waistcoats, and white kid-gloves, to say nothing of very stylish neck-ties in honour of the new arrivals. "And yet," said Adeline Grundison afterwards to Angey, "*they* looked like snobs, as they are, while *he* was quite the gentleman!" "Yes!" cried Angey, enthusiastically, "and if he were working as a navvy, in shirt-sleeves and trousers all over red clay, any one would know him for a gentleman!"

But meanwhile, Mrs. Matthews, who prided herself exceedingly on always doing everything *en ceremonie*, and in accordance with the rules of fashionable etiquette, had taken Cyril's arm and led him up to a tall, elegant young woman, and introduced him to Miss Somerset, and then to Mr. Somerset, a distinguished-looking man, who in some way reminded him of Vivian Gower,

and was therefore regarded with some amount of prejudice.

Now Cyril had been by no means pleased at hearing of Miss Somerset's advent, for he was heartily tired of the underbred airs and graces of the young ladies of the "family," only he had consoled himself with reflecting that it was but for a very little while, since he contemplated giving Mrs. Matthews notice—just four weeks from that day. That encounter in Grosvenor Place more than ever decided him to seek, if not the dusky squaw, at least some foreign clime far away from the land where he had borne so much. But had Cyril really not been a gentleman, he would certainly have betrayed something of the surprise he experienced on being presented to Miss Somerset. He had scarcely thought about her at all, but he had intuitively pictured her as another edition of Angey and Adeline—a nymph, all ringlets or braids, and flounces and ribbons, and little frills, and bad jewellery, with a shrieking soprano voice, and a decided taste for crashing, scrambling fantasias and overtures! But there sat, what seemed at least, a veritable lady, beautiful as Elizabeth herself, dignified, quiet, and attired in very simple and elegant half-mourning, apparently as much out of place in that shabby-genteel drawing-room, as a stately lily among the hedgerow—buttercups and dandelions. Miss Somerset's beauty was of the very highest order; her features were classical, her complexion brilliant, her eyes dark as midnight, and her hair of raven blackness, and silken texture; her voice too was sweet, and her manner gentle though reserved.

She and Cyril became wonderfully intimate before the evening was over. I think it was the vocal *Norma* duet which chiefly drew them together, for though Laura Somerset made no remark, it was not difficult to see that she was ex-cruciated under the infliction of the vile Italian, and the badly rendered passages. Presently, Mrs. Matthews approached and said, "Now, my dear Miss Somerset, I am sure you

play?" Miss Somerset assented. Yes, she played, and she did not say she played a little, or that she was out of practice. "You will favour us then, I am sure?" persisted Mrs. Matthews, in her blandest tones.

"Certainly!" was Laura's answer, "which do you prefer, vocal or instrumental music?"

"Ah! both! both—please." And Mrs. Matthews went into ecstasies with her accomplished boarder on the spot.

Miss Somerset quietly rose, and placed her *bouquet* as a matter of course, in Cyril's hands; it seemed a natural thing to her that men should serve her, as if she had been born a princess; and it was with a very princess-like air that she took her seat at the piano-forte, took off her bracelets, and laid down her embroidered pocket-handkerchief.

"Shall I lend you some music?" said Adeline, officiously, "I dare say yours is not unpacked yet."

"It has not even arrived," returned Miss Somerset; "it comes to-morrow with my own piano. But I will not trouble you. I can recall something, I dare say: I have an excellent musical memory." Adeline and Angey hated her on the spot for her calm superiority and statuesque loveliness; but they would have given all their treasures to be able to sit there as she sat—graceful, unembarrassed, perfectly possessed, and Cyril standing as her vassal, ready to obey her sovereign behests; and they hated her still more when she began to play: her fingers wandered swiftly and accurately over the shaky keys; she brought out tones that no one ever dreamed the poor old instrument possessed; she interpreted Mendelssohn so divinely, that the great master himself could scarcely have wished an accent or a modulation altered. And every one listened in breathless silence till the last passage died away like the echo of sweet bells, not in crashing chords, with the forte pedal on, as was the style of Adeline and Angey's finishes; and then there was an immediate *encore*, to which, however, Miss Somerset refused to listen: "she never repeated herself," she said,

coldly; she would play something else; and while they were all expecting another dreamy *Lied* or *Reverie*, she began one of Beethoven's grandest symphonies, and played it all through perfectly, gloriously, without one faltering note!

"How wonderfully you play!" said Cyril in a half aside, when she was sitting once more with her hands crossed on her lap.

"Yes! I play well," she rejoined; "I ought to be a good performer: I have spent much time and my father has spared no expense in my musical education,—and I love it."

"Conceited thing!" was Angey's private comment.

"Professional, my dear," was Adeline's suggestion; "no one plays like that, who doesn't or hasn't got her living by it, which, thank goodness, we don't, and shall never want to."

Here Mr. Somerset, who had been deep in conversation with Mr. Battelbringer, turned to say, "Give us a song, Laura."

And Laura sang in a rich, deep, contralto voice, that made every one think of the Big Ben chimes, a passionate German love-song, of which no one save Cyril and Mr. Battelbringer understood a single word; but all knew what the words must be, so perfectly was the spirit of the music rendered. Cyril was enchanted, so was Mrs. Battelbringer, who flattered herself that "now indeed she had found a kindred spirit, who would understand and sympathize with all the yearnings and cravings of her own impassioned soul." But Angey and Adeline knew that their day was over: they had reigned supreme as queens of song and harmony (?) Now they both felt that it would be impossible to play Herz's variations, or sing Norma, or "The heart bowed down," in the presence of Miss Somerset. And Miss Crumple very kindly assured them that henceforth their performances would be to Miss Somerset's what small beer was to highest priced champagne! It was not in human nature that these young ladies should not feel their rights and privileges invaded, and their throne usurped. "But

perhaps they won't pay regular," was Angelina's consolation, "and if they don't, Ma will soon get rid of them. All the singing and playing in creation won't go down with her, if they don't settle properly once a week, or once a month, according to arrangement. And I've my doubts about these Somersets, I can tell you; and I shall watch them pretty sharp, and see that they don't take us in, or Mr. Denham either."

"How can they take in Mr. Denham?" asked Miss Crumple, who had been listening to Angey's last remarks. "I should think Mr. Denham is old enough to take care of himself, though he is about as soft a young man as I ever met with."

"I had rather not explain, Miss Crumple," returned Angelina, loftily. "It is not to be expected that you could exactly understand."

"I think I do understand, though: you are afraid Miss Somerset will try to win Mr. Denham's affections! Well, perhaps she may; for I can tell you a secret—never mind how I came by it: Mr. Denham has been jilted by a young lady in Southamshire, the only daughter of a baronet, and a very great beauty and heiress. I don't blame her, not I: if I were a rich young beauty, with life before me, and the world to choose from, I would not marry a man with so little steadfastness and purpose in him as this Cyril Denham you all think so much of."

"Are you sure of what you say, Miss Crumple?" asked Angey, earnestly. Under all her foolishness and coquettish ways, Angelina Matthews kept a true womanly heart, and it bled for Cyril and for his great sorrow; for she believed Miss Crumple, and understood now the strange moods and the solitary evenings of her "bright particular star." The hatred wherewith she hated Laura Somerset and her *Lieds* was nothing to the bitter aversion she entertained towards the unknown Elizabeth Ashburner. She absolutely scorned her: the woman who could deliberately throw away the love of a man like Cyril Denham, and take unto herself another love, must

indeed be despicable: she would not change places with her, no! not for all the wealth of Britain and all the beauty and fascination of a Cleopatra!—for Angey had read and re-read many times Goldsmith's History of Rome; she had profited by her advantages, which were sadly few, poor girl, and she had tried in later days to cultivate her mind, which she was conscious was like a very weedy garden, capable of growing better things. She was wise and good according to her lights, and that is more than can be said for very many of us.

But from that evening Cyril grew brighter, and Angey sadder: Laura Somerset's star was in the ascendant, and Angey's little pallid twinkle died out in the clear lustre of the superior light. She did not know, poor girl, how much she had permitted herself to care for Cyril till now, when she was quite certain that he would never care for her, more than he cared for Addy or Miss Crumple. And she was absent and miserable, and made mistakes in the culinary department down-stairs, and was heartily scolded by her mother for over-salting the hash and under-peppering the imitation curry, and above all for putting too much sugar in the pies! Poor, faithful Angey! these were hard times for her, and her chubby cheeks lost something of their chubbiness and rosy splendours, and she began to have a figure, and actually bought a plain straw bonnet simply trimmed with white, instead of a pink silk construction garlanded with wild convolvuli, on which she had previously set her heart. She thought she would renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world: she even began to wonder whether there were any Protestant convents, wherein to hide her broken heart; and her renunciation of finery was to some purpose, for with a paler, thinner cheek, a slimmer waist, and white instead of pink against her very auburn hair, she looked so interesting, that a young doctor living in the Vauxhall Road became straightway violently enamoured, and declared that he would either wed Angelina Matthews or die a bachelor. And though Angey straightway

refused him, his offer soothed her, and there was every reason to believe that in process of time the medical suitor would be successful, and bear off his bride in triumph to the humble abode which Miss Crumple ill-naturedly designated Gallipot Hall. Meanwhile, Angey brooded over her unrequited affection, and kept a diary, wherein one evening she made the following entry: "My heart is crushed, and my feelings blighted: she has conquered—*she*, the stranger, who knows not what it is to suffer for love's sake. *She* never rose betimes to get a kidney for his breakfast, and then he scolded for it by an unreasonable parent, who has forgotten the days when she was young, and of course in love with somebody, if not Pa! *She* never schemed to get a delicate little dish for dinner, just to suit a failing appetite; *she* never darned his socks on the sly, when he thought the laundress did them; *she* never stole his gloves, and mended them stitch by stitch, and put them back again, and never said a word; *she* never worshipped the air he breathed, or kissed the tea-spoon he had used at tea-time; and yet he sits by her, talking hour by hour: he took her to the Abbey, I know, last Sunday afternoon. I should have thought I was almost in heaven—going to church with him: *she* seemed to take it quite as a matter of course; and she plays to him and sings, and he listens as he never listened to me, though perhaps I can scarcely wonder at that, for I don't think the angels can make much sweeter music than she does, and she knows more about books than I do. Well, if she really can console him, and make amends for that wretched girl down in Southamshire, I must not grumble. Let him be happy. I care not how, so that he is really happy: as for me, I should like to become a Sister of Mercy. I have done with the world, and in religion I shall find my consolation."

This effusion had been called forth from the fact that Cyril and Laura Somerset had really been together to Sunday afternoon service at the Abbey, and that they had a long talk

that evening in the deserted drawing-room, every one else being away, and Angey had surprised them on going in to fetch a book, and knew instinctively that something more than usual had transpired.

Now Laura Somerset was a witch, that is to say, she was a very clever and really handsome young woman, and there were few men who could withstand her spells, which were many and varied, and always precisely suited to the person on whom she worked them. She understood Cyril after she had talked with him five minutes : in two days she knew him perfectly, and divined that he had a story, which she was determined he should tell her. And on that precise evening he did tell her the very history of his life, and all about Elizabeth, Vivian Gower, and his sister—who was faithless as his love—Agnes Craven ! When he had finished the relation, Laura said, "Take courage, Mr. Denham : it was well for you that Miss Ashburner knew her own mind before it was too late. She was not worthy of you ; you may not find a fairer face, but you may, you must find a truer heart. And, after all, Cyril"—somehow they had glided into Cyril and Laura—"after all, what is mere external beauty ? what is rank ? what is wealth ? Give me, rather, simplicity, a humble home, a quiet lot, and true, unchanging love."

"That, and much more, surely Laura Somerset can secure ?"

"I thought so once : I too have had my dream—I have had my meed of suffering ; therefore I know so well what you have borne, and are bearing at this moment. Let us help each other."

Cyril took the extended hand : they were standing together at the window, in the waning twilight of a dull grey evening ; it made him think of that fair April night, when he and Agnes Craven had sealed their compact of friendship. How much had come and gone since then, how many hopes had budded and withered, how many visions had brightened and passed away, and that brief meteoric dazzle of possible wealth that had preceded the

utter darkness ! And something—as it were a gentle spirit-whisper, it might be Agnes' own—told him that it would not be good for him to talk too much with this charming Laura Somerset ; and yet—and yet her sympathy, and the deep glances of her soft dark eyes were very sweet. He did not heed the warning voice : he stood still, and listened to *her* story—a story, like his own, of bitter wrong, and pain and loneliness ; and the slender white fingers trembled in his own, and the red lips quivered, as if the old anguish had come back again, and tears of mingled pride and sorrow rolled down the purely tinted cheek ; and he said to himself, "Why not ? why not ? Why should I, for a careless girl, renounce all future comfort ? Why should she, for a false man's sake, be severed from all the sweetest sympathies of life ?" It was one of those moments when impulse ruled his soul, and he whispered, "Laura, that first fair dream for both of us has melted into air : we have staked, not our all, but much, and we have lost. We are old before our time, but we have life before us ; let us renounce the past, let it be buried from this time forth ; let us begin anew,—and *together* ! You said we might help each other, and we might, but only with such ties to unite us as none on earth might sever. I cannot promise to give you that which I gave to her, but if you are willing to take all I have to give,—it is but little in any sense,—I think it will be for my good, and I trust for your happiness !"

Laura looked steadfastly on the ground, and the small white hand trembled more and more, and while Cyril waited for her answer the same spirit-whisper seemed to ask him, "Is it well that you thus woo a woman of whom you know so little ? Will it indeed be for your good ?" But it was too late now : he had asked the question, and the answer came slowly, but distinctly, "*I am willing.*"

It was all like a dream, that which followed : he was betrothed, Laura was to be his wife, and he kissed the ruby lips that answered to his own,

with a strange sense of having passed through the whole scene before at some remote period of his existence. After all, was it not a dream? would he not awake up, with the green curtains and the amber fringe about him, and find that Laura was but a vision of the night, that he was still free, still counting on the Australian journey, which of late had faded away into a very misty sort of possibility? Ah! how different the first real love-kiss of his life! but that was past and gone, like any other pleasant romance that one reads and puts away—it was over; it would never be again, and Cyril felt as if he had made a business negotiation instead of an offer of marriage. But an offer it was, clear and unmistakable, and, though it did not strike him at the time, Laura accepted him without any reference to her father. An hour afterwards every one in the house knew what had passed, and Cyril had to endure the congratulations and the banter of the whole circle. Mr. Somerset slapped him on the back, and called him "my boy," and his seat at table was changed that he might sit next to Laura; even the servant who waited archly as Mrs. Battelbringer made an elaborate speech on the duties of married women, looking full at Miss Somerset all the while she spoke.

Cyril was desperately annoyed; he was first cross, and then strongly inclined to be haughty and sullen. How could Laura bear it, and smile so sweetly, and even bring to bear a little of her own repartee? He felt now how entirely he had made himself one with these people whom he had hitherto so shunned and so despised; they counted him as one of themselves, as, indeed, why should they not? But to Cyril Denham, of Monkswood, once affianced to Elizabeth Ashburner, once at home at Forest Range, once the friend of Agnes Craven and Janet Anstruther, this was very hard to bear; but the more silent he became, the graver he grew, the more "those detestable men and women" rallied him; and at last Laura whispered to him, "surely you are not vexed, dear Cyril; it is what we all must go through."

"I will go through it no longer!" he said to her in French; "this odious familiarity, this vulgar jesting; how can you endure it?"

Laura looked her surprise; and then Cyril began to fear he had pledged himself to a woman of mere external polish, without innate refinement, without maiden delicacy. Why Elizabeth or Agnes, or any of the young ladies whom he had known, would have escaped ere this; betrothed just one hour! and things had been said, as jokes, of course, but things that had brought the flush of something more than anger to Cyril's cheek.

Somewhat abruptly he withdrew for the night, but his torture was not yet over. Mr. Somerset asked him to step into his room, a very natural request, seeing the relations that were to be established between them, and Cyril had to endure a sort of patronage and palaver that was quite as unpalatable as the coarse impertinences of the others. Strange to say, Mr. Somerset never asked him what his prospects were, never stipulated for any kind of settlement, never said he wished to make any inquiries respecting the antecedents of a man who was to be his son-in-law, and of whom he knew literally nothing. He only pressed for a short engagement. Laura's health had been so shattered, he declared, in that former affair, and he was thinking soon of quitting England, and, of course, desired to leave his daughter safe in her husband's keeping, and much more to the same effect; in short, when did Cyril think of being married? Cyril replied that he had not yet thought about it at all, and if he had told the whole truth, he might have added, that three hours before he had not thought of making Laura Somerset an offer.

It seemed horribly like securing him, this proposal of speedy marriage, and the immediate publishing of the engagement almost in the moment of its birth. Laura had straightway told her father, and he had told everybody. Was this to prevent him from retracting, to hold him the more securely, to put him

at once upon his honour? It seemed terribly like it, and he began to realize the sensations of the fly who stepped into the spider's parlour, and then discovered that he could never come out again.

And when, at last, Cyril sat alone in his chamber he could not believe in his position. It had happened, as it were, in a minute; he had just given way to impulse, and impulse had carried him whither, otherwise, he would never have gone. He groaned aloud as he thought of himself as bound for life to Laura Somerset; it flashed upon him now that she had angled for him from the first, that he had walked into the spider's parlour with his eyes wide open, and that, lament it as he might, he could never disentangle himself from the web he had helped to weave for his own capture and undoing. Pleasant reflections these for a young man who has just proposed and been accepted! But Cyril is not the first young man who has been placed in such painful circumstances; he is not the only one who has followed the impulse of the moment, to his own great misery. There was a time when Cyril had said, "I will be strong, *God helping me*;" but now he did not call on God to help him, or to guide him; his wrongs had hardened him, and he had become cold, reckless, even sceptical. Oh! these impulses, were they not, after all, a sort of insanity? But he could not refuse to ratify his new engagement on the plea of being partially insane; he was in the spider's parlour, and sane or insane he must stay there.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GRECO-ROMAN SALOON.

A few days after meeting Cyril in Grosvenor Place, Elizabeth returned to Forest Range. The season was over, it had been an unusually brilliant one, and the beautiful Miss Ashburner had been more admired than any other *débutante*. She had received several excellent offers, but without any reference to her parents she had rejected them all, in one

case greatly to the chagrin of Sir John, who thought that the proposed alliance was in every way calculated to ensure his daughter's happiness. The rejected suitor was a young man of high principle and acknowledged worth, her equal in position, more than her equal in prospects—a rising man, everybody said, one whose voice would be heard at no distant period in the senate of his country, a man whom women generally liked,—strong, yet tender, steadfast, and yet suave, a scholar, an orator, and no mean poet. And for his sins he fell in love with Elizabeth Ashburner, and hoped to make her his wife; but his hopes were at once defeated, since Elizabeth unhesitatingly told him that she was already engaged.

Sir John rose up in great wrath when he heard that his favourite had been rejected, and upon such a plea;—his daughter was not engaged, he begged to assure Mr. Trevanion: a profligate, gambling *roué* in their own neighbourhood had proposed, but he, as her father, had forbidden him the house, and he would sooner see his only child in the grave than the wife of such a man; and on this point Lady Ashburner and himself were entirely agreed.

But it was vain that Sir John said yes, while Miss Ashburner said no. Sydney Trevanion was not the man to woo an unwilling bride, and he went away to his own place in Cornwall, and Sir John had a very serious interview with his daughter, and spoke to her more severely than he had ever done before.

"Why did you say you were engaged," he asked, angrily, "when you knew it was not the truth?"

Elizabeth was silent. Sir John continued:—"To whom did you refer—speak, Elizabeth, I will be answered!"

"I will tell mamma," sobbed Elizabeth.

"You will tell me, Miss Ashburner; you will not leave this room till you answer my question."

"Of course, papa, I referred to Vivian—to Mr. Gower!"

"Elizabeth, are you mad, or wicked? You never were engaged to that man; he knows full well that I will never give you to him, and he knows *why*! It is not fit that I should speak to you of some of his iniquities, but I may tell you that he is a practical infidel, that he drinks and gambles, that he pays his court to women whom society will not recognize. No pure-minded girl could be happy as Vivian Gower's wife, not even as his betrothed."

"He has enemies, I know," said Elizabeth, sullenly, "and they have traduced him. He was wild once; he told me so."

"How dare he tell you so," interposed Sir John, "how dare you listen to him?"

"But all has been changed since he knew me; he is very good and steady now; it is not like you, papa, to set yourself against any one who has repented of the past, and commenced to live a Christian life!"

"A Christian life, my child? how bitterly you are deceived! There is not one particle of Christianity in Vivian Gower. He knows nothing even of morality, of honour. Do you not know that Miss Gower has left her brother?"

"I know that Katie has gone to stay with her aunt in Devonshire."

"Ask your mamma why; I cannot tell you."

"Papa, I first saw Vivian Gower in your presence at Forest Range."

"I know you did, Elizabeth, and the invitation which I extended to him when Katie Gower was asked to visit you I regard as the most fatal error of my life. When he appeared the second time at Forest Range you were virtually affianced to Cyril. It was more on Agnes' account than yours that I so quickly closed my doors against him. I did not then know that which I now know concerning him, but the feeling of distrust I could not help entertaining towards him from the very first, deepened continually. He spoke of sacred things sneeringly, lightly, and he spoke of women, once or twice, as no good and

honourable gentleman would ever speak. Elizabeth, I must have your solemn promise that you never again hold the slightest converse with this man. Give me your word that no speech shall henceforth pass between you."

"I cannot," said Elizabeth, firmly.

"Very well; I must take measures accordingly. Vivian Gower, I believe is now on his road to Norway; when he returns he will not find you at Forest Range."

"You will not send me to school, papa?"

"No, you are too old for that, and too unmanageable, and no one knowing how matters stand would undertake the responsibility, though I believe if I were a Romanist I should shut you up in some convent till you were of age. As, however, my strong Protestant principles forbid any measure of the kind, I shall adopt another course; your mother and I have already talked it over. Agnes Craven has long been delicate, and has given us uneasiness: though she is now of age, and at liberty to reside where she chooses, she elects to remain with us, at least for the present. It is partly on her account that I wish to spend a year or two in travelling. Forest Range will be shut up while we are absent."

Elizabeth seemed thunderstruck, but no more was said at that time. Her mother spoke to her again very firmly, but most lovingly; she was sorely grieved that her daughter should withhold her confidence, for nothing would win Elizabeth to be explicit. She took refuge in a sullen taciturnity that was really more exasperating than her old tearful moods. I often wondered at Lady Ashburner's matchless patience. I lost mine I know, and Agnes Craven sometimes lost hers. We could only hope that some one else less objectionable in every point of view would quickly supersede Vivian Gower, as he had superseded Cyril Denham.

Only a day or two remained before we were to return to Southamshire, to make preparations for the continental journey, which was to com-

ance early in September. We were going to spend the autumn in Normandy and Brittany, then a week or two in Paris, and for the winter, Nice was to be the place of our abode. Vivian Gower, we understood, would not be at Monkswood till after we had quitted Forest Range, and in the mean time, Elizabeth was never to walk out by herself, and the letter-bag at coming and going was to pass through the hands of Sir John or Lady Ashburner. Sad arrangements these, and most painful to all concerned, but quite necessary, since Elizabeth steadily refused to give the promise which would at once have set her free from all *espionage*. I began to think that Vivian Gower must have added sorcery to his iniquities; for surely nothing short of infatuation could have induced a daughter hitherto loving, and for the most part amenable to lawful authority, thus to set herself in the attitude of rebellion against the best of parents. I could see nothing in the man to attract, much less to fascinate a girl brought up as Elizabeth had been, a girl too, who at one time believed herself deeply attached to Cyril Denham; on the contrary, there was much to repulse, to shock, even to terrify a tenderly nurtured maiden trained in the precepts of a pure religion, and carefully shielded from all the contaminating influences of vice and a lax morality. Elizabeth had grown up in an atmosphere of purity and peace; hers had ever been in its highest, truest sense a Christian home, where intellectual pleasures abounded, and the spirit of beauty and refinement reigned,—and now! It was altogether most unexplicable, most depressing, and the days were dark and dreary for us all. Lady Ashburner especially suffered; mild and gentle as ever, and speaking but seldom on the one theme which ever occupied her thoughts, we knew that her sorrow was almost greater than she could bear, and her health failed, and for her also, the continental journey seemed imperative.

I have been speaking now of the first few days we spent at Forest Range, as well as of the close of our

sojourn in Grosvenor Place; but I must go back to the last day but one previous to our leaving town, ere I proceed to what remains to tell of the space that intervened between our quitting town and starting for Dieppe. Agnes, who inherited her father's antiquarian proclivities, was anxious to pay one more visit to the Græco-Roman saloons of the British Museum. Thither we went, prepared to spend a long morning, and while I was earnestly contemplating that bust of a beautiful woman in a cluster of leaves which is generally supposed to be Clytie rising from the heliotrope, I saw Agnes, who was at some little distance correcting her previous sketch of the *Ariadne*, suddenly step forward and give her hand to a gentleman who had just entered the room from the staircase.

It was Cyril Denham, but so altered from the Cyril I had known from boyhood, that but for Agnes's recognition, I should not have been quite sure of his identity. He was looking ill and worn, but it was not so much the physical weakness I could trace in every feature, which shocked me, as the strange, new expression, which shone out in those once beautiful eyes. It was Cyril in the flesh that stood before us, but Cyril with another spirit than that with which Agnes and I were so familiar. I trembled for Agnes, for though no syllable of confidence had ever passed between us, I knew her secret—her well-kept secret—perfectly! I knew it as it were by intuition, for I too had had a great trial in my youth; I had known her sorrow, aye, and a heavier sorrow than hers, and it made me very pitiful and tender, and quick to discern in others whom I loved the same signs of suffering. Agnes, like a wise woman, made no moan, except to God and to her own heart; though poetic in her temperament to a high degree, there was nothing sentimental in her nature, and she went on her way cheerfully, shedding a calm and happy light on all around her, and the source of blessing to many an one who came within the sphere of her influence. Oh! Cyril, if you had but known, if you had but

paused awhile before your impulse had sealed itself by action!

But I feared for Agnes now, for the meeting was totally unexpected, and it must have wrung her heart, even more than it wrung mine to see the wreck that Cyril was. I need not have disquieted myself, however; when I had spoken to Cyril, and looked again at Agnes, her face was perfectly calm yet grave, though there was, perhaps, the slightest tinge of colour on her pure pale cheek. We talked a little, as one always does in such circumstances, on indifferent subjects; none of us at first dared to say that which was trembling on the lips. It was Agnes at last, who made some remark which drew from Cyril an answer of intense bitterness.

"I do not understand you," she said, gently.

"Do you not? Well, then, it is simply this, I care very little about what the future may bring forth; that it will be evil I cannot doubt."

"Seeming evil often turns to good, Cyril."

"Ah! that is what good books and sermons teach us, it is what Sally Hawkes preaches; but you see, Agnes, I have no faith."

"No faith! oh, Cyril! oh, my poor friend."

"If you and others had kept better faith with me, I might not now have been as utterly faithless and unbelieving as I am."

"Cyril, those are dreadful words. But I, how can I be accused of want of faith?"

"You promised to be my sister."

"And have I ever failed you?"

"All this weary spring and summer not one word have I received from you; all these weeks you have been in town, not once have I seen your face."

"In answer to the first charge, you never wrote to me; my last letter to you, written late in March, remains unanswered; could I have forced my correspondence on you? I thought you probably connected me with—with all that has been so painful to you; we all thought the same, and we could not wonder at it, though we were very sorry. If you

had sent me one line, I should have written to you fully."

"Then you have not lost all interest in your ne'er-do-well, luckless brother?"

"My brother has done many things well, by God's help he will do many better things in time to come. As for *luck*, he has nothing to do with it, luck is for the heathen, *Providence* for Christians."

"I am no Christian, Agnes, I tried to be one once, but God has forsaken me."

"Never! I dare say you have forsaken God, and He has hidden His face from you, but He who cannot lie, who cannot change, has said, 'I will never leave you, I will not forsake you.' All else may change, Cyril, all else forsake. God, your Father, never will. If you have wandered into the far country, come back again; do not wait till you are starved, but come back now, and your Father will meet you a long way off, and take you to His arms again."

"I cannot come back. In nowise can I retrace my steps, Agnes. Ah! you do not know."

"If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."

"It is small, and I hate and despise myself; there seems no longer any room for action, it is useless to hope, to strive."

"You deceive yourself, one may always hope on this side the grave, one may always strive lawfully and patiently, being sure that in His own good time, God will crown all effort with success."

"All effort? Oh! Agnes, you women know so little about the world. For one who wins the race, how many lose it!"

"All do not lose who seem to lose, Cyril. The seeming loss is often real gain. There are hours when we feel that we have failed, and long afterwards we learn that in so failing we won the victory. Take courage, my brother, go on in the straight path, keep innocence and strive lawfully in God's holy name, and peace will come at last, even here on earth—and Cyril, I often think that peace is better than what we call joy, nay

it is the deepest, truest joy, the peace that passeth understanding, for it glorifies the meanest things below, and keeps in full view the brightness of the world to come."

"Agnes, when I first knew you, you did not feel thus."

"No. I had not come then to the simple truth."

"What is the truth? I think I shall try my hand at authorship, and write a book or booklet entitled *Quid est veritas?*" He spoke in that hard mocking tone which had pained us so much when he began to speak.

Agnes replied solemnly, "Christ is TRUTH," and she bowed her head, as she uttered the sacred name.

"But Truth is many-sided."

"It is. And Christ has many aspects, each one, it seems to me, lovelier, more glorious, and more precious than the other."

"Agnes, I cannot understand faith—such faith."

"Never mind faith! Concern yourself about Christ, think of Him, go to Him, throw yourself on Him."

"But the Bible says, 'By faith are ye saved.'"

"If I snatched you from the flames with this hand, it would be by the hand that you were rescued, but it would be I who saved you. Look to Christ, and faith will be yours."

"Oh, that I had met you a fortnight since, even a week ago. I have made a fatal mistake, and it cannot be retrieved, but I will write to you. I have already overstayed my time. Good-bye, my best friends!" and he wrung our hands in his own impulsive way, and was gone before we could exchange adieux. Agnes was very unwell that evening, and kept her room on the plea of headache, but the last thing at night, she said, as she kissed me, "Janet, you will join your prayers with mine for him, will you not?"

THE PRIDE OF THE LATYMERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "FROM DARK TO DAWN IN ITALY," ETC.

XVI.

WHAT IS PESCARA?

OUR nervous exile recovered himself sufficiently, by lapse of time and judicious refreshment, to pen a letter of considerable length. He was particular about it, and destroyed more than one sheet of the delicate pink paper,—thin as a rose-petal, and about which hung a dreamy odour of the same,—before he had accomplished the effusion to his satisfaction. The odd Italian handwriting gave to our mother-English a foreign look; but there were two or three veritable strophes of Dantesque verse interspersed, perhaps not to be found in the existing editions of the poets. Next day this letter cost him further pains. For instead of entrusting it in a common-place manner to the box of the post-office, a person of Pescara's continental astuteness must needs watch until the mail-car actually drove up with twanging horn, and then walk casually into the office, see his epistle stamped

before his eyes, and consigned to the bag with the big brass label and lock, representing the inviolable honour of the British Government. Had a postmaster of proper mental firmness been administrator, he could not have had the satisfaction of witnessing either operation; but the widow who managed the department at Kyle could not resist the foreign gentleman's beautiful moustache and black eyes: her shutter flew open at his tap, performed with the neatest filbert nails in the world. She would have trusted that moustache with stamps to a ruinous extent; nay, she would have endowed it with the post-office and fancy shop annexed: what snowy borders and coquettish weepers had it cost her too confiding bosom! Pescara had his letters earlier than any one else in the village: sent special, with the widow's respects. And she did not believe a word of the calumny about pistols and daggers, nor think the large cloak was sinister—only "military."

Turning from the office, not all unconscious of his attractions for the susceptible fair one within, Pescara beheld Mr. Latymer approaching; and was glad that the letter was already posted.

"I came to speak with you; can I have a few words in private?"

The Italian led the way to his exceeding narrow stair-case a few doors off, which creaked ominously under the ascending weight. And there was the orange-tree with an additional leaf, set full in the sunlight.

"My dear friend, your dread of spies is excessive."

"I have suffered!" returned Pescara, in his melodramatic way. Mr. Latymer extended his romantic hand, and pressed the other's consolingly.

"It occurred to me that a short statement of our international laws might reassure you."

"Ah, how kind! *qual benignita!*"

Mr. Latymer had a short set of notes in his pocket-book, drawn up in the neatest way like heads of a discourse, which he had spent his morning in compiling from various arid works in his library. From them Pescara learned that his safety on British soil by no means depended on his ability in hiding himself, for that the Government never gave up political offenders: extradition treaties referred only to criminals; but to patriots, not at all.

"Then it is not a crime to love one's country! and to show tokens like this," caressing his scar with a finger, "that one has loved her! O beneficent English people!"

"I was to blame for not setting you at ease before now on the subject," said his informant. "But I investigated that musical vagrant whose appearance seemed to alarm you; and though his story hung very well together, I ordered him to make no stay in the village—to move on, as the London police say: acting in my magisterial capacity."

"Thanks, thanks, my dear gentleman. What should a poor exile do without such a friend!"

He sat cogitating for some time after Mr. Latymer had withdrawn, and twirling his moustache at both

ends, in his abstraction, till he had it almost as pointed as the Hungarian's, which ends in a single bristle.

Mr. Chetwynd was consoling himself in the evening for a terrible bad "practice" of his choir, by playing over the *Vexilla Regis*, when his neighbour's filbert nails tapped at his door.

"With your great comforter, music!" he remarked, advancing.

"Aye, I wonder it is not yours, and all men's."

"I think that strain scarcely belongs to the Protestant Church," said Pescara, bending his ear.

"Belongs to the Universal Church. I should say," quoth the curate, "though the Roman branch of it may have adopted it most. Good music is cosmopolitan, and ought to be a voice of all true souls. But what do you know about the *Vexilla Regis*?"

"What, indeed? Let me try old memories;" and he assumed Mr. Chetwynd's place at the instrument. The first touch proved that he was no novice, and as he gave up himself to the enjoyment, it was clear that his performance could be even more excellent. The curate was surprised at the training of his voice.

"You are scarcely to be called an amateur: you have studied, and studied carefully. Oh that I had such a tenor in my church! But it is quite disheartening: I cannot get the congregation to appreciate the service of song, though I have told them that I consider it the highest object of my ministry to organize such."

A momentary memory came over him of his churchwarden, Mr. Charley's subsequent reply—"I hope you will yet see that the highest aim of the ministry is to be a fellow-worker with God in saving souls." But then, that was only his evangelical way of putting it; and Rev. Oriel Chetwynd had learned to despise evangelicals. His spirit yearned for the "plain-song," which they would not tolerate.

And now here was Pescara, pouring forth whole Latin services: in plain-song, passing from that to the "Iste Confessor" and "Dies Irae," enchanting the curate's educated ears,

Never had he suspected his fellow-lodger of such abilities. The cloak of silence and secrecy which enveloped the exile's inner man quite as closely as the military mantle wrapt his outer, was slipped aside for the nonce, in so far as to reveal an unusual memory of music and power of improvisation. Operatic songs flowed from him like the alphabet. "Almost professional!" said the curate in his admiration. Upon which Pescara rose from the instrument, and exhibited his talents no more. The moral cloak seemed to fold about him again, which had been loosed by the melodies of his nation.

"I thought the squire's family here sympathized with your changes," said he, reverting to Mr. Chetwynd's parochial squabbles. "At least one member of it is reported to have the deepest interest in everything her pastor does."

The curate reddened intensely. "I have—I have no reason to think so," said he, and then he turned sedately to his Italian lesson, which he received bi-weekly from the exile. He prided himself on a presence of mind, which his girlish complexion was always gainsaying. And was he quite clear about the correctness of his own words—"I have no reason to think so?" Did ever man exist, or woman either, who was not aware of the special interest of whatever other soul honoured him so far?

The curate was not sorry when his lesson—and an undercurrent of ideas much more troublesome—were interrupted by the arrival of a visitor, even though that visitor proved to be the uncongenial Mr. Charley, who entered with his usual frank and cordial manner, enough to thaw a frozen heart, though not enough to melt one bound up in the ice of sacerdotal selfishness.

Mr. Charley never threw away any of his visits, for time was to him part of the property intrusted to his spending by his Master in Heaven; and he had a purpose in this one. Could he obtain Mr. Chetwynd's co-operation in an effort which he was making for the benefit of the

neighbourhood,—the establishment of a Scripture Reader in the village?

Viewing it as an unhallowed handling of clerical subjects by a laic, the curate confessed that he was rather prejudiced against that class of persons. He had heard various facts, and forthwith repeated the calumnies; which is one of Satan's most approved means of damaging the work of God.

How must the Arch-fiend exult, when he gets his own foul work as "Accuser of the Brethren" done for him, perchance by Christian lips! And sometimes it takes the form of that sin which is condemned by St. Paul in the words, "Quench not the Spirit, despise not prophesyings." A solemn thought is, that we may actually be doing this by censuring what our short sight does not approve in other Christians' modes of obeying their Lord's command, "Occupy till I come." Most slow should we be to utter such disapproval, most ready to take the kindest view of a brother's work and career.

"Besides," continued Mr. Chetwynd, "if there were no other objection than the aspect which such a movement bears to our brethren of the unreformed communion, such as this gentleman"—indicating Pescara, with a gentle bow.

"Refer to me? no!" said that foreigner, with an emphatic gesture. "Read the Bible as much as you please for me!" and he shrugged his shoulders like a true descendant of Gallio. "Enlightened minds all over the world—but pardon, you are a cleric."

The cleric's eyes were not those which burned with boldest light on this occasion. The layman asked, "Pray, have you ever read the Book, sir?"

"No," replied Pescara, with another satirical shrug: but it was not very effectual in conveying his meaning—that such reading would be worthless: the intensity of belief in the soul of the man who spoke to him overbore his indifferentism somewhat.

"If I were to tell you," added Mr. Charley, "that the Italian language which you come to teach my daugh-

ters was the merest jargon—an incomprehensible gibberish—(and I could get people enough in this village to back my assertion), what would you reply?"

Pescara said nothing, foreseeing the drift of the illustration; but his glittering eyes were attentive.

"Naturally you would say, 'You cannot judge, Mr. Charley: you acknowledge that you cannot read or understand Italian; but study it a little, and see how beautiful it will become!' So say I to you, and with a thousand times more reason."

Pescara bowed courteously, probably rather to his best paymaster than to the holder of such insular opinions. As for Mr. Charley, he was narrow-minded enough to have certain doubts, while driving home that night, as to whether the sceptic was a safe tutor for his young daughters. They never ought to hear those deplorable doubts. He scarcely believed in the unwritten code of laws, which modern philosophers assure us exists in "moral intuition," sufficient to guide one into all virtue, and keep one upright much more readily than the fear of God; and thought that when a man was his own standard of right and wrong, he was tolerably apt to do whatever seemed good in his own eyes. Pescara was surely in a self-revealing mood this evening; for some reason or other he was stepping out of what orientals call the Shoes of Silence, and perhaps exposing a cloven foot unwittingly. Mr. Charley bought a handsome Italian Bible, in a cover so valuable that the far more valuable pages were likely to be preserved for the sake of their binding, and gave it to Pescara a few days afterwards, with some earnest words about the eternal life that he must needs live, and concerning the manner of which he yet had a choice. Next day the donor received a note written in the most exalted style of injured exile, withdrawing from his engagement as Italian teacher. There had been a reflection upon his honour! What Pescara could bear it, though he was penniless and helpless in a foreign land! Which observation

puzzled good Mr. Charley exceedingly; but then he had not come of a far descended line of the blue-blooded, in whom the nervous system of honour has been developed into a fineness inconceivable by ordinary mortals, till a feather's touch can make it wince. Likewise there was in the note an obscure hint of coming prosperity and triumph, which the simple-minded and straight-forward recipient was equally slow to comprehend.

Had that letter anything to do with it? Franked by our marvellous modern Penny, the roseate letter had gone across land, and the broad-armed restless sea, and green land again, pressing into its service the fleetest trains and the finest steamboats; compelling the convenience of all travellers to wait upon its exigencies, until it came safely to hand with the person who might be called its final cause. And linked to itself another letter of the same sort, which the sensitive widow of the post-office observed with jealous discernment was inscribed in a lady's handwriting. So of more than one—more than twain; until the widow's heart sank within her, and it became a strong exertion of self-abnegation to send them early to the false Signor. But, as she remarked with emotion to her intimate crony, she was used to being trampled on.

Mr. Charley's Scripture Reader came to the village: his patron having judiciously secured him a cabin within eye-shot of the police barrack, judging that he would need more protection than other men. For Father Sylvester announced his intention of giving him the very hottest spiritual reception; and from the altar warned his flock against being drawn aside by "souper" artifices. They were a poor, down-trodden, persecuted people, he told them, who had no justice to expect from Saxons and Protestants, and especially from black Northerns (a hit at Mr. Charley): their only treasure was the faith of their fathers, and of this the base hirelings of power and wealth wanted to deprive them. A good deal more of an inflammable nature followed, till the women of the congregation

could easily have set up the Irish cry over their wrongs.

This formally opened the campaign. The puny opposing force made his lodgment in the village—a subdued hunted-looking man, accustomed to Ishmael's treatment, because of his vocation, and his adherence to the Word of the living God. He seemed an odd enemy to fear; but fear him portly Father Sylvester did, and put in motion all the terrors of his unlegislated laws of that secret ghostly tyranny which has crushed so many. No money could buy provisions or other necessities for that poor man and his family. Not a farmer's wife in the vicinage but would deem herself unworthy of her church if she sold a cup of milk for his little children. Mr. Charley had to provide actual food. No neighbour's foot ever crossed the threshold of the cottage, any more than if the Reader dwelt in a desert island. He passed along the street, and met with nothing but scowls and averted glances, if not open execrations. Why? The warm-hearted Celtic nature had been turned to gall by a priest's curse.

We write "of things we do know." There is an amusing description in the Ingoldsby ballads of an episcopal curse, ending with the refrain which makes the joke, "Nobody seemed a penny the worse!" Father Sylvester's malediction was not half so imposing (though he did shut a book and blow out a tallow taper), but it certainly was most effectual to the end he intended—that forcing the people to be inhuman to the Reader. For if anybody spoke a friendly word to him, or performed the smallest friendly office, that man became liable to all the pains and penalties denounced upon the heretic himself, which included most known diseases, and one at least invented for the occasion—the melting away of the marrow in his bones.

So the Reader had plenty of persecution, and would probably have found a lighted coal in his thatch some night, only for the surveillance of the police-barrack and its green-coated defenders. If he showed himself on a market-day he was

hustled and stoned. Once he was severely beaten by an excited religionist with a shillelah. Every day he was hooted and hissed. All the children in the place had bad names for him.

"None of the great teachers have taught us that to be reviled is any signal misfortune, and there has been One, the Greatest, who has pronounced it to be fraught with blessing!" But it must have the qualifying cause—"For my name's sake!"

XVII.

BERESFORD'S DISCOVERY.

It cannot be said that Dora Charley was wearing away existence in pining for her absent lover. Perhaps that unhappy state of things occurs more frequently in volumes purporting to portray real life, than in real life itself. Certainly she had irrepressible seasons of sadness, when she was apt to connect the dull aching with Lancelot, and to console herself by surrounding his image with tender thoughts, like immortal wreaths in a hidden shrine. How much more noble and worthy he appeared in the transmutations of her imagination than he was in reality, only those who have similarly borne a memory in the glamour of a strong affection can tell. He would surely have disowned the glorified portrait himself. But what alchemy is like a girl's love, for causing base metal to assume the glitter of fine gold?

Her father had spoken to her wise words, and given her a wise and strengthening sympathy. She had not been trained by a course of novel-reading to deem self-indulgence in loving regrets her duty as a heroine. For, as a great author says, "With women there is the special danger that fiction has hitherto been apt to tell them that they are nothing if they are not loved, and to fill their heads with the most untrue views of human life. Fiction must not represent love as always such a very fine thing, or as tending invariably to felicity; thus ignoring the trials of

wedded life, and of affection generally—as if life were cut into two parts, one all shade, the other all light. We cannot school Love much; but sometimes he might be induced to listen to reason. At any rate all must agree that much mischief may be done by unsound representations of human life in this very important respect." It is a thing to be assured of, that there is no more fertile source of the unhappiness of young people, than dwelling on such false pictures until their everyday existence seems bald and cold.

Not having this disadvantage, Dora was presently able to turn a cheerful face to the commonplaces of home; and as the weeks went on she brightened even more. Plenty of gladness was still upon earth for her, and a distant hope like a rainbow. But why did not Margaret and herself indulge in the delicious confidences of sentimentalism, and thus keep alive the lambent flame? How many a girl's peace is thus destroyed, by the keeping up of remembrances which had best be let fade as merciful time would fade them! As well irritate a flesh-wound by continual opening of the bandages to examine progress, as essay to mend a broken happiness by over-scrutiny and attempts at comforting. Nature has a wonderful *vis medicatrix* in both cases, if she is permitted to exercise it with her own ineffably soothing skill.

The Charley girls would fain have been friends with Beresford, and used to glance wistfully at her from the pew in church; at least so did Dora, but Margaret felt resentful of the manner in which their alliance had been scorned by the Latymers, and it literally interrupted her prayers for a long time. The uncharitable feeling would rise up again and again, and she was even vexed at what she called her sister's "meekness." Dora would indeed have given a good deal for some opportunity of making real acquaintance with Lancelot's sister: but Lancelot's mother had drawn the cordon tighter than ever between the two families. Pescara's popularity increased immensely when his with-

drawal from the bourgeois family was known.

"I suppose, with his aristocratic tendencies, he could not tolerate their vulgar pretension," observed Mrs. Latymer, who was pruning her plumage after a visit from the Countess Bar-sinister, consequently was more unreasonably patrician than ever.

"Mother," said Beresford, roused in spirit, "how do you know that he is anything aristocratic?" We have really no proof whatever. I don't think he has ever asserted it himself."

"Your aunt seems quite satisfied on that point," said Mrs. Latymer. "Indeed, he carries his pedigree in his appearance; do you think I could be deceived in the classical contour of his head, the delicate hands, the small ear?—that especially. Beresford; good blood always comes out in the ear. But perhaps you never noticed his ears?"

"I cannot say that I have," replied Beresford. "I own that I look at the gentleman as little as possible." And she bent again over her copying. It was music for the parish choir; she did a good deal of pretty hard labour for the curate, having a craving for usefulness. Mrs. Latymer could see no harm in any intimacy with their clergyman, consequently Beresford was consulted on all the parish plans, and heard all his woes about insufficient ritualism, and went down to teach at the school twice a week, and often poured in her rich voice at the choir practice, to the comfort of Mr. Chetwynd's ears. And so Beresford was drifting, drifting, as many a one has done before her.

The first time she was brought face to face with the fact, was when a report was repeated to her of the curate's probable marriage with Margaret Charley. "Such a suitable match!" said the doctor's wife, with her eyes firmly fixed on Miss Latymer, whose proclivities were suspected. "Of course she has a good deal of money, and as to family, a man like him cannot expect to get everything. Besides, the Church is always rank, no matter who a clergyman marries,

and I consider him very fortunate indeed!"

Beresford knew that she blushed cruelly under those gimlet eyes, and was enraged with herself for the involuntary weakness. Mrs. Splints retailed that blush with deepening dyes to all her particular friends, and pitied Miss Latymer greatly. "Such a clever girl too! always writing, and that sort of thing—quite a blue-stocking. Dear, dear, it is quite shocking to think how easily men can trifle with a girl's affections, and that there is no punishment whatever. I'm sure I wonder the Queen does not make a law about it."

Meanwhile Beresford had looked out, and found herself on the verge of a precipice. She was startled to perceive the effect of that piece of gossip on herself, she could not have believed it; she was angry, she was humiliated; all the pride of the Latymers (and, what is intenser, all the proper pride of a true woman's heart) sprang up in arms. She, Beresford Latymer, love unsought, love without being loved! Impossible! But presently the haughty crest sank down, the proud light in her fine eyes faded, and a few bitter drops flowed from them. The truth forced itself upon her, that she thought more, cared more, than she ought,—than was safe for her own peace. Otherwise, why this pain?

And he, what had he ever done to justify a preference on her part? Nothing tangible, nothing large; but a thousand trifles rose to her remembrance, light as air, perhaps, valueless as the down-feather which nevertheless can tell the current of the winds. Could it be—

Beresford would not nurture the supposition for a moment. Sense enough was left to know that starvation, ejection, is the only cure for such fancies. She would withdraw from all places where she was likely to meet him, she would occupy herself otherwise, she would crush it out. No more parish school, where she was sure to see his face, no more parish choir, where she was sure to be charmed by his voice. But what aspect would this bear to the public, and to Mrs. Splints in particular?

Beresford's present mood did not care. At all hazards she would do it.

But when it came to be actually done, she discovered what a principal part of the light and gladness of her life lay in those petty receptions, and that friendly intercourse. So empty and dismal seemed the days, that her decision wavered. Perhaps more regard ought to be paid to public opinion. People would certainly talk. Yet she must save herself from the cruel pain that she felt might be thus stored for her. Better a little dreariness now, than shipwreck of heart by-and-by.

I think she would have conquered in this contest, for hers was no weak puling nature that cannot hold itself in curb, but for an incident soon occurring. It was at a dinner-party given by Lord Bar-sinister. Beresford always tired greatly of these stiff and solid reunions, but her mother would not hear of her absence. A strong shadow over her latterly was the consciousness of their heavily diminished means, which rendered even the expense attendant on evening dress a matter for consideration, however, she could only obey.

In that pause for the gathering of the clans before dinner, when a double dullness appears to settle upon all guests, and the average human intellect makes its nearest approach to imbecility; when the weather is analysed with a minuteness which ought long since to have reduced it to one of the exact sciences, if millions of observations have any tendency to produce correctness of generalization; when the gentlemen stand like storks upon a housetop in conclaves, looking just as solemn and responsible, and casting glances of apprehension to where the ladies sit apart in knots of many colours; Beresford was sheltered under the maternal wing amid one of these last, when Mr. Chetwynd entered. He was a man particularly graceful in drawing-rooms, and had a natural ease of manner which made his way everywhere; his observer could see that even my Lady Bar-sinister was favourably

prepossessed by the two minutes' reception which was all she could afford to the handsome curate. Beresford had not expected to see him, and why was she so glad at heart? The minute afterwards a certain resentment kindled, and she became so very interested in the conversation of an old lady on her left (who was recommending red flannel as a specific for her mother's neuralgia), that Mr. Chetwynd could not catch her eye, try as he would, from his seat among the confabulating storks. Presently, confident in the favourable sentiment wherewith ladies of all ages regard the clergy, he began to work his way round the skirts of the aforesaid coloured knots, from fair parishioner to fair parishioner, and was received in a manner which might have suggested to other of the gentry the happiness of following his example. But the slow souls did not comprehend. Beresford had rapidly to make up her mind that a marked alteration in manner would never do, when he was before her, saying in his peculiarly musical tones, "I feared you were ill; and the school does very badly without you, Miss Latymer."

"I am glad I have been of so much use," faltered the young lady, having been within an ace of saying, "I am glad I have been so much missed." And she added something about other engagements; but do what she would, she could not be cool and unconstrained, and only hoped her cheeks were not flaming. The summons to dinner came as a relief, and the curate was paired off with somebody else. Beresford's cavalier was an old major, who was brimful of news concerning the war brewing in the East, and already slowly concentrating towards Sebastopol. Things military always interested her, on account of her brother Hugh, and the fortunes of the Hundredth Hussars were, of course, very near her heart.

But when the ladies had retired to await in the drawing-rooms the advent of those who loved wine better than their company, Beresford began to dread Mr. Chetwynd's reappearance. 'She was trying with

all her might to be entertained with a Book of Beauty, and wondering why we never in real life behold any persons of such faultless loveliness. (for the lyricist's words are most true, as may be verified by any photographic album—)

"I walk the street, it makes me start
To see the motley faces there;
My heart inquireth of my heart
Why are the beautiful so rare?"

when she heard sounds betokening the gentlemen's approach, "and on the spur of the moment, made her escape into the conservatories. Various acquaintances were perambulating here before her amid the radiance and perfume of the flowers; but soon there was a grand exodus in the direction of the music-gallery, whence the organ was sounding, under the fingers of the Lady Barginister herself. By-and-by, a quartette was wanting, and Beresford was hunted up for the contralto part; and in the chatter succeeding (when everybody indemnifies himself doubly for silence during the song) the basso at her [elbow found opportunity to say—

"I have been asked such a singular question just now: whether I was not going to marry Miss Charley."

Beresford tried hard to look as if it was a neutral question to her; moved her bracelet so as permanently to damage the clasp, and remarked, "I hope you were able to give a satisfactory answer?"

"Perhaps you may not consider it satisfactory. I said, decidedly I could not have that honour."

"They seem nice girls," said Beresford, in default of anything else.

"You heard the report?"

"I think it was mentioned at our house."

"Ah!" He drew his own conclusions from her downcast features, though they had now not a trace of colour. "And you believed it?"

"Well, it was not very improbable."

"I thought you knew me better, understood me better," said the curate, fetching a sigh. "I had taken some pains that you should under-

stand me." A pause. "What a beautiful weaving of harmony there was in that quartette!"

She looked up at his change of tone, and saw Lord Bar-sinister close beside them.

"Have you heard this about the Italian, Chetwynd? You live near him, I believe?"

"I heard nothing, my lord; Signor Pescara, you mean?"

"It seems he interfered to protect some Scripture Reader from a crowd of fellows on the fair-green, and Mr. Slatery coming up, said something sharp about his antecedents; and Pescara has not been heard of since that evening. Gone away quietly, it is supposed. Looks as if there was truth in Mr. Slatery's imputations, though."

"I have not been at home since early this morning, except for a few minutes before coming here," observed Mr. Chetwynd, reflectively. "Had to ride to the other side of

the parish to make a sick call. It must have been last night this fracas occurred?"

"Don't know. The man's disappeared, that's all. It seems Father Sylvester never liked him because he was not a good Catholic—held free-thinking opinions. Perhaps he was one of the Carbonari."

And Lord Bar-sinister, who was as fond of a little gossiping news as any old lady in his reception-rooms, saw some fresh face to whom to tell his news, at a little distance.

"What are the Carbonari?" asked Beresford, partly for real information, and partly because she knew how much men love to impart superior knowledge.

"A set of dangerous conspirators." And then there was another quartette, during which it was the universal remark how much Miss Latymer's voice had gained in volume and tenderness.

TOO LATE.

A WOMAN sat in a summer bower with the green leaves gaily dancing,
With here a twittering of birds, and there a sunbeam glancing;
But her brow was sad and her eyes were wild with a passionate emotion,
She turned away from rest and peace to the ever restless ocean.

"Such weary days! so long to wait, and yet to hear no tidings,
Rather than silence deep as this, I'd bear his bitterest chidings;
He must have had an iron heart that never knew relentings,
And I—well, I will never bend to tears and to repentings.

"But iron hearts are never kind, and he can be so tender,
Such boundless wealth of happiness was in his love's surrender;
And I have flung it from my heart and trampled on my treasure,
Have dashed away with angry hand my brimming cup of pleasure;

"And lo! the fragments lie about, and he has called me skilful,
I gather them with tender hands—no longer proud and wilful;
And even as yon stately ship is to the haven sailing,
I take my heart back to its port, its mighty love prevailing."

The house was still, the windows closed, no sound of mirth or singing,
No pleasant hum of household word, no manly step was ringing—
Only a line of brief farewell that never might be spoken,—
That told a tale of angry hearts, of spirits crushed and broken.

O weary weeks of hope deferred! O morns of saddest waking!
O listless hands! O weary feet the lonely journey taking!
O bitter anguish of to-day that darkens the to-morrow!
O that one burst of passionate words should cloud a life with sorrow!

* * * * *

He stood upon a foreign shore, his lonely vigils keeping
 With lips compressed, and bursting veins, his heart—not eyes—hot drops
 was weeping!

“O cruel were her burning words!—but we were each mistaken,
 And I who vowed to cherish her, my darling have forsaken.

“She may have sought her home again, and I not there to meet her,
 She may be dwelling in our house where only strangers greet her;
 I should not thus have left my love—I will return and find her,
 And there with cords of faithfulness my stronger love shall bind her.”

The house was still, the windows closed, no sound of mirth or singing.
 No pleasant hum of household care, no woman's voice was ringing;
 Only a line of brief farewell that *never* might be spoken,
 That told a tale of bitter woe, of one heart crushed and broken.

“Hush—and, forgive me! I am gone where hearts are never riven,
 O come to me in that bright home, the home of love—our heaven!
 The shadows of the eventide about my soul are falling,
 I have been sinful, angry, weak, but the Saviour's voice is calling!”

They showed him where she sweetly slept upon the narrow pillow,
 The rose-trees grew about her grave, and the graceful weeping-willow
 And there by day, and there by night, he wrestled with his sorrow,
 One hope alone within his soul—“The voice will call to-morrow.”

O weary land of breaking hearts! 'Tis well for all our sadness
 There is a home of perfect rest, of calm, untroubled gladness.
 O glad for all life's troubled ones that sorrowless awaking
 In Love's eternal fountain-streams life's thirst of fever slaking.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

WORKHOUSE CHARITY.

If there be one thing above all others of which Englishmen are inclined to boast, it is their philanthropy. They believe that nothing human, nothing which affects the character and wellbeing of their fellowmen, can be too remote for their sympathy, too costly or dangerous for their ready help. We have emancipated our own slaves, and we were half inclined to fight the strongest people in the world for the sake of compelling them to emancipate theirs. We spend millions a-year for all kinds of charitable purposes; and there is scarcely a conceivable evil for the remedy of which there does not exist among us some costly society with a complete staff of officials. Nay, where voluntary benevolence might possibly fail, the State itself compels us to be generous; and extorts millions a-year from us for the support of those

unhappy creatures who cannot, or will not, support themselves.

And yet there is terrible reason to believe, that all our boasted philanthropy is no more than skin deep. We have arrived at that stage in our civilization where it is excessively uncomfortable for us to come into any kind of personal contact with physical pain. Our social arrangements are so complicated, there is so minute a division of labour, our scientific and mechanical contrivances are so vast and so perfect, that it is possible for people in easy circumstances to be utterly ignorant of the mode in which even the necessities of life are secured with due regularity. Nay, our very servants may do their work almost without bending their knees or soiling their hands. The merciful slaughtering of cattle has become one of the fine arts; and not even a

dying pig may suffer a needless pang. Things disagreeable must be kept out of sight, and, for the most part, can easily be kept out of sight; until at last we almost forget their existence, and become indignant, not altogether without sincerity, when we are compelled to notice even those very sufferings which are the necessary conditions of our own comfort. Yet it may well be doubted whether we are kinder, and it is quite certain that we are not braver, than our forefathers. Heroism must die when people become the

slaves of physical comfort. Until the final triumph of the good and righteous God, there must, in such a world as ours, be hard blows and bitter tears, and even streaming blood. The deaths of thousands of soldiers are not so terrible as the death or ruin of a nation; and moral tone and spiritual beauty are cheaply purchased by even the sharpest of bodily pains. But modern society in England is like the fop in Shakspeare's "Henry IV."

"My liege," says Hotspur,

"I did deny no prisoners;
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home.
He was perfum'd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: and still he smiled and talked;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I then all smarting with my wounds, being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so briak, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark!
And telling me the sovereign 'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier."

Unfortunately, very little will be done for curing the evils of modern society, until very many "slovenly, unhandsome corpses" have been brought "between the wind and the nobility" of our sentimental philanthropists. Indeed, it will be a move in the right direction when the grim realities of life can be as much as freely spoken of. No doubt Greek and Latin names for some of the nastiest and filthiest of the things

that our senses can possibly recognize, may have done some kind of service; they are not, perhaps, so disagreeable as plain Saxon, and they may possibly facilitate scientific classification. But when people read genteel accounts of the dwellings of the poor; when, for instance, they read of the nauseous and dangerous effluvia of some of the disgusting back lanes in which the poorest of the poor are compelled to live, they

scarcely recognize in the least degree the fact that these unhappy fellow-creatures have to eat and sleep in an atmosphere which is neither more nor less than the stench of a cess-pool. Even Mr. James Greenwood, whose chief literary work seems to be the minutely accurate description of precisely what he sees, would with difficulty find even so much as one single newspaper or magazine which would dare to insert the most brilliant of his narratives, if it *were* strictly and minutely accurate. Only those who go for themselves to see and smell it, will ever arrive at more than an exceedingly imperfect knowledge of the filth and stench of the life of the London poor. And yet, so widely different is that which can be described from any thing which people in comfortable circumstances have ever experienced for themselves, that those very narratives, which are ridiculously below the truth, are regarded as gross exaggerations. And if ever, by a sort of happy accident, some fool-hardy reformer should give earnest and indignant expression to what he really thinks and knows, British philanthropy, with her most charming waiting gentlewoman airs, has at once a ready answer. "There, there," she says, "there's a guinea for you, you nasty man; take that, and get your horrid mess out of sight, and never let me hear any of your dirty stories any more."

This is, in fact, the crowning curse of modern civilization, even in a Christian country. The division of labour has been carried even into things moral and spiritual, where it can never be applied without the most fatal mischief. What should we think of a drama that should be composed by as many authors as its performance would need actors? What would be the result of having one author for pathos and another for jokes; one for maiden gentleness and another for passionate ferocity? Even the few dramas and poems that have been produced by the joint labours of men of genius, have, to a great degree, been failures. But this kind of partnership would be as nothing in absurdity, compared with

the moral and spiritual partnerships which modern philanthropy demands. Individual charity is almost at an end, and has been replaced by "society" charity. It seems no longer a Christian duty for each man to speak and labour for the good of his fellow-creatures; so coarse and vulgar a benevolence belongs to quite a rude uncultivated age. The service of the Christian soldier in this nineteenth century, like the service of the old knights, has undergone strange commutations. He needs no longer provide his own war-horse and armour, and with a band of trusty followers come himself to the field of battle; it will be enough now if he pays his taxes, his guinea a-year subscriptions, his contribution towards the great fund out of which an army of mercenaries may be hired.

No doubt such statements as these require some modifications. The mercenary army of charitable workers in our own country, like the mercenary army of the State, is, no doubt, brave and unselfish. And possibly there are very many who must help the world by guinea subscriptions or not help it at all. Still, if we must needs have a regular army, we want also an army of volunteers—a host, not simply of tax-payers, but of men who will themselves submit to be well drilled and to learn the use of their weapons, and whose pride it shall be rather to surpass than barely to equal in efficiency the regular forces. Everybody may supply for himself the necessary modifications; but here, at any rate, let it be boldly affirmed that he who gives nothing but *money* for the good of his fellow-creatures, is a very poor disciple, if he be a disciple at all, of Him who gave His *life* a ransom for many.

And if these remarks be in the least degree true of voluntary charity, they are much more true of compulsory charity—that relief for the poor and destitute which the State extorts, even against their will, from persons who would otherwise leave the destitute poor to die of starvation on their own thresholds. It is beyond all question

that a poor-rate, in any form whatever, is an unmitigated nuisance. Very few people, indeed, know clearly for what purposes the rate is levied. They only know that every quarter a man, who is paid for collecting it, calls upon them for money, seems to consider himself an aggrieved victim if they ask him to call again, and ultimately carries away with him a certain amount of hard cash, to be employed for certain mysterious purposes that the rate-payer must take for granted are "all right." Just in the same manner every now and then a printed paper, which looks like a long list of names, is left at the house; and if anybody in domestic authority sees or reads it, he becomes aware that something or other is going to happen which will have something or other to do with the "guardians" of the poor. But how many persons know who the guardians of the poor really are, or how they are appointed, or what their duties or their responsibilities are? A man pays the poor-rate with a mental protest, and with a kind of general impression that that ought to be enough; that he ought never again to see a street beggar, or a blind man with a dog, or a loathsome creature with wheels instead of legs, or men with arms like gas-pipes swathed in linen bandages. At any rate, he acquires sufficient courage to tell at least the first half-dozen street beggars who may persecute him for alms, that we pay in this country some millions a-year for poor-rates, and that if a man can't afford to keep himself and his children he ought to go into "the house." The average Englishman never troubles himself to ascertain what going into "the house" may mean; he thinks, not altogether without reason, that having paid his money and got no thanks for it, he has at any rate done his part in the division of labour. And yet, when one reflects what a poor-rate really is, that it is a gift for the relief of honest poverty, rendered necessary only because no Christian man or woman can, without baseness, leave his neighbour to unrelieved misery, it must surely

become plain that paying poor-rates is a very small duty indeed, compared with the duty of seeing that they are properly employed. Now, if there is one thing that is plainer than any other thing in the whole experience of society it is this: That money can never be trusted to employ itself, and that no officials in the whole world can be trusted to employ honestly, or wisely, or, above all, kindly, the money that is contributed by other people without perpetual and most minute supervision. The man who would rather be hanged than steal a penny from an individual, will appropriate to himself, without a single twinge of conscience, as much money as he can possibly get under the vague name of perquisites, so long as he has to deal only with that wealthy and reckless abstraction "the public," on one hand, and the vast mass of indeterminate misery which we call "pauperism," on the other.

Poor-rates and workhouses exist because poverty in itself is not a crime. If it were a crime, workhouses would be turned into gaols, and poor-rates would become rates for the maintenance of prisoners. At the same time, poverty is very often a vice; and where it is simply a misfortune, it is often a misfortune that might quite easily have been prevented. It is, of course, utterly intolerable that any man should compel his neighbours to keep himself and his family; and if, even in the extremest necessity, they consent to keep him at all, that service is the fruit of their generosity and kindness. The man who demands to be kept by somebody else differs from a common robber only in this—that he is possibly more ignorant, and certainly less violent. Nothing, however, can be more certain than that the paupers of this country are taking millions a-year from the honest workers of this country, without their permission and against their will; one chief difference between this and common pocket-picking being, that the tax gatherer is very much more certain to get the money than the common pickpocket. Nothing, therefore, can be more

plain than that pauperism, that is to say the condition of entire dependence for a living upon other persons, should be always discouraged, until it is manifest that it is absolutely unavoidable. When it is criminal it should be punished by the laws; when it is simply reckless and vicious, it should be punished by public opinion. When it is quite unavoidable and incurable, it should be regarded with the utmost tenderness; it should be relieved, not grudgingly, but with that generous liberality which individuals seldom, but whole societies always, can most easily afford.

No doubt the existing Poor Law arrangements, and much more the arrangements which they have superseded, have erred in both directions; they have encouraged the pauperism of crime and vice, and they have tormented the pauperism of virtuous misfortune. Meanwhile the rate-payer has known very little indeed whether pauperism has been encouraged or alleviated, or tortured—in other words, whether his own money has been a blessing or a curse. What business was it, he thought, of his? It must, however, have been somebody's business, and the plain fact of the matter is, that workhouses, instead of being quiet Christian homes for the honest and unfortunate, have too often been dens of cruelty and infamy, the schools of the worst vices, and the best training houses for all sorts of crime.

One cause of this has been that the guardians of the poor have been utterly unfit to be entrusted with the large powers and difficult duties which belong to their office. They are a complete illustration of the fact, that if the rich and the educated cannot be trusted to provide for the necessities of the poor because they are lazy, or morbidly sensitive, the poorer classes and the uneducated cannot be trusted because they are ignorant and cruel. It would not have been believed, apart from a most melancholy experience, that a single Englishman, with the wealth of a whole parish at his command, or even with a loud voice

and a pair of fists at his command, could possibly have allowed the enormities of some of the Metropolitan workhouses to continue for a single day. It is almost with fear and trembling that even the boldest reformers venture to advise that the working-classes should be enfranchised; there is no knowing, it is argued, to what lengths their undisciplined ferocity of temper might some time or other lead them. Fortunately (or shall we say unfortunately?), their undisciplined ferocity has not led them, as yet, to the length of tearing limb from limb some guardian of the poor. Why the guardians of the poor in the parish of Bethnal Green, for instance, have not been distributed in minute portions from the Dan to the Beersheba of that unhappy district, is a mystery which nobody with education beyond a vestryman's can possibly pretend to solve. An educated Englishman has a respect for the law that scarcely anything can overcome; but then it is respect for *law*, not for mere tyranny or neglect, much less for that cruellest of all wrongs, brutal violence under the form of law. But if a man of good education had, through sheer misfortune, come to poverty; if his wife had been left to die in some London workhouse; if the skin were torn from her back in large patches by needless bed-sores; if her necessary medicines were administered by some pauper nurse who could not read the label, at such times and in such quantities as happened to be most convenient to the nurse's idleness; if her very food and stimulants were stolen even from under the pillow where her dying head was laid, then the educated man would understand full well that law for him was a mockery; and he would, in all likelihood beat out the brains of every guardian of the poor he met, till he was himself arrested and hanged. Of course he would be a miserable sinner, richly deserving to die; but most assuredly a good number of other miserable sinners would be not so sorry as they ought to be that an unhappy woman had perished

not unavenged. This is the kind of settlement which the workhouse question will come to unless some better settlement is soon arrived at.

You may rattle his bones
Over the stones,

so long as

It's only a pauper that nobody owns.

But some of these days the curse will fall on a pauper that somebody does own, and then some guardian will "go to his own place." In fact, with our present race of guardians and our present poor laws, *lynch* law is the only kind of rule that such pachydermatous miscreants can be made to understand.

It is a well-ascertained fact that workhouses are inhabited almost exclusively by *sick* paupers, the able-bodied being, as they ought to be, a very small minority. "On January 1st, 1863 (we* find from the Poor-Law returns), there were 31,354 paupers in the London workhouses. Of these, 1,683 were insane, 20,622 were professed sick or infirm, and although the remaining 9,049 are nominally returned as "able-bodied," we calculate from our experience that at least 6,000 of these would be also diseased or infirm—making a total of 26,622 sick and infirm, besides the insane."† These are the helpless creatures who are left to the tender mercies of our Metropolitan guardians, many of them innocent children. In the hard struggle for life in a huge city like London, there are thousands who are always living on the very brink of destitution; who, by a single week's illness, by the failure of an employer, by a new invention, by a change in fashion, may at once be brought face to face with the terrible alternative—starvation or crime. Even at the best of times they are ill-fed, ill-clothed, living in confined unwholesome slums, in filthy dens, whose rents are paid rather in human blood and life than in money. Everything about them tends con-

tinually to lower their vital tone, which is still more fatally lowered by mental anxiety. Then there is the abuse of necessary stimulants, and the frightful physical reaction, not to mention the more dreadful moral evil, ever increasing the physical. At last the poor creature who has fought bravely, blindly, wounded and scarred almost from head to foot in soul and body, is smitten down. The battle is over. The dreadful enemy has won. The bare room in a plague-haunted slum that passed for a "home," must be abandoned; and the only place left to live and die in, and from which to be carried to cheerless unpitied burial, is "the house."

And what is "the house?" It is neither more nor less than the expression of English Christian sympathy for the suffering poor. As the graveyard is called God's acre, so may "the house" almost be called God's home. It is England's practical commentary on the words of our Saviour Christ,—“I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me. For inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these ye did it unto me.” It is England's practical way of saying to the broken-hearted,—“Come and rest at last. Shall even one poor brother be left to misery, unhelped and uncomfortable, in so rich a family? You've had a hard, bitter struggle, and we cannot wonder that you are beaten. Try to forget the hard past, and enjoy the present; that, gently tended by Christian love, your spirit may grow calm and pure, and fitted for that blessed home, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest.'” Can any of us mean to say *less* than this to the suffering poor?

Only we choose to say it by deputy, and the general effect is much as if the angels, growing idle in heavenly comfort, were to hire the devils to work for them as “ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that shall inherit

* *Lancet* Commissioners.

† “*Lancet* Sanitary Commission Reports,” p. 18. A most valuable pamphlet.

eternal salvation." Poverty is not pitied but tortured—not comforted as a bitter misfortune, but punished as a crime. Nay, rather, it is punished as no crime in this country ever is punished. When a man is condemned even to die we swiftly hang him, removing all needless accompaniments of horror and pain. A sick pauper is slowly starved or tortured, or even poisoned, till he dies in such suffering as may make even the gallows itself seem an enviable relief.

In April, 1865, the proprietors of *The Lancet* appointed "a commission for investigating the state of the infirmaries of workhouses." Perhaps no greater service to the poor has ever been rendered; and it is a most pleasing duty to return thanks, not only to the Commissioners, but to the whole medical profession, for their most unselfish benevolence. It is scarcely too much to say, that wherever a Metropolitan workhouse makes even the most moderate approach to decency, this excellence is due to the energy and care of the parish doctor. The reports of *The Lancet* Commissioners are now published in a separate form, and should be in the hands of every Englishman who can read. Since their appearance the president of the Poor-Law Board has directed an official investigation.

Remembering the large and necessary preponderance of sick and infirm in all the London workhouses, it is scarcely unfair to regard all of them as public hospitals—not prisons for the punishment of criminals, but infirmaries for the comfort and relief of the sick. Abundant evidence has already been furnished to prove that, while scarcely a single Metropolitan workhouse is fit for its purpose without great alteration, the majority are neither more nor less than nurseries of disease. Moreover, in almost every case the management is utterly abominable; the guardians cruel, negligent, incompetent and impudent beyond all palliation or excuse, and the privations and sufferings of the poor inmates a dis-
ance to civilization. High in bad

eminence of cruelty and ignorant mismanagement is the Strand Union Workhouse.* Already this workhouse has been examined by the official commissioners appointed by the Poor Law Board, and the result exhibits most clearly the great moderation of *The Lancet* commission. In this workhouse the able-bodied are, on an average, less than an eighth of the total number of inmates.

"The Strand Union Infirmary has but one redeeming feature," say *The Lancet* Commissioners, in summing up their report, "the care and skill of the surgeon, and of the master and matron, and the improvements in ward management which the zeal of these officers and the benevolence of the lady visitors have effected. The buildings are atrociously bad as a residence for sick persons, and they are incapable of real improvement by any cobbling process. The nursing is utterly insufficient, nor will the introduction of one paid nurse, which we understand is about to take place, effect any considerable improvement, any more than it has done at Shore-ditch—such a limited measure of reform is a mere farce. Proper classification is impossible. The insane are miserably ill-provided with lodgment, and not at all provided with the occupations proper to their condition. And, finally, there is a Board of Guardians, composed of men who are, doubtless, excellent in their private capacity, but who, as a Board, have neglected some of the most ordinary sanitary precautions, who exact a fabulous and impossible task from their miserably underpaid surgeon, and who, with one or two exceptions, have unfortunately placed themselves on the side of resistance to the reform suggested by medical science, and, indeed, by common humanity. The present governing body ought to be greatly modified if it is to

* By no means alone in infamy. The *Lancet* Report should be very carefully read, as strictly moderate and unexceptional. The Strand is a mere sample—all that can be given in this short paper.

continue to administer the affairs of a great pauper hospital."*

This very moderate censure is only too abundantly justified by subsequent enquiry. The paid nurse appointed by the guardians found the whole system of mismanagement so atrocious and inhuman that she very properly made such communications as ensured an impartial investigation. Her examination occupied six hours, and by some of the Guardians every possible objection was taken to the questions which she was required to answer, and most ungenerous and unjust insinuations were made as to her motives. These wretched creatures do not seem to consider it possible that the sight of extreme and needless suffering, and the desire to alleviate it can ever be a motive of appreciable force in the mind of an upright and kind-hearted woman. Her evidence, however, was confirmed by the surgeon, and even by the master and matron of the workhouse, and we know with some approach to accuracy what our charity to the poor really is.

The surgeon (Dr. Rogers) testifies—"I had a representation made to me that the male pauper nurse, in whom I had placed much confidence, was robbing the sick. I referred the matter to the master, who immediately investigated it. He told me the next day that he had come to the conclusion the statements were somewhat confirmed, and that the man should be removed from the ward. He was sitting here with his books before him. 'But,' said he, 'I am in this difficulty. I've been through the list of inmates, and there isn't a person I can recommend for the place.' I replied, 'then we must apply to the Board for paid assistants.' He concurred in that suggestion. This was on Thursday. On Friday he told me he had brought my suggestion before the Visiting Committee and made the application, but that they shook their heads, and one of them, a Mr. Betts, of St. Clement's, sug-

gested that a person who had applied that day to be retained in the house, should be my nurse, stating that he had known him for many years. The master also added, that of himself, he knew nothing of the man or his fitness, but that he would send him. The man came into my surgery. He was lean and pale.

A Guardian. One of Pharaoh's lean kind, I suppose?

Witness. I want to show you how the Guardians estimated the wants of this house. This man was lean and pale, and I said, 'my friend, you are sick yourself. What have you been?' He replied, "a potman at the Plough, Carey-street."

The Commissioner. And did you engage this man as your nurse?

Witness. I had no alternative. So I took him upstairs and showed him what he had to do. The poor fellow said he would do his best, and I think he did, but this was very bad. The next morning I found everything had gone wrong, owing to his ignorance of nursing, and the novelty of his position. As I stood in the ward deploring aloud my position, a patient, who had been under treatment for chronic consumption, got up and said, 'If you'll try me, Sir, I'll do what I can to help you.' I said, 'you are too weak, my friend.' He said he had been nurse on board ship. . . . For about a month so horrid a state of things prevailed in the ward that I could not bear to go into the place."

We may well judge what the sufferings of the sick were, when even the well-meaning and honest nurses were so utterly incompetent. But no nursing can possibly secure health, much less recovery from sickness, in such a place as the Strand Union Workhouse. Speaking of the nursery, Dr. Rogers says—

"There are only 218 cubic feet for each inmate. The inmates of this ward are women and children, and they were so crowded last winter, that there was only about 190 feet to each. I say that no infant's life can be long preserved

under the circumstances in which they lived in the workhouse last winter. This opinion is founded simply upon the want of space, for the air is so vitiated that the children have no chance.

Mr. Wilkinson (Chairman). How many have died, then?

Witness. I don't say many have died, but mesenteric disease (consumption in the bowels) is frequent among them. . . . I cannot say that mortality has occurred, but mesenteric disease is frequent.

A Guardian. What is that? Something to eat?

. . . . (*Dr. Rogers.*) The requirements to satisfy me, in new sick wards, would be 1,000 cubic feet of space, 80 feet area, additional paid day nurses and paid night nurses, day room for the infirm, and baths near the wards.

Chairman. Drawing-rooms are wanted for the sick paupers!

. . . . (*Dr. Rogers.*) I can confirm Miss Beeton as to the milk being stolen from the children by their nurse and sold. This was proved to me, and I threatened the women as to what I would do if it took place again. I think that practice was then put a stop to. I am satisfied the Guardians knew the condition of the sick, and I knew that by reporting to them I was damaging my own position."

The Commissioner had here to object to one or two of the Guardians keeping up a running commentary on the evidence, and he told them this was very irregular. Dr. Rogers testified also that gin had been stolen from a dying man. "The facts were, that a dying man had some gin under his pillow, which the nurse wanted to get possession of. So he devised the plan of preparing a mustard poultice (not ordered), and in raising the dying patient to put it on his back, stole the gin."

This is English charity! This is Christian kindness to the poor! Or, rather, this is what kindness by deputy will always come to. There have been riots of dangerous breadth and ferocity on far lighter occasions; and it is, at least, a melan-

choly consolation to reflect that if, in some wild tumult, the low life of London bursts upwards, carrying destruction far and wide, there will be, at any rate, a clean sweep of strong-hearted scoundrels who can perpetrate their shabby jokes in the presence of such disgrace and infamy as would drive a noble-hearted man to utter despair and agony. These are the miscreants who take care to have carpets beaten under the windows of the sick and dying, who lock up infirm old men and women all night, and leave them to fall out of their beds and die unattended and unhelped. But surely the eyes of Christian men and women, and their hearts also, will be open for these abominations, and the day of reckoning must speedily come. Meanwhile, two concluding remarks—one as to a palliation of the evil even under the existing law; the other, as to the alternative, if the evil be not palliated.

As to the palliation, it is plain that quite another class of Guardians must be chosen. To serve as Guardian of the Poor is now a martyrdom to which a man of education and refinement will scarcely submit. To be badgered and bullied by the vulgarest men in a parish is most assuredly one of the severest trials to which a gentleman can be exposed. But gentlemen *must* submit to it, and rate-payers *must* appoint them, or the disgusting outrages which have so recently been exposed will continue to be perpetrated. The men who administer the charity of Christian England must be made to understand that such a work is not to be conducted on the principles which regulate a pawnbroker's shop. We had better leave paupers to starve in the gutter than consign them to half-blind old nurses who are too weak to lift them in their beds, and too ignorant to read the labels on a medicine bottle. Even if such wretched caricatures of help could be of the slightest benefit to the poor, it would still be an immeasurable curse to the rich. "He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that sheweth mercy with cheerful-

ness." Let those Guardians who have been known to perpetrate or justify the scandalous outrages which, thank God, are filling England with horror and indignation, be hooted out of society with fierce anathemas. Let them be made to understand that they are loathed and abhorred; that all good men shrink from them as the worst and most dangerous of lepers. No law can touch them. Their neglect, though it causes death, seems not to be manslaughter; their killing is no murder. If they would drive an old cab-horse in the public streets with a wound under his collar they might be fined or imprisoned; but they may strip the skin off the sore backs of bedridden paupers and go on their evil way rejoicing. Let these men—such men, for instance, as the one who asked if mesenteric disease was something to eat—be made to feel that, in the judgment of good men, many murderers have been hanged for lighter crimes than theirs, and been visited with less bitter execrations. And let every rate-payer protest against the enormous wickedness and diabolical cruelty of his parochial representatives, and vote always and only for Guardians of culture and refine-

ment, who shall have the knowledge and the sympathies of Christian gentlemen.

Or let us clearly understand the alternative we must be prepared to take. If not riot, then, at any rate a frightful increase of crime. Why should a man be honest to end his days in a workhouse, if by some trifling dishonesty he may end his days in a gaol? We are offering a direct premium on crime. A convict prison, as compared with some of the London workhouses, is a palace of beauty and luxury.

Meanwhile, let everybody read, as they come on in rapid succession, the reports of the Poor Law Board Commissioners; and especially Mr. Farnell's valuable report, issued since this article was written. Nasty and filthy they must needs be—full of odious revelations that may well make us blush for human nature. But it is better for us to know what really is going on amongst us, that we may cease from our foolish boasts of philanthropic progress. We must have not only poor-rates, but the relief of the poor; not only guardians, but paupers who shall really be cared for, and saved from the calamities into which they have fallen.

THE PRUSSIAN CAMPAIGN IN BOHEMIA,

AN EXAMPLE TO THE ARMIES OF CHRIST.

THE realities of the spiritual realms and of the spiritual life are set forth to us in the Scripture under images taken from the scenes and events of the visible world; and whenever anything happens of a nature to give special vividness to any class of these images, it is sometimes useful to rise from the type to the antitype and to exercise our thoughts on invisible things by the aid of impressions made upon us in the sphere of the senses. Such an opportunity occurs to us at the present time. The Christian life is largely represented to us in the Bible under the character of soldiership, and the recent exploits in war

may assist us somewhat to understand the qualities which are demanded in the warfare against darkness and wrong.

During the past month all minds have been drawn, through the graphic descriptions given by the military correspondents of the daily journals, to the tremendous contest which has shaken Central Europe. We seem to have seen almost with our own eyes the execution of the wonderful plans of the Prussian commanders on the southern slope of the Bohemian hills. All mouths are full of admiration at the completeness of the Prussian success—at the foresight, at the combination,

at the celerity with which the Prussian forces, like two armies of panthers springing on their prey, were caused to debouch through the mountain defiles on the fields of Sadowa; bringing with them such endurance of heat, of hunger, and thirst, and fatigue, such unconquerable strength, such long-trained skill, such ruthless determination to do or die, such exact adaptation of all the armaments of war, such deadly application of all the newest discoveries of science and mechanical art to the work of destruction as the world has seldom seen before. Great at this moment is the glory of the iron monarchy, and of the needle-gun. A sea of blood has been shed in ten days. The whole of Bohemia lies weltering in gore. And as the result of the stupendous encounter seen from the lofty tower of Königgrätz, the proud gigantic form of the Austrian empire is beheld lying at full length upon the vast battle-field crying for mercy, its panoply broken by the storm of hot thunderbolts that descended upon it from the north, as when God raised a meteoric shower from heaven upon the armies of Canaan; the effect on the European nations of the sudden and terrible overthrow of the enormous forces of the south being such as to remind us of the exclamation of the people of Babylon in the Apocalypse—*"Who is like the beast; who is able to make war with him!"*

Now if the art of raising religious thought is to work through parables, to rise from the seen to the unseen, to take up the thread of reflection where the senses leave it, and there to join on a new thread of reflection on the spiritual world, then it may be possible to learn some cogent lessons on the spiritual warfare from what we have just beheld. Perhaps these events may assist even the most sluggish imagination to realize the meaning of the Scriptures when they speak so often of the spiritual life as *"the war of the Lord."*

It is indeed very noticeable how steadily this line of imagery is maintained by the apostles and

prophets. Personally and literally our Saviour did not fight. "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter." "He gave his back to the smiters." And the absence of all resistance on His part was taken by the Jews as a sure sign of the hollowness of His pretensions to be the predicted Messiah. But not the less is He spoken of as the "Captain of our Salvation," given to be a "Leader and Commander to the people;" sent by God to the earth to organize and maintain a war against "the kingdom of darkness," to establish God's reign on earth, and to overthrow the usurping power. And this war is not one simply of defence but of conquest. Its object is definite and its aim persistent. It is to be carried on in every land to the end of time, and to end in a catastrophe of which a lively image has just been presented to us; by His iron sceptre the opposing power is to be "broken to shivers, like a potter's vessel." Under this view the Church is spoken of as an army. Its first expedition issued from Jerusalem, and thither returned its generals and soldiers to relate their victories over the heathen, as in the council described in the Acts of the Apostles. The military language is adhered to throughout. It is the "fight of faith." The crown is promised to "him that overcometh," literally, "to the conqueror." The reward is promotion over the subject provinces. "He shall sit down with me on my throne." "They shall reign over the earth." Success in the conflict is termed "victory." "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory." "Thanks be to God who maketh us always to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His name in every place." An image drawn from the custom of burning sweet odours in the triumphal processions that ascended to the Capitol. The instruments of success are called "weapons," not indeed "carnal," but "divinely mighty to the bringing down of fortresses," and to the "subjugation of thought to God." We have full descriptions of the armour to be worn by every soldier, on the right

hand and on the left. We are told that the devil "makes war," and that our combat is of the closest kind, not only with human but with aerial foes, against "principalities and powers in the heavens." And when an apostle speaks of a well-ordered Church, such as that of Colosse, even though absent in body, he says he is "present in spirit," as a general on the day of battle "joying and beholding their battle array," and that they "stand fast," shoulder to shoulder, "striving together for the faith of the Gospel."

What then is this fighting of an army without any visible weapons, without any emblazoned banners, without any officers in plumed helmets? Where is the foe? What are the instruments of War? What are the impulses and motives and rewards of the conflict? And what will be its issue over the whole world? *Is this Christian war a real thing?* Yes. That is the first question which many will ask in the present day. And that such a question should be asked at all shows how rapid and languid a thing religion has to a great extent become in our time. When this spiritual life widely takes so very unimilitary a form, when it takes the form of going to Church once or perhaps twice a day on Sundays, and when there, of seeking chiefly for comfort and repose rather than for instruction, drill, and discipline, or a rousing word of command, "Order my steps in thy word!" when it consists to a great extent in the payment of a few not very ruinous contributions to the armychest of the heavenly kingdom, and oftentimes in an apparently conscientious social support of even the most acknowledged ecclesiastical abuses; in an attempt to put almost under a social ban the men who attempt to make divine things seem somewhat more real, and in so doing, who endanger the repose of society, no wonder if men say, But is not all this talk about a "Christian war," and a "fight of faith," more or less of a delusion, and of a play upon phrases? When men so generally resent even words that have a

little edge upon them, much more any acts or courses of procedure which are not perfectly respectable, and approved in that good society which is the supreme dictator of fashion in thought and conduct, it is not surprising that many should conclude this war of modern Christianity to be not a real combat at all, no, not even a war for ideas.

But if they had beheld close at hand such a life as that of the Apostle Paul, a man who was indeed "a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and who trained in his own habits of hardy mountain warfare his youthful companions, a man who could spring with his lieutenants upon Macedonia with as much vigour as the Prussian generals upon Bohemia or Saxony, and assault the whole force of the Roman superstition, and encounter the most frightful beating in the Forum of Philippi, and then go forward and assail the mightier superstitions and sins of Athens and of Corinth, and continue at such work, in spite of persecution and opposition from priests, proconsuls, and mobs of all nations for thirty years, until he and his fellow-workers had established the Gospel, and thousands of Churches all round the Mediterranean sea, over an area which it has taken the Romans several hundreds of years to subdue to their dominion,—if one had seen that life and its combats, perhaps all would have allowed that there was a great reality in the wars of the Lord, in the military character of Christ's kingdom, and a very beneficent reality too. Yes, of what might not man be capable if universally he could rouse his spiritual part to such ardour as his passions and his pride display when the fever of blood is upon him? What might not the people achieve if they strove for the high and holy objects of peace a tenth part as well as they fight for the plans of ambitious potentates?

Let us now, at least, seek for a clear idea first of the object of this Christian warfare, and second of the weapons and appliances by which its objects are to be attained.

The object of the war or real contest, which Christ came from heaven to inaugurate, and direct, and inspire, is generally this: to subdue the world of mankind to the dominion of God—to bring free agents on earth into as complete a subjection to the will of God as that which governs the action of material forces and elements—to render mind as obedient to the Powers of Heaven as matter is already. There are, therefore, two fields of battle in which Christ teaches us to fight—one within, the other in the world around. A Christian's first battle is with himself, and on the reality and success of this contest depends all his power as a soldier of God over other men. The teaching of the Son of God takes for granted, and explicitly declares that human nature is in disorder; that of the three parts of it, the body, the soul, and the spirit, that which was designed to be the governing and ruling part, the spirit, exerting control over all the other faculties and passions, has lost its proper power, so that the flesh, or lower selfish and animal nature reigns supreme. Hence that which proceeds out of man's heart is evil. Hence society is full of sin—full of that which is hateful to the Most High. And who can doubt that this is really so? Who can really believe that God made man upon earth that he might be a drunkard, or a debauchee, or a thief, or a liar, or a cruel tyrant, or a foolish jester, or a profane swearer, or an irritable and angry neighbour, or even a well dressed trifle? One must allow that when God looks upon men who are such, it "grieves Him at His heart." Clearly man was created to be under control in his lower passions and propensities, to indulge them only within certain limits, those limits to be fixed by his spiritual nature. His body was not given to him that he might so use it as to destroy the power of his mind, to annihilate his reason or his conscience. Reason and conscience were intended to rule. The will of God must be purity, truth, and love. A moral and intellectual end in life must have been

designed. It cannot be that men and women were sent into such a world, so fearfully and wonderfully made, *only* that they might spend their time in attending to the wants of the animal body, or to the artificial wants of the animal mind in a round of amusements. There was work to be done, a character to be formed, a God to be served and glorified. And it is a fact that the world at large is fiercely set against answering thus the purpose of its Creator.

Therefore God has sent his Beloved One, saying, "they will reverence my Son." The object of the Gospel is to make war upon the system of evil in its social and organic forms, and to impress a new law of life on the individual, both in soul and body—to impose into us a principle of purity, temperance, self-control, justice, goodness, devotion, a character worthy of immortal life. Now the victory over evil within us is gained by setting up a DISCIPLINE—a discipline as real as that by which soldiers and prize combatants are prepared for their work. "They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." A religious life, which is merely one of ideas, is no religious life at all. It is only a more elaborate preparation for perdition. It is the decoration of the victim for the slaughter with blooming garlands. It has been the custom among many so-called Protestants to deride the ascetic life altogether. Let us beware lest in rejecting and protesting against the errors of Rome, we reject also the truths out of which they have sprung, lest in "pulling up the tares" we "root up the wheat also." Perhaps the most cunning triumph of the enemy in relation to those excessive and uncommanded austerities with which many Roman Catholics have afflicted themselves, have been in this—that such extravagances have, by reaction, emboldened ignorant and ungodly Protestants to suppose that the less self-discipline there is the better, and the less a man keeps under his body and brings it into subjection, the less likely is he to be a "castaway."

It cannot be too frequently proclaimed that destruction of body and soul in hell will infallibly be the end of that sort of Protestantism. When men become more afraid of bad works than of good ones, more afraid of endeavours after purity and temperance and physical self-control, than of the loose indulgence of the appetites, when they think that Christ's glory depends more upon pardoning the sins of His people than upon inspiring them with obedience, the end cannot be far off. It is the last achievement of the power of darkness in deceiving the nations. That person's soul cannot be worth much in God's sight whose body is out of training. If you do not make it a part of your religion to conquer and moderate your appetites, they will conquer you; and, while, it may be, you are triumphing gloriously at church about being clothed in the righteousness of Jesus Christ, you having done despite to His Spirit, which was leading you to this discipline, may, even after having preached to others, become a castaway. "Whose god is their belly, who mind earthly things; whose end is destruction. So 'many' walked then, so 'many walk now.'" Who would not pray for that fixed indomitable will, that spirit of soldierly discipline, without which such a victory as this is an impossibility? There is nothing more opposed to godliness than that spirit of self-indulgence which reigns supreme in the wealthy and luxurious classes of modern times. Whenever the Spirit of God dwells in man, woman, or child, there will be resistance to the "course of this world." Those who live carelessly, like the Sidonians, are not "Israelites indeed," and have no eternal life or living in this. "Search me, O God, and try my heart. See me," &c. Let us ask ourselves, then, whether the plan of our life in any respect whatever resembles that discipline which fits the European armies to strike so tremendous a blow as that which we have seen during the month just ended? Is there within us any conscious effort to economize our forces, our strength,

our time, our money; to regulate our thoughts; to order our movements, so as to train ourselves to be the agents of the Invisible Omnipotence. Are there any signs in our individual life of the indwelling of that Mighty Will, which moves the globe and all the world—"God working in us to will and to do, according to His pleasure;" any signs of a Power breathing into us a real moral inspiration, giving us strength to think against a world of ungodly thinkers, to judge against a wrong-judging world—to act and to speak according to a personal and independent conviction? Is our individual character such that it constitutes an element of regimental strength to the absent Catholic? Does our Church-membership in any degree add power to the community? Do we move at the word of command uttered by the voice of the Lord of Hosts? Are we ready for a spring upon the court of Midian? Are we capable of a like sacrifice? Would we die for our Lord as every common soldier would die for his king and country? or is your life such that you tremble like an aspen at the first breeze by which society indicates to you that you have transgressed the rules of good-breeding, and established order by saying or doing a single thing against all that is in the world, "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life?" Well, the Prussians did not win Königgrätz by that sort of soldiering, and neither shall we win any moral victory within, except by imitating their thorough recognition that there was an enemy in the front, their full purpose of heart to conquer, their earnest resolve to vanquish or die, their intelligent obedience, their cool courage, and their persistent self-sacrifice.

Let us now say a word on the second branch of the spiritual war—that which a Christian wages against evil around. He who truly submits himself to God's government wishes to bring others to the obedience of faith. His spirit is moved in him when he sees cities wholly given to idolatry, to a grovelling animal life, to

covetousness, to luxury, to licentiousness, to a life of trifling and of sin. He thinks of the consequences of such a life. He knows that every such life is tending towards Eternal Death. He knows that every such trivial or corrupted streamlet of life will be swallowed up in the desert; but he knows that his victory in every case will end in covering a multitude of sins, in converting a sinner from the error of his ways, in saving a soul from death, and in exalting a spirit, else doomed to death, to shine among "the stars of the firmament for ever and ever."

To what extent are we engaged in this conflict?—for most real conflict it is, a conflict with perverted thought, feeling, habit, and will,—a conflict with individual delusions and social corruptions, with indifference, sensuality, superstition, formalism, and religious error in innumerable forms of manifestation, with great social arrangements oftentimes, which blend truth and error in such proportions, that for one mind which they enlighten, they paralyze or puzzle a hundred. Are we engaged in this warfare? or, are we at peace with the whole world? When there is no war of the Lord going on within there is none abroad, and when there is none abroad there is none within. The extent of our serviceableness in the external conflicts of Christendom may always be measured by the worth and the vigour of the inward conflict. When all within is stagnation and unity, the unity of a nature in which the will of God awakens no combat with corruption, there is no taste for such enterprises, there is no time, no energy, no talent or faculty of combination, contrivance, or resource to be devoted to "turning the world upside-down." There is no wish to break wicked systems of life to "shivers like a potter's vessel." The promise of aid in such operations is most unwelcome. The soul is too willing to lose itself in the licentious embraces of society to care for its reform. It sees little to alter in so agreeable a world. It finds its rest in compromises with iniquity. It is melan-

choly to think by how many these questions must be answered, if answered truly, by a confession that memory records few incidents in life partaking of the nature of campaigning in an enemy's country. And how afflicting the contrast between such a spectacle as this just recent Prussian war in Bohemia, and the general style of military operations in the wars of the Lord. Let us do no injustice to the annals of beneficent individual enterprises—but where in recent years is there any spiritual parallel on a large scale to that marvellously rapid and energetic execution on the flanks of the Giant Mountains, of the well-planned strategy of Berlin? In every neighbourhood there are a few devout and earnest women, and in some a few energetic men, who can be depended on for a sort of volunteer guerrilla warfare against ignorance, superstition and vice. But where in the Churches is there any spiritual parallel to that cool survey of the tremendous obstacles to be encountered, to that united effort of two large armies toiling through the burning defiles of the mountains, each man working as if victory depended on his efforts; to that concentration in the face of the foe, that skilful apportionment of the toil and danger to each division, or that still more skilful use of the best weapons; and then to that awfully grand onset in which the struggling agonizing legions threw themselves over all the vast battlefield, upon the entrenched positions of the enemy, and fought through the long summer-day until the Austrian host fled discomfited towards Vienna? I know not where we shall find it. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Shall we find the parallel in the zealous and united onset with which the divided Churches of the wealthy suburbs threw themselves upon the godless multitudes who inhabit the interior of the city? Shall we find it in the skilful combination with which the different denominations divide the streets and houses of this great city between them, so that no house shall be left unvisited by the Message of Heaven, and no

labourer shall cross another's track, and no jealousy distort their joint operations? Shall we find it in the earnest sympathy with which the forlorn-hope of the Church—the city missionaries and Bible-women—are accompanied to their toils by all the non-combatants of the armies of the living God, the multitudes of stay-at-homes who never cross a labouring man's household or press with their footsteps the wards of a hospital? Shall we find it in the intelligent apprehension with which the church-going part of the nation—those comfortable middle-classes for whom the Protestant heaven seems to be so pre-eminently prepared—attempt to comprehend and meet the objections of the working-classes, and to vanquish their desperate hostility to middle-class Christianity? Shall we find it in the alertness with which the Churches cast aside the old artillery of anathemas on the misbeliever, and set themselves to a course of scriptural instruction in the contents of Revelation with much long-suffering towards the sceptic; in the wisdom with which they abandon formularies which have ceased to express modern belief, as they never did perhaps express the primitive belief, in order to adopt new forms of speech a little less contradictory, a little less unscriptural, a little less confounding to the moral sense, and a little less provoking? [No, it is not easy to find a parallel anywhere to the Prussian military ingenuity, the Prussian pliability of movement, and rush of assault, the Prussian recognition of facts, and the Prussian recognition of a new world of science and art. In our Christianity there is almost no old abuse on one side which is not to be defended by large numbers, no old superstitious form of unsound words, which is not to be respected; and on the other, no old splintering independency of action, which is not to be guarded, as one of the essential conditions of evangelical effort. The only wonder is that with comparatively so few earnest combatants, and in so striking an absence of needful organization and combined action, we achieve anything considerable in the wars of the Lord.

If we do there is reason to sing, as of old, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory, O Lord, Most High."

But something must now be said on the weapons of the wars of the Lord. "Take to you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all to stand" steadfast amidst universal rout, immortal amidst universal slaughter. And, throughout, this armour is *the Gospel of the Lord*, in some of its applications. The plumed helmet which defends the head is the assured "hope of salvation." You must fight, not in order to become God's soldiers and sons, but because you are already one of the Crown Princes. False religion represents salvation, as man's work towards God. The truth is, that it is God's work towards man. While, therefore, false religion teaches us to work towards assurance of acceptance and salvation as an end, the truth teaches us to work from acceptance and assurance, and salvation gratuitously bestowed at the beginning. We can fight the Lord's battles, the battles of eternal love, when we are one with Him in love. We can battle heartily for what we love, and even die for it—and so we must first love God before we can fight for Him. Now we can love God only through first receiving a gratuitous salvation, a forgiveness without conditions, and depending only on the grace of God—in one word, "acceptance in the Beloved One." We have "boldness to enter into the holiest through the blood of Jesus," and we must hold fast "the beginning of our hope, steadfast to the end." Those who are still "under the law" can neither fight heartily against their own corruptions, nor those of other men. In the same manner the feet must be shod with the preparation, the "alacrity of the Gospel of peace." The winged sandals of a joyful religion must give energy and spring to the movements of the spirit. You must believe heartily on a God near at hand—that God as a living Love, a real Compassion, a sincere

Friend, a patient Father, and One who has "given us all things." Believing in His mercy in Christ you can go forth "Conquering and to conquer." Your arrows will then be "sharp in the hearts of the king's enemies." You will then win the most hardened, and inspire hope into the most desperate sinners. You must then take the flashing breastplate of moral integrity, the girdle of intellectual honesty or truth, the flaming blade of the sword of the spirit, and God's Holy Word; and so equipped you will be a match for every foe; over all extended that shield of faith in God, which, in fact, brings God's own presence to be itself your shield—that shield which shines like a sun as well; so that, when you hold up your blazing buckler in the face of the foe, the dazzled and baffled devil will "flee from you." What is all this imagery but a commentary on these words of St. Paul:—"The strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord." "The strength of sin is the law." One might have thought that the law was rather the ornament and defence, and strength of righteousness. But no—"the strength of sin is the law." How is this? The law worketh wrath, exposes guilt, threatens condemnation, unveils the realms of judgment and death. When "the law comes sin revives." It works within by its terrors so as to irritate the causes of offence. A man never sins more than when his religion consists in nothing more than an awakened conscience. He feels within him no spring of obedience, and no capacity for conquest. No criminal can love the judge who has just condemned him to die. It is not natural conscience within which becomes the source of a new

life, but "Christ in us, the hope of glory." God bestows "righteousness," upon a "sinner." He gives the blessing to the unworthy Jacob, who is clothed in the garments of the firstborn. Christ is "made unto us Righteousness." "Surely he has borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." Surely we shall bear His "righteousness" and carry His "weight of glory." Yes, it is this unity with Christ our life, which is the secret of all New Testament theology, and the secret of all strength for battle in the wars of the Lord. The man who knows himself to be but an organ of that Unseen Might, the enthroned Christ, will not tremble before society, which scoffingly asks, "Art thou also one of them?" but will compel society to feel that an irresistible force is assailing it. "Thanks be to God," he shouts, "which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The Christian is to go into battle singing, "I will love thee, O Lord my strength. Purge me thoroughly from my sins and cleanse me from my iniquities, then will I teach transgressors thy ways," &c. If you feel that all is hard and cold within, what you require is not more of the law, more decorative Christianity—more ritualism—that poor painted fire with which so many frozen souls are now trying to warm themselves while they deny their Saviour—but you require more "Gospel," more joyful assurance that God is yours, that heaven is yours, that Christ is yours. Only the *Sun* in His strength can warm your heart; and He is risen indeed, and will warm and enliven you. God conquers sin by forgiving it, and the forgiven man becomes strong to "teach" other transgressors God's ways, by making known "how great things God has done for him."

THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.*

It is agreed on all hands that Mr. Ruskin is the greatest living critic of Art, and that he is one of the ablest men who has written upon Art in any age. There is an almost equal unanimity of opinion to the effect that the books in which he presents himself as a political economist are mere tissues of paradox and extravagance, exhibiting the eccentric brilliances and fascinations of rhetorical genius, but of no real power or substantial value. We are not prepared to deny the possibility that this may be a correct account of the matter. Nature appears at times to be freakish and whimsical in the distribution of her gifts, and the same man may be justly hailed at one moment as an inspired poet and at another as an inspired idiot. But this, we are convinced, is a rare occurrence, and the almost unalterable rule is that the man who displays consummate ability in one department will, if he resolutely bends his intellect to work in another, do something there to which it will be worth while to give attention. We own to regarding genius, that rarest of the divine bounties, with a feeling not unlike reverence, and we deem it a poor and profitless task to expose the flaws and inconsistencies of men who possess it. Better far is it to discover the hidden links and inner harmonies by which their inconsistency may often be shown to be but seeming, and the apparent discords in their works proved to play a part in the comprehensive melody of the whole. Having long and carefully studied the minor works of Mr. Ruskin, we are prepared to say that the critics have not made so much of them as they ought to have made. They have failed, we think, to possess themselves of the key by which the meaning of Mr. Ruskin may be rightly apprehended, and have permitted superficial causes of offence, —superficial in relation to the worth

and purport of the books in question, though censurable, it may be, in Mr. Ruskin,—to blind them to real and important merits. We think we know this key, and shall put it into the reader's hand; if he finds that it will turn in the wards of the lock, he can apply it for himself to each of those splendidly eloquent but startling treatises in which Mr. Ruskin has claimed the attention of the world for a political economy alleged to be both new and true.

Political economists of the ordinary school have taken the world as they found it. They have proceeded upon those facts and principles in relation to wealth to which mankind in general yields an express or a tacit assent. In one word, they have assumed the desirability to mankind of money. They have taken it for granted that money is or represents wealth. They have limited the problems of their science either to exhibiting the way in which men and nations may best obtain money, or to stating with exactitude the relation to each other of money on the one hand, and labour on the other. Mr. Ruskin sets out with the proposition that money is not wealth. What the world calls a princely fortune may in his eyes be the tantalising formula in which a man writes himself down a beggar. Why? Because the possessor may not have the power of buying with it anything that has real worth, anything that has substantial value. "*Valor*," says Mr. Ruskin, "from *valere*, to be well or strong (*ὕψαινω*); —strong, in life (if a man), or valiant; strong *for* life (if a thing), or valuable." To be "valuable," therefore, is to "avail towards life." A truly valuable or availing thing is that which leads to life with its whole strength. In proportion as it does not lead to life, or as its strength is broken, it is less valuable; in proportion as it leads away from life, it is invaluable or malig-

* By J. RUSKIN, A.M. Smith and Elder.

nant. The value of a thing, therefore, is independent of opinion, and of quantity. Think what you will of it, gain how much you may of it, the value of the thing itself is neither greater nor less. For ever it avails or avails not; no estimate can raise, no disdain depress the power which it holds from the Maker of things and of men. The real science of political economy, which has yet to be distinguished from the bastard science, as medicine from witchcraft, and astronomy from astrology, is that which teaches nations to desire and labour for the things that lead to life; and which teaches them to scorn and destroy the things that lead to destruction. And if, in a state of infancy, they suppose indifferent things, such as excrescences of shell-fish, and pieces of blue and red stone, to be valuable, and spend large measure of the labour which ought to be employed for the extension and ennobling of life, in diving or digging for them, and cutting them into various shapes; or, if in the same state of infancy, they imagine precious and beneficent things, such as air, light, and cleanliness, to be valueless; or, if, finally, they imagine the conditions of their own existence, by which alone they can truly possess or use anything, as, for instance, peace, trust, and love, to be prudently exchangeable, when the market offers, for gold, iron, or excrescences of shells—the great and only science of political economy teaches them, in all these cases, what is vanity, and what substance; and how the service of Death, the Lord of Waste and of eternal emptiness, differs from the service of Wisdom, the Lady of Saving, and of eternal fullness; she who has said, “I will cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures.” To put it more briefly, Mr. Ruskin’s political economy teaches how to obtain such wealth in material things as “air, light, and cleanliness,” and such wealth in spiritual things as “peace, trust, and love.”

We shall not enter upon a defence of the political economy of Mill and

Ricardo against Mr. Ruskin, but we venture to pronounce it entirely superfluous to defend Mr. Ruskin against them. They would assure Mr. Ruskin that they agree with him as to the supreme value of those things to which alone he will apply the term “valuable,” but would add that they confine themselves to treating of such things as can be exchanged for each other or for labour, as corn, wine, oil, iron. Neither air, light, nor cleanliness can you get into baskets and send to Covent Garden Market, nor can peace, trust, and love be ticketed in Regent Street shops, or shipped in the Cunard line of steamers. They have, in a word, no exchangeable value, and with exchangeable value alone does political economy, if it has a distinctive character at all, concern itself. To teach nations to be peaceful, trustful, and loving; to procure for them and induce them to prize air, light, and cleanliness; these are tasks of superlative importance, but they have been undertaken by the moralist, the philosopher, the divine; and it is as a moralist, a philosopher, a religious teacher, that Mr. Ruskin, whatever he may call himself, speaks. The key to his political economy is simply this; that the wealth of which he treats is essentially invisible and intangible,—not to be bought, sold, or exchanged,—not dependent upon money, but enabling men to be independent of money. Mr. Ruskin’s so-called political economy is almost always exceedingly good when he holds to what is really his own, when he searches into, and dwells upon, the essential value of things, as promoting the life of the soul or the body; when he sets forth the preciousness of air, light, sunshine, flowers, of faithfulness, gentleness, charity, justice; and he is almost always wrong when, scornfully denouncing political economy of the ordinary kind, he deals out his censure upon Ricardo, Macculloch, Mill, and their followers. Mr. Ruskin’s natural sense of the rightness and preciousness of things is almost as delicate and powerful in the ethical and social depart-

ments as in that of beauty, and if his teaching is good and eloquent, we need not quarrel with him about the name he gives it. If he teaches us to see a new beauty in those things which God has made beautiful, a new power and preciousness in those things which God has given for the body's strength and the soul's healing; if he teaches us to store our souls with a wealth of peace, and faculty, and affection, and felicity, which moth or rust cannot corrupt, and into which no thief can break and steal; if he deepens our sense of truth and quickens the delicacy of our honour; if he rouses us to a kind of work which evokes all our energies, and harmoniously, develops all our powers, a work noble in its aims and steadfast in its application, tempered in its heat and beneficent in its operation, a work presided over by contentment and fresh and effortless through health; we need not quarrel with him, though he occasionally flings a stone at the not easily broken head of Mr. John Stuart Mill. The key, therefore, to those writings which he calls politico-economical is that they present us with exquisite truth, belonging to the region of ethics or of sentiment, labelled, by mistake, political economy.

Mr. Ruskin calls the last of his little books, "The Crown of Wild Olive." It consists of three lectures, one upon Work, one upon Traffic, one upon War. The name is significant of Mr. Ruskin's feelings in addressing his countrymen. For a long time, he tells us, he looked upon all Englishmen as believing in Christianity and the Bible; in God, freedom, immortality. He spoke to them in terms suited to such a faith. But he now finds himself compelled—we would fain hope that he is in this mistaken—to admit that, in every gathering of Englishmen, a certain number have no creed but that of the ancient pagans. They believe that no crown of immortality awaits them, but only the Greek crown of wild olive. Them, however, he addresses with only the more emphasis on this account:—

"If," he says, "all the peace and power and joy you can ever win, must be won now; and all fruit of victory gathered here, or never; will you still, throughout the puny totality of your life, weary yourselves in the fire for vanity? If there is no rest which remaineth for you, is there none you might presently take? Was this grass of the earth made green for your shroud only, not for your bed? And can you never lie down upon it, but only under it? The heathen, to whose creed you have returned, thought not so. They knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contest. No proud one! No jewelled circlet flaming through Heaven above the height of the unmerited throne; only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. It should have been of gold, they thought; but Jupiter was poor; this was the best the god could give them. Seeking a greater than this, they had known it a mockery. Not in war, not in wealth, not in tyranny, was there any happiness to be found for them—only in kindly peace, fruitful and free. The wreath was to be of wild olive, mark you: the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, no verdure of branch; only with soft snow of blossom, and scarcely fulfilled fruit, mixed with grey leaf and thorn-set stem; no fastening of diadem for you, but with such sharp embroidery! But this, such as it is, you may win while yet you live; type of grey honour and sweet rest. Free-heartedness, and graciousness, and undisturbed trust, and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry to their pain; these, and the blue sky above you, and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath; and mysteries and presences, innumerable, of living things.—these may yet be here your riches; untorturing and divine: serviceable for the life that now is; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come."

From this book we have gleaned a few passages illustrative of Mr. Ruskin's style and manner when he writes as a political economist. We by no means pledge ourselves to adopt every sentiment they express or suggest; we submit only that they are all worth reading and considering.

"HOW WE USE ENGLISH LANDSCAPES.

"Twenty years ago, there was no lovelier piece of lowland scenery in South England, nor any more pathetic in the world, by its expression of sweet human character and life, than that immediately bordering on the sources of the Wandle, and including the lower moors of Adding-

ton, and the villages of Beddington and Carshalton, with all their pools and streams. No clearer or diviner waters ever sang with constant lips of the hand which 'giveth rain from heaven; 'no pastures ever lightened in springtime with more passionate blossoming; no sweeter homes ever hallowed the heart of the passer-by with their pride of peaceful gladness—fain-hidden—yet full confessed. The place remains, or, until a few months ago, remained, nearly unchanged in its larger features; but with deliberate mind I say, that I have never seen anything so ghastly in its inner tragic meaning,—not in Pisan Maremma,—not by Campagna tomb,—not by the sand-isles of the Torcellan shore,—as the slow-stealing of aspects of reckless, indolent, animal neglect, over the delicate sweetness of that English scene: nor is any blasphemy or impiety—any frantic saying or godless thought—more appalling to me, using the best power of judgment I have to discern its sense and scope, than the insolent defiling of those springs by the human herds that drink of them. Just where the welling of stainless water, trembling and pure, like a body of light, enters the pool of Carshalton, cutting itself a radiant channel down to the gravel, through warp of feathery weeds, all waving, which it traverses with its deep threads of clearness, like the chalcodony in moss-agate starred here and there with the white grenouillette; just in the very rush and murmur of the first spreading currents, the human wretches of the place cast their street and house foulness; heaps of dust and slime, and broken shreds of old metal, and rags of putrid clothes; they having neither energy to cart it away, nor decency enough to dig it into the ground, thus shed into the stream, to diffuse what venom of it will float and melt, far away, in all places where God meant those waters to bring joy and health. And, in a little pool, behind some houses farther in the village, where another spring rises, the shattered stones of the well, and of the little fretted channel which was long ago built and traced for it by gentler hands, lie scattered, each from each, under a ragged bank of mortar, and scoria; and bricklayers' refuse, on one side, which the clean water nevertheless chastises to purity; but it cannot conquer the dead earth beyond; and there, circled and coiled under festering scum, the stagnant edge of the pool effaces itself into a slope of black slime, the accumulation of indolent years. Half-a-dozen men, with one day's work, could cleanse those pools, and trim the flowers about their banks, and make every breath of summer air above them rich with cool balm; and every glittering wave medicinal, as if it ran, troubled of angels, from the porch of Bethesda. But that day's work is never given, nor will be; nor will any joy be possible to heart of man for

evermore, about those wells of English waters."

"GAME-PRESERVING.

"Through game-preserving, you get some curious laying out of ground; that beautiful arrangement of dwelling-house for man and beast, by which we have grouse and blackcock—so many brace to the acre,—and men and women so many brace to the garret. I often wonder what the angelic builders and surveyors—the angelic builders who build the many mansions up there above; and the angelic surveyors, who measured that four-square city with their measuring reeds—I wonder what they think, or are supposed to think, of the laying-out of ground by this nation, which has set itself, as it seems, literally to accomplish, word for word, or rather fact for word, in the persons of those poor whom its Master left to represent Him, what that Master said of Himself—'that foxes and birds had homes, but he none.'"

"WORK AND FEE.

"If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the Lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the devil; and not only the devil, but the lowest of devils—the 'least erected fiend that fell.' So there you have it in brief terms; work first—you are God's servants; fee first—you are the fiend's. And it makes a difference, now and ever, believe me, whether you serve Him who has on His vesture and thigh written 'King of kings,' and whose service is perfect freedom; or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written, 'Slave of slaves,' and whose service is perfect slavery. However, in every nation there are, and must always be a certain number of these fiend's servants, who have it principally for the object of their lives to make money. They are always, as I said, more or less stupid, and cannot conceive of anything else so nice as money. Stupidity is always the basis of the Judas bargain. We do great injustice to Iscariot, in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness. He was only a common money-lover, and, like all money-lovers, didn't understand Christ;—couldn't make out the worth of Him, or the meaning of Him. He didn't want Him to be killed. He was horror-struck when he found that Christ would be killed; threw his money away instantly and hanged himself. How many of our present money-seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves, whoever was killed? But Judas was a common, selfish, muddleheaded, pilfering fellow; his hand always in the bag of the poor, not caring for them. He didn't understand Christ; yet believed in Him, much more than most of us do; had seen Him do miracles, thought He was quite strong

enough to shift for Himself, and he, Judas, might as well make his own little by-perquisites out of the affair. Christ would come out of it well enough, and he have his thirty pieces. Now, that is the money-seeker's idea, all over the world. He doesn't hate Christ, but can't understand Him—doesn't care for Him—sees no good in that benevolent business; makes his own little job out of it at all events, come what will. And thus, out of every mass of men, you have a certain number of bagmen—your fee-first men, whose main object is to make money. And they do make it—make it in all sorts of unfair ways, chiefly by the weight and force of money itself, or what is called the power of capital; that is to say, the power which money, once obtained, has over the labour of the poor, so that the capitalist can take all its produce to himself except the labourer's food. That is the modern Judas's way of 'carrying the bag,' and 'bearing what is put therein.'

"JUSTICE.

"The one Divine work—the one ordered sacrifice is to do justice; and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. Anything rather than that! As much charity as you choose, but no justice. 'Nay,' you will say, 'charity is greater than justice.' Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity. You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not, at first, charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother (you can do that, whether you love him or not), and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him because you don't love him, and you will come to hate him. It is all very fine to think you can build upon charity to begin with; but you will find all you have got to begin with, begins at home. You well-to-do people, for instance, who are here to-night, will go to 'Divine service,' next Sunday, all nice and tidy, and your little children will have their tight little Sunday feathers in their hats; and you'll think, complacently and piously, how lovely they look! So they do: and you love them heartily; and you like sticking feathers in their hats. That's all right: that is charity; but it is charity beginning at home. Then you will come to the poor little crossing-sweeper, got up also,—it, in its Sunday dress,—the dirtiest rags it has,—that it may beg the better: we shall give it a penny, and think how good we are. That's charity going abroad. But what does Justice say, walking and watching near us? . . . You must put your ear down ever so close to her lips to hear her speak; and then you will start at what she first whispers, for it will

certainly be, 'Why shouldn't that little crossing-sweeper have a feather on its head, as well as your own child?' Then you may ask Justice, in an amazed manner, 'How she can possibly be so foolish as to think children could sweep crossings with feathers on their heads?' Then you stoop again, and Justice says—still in her dull, stupid way—'Then, why don't you, every other Sunday, leave your child to sweep the crossing, and take the little sweeper to church in a hat and feather?' Mercy on us! (you think), what will she say next? And you answer of course, that 'you don't, because everybody ought to remain content in the position in which Providence has placed them.' Ah, my friends, that's the gist of the whole question. Did Providence put them in that position, or did you? You knock a man into a ditch, and then you tell him to remain content in the 'position in which Providence has placed him.' That's modern Christianity. You say—'We did not knock him into the ditch.' How do you know what you have done, or are doing? That's just what we have all got to know, and what we shall never know, until the question with us, every morning, is, not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing; nor until we are at least so far on the way to being Christian, as to have understood that maxima of the poor half-way Mahometan, 'One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.'

"NON-INTERVENTION.

"As it is at their own peril that any race extends their dominion in mere desire of power, so it is at their own still greater peril that they refuse to undertake aggressive war, according to their force, whenever they are assured that their authority would be helpful and protective. Nor need you listen to any sophistical objection of the impossibility of knowing when a people's help is needed, or when not. Make your national conscience clean, and your national eyes will soon be clear. No man who is truly ready to take part in a noble quarrel will ever stand long in doubt by whom, or in what cause, his aid is needed. I hold it my duty to make no political statement of any special bearing in this presence; but I tell you broadly and boldly, that, within these last ten years, we English have, as a knightly nation, lost our spurs: we have fought where we should not have fought, for gain; and we have been passive where we should not have been passive, for fear. I tell you that the principle of non-intervention, as now preached among us, is as selfish and cruel as the worst frenzy of conquest, and differs from it only by being not only malignant but dastardly."

"ENGLISHWOMEN.

"I know your hearts, and that the truth of them never fails when an hour of trial comes which you recognize for such. But you know not when the hour of trial first finds you, nor when it verily finds you. You imagine that you are only called upon to wait and to suffer; to surrender and to mourn. You know that you must not weaken the hearts of your husbands and lovers, even by the one fear of which those hearts are capable,—the fear of parting from you or of causing you grief. Through weary years of separation; through fearful expectancies of unknown fate; through the tenfold bitterness of the sorrow which might so easily have been joy, and the tenfold yearning for glorious life struck down in its prime;—through all these agonies you fail not, and never will fail. But your trial is not in these. To be heroic in danger is little;—you are Englishwomen. To be heroic in change and sway of fortune is little;—for do you not love? To be patient through the great chasm and pause of loss is little;—for do you not still love in heaven? But to be heroic in happiness; to bear yourself gravely and righteously in the dazzling of the sunshine of morning; not to forget the God in whom you trust, when He gives you most; not to fail those who trust you, when they seem to need you least; this is the difficult fortitude. It is not in the pining of absence, not in the peril of battle, not in the wasting of sickness, that your prayer should be most passionate, or your guardianship most tender. Pray, mothers and maidens, for your young soldiers in the bloom of their pride; pray for them, while the only dangers round them are in their own wayward will; watch you, and pray, when they have to face not death but temptation. But it is this fortitude also for which there is the crowning reward. Believe me, the whole course and character of your lovers' lives is in your hands; what you would have them be, they shall be, if you not only desire to have them so, but deserve to have them so; for they are but mirrors in which you will see yourselves imaged. If you are frivolous, they will be so also; if you have no understanding of the scope of their duty, they also will forget it;—they will listen,—they can listen to no other interpretation of it than that uttered from your lips. Bid them be brave;—they will

be brave for you: bid them be cowards, and how noble so ever they be they will quail for you; bid them be wise, and they will be wise for you; mock at their counsel, they will be fools for you: such and so absolute is your rule over them. You fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah, no! the true rule is just the reverse of that; a true wife, in her husband's house, is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth: from her, through all the world's clamour, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace."

Such are the contents of this book; we think that the sample ought to incite the reader to procure and carefully to peruse the whole. Occasionally Mr. Ruskin talks either in wild, sardonic humour, or nonsensically. He says, for instance, that if the ladies of Europe were to go into mourning when war broke out, no war could last a week. The experience of the German war, to go no further, belies this theory. The streets of Berlin and Vienna are at this moment darkened by the mourning of those whose sons, brothers, fathers, husbands have fallen in the war, but we have not heard that this has had any effect upon Bismarck or Francis Joseph. It is a pity Mr. Ruskin should leave joints like this in his armour, seeing that keen archers are always on the watch to hit him. But while we admit that he is not without the eccentricities of a man of genius, we maintain that the solid worth of what he writes is no more destroyed by his eccentricity than the worth of a rich crop of wheat is destroyed by an occasional thistle, or poppy, or blue corn-flower.

A BOY'S SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

BY AN OLD BOY.

No. III.

IN a lonely dell in Northamptonshire, encircled by woods and overshadowed by trees, is a grave without a tombstone. Away from the homes of men, the dust still lies there of two, who though they lived useful lives and died not unhonoured deaths, have to this hour no monument however humble, and no epitaph however deserved, to tell where they were laid. It was not that the sphere they filled was narrow, it was not that they were unknown to fame, it was not that those who knew them were insensible of their merits or ungrateful for the benefits they conferred: yet there they lie apparently for ever forgotten. True, they left no instructions that any sculptured marble should perpetuate their names or deeds; but it is usually considered that survivors are not unmindful of these matters. At whose door so unusual a neglect lies chargeable I am not prepared to say; it is enough for me to tell that still that dust lies in that lonely dell, that over that spot the wildflowers blossom in summer, and the snows lie thick in winter—a grave without a name!

The fact is, that in that spot were buried the remains of two favourite mares. They were worthy members of a most useful race. I confess that, both from observation and from private experience, having broken two or three bones under their auspices, I am often inclined to say, "a horse is a vain thing for safety;" but, after all, a good horse is deserving of honour. These two mares belonged to my bachelor uncle. In his younger days he was accustomed to travel far and wide over the country, buying and selling large droves of oxen. Thousands of beasts, perhaps more than any man of his day, he would purchase in Wales, and sell at the great spring and summer fairs all over the mid-

land counties of England. In later years, the trade, like many another, deteriorated; but it was one into which in his day my uncle took great sagacity, extraordinary energy, power, and endurance, and, as an effect as well as a cause, unusual experience.

On these journeys he almost always rode one or other of these favourite mares; and they would sometimes accomplish such prodigies of work that I know I should tax my reader's faith were I to mention them. Yet it is literally true that on one occasion, for instance, my uncle started at four o'clock on a November afternoon from London, and by nine that night his mare had carried him to Bedford—fifty miles in five hours; and that was but one feat of many more that I could mention. No wonder then, that as I sometimes stand by that lonely grave and remember how the labours of those gentle but high-mettled steeds helped not only to promote the well-being of a family but the wealth of a nation, I am ready to aver that those favourite mares lived lives more useful than half the Roman emperors; and I hope yet that we shall some day erect a suitable tombstone and inscribe thereon—

"Peace to their manes!"

There was only one spot on the estate where we were sure to find a water-hen, and that was on the large pond by the grave of the mares. An old pollard willow or two stood by the brink of the water, and water-grasses, and flags, and rushes grew plentifully around the margin of the little lake. Here, from time immemorial, a moor-hen found its home, where she was tolerably secure from any attack; and once only did one of us approach the nest. There was a little island in the middle of the

pond, to be reached only at the risk of a sound ducking. My adventurous elder brother, however, managed to clamber along some rails, and then holding on by some overhanging boughs, he found to his surprise a mass of dry rushes, and other materials, lying on the ground among the flags, looking as if they had been flung there with a pitchfork—enough to fill a wheelbarrow. So large was the nest that he thought he must have discovered the home of a heron or an eagle, or of some gigantic bird; but while he was leaning over the nest, out dropped a moor-hen, and we heard a flapflap as we watched her flying off, dipping her toes in the water, and soon lost to sight in the sedge and rushes below, leaving a track upon the water like what would be made by boys who had thrown an oyster-shell across the pond. Inside the nest were seven large eggs with greenish red spots, quite warm. My brother brought away two of them; and I think the owner bore her loss well, for when we next passed the pond we saw her still stealing along the sides of the pond, giving occasionally a sort of jerk of satisfaction with her white tail; and then swimming along with a nodding motion of her head like that of a wooden Chinese mandarin, pecking at vegetable substances at the top of the water, and hunting for insects, worms, or slugs, as merry as a grig.

"What are all these heaps of earth?" I inquired of my cousin, as we were one day coming from "the glen of the grave;" for I noticed that the grass was marked with innumerable little heaps of soft red mould.

"They were made by 'the little gentleman in the velvet coat,'" he answered.

"Who in the world is he?" I asked.

"The mole," replied my cousin. "And he gets his name because of his soft black fur, which stands up more like the pile of velvet than anything else. He tunnels along underground in pursuit of worms on which he chiefly feeds,

sometimes running only a very few inches from the surface, and sometimes going deep down in chase of his prey. These heaps of mould are the places where he makes the shaft of his tunnels and throws out the earth. But here comes Allom, the mole-catcher; he will tell us all about it."

Now old Tom Allom, the mole-catcher, was what is technically called, "a character," and as he was withal a chum of mine, I have the greater pleasure in perpetuating his virtues. There were two sides to Tom's character—the graver and the gayer, the professional and the convivial; and a yawning gulf seemed to sunder them. Watch him in the morning at his work, with his little round mole-traps hanging over his bony shoulder, plunging his staff into the soft up-turned mould of the mole-heaps, and then tracing the route of his prey; and the severity of duty is on his brow, and few and far between are the words upon his lips. But see him at night, with his short pipe in his mouth, when he has "moistened his clay" with a glass or two of his own home-brewed, seated by the sanded hearth of his cottage or at the village inn, and an inner depth of native cheeriness crops up from beneath, and he will tell the oddest things with the gravest face I ever knew; the very solemnity of his lean countenance making his wit sparkle the brighter, like a candle in a coal-pit.

"Now, Tom," we exclaimed on the morning when we first met, "tell us how you catch moles?"

Tom lifted his bony hand to his somewhat battered wide-awake in respectful salutation, and then solemnly said, "Bless your hearts, young gentlemen, I don't catch moles, they catches themselves."

"Then show us how you so kindly help them to catch themselves," we replied. "Are those mole-traps on your back?"

"Yes, they are," he slowly answered, taking them down. "You see there's one thing moles can't stand."

"What's that?"

"Well, they can burrow up and down, and in and out, and back'ards and for'ards; they can feel where they can't see, and they can run away almost as fast as you can dig after them; but there's one thing they can't abide."

"What's that?"

"To be squoged," he answered, significantly.

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"To be squoged," he repeated, without attempting any literary definition. "And accordingly," he continued, with a special emphasis on the last syllable, "we set these traps so that when one of them gets in he is squoged, and then he's done—as dead as a door-nail."

"Then you mean to say," I asked, "that they can squeeze themselves to any extent when they are burrowing in the earth, but they don't like other people to do it?"

"Exackly," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye; "you see, as the ladies say, it ain't the squeezin' that kills or cures; it all depends upon who has the doin' of it."

"Well," said my cousin, "I shouldn't care to be a mole, Master Allom, whether I got into your clutches or kept out of them."

"Why?" he exclaimed.

"Always living underground in dirt and darkness, having to dig like a navvy, only doing it with your nose instead of with a shovel, and scarcely able to see half-a-dozen inches before you even when you do come to the top. I shouldn't like that, Master Tom."

"Every one to his taste, Sir," said Tom, "but they ain't so bad off after all. If they can't see they can hear and feel, and love and fight, and they have got a good appetite and plenty of grub—what more can they want?"

And Tom, alike the champion and the destroyer of moles, was right in the main. The hearing of the mole is so acute that it has become a proverb that no footfall is so light but that the blind mole can hear you; its sense of touch is remarkably delicate; while its scent enables it with wonderful success to find and to chase the earthworms on which

it feeds, and at the same time to avoid its enemies. Hence it is the practice of experienced mole-catchers to draw the body of a dead mole over the trap and the soil which they have touched, so as to obliterate the trace of the touch of the human hand.

Of the combative powers of the mole the Rev. J. G. Wood gives an illustration. A friend of his was in a retired part of some woods near Shooter's Hill, when he suddenly heard a strange scrambling among the dried leaves and underwood, and he soon caught sight of two little black animals tumbling over one another in fierce battle. Availing himself of a favourable opportunity, he resolved to capture one or both; and disregarding thorns, and underwood, and thistles, he at length reached them. Instantly they ceased their fight and began sinking into the soil, in so ghostlike a manner, that their observer knew that they must be moles. "Not being," he says, "particularly acquainted with the arrangement of the mole's teeth, or with its disposition, I did not venture to take hold of either creature with my hand, but being anxious to effect a capture, I caught hold of the tail of one of the little fellows, and with the help of a sharp tug I pulled him out of the ground and gave him an aerial voyage. He came to the ground without any apparent injury, and again began busily sinking a shaft. This time the back looked so very inviting that I seized him by the short fur upon that portion of his body, and then found that I had him quite secure. He appeared very philosophical under the circumstances, and did not perform any unnecessary contortions, having very soon discovered that he was a safe prisoner. The next proceeding was to place him in my handkerchief, and to discover whether he would, either by his teeth or claws, make his way through the silk. No sooner was he suspended in this impromptu prison than he tried his utmost to work his way through the walls; but the silk yielded to him and would not open. A minute's exertion ap-

peared to satisfy him, after which he laid himself calmly down. His companion was by this time probably two feet beneath the surface."

The most remarkable mining or architectural work accomplished by the mole is for its home, and also for the protection of the mother and her young. For this purpose a hillock is found or made, under which two circular galleries are formed one above the other, and connected with short passages. The mole then burrows into the centre of the mound, where it digs a moderately large spherical hole which also communicates with the other galleries by various radiating runs, through any of which it can escape at any time. In the central chamber the bed is made of dried leaves or grass, and it there enjoys its well-deserved repose. The nest of the female is always at a little distance from the central fortress; its interior is very large, and is well supplied with bedding, sometimes also with certain roots on which the young are said to feed during the first weeks of their existence.

As we were strolling slowly homeward, chatting about mole-catchers and moles, we turned into the spinney by the "glen of the grave," and sauntered along the devious paths among the underwood, looking out for anything that was to be seen; when suddenly we heard a loud flapping rushing sound above us. A wood-pigeon had been disturbed from her nest; but, as we looked up, we could catch only the purple and ashen-grey of her breast and stomach, for her broad sweeping wings bore her above the topmost branches of the trees, and in a moment she was gone. The tree was lofty, but Charles was soon "swarming" up its leafless trunk, holding on by the little branches, and sometimes by the big ones, and sometimes apparently, as sailors say, only with his eyelids. At length he reached the nest, so light and frail a structure of dried sticks that we could see the eggs through the bottom, and the wonder was that the whole thing had not been blown away by the wind.

"Two large white eggs!" shouted Charles from aloft. "What am I to do with them?"

"Put one of them in your mouth to keep it from breaking, and leave the other," replied William. He obeyed; and in a few minutes he reached *terra firma* again, looking rather red in the face, and rather green in his clothes, and rather proud of his triumph.

"There are more nests in this spinney," said William, "you can hear the old ones cooing. Listen." And, sure enough, we could. In a quarter of an hour or so, we again heard the loud flapping of the wood-pigeon's wing, and there was another nest.

"My turn this time," said I. So up I went. On reaching the layer of sticks, called by courtesy a nest, lo and behold, there were two young pigeons who seemed almost able to fly, and, at my unexpected intrusion upon them, quite willing. What to do with them I hardly knew; so, climbing on to a forked branch of the tree hard by, I held a consultation with those below.

"Have you any string in your pocket?" said Charles.

"Lots."

"Well, then, turn your cap into a bag, put the pigeons in it, and then lower them to us."

It was not a very easy task to perform; but after a little while I managed all right, and the prize was in safe custody below.

"I thought you said you never took young pigeons from the old ones?" I remarked to my cousin, jokingly, as I noticed his pleasure at our capture; though all the while I was not unwilling to see that his rule had been relaxed.

"Yes," said William, "I would not have taken them or any other, if I knew they would die, but we *can* rear them. Most young unfledged birds are sure to die of cold and hunger; but we'll make a place for these in the straw-barn, and keep them till they are full grown."

"But will they peck up?" I asked.

"No, not yet, but we can easily feed them. All we have to do is to

soak some peas in water, and when they are soft, take hold of the bird with your left hand, lift up his beak with your thumb and finger, drop in the pea, and he will do the rest fast

enough for himself." And so we journeyed home with our prizes, discussing a thousand plans as to the future home and education of our young and increasing family.

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELD.

IN our last visit to the Mission Field we lingered amid the scenes where the Malagasy church—consecrated with martyr blood—has witnessed a good confession; and also amid those boundless plains of India, where indeed the harvest is great and the labourers are few, but where the goodly sheaves already gathered begin to gladden the husbandmen with the joy of harvest.

Pleasing tidings reach us from the isles of Polynesia. We are sorry to find that "the slaver's vile work despoiled two settlements in Savage Island of their finest young men," and that now many others are emigrating; but the Mission as a whole has been "greatly blessed." One Church received during the year 284 new members, raising the number in Church fellowship to 1,075. The contributions to the parent society also are greatly in excess of those of any previous year. "The people," we are assured, "have done their utmost. There is scarcely a cocoa-nut, such as is used for fibre, to be had in the whole island. We have just had," continues our informant, "our May meetings—two glorious, heart-stirring gatherings. Some of the old men who spoke, referred to former times, when such assemblies were unknown, and when many then present never met except in bloody strife. Would that Christians at home could have seen what we saw and heard on those two days!" As an illustration of the progress of Christian civilization in this once emphatically savage island, we may add that judges and constables have been appointed for the maintenance of public justice and peace; and that instead of the old custom of each village making its own laws, a sort

of representative system has been inaugurated.

It cannot but be the occasion of deep regret and of honest indignation that while European missionaries are labouring, at sacrifices so many and great, for the reclamation of the heathen world from their debasing superstitions, other Europeans are hindering this work abroad and delaying it at home. "Clouds," writes Mr. W. Gill, from Mangaia, "are looming in the distance. I refer to the determined efforts of worthless foreigners to settle here against the wishes of the people; too plainly, we fear, with a view of introducing foreign drink and other evils. But at present the chiefs are determined not to admit them. The Lord watch over these defenceless people!" And in terms of righteous indignation the venerable Moffatt reprobates the example set by European travellers in South Africa: "The influx," he says, "of so many white traders in pursuit of ostrich feathers has exerted a baneful influence on the morals of the natives with whom they have come into contact. The conduct of most of these is a crying disgrace to the name they bear, as well as to the colour of their skin. Some of these have been heard to say that, as they are in a country without law, they can do as they like, and they do do things which make the natives themselves blush. Had we here Burtonians of the Anthropological school, we should like to point them to this and then to that, and ask them *when* savages are to be civilized under the system they so shamelessly advocate. It goes counter to all that is pure, honest, honourable, lovely, and of good report, ruining both soul and body by swindling, falsehood; and

filthiness we will not define, enough to bring down the vengeance of Heaven. There are, however, honourable exceptions to the above, but, alas! they are few."

Our friends of the Baptist Missionary Society report, amid other interesting events, the opening of a "Jungle chapel" in Ceylon, built upon a little knoll by the roadside, amidst groves of cocoa-nut and palm-trees, and backed by verdure-clad hills in the distance. The scene at the opening service was interesting. The Singhalese congregation included many of different classes and races and lands. There was the dusky and jewelled native brunette, arrayed in abundance of satin and lace, her bare head crowned with a comb of gold; there were the half European costumes of the gentlemen of wealth; and there are the poorer folk with simply the familiar cloth or comboy around the waist. "The native gentlemen present have all comboys (flowered or plain) like the ladies, and the universal tortoiseshell combs fixed in the hair, drawn to the back of the head in a knot; but they have donned European jackets and vests of tweed, and socks, and shoes. The denationalizing of dress is still further seen in their young children—boys with breeches and knickerbockers, girls with such articles as crinolines! However, there were a number of bright intelligent countenances around (which is much more important than the signs of material prosperity), and the people took a hearty part in the singing," and in the service.

A remarkable change, devolving much increased responsibility upon the Christian Church, has of late years taken place in the position of the vast empire of China as a scene of missionary operations. Fifty years ago the difficulty was to obtain access to the people of that land, and of other departments of heathendom. The earlier missionaries who placed themselves at Macao or Canton, were in every way obstructed by the jealousy of the native authorities. How different now! In 1835, when Dr. Medhurst merely landed on the

coast and distributed books among the crowd, he was challenged by the chief mandarin and his assistants, was informed that the Emperor of the Celestial Empire commanded all under heaven, and he was compelled to return to his ship. Now, all our missionaries have free access into the interior, have planted the standard of the cross on the very citadels of heathendom, and are making constant itinerancies into hitherto unexplored country districts, where they are scattering the seed of the kingdom on wide fields of Christian husbandry.

From the Fuh-Chau mission, Mr. Wolf sends us some interesting particulars. "The work in the city," he says, "humanly speaking, is much more difficult than the work in the country, arising from the pride and prejudice of the literary class, of which the city is the great rendezvous. These hate Christianity as a foreign importation, and hold in supreme contempt those who embrace it, while in the country the influence of this class is not so much felt. During the past year, we had the privilege of admitting by baptism eleven individuals into the Church of Christ. Ten of these—four adults and six children—were baptized on the occasion of the opening of the new church in October; and the other, an adult, was baptized on Christmas-day. In the new church regular service is conducted twice on the Sabbath, and we have generally a good attendance of heathen, who remain the whole time, and listen attentively, and often join in the singing and in the responses. These, with the native Christians, make up a tolerably good congregation. We have no doubt but that this new place of worship, with its regular services, in the very heart of the city, exercises a most beneficial influence on the interests of Christianity generally in this place. Many of the better class frequently attend the services, and take away with them new ideas and favourable impressions of the Christian worship. They listen with great interest to the prayers offered up for the Emperor and his household, and

his 'high court of Parliament,' in the words of our own beautiful liturgy, and have often expressed themselves pleased and surprised to find our worship different from what they had previously supposed. The most absurd and ridiculous notions of Christian worship have been, and still are, entertained by thousands of this people, and any means which would tend in any measure to correct these notions promotes the cause of Christianity. This we believe our new church is effectually doing. Its very existence is preaching Christianity."

From the Mediterranean mission, which is divided into four distinct fields of labour—Constantinople, Syra, Smyrna, and Palestine—we regret to learn that the Turkish government continues arbitrarily to interfere with the free action of the missionary and of the rights of

conscience, and this in violation of express stipulations. These proceedings have taken place at a time when many Turks were coming to the missionaries, and enquiring into the truth of Christianity. Christian converts have been arrested and sent to prison or exile; the whole movement has been thrown back; and although we doubt not that in many a Moslem heart there is a wish to know more of Christianity, yet such feelings are carefully repressed, and enquirers dare no longer come to the missionaries for conversation and instruction.

Thirteen candidates for missionary labour, who had been trained at the Islington Institution, were recently ordained by the late bishop of Victoria, on behalf of the bishop of London, who was prevented by indisposition from officiating.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

BY REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, F.R.S.L.

"Yet I argue not,
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

MILTON.

It is a trite saying that difficulty attends the path of every worthy enterprise. The divine edict, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is found to apply to all grades of the social scale and to all lines of earthly pursuit. History shows that, Sisyphus-like, every man, or body of men, aspiring to greatness, must roll the burden up-hill; that tears and blood form the saddening price of humanity's promotion; that it is in the face of repeated failures, amid constant fluctuations of fortune, with hope and fear alternating in the breast, any lofty project can be brought to the summit of human endeavour. But as Samuel Warren well puts it, "What is *difficulty*? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men." Hence, wherever they may be enshrined, we admire the noble hearts,

that failing once or twice in the accomplishment of their purpose, do not falter in their application. Such persistence, such tenacity, and such "*pluck*," are specially cultivated by Englishmen, and every manifestation of these valuable qualities elicits their plaudits.

An instance of British perseverance is now before us. For the third time, our countrymen are attempting to unite the continents of Europe and America by a telegraphic cable. The task is gigantic, but not, we believe, impossible. There are many reasons which lead us to cherish the confident hope that this effort will be crowned with success.

We think of the past history of submarine telegraph cables, and the progress of electrical science within the last sixteen years. It was in 1850 the first submarine cable was laid. That was between Dover and Calais. It was a fragile thing. One day began and ended its electric life. In September 1851, the Straits of

Dover were entrusted with a second and stronger wire, which to this day continues to transmit our messages. Since then, some sixty-nine cables have been laid, varying both in the length of the wires and the depth submerged. Of these sixty-nine, that between Malta and Alexandria, laid in 1861, is the longest, being 1,535 miles. Next is the Bassora and Kurrachee cable across the Persian Gulf, 1 500 miles, the shortest being that between Keyhaven and Hurst Castle, which is three miles. That between Corfu and Otranto is submerged deepest, it being between 300 and 1,000 fathoms down; whilst that between Prince Edward's Island and New Brunswick is only ten to fourteen fathoms deep. Up to the year 1858, it was generally allowed, that the encouragement derived from the construction, sinking, and operation of submarine wires was sufficient to justify the effort to bring Ireland and Newfoundland into electrical connection. The first cable sunk in the Atlantic measured 2,160 miles. It was submerged, in the deepest waters, 2,424 fathoms. And, as the reader well knows, it did convey a dispatch. The electric current travelled through its sunken channel for a few moments and then succumbed. The young servant of the two worlds, having spoken for a moment, became irremediably speechless; but said enough to prove that neither the distance between the eastern and western hemisphere, nor the depth of old ocean need impair the conductivity of the cable. Subsequently to 1858, considerable moderations and improvements were made, so that when the Atlantic expedition set forth in 1865, it was with every prospect of success. Indeed, humanly speaking, had the grappling tackle and machinery for hauling in been sufficient for the occasion, the cable of 1865 would have been in use to-day. The effort of last year demonstrated that the "Great Eastern" can pay out with ease in any weather—that the insulation of the cable is vastly improved by submersion—and that if the cable by any accident should break, it can be securely grappled and raised to the surface. Since

then, a new cable has been carefully constructed with a breaking strain of seven cwt. in excess of that laid last year. Two thousand seven hundred and thirty miles of this have been stowed away on board the "Great Eastern," so that, if one line is successfully laid, there will be surplus cable sufficient to join to that sunk in 1865, and thus form two complete lines. Besides this, to be prepared for contingencies, the ship "Medway" takes 500 miles of last year's cable, as well as grappling apparatus. Thus, with the experience of the past—with skilful supervisors of the whole proceedings—and with improved appliances, we see little reason to entertain doubt of the ultimate accomplishment of this valuable scheme.

At the same time, it is manifest that the work must be carried on with the greatest caution. Vigilant care will be needed every inch of the way. We know full well what tremendous issues are contingent on attention to or neglect of little. Not from the pulpit only are we taught not to despise small things. History tells us how simple circumstances have been the parents of the grandest discoveries, and how minute errors have thrown open the flood-gates to most ruinous consequences. The *past* of the Atlantic Telegraph, in particular, reminds us of this need of care. It was but a trivial piece of wire which, unobserved, became too closely associated with the cable, spoiled the insulation, and for the time frustrated the noble work. Hence we trust no foresight and no attention will be wanting. We do not forget that out of the *sixty-nine* submarine cables that have been laid, *thirty-two have failed*, after having been in operation for a time. That between Corsica and Spezzia, a distance of 110 miles, laid in 1854, was in use for *ten* years without interruption. But the average duration of cables *above* 100 miles has been *two* years. Thus, between Singapore and Batavia, 630 miles, the period was *two* years; between France and Algeria, 520 miles, *two* years; Malta and Corfu, 350 miles, *one year and a-half*; Cagliari and Sicily, 246 miles, *one year and a-*

half; Toulon and Corsica, 105 miles, *two* years; Sardinia and Bona, 150 miles, *three* years; England and the Channel Islands, 102 miles, *two years and a-half*. Some cables have been broken by currents, and others by anchors, in shallow waters; some have snapped by their own weight, and others by chafing upon a rock. Against most, if not all of these dangers, experience and foresight *may*, and we trust *will* securely guard. If so, by permission of Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand, we are sanguine enough to expect soon to hear the chorus of acclamation over the satisfactory completion of this colossal undertaking; and none will join more heartily in the triumphs of success than ourselves.

That it will be a *costly* triumph we already know. But has anything of lasting magnitude and worth ever been secured for nothing? Who, when the thing of beauty, blessedness, and value is his own, thinks for a moment of the painful price by which it was procured? What emigrant to the gold-mines, finding nuggets large enough permanently to enrich him, gives a serious thought to the wearying days of digging which preceded his gain? What patient rising from the couch of severe suffering, which once threatened to be the bed of death, begrudges the physician his fee? There are lovers of science and benefactors of society who think thus in relation to all new, untried, but promising plans for the public weal. The ardent spirit of inquiry—the unconquerable longing of the soul of man to subdue nature, and transform all surroundings into subordinate auxiliaries to its progress—spurns the thought of cost or hazard. And when victorious, the mind loses sight of the price of victory, in the prospect of securing still nobler triumphs. A country squire once resolved to sink a well, but encountered more difficulty than he at first expected, and was put to much greater expense than he had previously calculated. After many temptations to abandon the purpose, he suddenly came upon a fine spring

of wholesome water, and then, in the fulness of his heart, he said, "It has cost me a pretty penny, but that does not signify, for the well gives me more pleasure than double the expense would give me pain." So, when the Atlantic Cable is complete, and quietly performs its allotted work, there will be multitudes speaking like the country squire, who now belong to the "grumbler's" school, and pronounce the expedition a waste of money. Nevertheless, we venture to quote the advice given some time since by an able writer on this subject—"Let those who cannot afford to throw away their money, well consider whether *they* are the parties who are called upon to make such costly experiments. Certainly the hope of gain is not sufficiently definite to justify any one who cannot well afford to lose. Scientific men give the toil of their brain, their time, and their lives, to these grand enterprises; it is proper that great capitalists should second their efforts by such means as *they* have to give, and take their chance of losing what they can afford to lose, or of gaining a great prize; of verifying the old proverb about 'making a spoon or spoiling a horn.' They may thus be great benefactors of their species, at the same time that they benefit themselves; and if neither be the case, they can sit down content to bear the cost of the experiment. But let not those who wish to make a little provision for wife and children endanger it in the hope of doubling it."

There is just one thought that will force itself upon our notice when we think of a great enterprise like that to which this paper points; it is the power with which puny man is vested by the Deity. He can sweep the heavens with his far-searching gaze—can calculate the measurement of the bright orbs above him—can yoke the elements to his chariot of progress—can conquer the seas, transform the sunbeams, harness the lightnings, and make all surroundings his servants. Yet man so rich in power is miserably poor—able to effect such wonders in nature, and yet himself the slave of evil passions.

He presents a complication—a contradiction—"a chimera." He is "a pigmy standing on the outward crust of this small planet, but his far-reaching spirit stretches outward to the infinite, and there alone finds rest." From all the lofty thoughts, august conceptions, and marvellous

successes of the past or present, let us learn that man possesses a soul superior to circumstances—a soul that after generating glorious appliances, can rise above them, and beget somewhat better still; in a word, a soul constituted for a bright, blessed, and ever-progressing future.

"Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course must hold;
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes; nor will he lend
His heart to aught that doth on time depend."

THE TROUBLED SEA.

BY EDWIN HODDER.

CHAPTER II.

TEN years had passed away. The scenery of that Devonshire coast is unaltered, and the voice of the sea still sings its mysterious song.

A little boy with a barrow and a spade is digging trenches in the sand, and watching with glee the progress of the tide through the channels he has cut.

Beside a huge slab of rock a gentleman is reclining. He holds a book in his hand, but his eyes wander over the sea and follow the course of the sea-birds, as they wheel round and round overhead. There is a strange light in that face, the smile that parts the lips remind you of a gleam of sunshine from a cloud-bank. There are deep lines in the forehead which speak of prolonged sorrow, and although not forty years have passed over that head, the hair is grey.

The tide was rolling in, and had washed away the sand towers and canals which the child had made, and gathering up his barrow and spade, he came and sat beside his father.

"Papa," said the child, "you promised to tell me a story when we were on the sea-shore. Will you tell it me now?"

"Yes, Ned, my boy, come and sit down on this rock out of the sun, and I will tell you a story.

"There was a little boat out at sea, and its white sails were glistening in the sun, and the birds flew merrily round, and it sailed along smoothly and pleasantly over the

gentle waters. The captain was very happy to see his boat going along so well, and he thought he would soon get to the port towards which he was sailing. For many days the wind was fair, and the sea was smooth, and he never thought of danger, but enjoyed himself all the livelong day. There were lots of other ships on the sea, but none seemed to be making such a prosperous voyage as his; some had lost their masts in recent storms, and some were beating up against the wind which was carrying him so safely along. But one night the wind changed, and thick heavy clouds gathered in the sky, and the thunder rolled and rolled, the lightning gleamed forth from the dark clouds like the flashing eye of an angry God. The captain was frightened, for he had not thought of storms coming on, the helm of his ship was broken, and he had started on his voyage without a chart; and the waves beat upon his little ship, and dashed it about now high up on some great mass of waters and now sinking down into the dark valley. Wave upon wave, Ned, wave upon wave, struck that ship until all its sails and all its masts were gone!"

"And was the ship quite wrecked, papa, and did the captain die?" asked the child.

"The ship was wrecked, Ned. For many days and nights it was tossing about on the waters, and still, as the captain thought, was getting nearer and nearer to the

port for which he was sailing, and he still hoped against hope, until one day he saw the land ahead, the very port he wanted to reach. But now it was that his vessel was wrecked; onward and onward it went, driven by the rough blast, until it was dashed on the shore, and the little ship was broken to pieces. But the captain was saved; he was washed up on the beach, and there, all alone, in a strange land, he mourned for the loss of his ship and all the precious stores it contained."

"That's a very miserable story, papa," said Ned, "is it true?"

"It is true, my boy, in the sense that a parable is true. Ned, do you know papa, was thinking of his own life when he told that story?"

"Then please tell me something about yourself without a parable, and all truth," said the child.

"Well, Ned, when I was a young man I thought I could sail safely on the sea of life without a chart or a helm. I did not think I wanted this book to guide me (pointing to a pocket Bible), and I made all my plans and purposes without thinking God only prospers our way as we follow His commandments. And, Ned, I had set my heart on an object which I loved more than anything in earth or heaven, more than I loved the good God who made us. It was your mamma, Ned; oh, I loved her so much, she was more than earth and more than heaven to me, and we sailed over the blue sea so happily, and all was so bright and fair around until dark days came, such storms rose, boy, that I wonder I ever lived through them; wave upon wave, wave upon wave, until all my hopes in life were wrecked, and your mamma went away to heaven, Ned, far away up there beyond those white cloud-mountains, and left me alone in the world—alone!"

"No, papa, not alone; you have got Ned along with you, papa," said the child, drawing closer to his father, and brushing away the tear which was gently rolling down one of the furrows of his face. "Now let me tell you a story; it is true,

every word, for that dear old clergyman you met yesterday on the beach, and who talked with you such a long time, and gave you that book, he told it me when I went to his house this morning."

"There was a little ship out at sea, and the disciples were in it, and there was a great storm, and the wind blew boisterous rough, and the little ship seemed as if it was about to sink. And the disciples were so frightened, and they would all have been drowned, every one of them, only Jesus was in the ship. But He was down-stairs, in the cabin, asleep on a pillow, and they thought it was very hard of Him not even to seem to care for them, and to let their little boat be wrecked, and so they went down to Him, and said, 'Master, Master, we perish!' And I dare say they would have perished, papa, if they hadn't called on Jesus; and so He got up and said to the sea, 'Be still!' and the winds and the waves obeyed Him. And the disciples loved Him all the more because of the storm, because they saw it was God who sent the storm to teach them how great Jesus was, and I think, papa, that God sent your storm, that you might love Him more than anybody else, and took dear mamma away to heaven that you might always be thinking about heaven, and wanting to go there too."

* * * * *

How manifold are the ministries of life! How complete the interweavings of Providence! Trials and troubles are His messengers, and darkness the precursor of the "Morning without clouds." He permits apparent evil in order to show distinctly the real good. He takes away sometimes the precious things of earth to lay up for us treasure in heaven.

How manifold are the ministries of life! The Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation, the stray words of a clergyman, the prattle of a child, these are the instrumentalities through which He rebukes the winds and the waves of trouble, and produces the soul's peaceful, holy calm.

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

AUGUST.

"The sixt was August, being rich array'd
 In garment all of gold downe to the ground :
 Yet rode he not, but led a lovely mayd
 Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
 With ears of corne, and full her hand was found :
 That was the righteous virgin, which of old
 Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound ;
 But after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice solde,
 She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven extold."

SPENSER.

THIS eighth month of the year, which in Spenser's day was considered the sixth, was called *Sextilis* by the Romans, till the Senate named it after the Emperor Augustus, who in this month was created Consul, thrice triumphed in Rome, subdued Egypt, and made an end of the civil wars. Our Saxon ancestors called it *Arn*, or *Barn-monath*, "intending thereby the then filling of their barnes with corne." *Arn* is the Saxon word for harvest. According to Bede, it was also called *Woodmonath*, or, *Weidmonath*; i. e., *Weedmonth*,—a name likewise given to June, on account of the abundance of weeds the earth then produces.

The first of August you will find in all the almanacs and in the calendar registered as *Lammas Day*. The antiquarian, Brand, seems to be rather puzzled about the true origin of Lammas-day, because some derive it from *Lamb-Mass*; tenants who held lands under the cathedral church in York, dedicated to St. Peter ad Vincula, being formerly bound by their tenure to bring a live lamb into the church at high mass; while others "derive it from a supposed offering or tything of lambs at this time." Blount tells us that Lammas is called *Hlaf Mass*; that is, loaf-mass, or bread mass, signifying a feast of thanksgiving for the first-fruits of the corn; an offering being made with bread of new wheat. And in some places tenants were bound to bring new wheat, called Lammas-wheat, to their lords, on or before the first of August. Another antiquarian affirms that this day was dedicated in Ireland to "the

sacrifice of the fruits of the soil:" that *La-ith-mas*," "the day of the obligation of grain," is pronounced *Lae-mas*, a word very readily corrupted into *Lammas*. He says, moreover, that *ith* signifies all kinds of grain, particularly wheat, and that *mas* signifies fruit of all kinds, especially the acorn, whence the word *mast*. Which of these explanations is the true one, I cannot pretend to determine; any one of them is reasonable enough.

Lammas-day is also called the *Gule of August*; another disputed term, concerning which divers authorities are given. One writes:—"Probably from the Gothic *Hiol*, or *Jul*, a wheel indicating that revolution of season which brought the return of harvest. According to Gebeline, one of the brotherhood of antiquaries, August was the first month of the Egyptian year, and it was called *Gule*, which being Latinized into *Gula*, signifies *throat*. "Brand's Antiquities" inform us, that legendaries being surprised to find this word at the head of the month of August, converted it to their own purposes; and they made out of it the feast of the daughter of the tribune Quirinus, who, it is pretended, was cured of a disorder in the throat (*Gula*) by kissing the chain of St. Peter on the day of its festival. "And thus," says another writer, "forcing the *gule* of the Egyptians into the *throat* of the tribune's daughter, they instituted a festival to *Gule* upon the festival day of St. Peter ad Vincula."

Now *St. Peter ad Vincula*, or the Feast of *St. Peter's chains*, though

sensibly expunged from the Anglican calendar, still flourishes in that of Rome, and it is kept on this Gule and Lammas-day, the first of August. The Romish Church has the effrontery to pretend that she actually possesses one of the chains where-with Peter was bound, and from which the angel delivered him. The same red mantled lady also declares that she possesses the chains—(all of them?) of St. Paul; and Pope Gregory, writing to the Empress Constantia, tells her “he will quickly send her some part of St. Paul’s chains, if it be possible for him to file any off!” And the Pope goes on to add, referring to the possibility of his proposed benevolence:—“Since so many frequently come begging a benediction from the chains, that they may receive a little of the filings thereof, therefore a priest is ready with a file; and when *some* persons petition for it, presently, in a moment, something is filed off for them from the chains; but when *others* petition, though the file be drawn a great while through the chains, yet cannot the least jot be got off!” Very discriminating chains truly; and one is inclined to ask with Bishop Patrick, why these chains should not have a festival all to themselves, as well as the single one of St. Peter? A great Romish luminary furnishes us with a grave reply:—“Truly the bonds of St. Peter seem, not without reason, to be worshipped, though the bonds of the other apostles are not; for it is but fit that since he has the chief power in the Church of binding and loosing other men’s bonds, that his bonds should also be had in honour of all the faithful!”

The Empress Eudocia is affirmed to have brought the two chains of St. Peter from Jerusalem, A.D. 439; and one she graciously presented to a church in Constantinople, and the other she sent to Rome, “where,” says *Hone*, “the old lady’s chain has yielded, or not yielded, to the raspings of the file from time immemorial!” Justinian sent ambassadors to the Pope, begging for some particles, and was so fortunate as to

obtain them; and Butler tells us how the Popes “were accustomed to send the filings, as precious relics, to devout princes; they were often instruments of miracles, and the *Pope himself* rasped them off for King Ahildebart” (happy man!) “and enclosed them in a golden *key*, to be hung about the neck!” *Hone* remarks that “Ahildebart no doubt experienced their *aperient* qualities!” Small as my own knowledge of allopathic medical science is, it seems to me that *iron* is always administered as a tonic, and *not* as an *aperient*! Our chief interest, as Englishmen, in *St. Peter ad Vincula*, lies in the fact, that the chapel within *The Tower of London* is thus dedicated. Within its walls many a victim has received the last consolations of religious rites; in front of it the block once stood, and within its vaults were thrust the dishonoured remains of the beautiful, and once beloved Anne Boleyn, second Queen of Henry VIII. Tradition, however, asserts that her dust was afterwards secretly removed from the Tower Chapel, and conveyed to Salle, in Norfolk, the ancient burial-place of the Boleyns. There is also in an ancient church at Thorden-on-the-Hill, in Essex, a nameless black marble monument, which village antiquaries say is the tomb of this hapless queen, but the evidence in favour of Salle, is undoubtedly the stronger.

On the 7th of August, you find as an affix in the calendar, “*The Transfiguration of our Lord*.” It is the name of a Popish festival, instituted in celebration of Jesus Christ’s glorification on Mount Tabor; or, as modern travellers believe, on Hermon; it being now pretty clearly established as a fact, that the transfiguration of our Blessed Lord did *not* take place on Mount Tabor, but on some other height of Palestine. Though the notification in the English calendar yet remains, the Anglican Church has no service for it; neither, as far as I know, is it observed by any section of the Establishment.

The 10th of August is another day, practically ignored by the

Church of England, and yet figuring among its festivals. It is dedicated to St. Lawrence, who suffered martyrdom at Rome, under Valerian. It is narrated that the order for his punishment was: "Bring out the grate of iron; and when it is red-hot, on with him, roast him, broil him, turn him; upon pain of our high displeasure, do every man his office. O ye tormentors!" The command was obeyed, and Lawrence, after enduring frightful agonies with the greatest fortitude, expired. The Church of St. Lawrence, Jewry, in London, is dedicated to him, and has, or had, for a vane, a gridiron, that being popularly supposed to be the instrument of the martyr's torture. The parish Church of Appleby, the county town of Westmoreland, is also dedicated to St. Lawrence, and, doubtless, many other churches in the country.

Philip II., of Spain, having won a battle on the 10th of August, vowed to consecrate a church, a monastery, and a palace to this saint's honour. He did erect the Escorial, which is the largest palace in Europe, and consists of several courts and quadrangles, all disposed in the shape of a *gridiron*. The *bars* form several courts, and the royal family occupy the *handle*. Writes a modern traveller:—"Gridirons are met with in every part of the building; there are sculptured gridirons, iron gridirons, painted gridirons, marble gridirons, &c., &c. There are gridirons over the doors, gridirons in the yards, gridirons in the windows, gridirons in the galleries. Never was an instrument of martyrdom so multiplied, so honoured, so celebrated; and thus much for gridirons."

On the 10th of August, 1679, the foundation-stone of the Royal Observatory, for watching and recording the motions of celestial bodies, was laid in Greenwich Park. Flamsteed was the first astronomer-royal.

On the 11th of August, the Dog-days are said to expire. But there has been both among ancients and moderns great variety of opinion respecting their commencement, and their limit. Really, the Dog-star

varies in the time of its rising, and is always later and later every year in all latitudes, so that in time, if the world only last long enough, this star (Sirius) may chance to bring with it frost and snow, instead of sultry days, canine madness, and sun-strokes. In the ancient calendar preserved by Bede, the 11th of July is mentioned as the first of the Dog-days, and in a calendar printed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and prefixed to the Book of Common Prayer, they are said to extend from July 6th to September 5th. This continued till the Restoration, when the Prayer Book was revised, and the Dog-days omitted; but from that time till the correction of the British calendar, the almanacs noted the 19th of July as the commencement of the Dog-days, and the 28th of August as their completion. They were again altered, and in 1819 settled as beginning with the 3rd of July, and ending with the 11th of August, in which order they still remain. The Dog-days have been commonly reckoned for about forty days; twenty before and twenty after the heliacal rising of Sirius; and almanac-makers have generally set down the Dog-days according to the varying time of the star's rising; and so they had at length fallen considerably after the hottest season of the year. And as by the Dog-days the ancients intended to express the time of the greatest heat in all the year, alteration was very necessary and proper; for in the time of the most ancient astronomers, the Dog-star rose heliacally during the month of July, when summer-heat is generally at its height; but the procession of the equinoxes has transferred this heliacal rising to a much later and cooler period.

The 15th of August is a high festival in the calendar of the Church of Rome, for it celebrates the "Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary;" that is, the pretended miraculous ascension of her body into heaven! This festival was first observed, says Mr. Brady, in the year 813; and no good Romanist should dare to disbelieve that the Assump-

tion so commemorated actually took place. In Sicily, a very few years ago, the ascension of the Virgin was acted by a young female, with an image of the child Jesus in her arms; she was placed in the midst of an extraordinary machine, fifty feet in height, which was drawn about the principal streets by the monks. The beautiful picture of the Assumption, by *Murillo*, must be familiar to most people. I have seen, at one time, in the Louvre, half a dozen artists engaged in transferring it to their own canvases.

On the 23rd the sun enters the zodiacal sign, *Virgo*, "the Virgin." "Spenser," says Leigh Hunt (referring to the lines which head these *Memoranda*), "takes advantage of the sign of the Zodiac, the Virgin, to convert her into *Astrea*, the goddess of Justice, who seems to return to earth awhile, when the exuberance of the season presents enough for all."

The 24th of August is indeed a memorable day; it has been called, alluding to different periods of its history, "*Red Bartholomew*," and "*Black Bartholomew*," to which I venture to add a "*White Bartholomew*," of very recent date.

First of all, in reference to the Saint himself, whose memory is

thus revered by the Romish and Anglican calendars, Scripture gives no account of his birth, death, or labours; but he is the same as Nathaniel, whom our Blessed Lord Himself declared to be "an Israelite without guile." "Philip findeth Nathaniel, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph." (John i. 45.)

So Nathaniel, or Bartholomew, became one of Christ's disciples. Three years afterwards, we find him again with the disciples on the shore of the lake of Tiberias, when Jesus for the third time showed Himself to His followers after His resurrection. (John xxi. 2—14.) Once more we hear of *Bartholomew* in the "upper room" with his brethren, after he and they had witnessed the ascension of their risen Lord from "the Mount called Olivet," and then Holy Writ keeps silence respecting Him. We know, however, from dependable sources, that he laboured for eighteen years as a minister and missionary of the Word, and then sealed his toils with his martyrdom. He is commonly believed to have been flayed alive in India, where he preached the Gospel, by order of Astyages, brother to Palemon, king of Armenia.

"In faith he works : but nevermore
May he behold his native shore ;
Oh ! never, never, will he lie
With his loved fig-tree waving by.
He shares his Master's shameful death,
In agony he yields his breath ;
His soul upheld, his sins forgiven,
He flies from torturing pain to heaven."

But now to the stirring annals of the day. First and foremost, the terrible, thrilling memories of the "*Red Bartholomew* !" Aye ! red indeed ! crimson with the blood of women and children, and helpless and infirm victims. Then was accomplished those words of holy prophecy—though, doubtless, not then to the full :—"And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus !"

It was on the night of the 24th of August, 1574, that under the

direction of the wicked, but superstitiously bigoted Queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, whose name must ever be coupled with infamy and horror,—the signal for the massacre of the *Huguenots*, or French Protestants, was sounded from the belfry of St. Germain L'Auxerrois ; and reports of musketry, the shouts of the populace, and the cries of terror in every quarter of the brilliant city, announced the commencement of the work of death. Paris was thronged with Huguenots, drawn thither by the specious arti-

fices of Catherine, who had just then married her daughter Margaret to Henry of Navarre, the head of the Protestant party of France; and afterwards Henry IV., and the Great, of France. This piece of subtle policy brought many an unwary victim into the net laid for him, and 30,000 Protestants, or as some assert, a far larger number, perished in the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," as it came afterwards to be called. Among the victims many illustrious names occur, one of them being that of the well-known Admiral Coligny! The Massacre spread from the capital to the provinces, and the unfortunate Protestants were everywhere hunted down and killed like noxious animals. Europe was stricken with terror, and inexpressible indignation; for this too-successful movement seemed like the inauguration of a crusade against the professors of the reformed religion. Only the cruel King of Spain, and the *Pope* rejoiced in this bloody, treacherous victory: this thrice accursed *Red Bartholomew*. At Rome great rejoicings took place, and the messenger who brought the dreadful news was liberally rewarded; high mass was performed in all its splendour, and the *Te Deum* was solemnly sung to celebrate the event! But our own Elizabeth, with all her court, received the French ambassador in deepest mourning, and turned shudderingly from his greeting.

When Charles IX., the weak instrument of his sanguinary mother, drew near his end, his agony and remorse were most intolerable. He died of a singular disease, which caused the pores of his skin to exude blood, instead of the ordinary perspiration; he had, so to speak, waded in the blood of his innocent, hapless subjects, the Huguenots, and he died bathed in a bloody sweat, as if God would visibly declare His retribution of crimes so horrible. His bodily sufferings were intense, but the anguish of his departing spirit was infinitely greater; he had chased away the lovers of the truth, and there was no one in that last hour to speak to him of the Saviour,

whose precious blood can wash away the sins of a whole world. Poor dying king! dreadful, atrocious, *Red Bartholomew*!

Ninety years afterwards, in our own fair, free England, came the shameful *Black Bartholomew*! On the 19th of May preceding, the fatal act of Uniformity was passed by the Parliament of the restored Charles II., which required of every one who ministered in the Church, that he should declare his *unfeigned* assent and consent to all and every thing contained and prescribed in and by the book entitled, "The Book of Common Prayer," &c., &c. And this Act was to come into force on August 24th, 1662, when all whose consciences would not permit them to subscribe, were to be deprived of their benefices, and prohibited from exercising their gifts of ministry. The Sunday before this, St. Bartholomew, the 17th of August, is memorable for the farewell sermons preached in hundreds of churches throughout the land. There were 2,000 men, who for name, or standing, or worldly prosperity, refused to barter their consciences; and these on the last Sabbath of their acknowledged ministrations preached faithfully and lovingly to the people, who never again might be legally gathered together under their pastoral charge.

When on that Sunday evening the preacher gave his benediction, his work as a minister of the Established Church was done; and when the fateful 24th of August came, the doors of many churches were closed, and the voice of praise and prayer was silent. This is no place to chronicle the sufferings and constancy of the ejected 2,000; but their witness is in heaven, and their record is on high. They were faithful unto the death, and now they rest from their labours and their works do follow them; and their memory, solemn, sweet, and hal- lowed, is with us till this day.

On the 24th of August, 1862, was kept the *White Bartholomew*! The descendants of the ejected ministers and their faithful people observed that day in honour of their pious

and noble ancestors. The little one had become a thousand! Non-conformity had grown to be a power in the land; and in humble thanksgiving, *hundreds of thousands* knelt before their God, praising Him for the strength and faithfulness vouchsafed to their tried and suffering fathers two centuries before!

And in the joy and tearful smiles of the White Bartholomew, the sadness of the Black Bartholomew was forgotten, save that Christian people tenderly remembered the victorious heroes of that shameful day; and rendered praise to God, who had prospered them so signally, and for persecution had given them holy triumph, and for bonds and deep affliction, songs of high thanksgiving.

For ever will the 24th of August

be a day of days to Protestants; a day to be remembered in the annals of the Holy Universal Church.

Oysters begin to be in season early in the month of August, as every Londoner must be reminded by the constant demands of urchins, who pray you to "Remember the grotto!" But though nominally in season, they are not really good till cool weather sets in. Grouse-shooting commences on the 12th, and blackcock shooting on the 21st of August; and all the sportsmen who have time and funds at their command, are off and away to the wild, purpling heaths of Northern Britain! This is the best time for gathering herbs to dry for winter use; though the next month may not be too late. Choose a fine day, and cut them as they approach full bloom.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

ALICE'S ALLEGORY; OR, THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

CHAPTER IX.

THEN our little pilgrims looked through another of the glasses, and saw Jesus raising to life a little girl, and all her friends rejoiced greatly. Afterwards they looked at a funeral, and learned that it was the only son of a poor widow, that was being carried to the tomb.

This kind Physician laid His hands on the bier, and raised the young man to life again, and Lowly exclaimed, "He doeth all things well. Surely everybody must have worshipped Him, and loved Him, and given Him the best of all they had." "No! my dear child, not so. This gracious Saviour was born in the stable of an inn, and he said, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head.' He knew what it was to be hungry, thirsty, and weary, and many that professed to be His friends left Him at the last. Come with me, and look at this view." They then saw through another of the glasses a mount with three crosses at the top. There they beheld that blessed Saviour who

had spent His life in doing good, nailed to the middle cross, and a thief on each side of Him. He had suffered much before that dreadful hour. He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

"But surely," said Earnest, "his disciples are all around Him, trying to soothe Him, and to minister to His wants?"

"No! They all forsook Him and fled. The crowd are insulting Him, and saying, 'He saved others, Himself He cannot save.'" After the children had gazed at Him with tearful eyes, He cried (not "Father, punish these wicked sinners with thy fiercest anger. Send them to everlasting punishment, which their sins have deserved")—no, He cried, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," and then meekly bowed His head and died. Then there was sudden darkness and a great earthquake, and even His enemies cried, "Truly this was the Son of God." The three children were much affected with this scene, and wept when they thought of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus. But their

friend the Interpreter comforted them, saying, he had yet one more view to show them. When they had dried their tearful eyes, they looked through the glass, and it appeared to be very early in the morning—scarcely light. Several women were walking with anxious countenances towards a tomb cut out in a rock. This tomb was situated in a private garden; the women were wondering who should roll away a large stone that had been placed at the opening. When they arrived at the tomb, they found that the stone had been removed already, and they went to the sepulchre, and looked in, and saw two angels in white, sitting one at the head and another at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain, and the angels said, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but He is risen." Then they ran and told His friends that He was risen from the dead, and they rejoiced greatly. Then their guide told the children that Jesus appeared frequently unto His friends for forty days, after which He ascended into heaven, where He now sitteth at the right hand of God the Father. The little pilgrims looked a long while at this pleasant picture, and then their friend led them from the room into the hall, saying, "Have you understood all these things?" They answered, "Yes, sir," and the boys said, "We shall never forget them." But Lowly said, "I hope I never shall, but I shall often wish to see them again." Their host then told the children that in their guide-book they might read the account of everything they had seen through the glasses. Lowly was much delighted, and exclaimed, "Oh! how I shall love that book; it shall be my meditation all the day long." They then prepared again to set out on their pilgrimage. Their good friend gave them another rich repast, and provided them with things needful for their journey. He then set them in the right way, and took a loving farewell of them, commending them to the protection of the Lord of the Way. For some time they walked on in silence, musing on the wonderful things they had seen and heard during their short sojourn at the house of the Interpreter. After a time they came to the mount where the cross stood. They fell on their knees, and worshipped the Saviour who had died for

them. The sight of the cross and sepulchre brought to their remembrance the views the good Interpreter had shown them, especially that of the crucifixion, and Lowly read in the Book, "Jesus Christ, being in the form of God, thought it no robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation, and humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." When the children had rested awhile, under the shadow of that blessed cross, they went forward again on their journey. Presently they heard a padding of feet, and a panting noise, and looking on one side of the path, they saw a great fierce dog coming quickly towards them. Poor little Lowly was ready to sink with fear, and Earnest (who was off his guard) was just about to run back, but Fearless said, "Don't run away. I am not afraid of him; let him come on, and he shall soon feel the force of my staff. He will be glad enough to run away, I know." So Earnest and Lowly stood trembling. The dog began barking furiously, but stopped within a short distance, and contented himself with showing his teeth. Fearless went up to him, and gave him a blow with his staff which made him turn back, and run howling down a little lane, the way he came. Fearless followed him down the lane, and was just going to hit him a second time when he stumbled and fell into a ditch. The dog then turned and attacked Fearless, and seeing he had dropped his staff in his fall, began to worry him, when Earnest took a sling and a stone which he carried with him, and aimed so well that the stone struck the head of the dog, and obliged him to run away a second time. But poor Fearless had hurt his foot, and could not move. His friends pitied him, and cried to the Strong for strength, and very soon they saw their kind friend the Physician coming quickly towards them. Then he looked very gravely at Fearless, and said, "What doest thou here? This is not the King's highway. It is the enemy's ground." "Sir," replied Fearless, "I was pursuing an ugly fierce dog that was going to attack us, and when I struck him with my staff, he ran away, and I was chasing him down the lane, when I fell into this ditch, and then he turned again and would have hurt me very

much, if Earnest had not wounded him with a stone from his sling." Then said the Physician, "You have erred, my son. You did right to fight with him *on the highway*, but you should never follow your enemies into *their* paths. While you were in the right way you were enabled to get the victory, but when you went astray, your foot slipped, you lost your staff, and the dog was permitted to worry you." Then seeing Fearless weep, he smiled and said, "Be not cast down." He then raised him up, and applied some healing balm to the wound, and bound up his foot, and set him in the right way again, bidding him lean with all his might upon the staff; and Fearless was more than ever grateful for such a support, for his leg was very weak. Then their kind friend kissed them, and spoke comfortably to them for a while, and then took his leave of them.

CHAPTER X.

Our little pilgrims were now drawing near to the Hill Difficulty, and as they looked before them, it appeared very steep and dangerous, so that their hearts almost failed them for fear, and they were wondering among themselves why the Lord of the Way did not permit pilgrims to take an easier road, when their attention was taken by a railway station a few yards from them. They then perceived that a tunnel had been cut right through the hill. While they were regarding these things, a train arrived at the station, and waited for passengers. "Oh! what an easy way to escape difficulty," said Earnest. "I wonder whether it would be wrong to go one stage on that railway just to escape the hill. We should save time and labour by it." Just then two persons rushed by, and ran with all their might to the station.

"Come," said Earnest, "shall we go?" "I think we had better not go out of the path," said Fearless. "Do you recollect what the Good Physician said to me—we must not expect help if we go into the enemy's grounds?" Then said Lowly, "I quite agree with Fearless, that we had better keep in the straight and narrow path. I remember it is written in our Book, 'There is a way that seemeth right

unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.' Let us go on in the right way. Our Lord has sent us the difficulties, and He will help us to bear them." So they went on, and the whistle sounded long and loud, whilst the train rumbled through the tunnel. They soon came to the spring by the roadside, and they drank again and again of its waters, which strengthened and refreshed them. They ate also some of the provisions given them by the Interpreter, and felt quite strong and cheerful again. They then began their journey up the hill, and Lowly and Earnest helped their friend Fearless, and removed every stumbling-block out of his way. They remembered his weakness, and did not try to outwalk him. They also read aloud out of their precious Book, and sang sacred songs till the hill became so steep that they were fairly out of breath. Just before they got half-way up, they saw a gaily-dressed maiden approaching them with a fan, and a cup of cold water in her hands. She beckoned them to an arbour on the left side of the road, saying, "Come in and rest, and refresh yourselves. I have prepared my banquet, and all things are ready." The children were quite captivated with her smiling features and silvery voice, and Earnest said, "My heart inclines towards this damsel." But Lowly interrupted him. "Stop, Earnest, let us do nothing rashly." She then said to the maiden, "We are poor pilgrims, and have nothing to pay for entertainment: therefore we never stop at any houses but those provided for pilgrims, and the Lord of the Way settles all accounts with their owners." Then "Enticement" (for that was the name of the damsel), said, "Come in, my honest little friends, I love you all the better for your candour. You shall stay with me as long as you wish, and depart when you please. I make no charge for the entertainment." She then presented the cup of water to Lowly, and was beginning to fan her, when she stepped aside, and begged her friends not to listen to her. Enticement then offered the cup to Fearless, who was just about to take it and quench his thirst with its contents, when Earnest said, "Oh! Fearless, do not taste it. Have nothing to do with the tempter. The bower is not on the right side of the road, and

if we stop there or drink this cold water while we are so heated we shall be ill, and we have no right to expect the Good Physician to cure us when we bring ourselves into danger. Have you so soon forgotten his warning when the dog attacked you?" Then Enticement looked angrily at Earnest, and told Fearless not to listen to him, but to taste the water, and he was just about to raise the cup to his lips (for he was extremely thirsty) when a hand appeared, and dashed it from him, and a voice said, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Then I looked after Enticement, but she could not be seen. She had taken up her goblet, and hastened into her bower. Then the little pilgrims thanked the Lord for their deliverance, and Fearless exclaimed, "The Lord hath delivered me from the tempter. Blessed be the name of the Lord." They then went on a little farther, till they came to the pleasant arbour made by the Lord of the Hill for the refreshment of weary travellers. There they rested and renewed their strength. Their lord also sent them (by one of His messengers) refreshments far better than the unwholesome meats and intoxicating drinks that Enticement had provided for them. After a while they journeyed again, and got safely to the top of the hill. They stopped and looked behind them; they saw the track of the path they had travelled, and thanked their Lord that they had been enabled to keep in the narrow way, for there were many *by-paths*, which all (after awhile) led away from the Celestial City. Then turning Zionward, and looking before them, they saw the palace "Beautiful"—and very beautiful it appeared. The sun was setting, and all the windows shone like burnished gold. The lions were there, but they did not terrify the pilgrims, although they growled and moved restlessly as far as their chains permitted, but the sight of the staff carried by Fearless (and more than that, the look of his countenance) completely terrified them. The Porter saw from his watch-tower three figures moving on towards the palace, and he knew by the lions' angry growl that they were pilgrims. He then saw Fearless raise his staff, and noticed how the fierce beasts were dismayed, and he looked upon that as a token for

good. So he hastened down to the lodge and opened the door before they had time to knock, saying, "Well done, my brave lads and gentle maiden. Welcome to the palace. It is the pleasure of the King that you sojourn here as other pilgrims have done, till you have seen some of the wonders of the place."

CHAPTER XI.

The Porter then took the little pilgrims into the house, and the damsels came around them, offering their services. First, they were led to the baths to cleanse and refresh themselves. They then partook of a suitable repast, and afterwards were conducted to their chambers. They thanked their Heavenly Father, and, committing themselves to His protection, soon fell asleep. Early the following day, they were roused by sweet sounds from the lower apartments. The members of the household were chanting their morning hymn, and our little friends quickly dressed themselves, returned thanks to their Lord for His tender care of them through the night, and joined the family in time for the early sacrifice. Afterwards their morning meal was set before them, and they ate heartily of the heavenly manna, and drank the sincere milk of the word with eagerness. When they had breakfasted, the maidens took them into the study, the armoury, and the museum of curiosities. Here were wonderful and valuable relics, such as "The Forbidden Fruit," "The Fruit of the Tree of Life," "The Olive Leaf, plucked by Noah's Dove," "The Ark of Bulrushes, in which Moses was Hidden," "The Brazen Serpent," "Gideon's Fleecce," "The Manna," "Elijah's Mantle," "The Head of the Giant Goliath," "David's Harp," "Jonah's Gourd," "The Crown of Thorns," and "The Purple Robe worn by our blessed Saviour before His Crucifixion," "The Pot of Ointment with which Mary anointed Him," "The Handkerchiefs and Aprons which were brought from His sacred body that they might heal the sick," also "The viper which fastened itself on the hand of the Apostle Paul and did not injure him," and many other things too numerous to mention. Then said Lowly, "May I

read of these things too in our Guide-book, as the Interpreter told me I could, of the views he showed us while we were staying at his house?" "Yes, my dear child," replied the damsel, "everything that can make you wise unto salvation is contained in that precious Book." Then, as the day was very fine, they all went up to the Observatory at the top of the building, where they had an extensive and clear view of the "Delectable Mountains," and nearly the whole of their future path was made plain to them. In the other direction they could see the way they had come, much more plainly than they had done before, and the many by-paths they had escaped. The children were very grateful to their kind friends, who led them down again to the Hall, where they embraced the pilgrims, and gave them provisions for their journey, walked with them to the lodge, where their friend "Watchful," the good porter, gave them his blessing, and our little pilgrims were once more on the highway. They found the path very slippery and steep, but they held fast to each other, which was a wonderful support to them. "If I had not fallen into the ditch, in following that ugly dog," said Fearless, "and hurt my foot, I dare say I should have tried to run down the steep hill, and then perhaps I might have fallen. It is good for me that I was afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." Then Lowly said, "What was it that the damsel Prudence gave to you, Earnest?" "It was a compass," replied he. "She said that in some parts of our journey we should be overtaken with sudden darkness, and at other times fogs would quite hide the view from us, so that we should be bewildered, and hardly know the right way from the wrong, but that we should always be right if we followed the compass." "And Piety gave me a map of the way," said Fearless, with the points of the compass marked on it." "Oh! how good and kind everybody is to us," exclaimed Lowly. "How thankful we ought to be, and how careful not to forsake the right way." Now I saw in my dream that they chatted away very pleasantly together notwithstanding their trials, till they came to the bottom of the Hill, which they reached before they

were aware. "It was not half so bad as we thought it would be," said Lowly. "Are you not glad that we went by the Highway, instead of venturing on the Railway?" Before Earnest had time to reply, a woman met them, and after a little conversation, she said, "I suppose you have heard of the accident that happened yesterday not far from this place?" The little pilgrims said they had heard no news whatever. "Oh!" replied she, "I thought everybody had heard what a dreadful affair happened. The train got off the rail in the midst of the tunnel under the hill, and every carriage was overturned." "Were there any lives lost?" inquired Earnest. "Oh, yes, a great many, and several others were wounded." "What has become of those that escaped?" "They went back again to Destruction, but many of them will never be able to walk again." Then Earnest turned pale with terror, and Lowly began to weep. "Oh! don't be frightened," said the woman, "what's done can't be undone; they should not have gone, that's all. I never mean to trust myself on a railway." "Then do you walk?" said Fearless. "Not I," replied she. "Then how do you travel?" inquired Lowly. "I never see any carriages on the way; all the pilgrims walk." "I don't go at all, and I don't mean to trouble myself with such a long weary pilgrimage. I have lived here all my life, and my father before me, and I shall do very well at last, without going out of my own place." "Where do you live?" asked Earnest. "Just a little on the left, behind those trees, at a village called Ignorance. My name is Meanwell; our family has lived in the village for many years, and nobody dares say anything against any of them," said the woman.

Our little friends then tried to persuade their companion to come with them, but to no purpose. "It is all very well for young folks like you, but I am too old to travel now. I shall live and die in my own place. Good-bye, dear children. I must make haste home to my little ones. They will wonder what has become of me." So Meanwell hurried away. They watched her for a short time, and then went on their journey somewhat sadly, for they were grieved that a person who seemed so kind and

honest should prefer her own village to the Celestial City.

CHAPTER XII.

Now I saw in my dream that as our little friends were journeying again, they saw a pillar before them with an inscription on it. When they drew near to it, they found it was the large stone that Samuel had set up between Mizpah and Shen, and on it was written "Ebenexer. Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Then followed a long list of pilgrims who had got thus far on their journey, and it comforted the children to find that so many had been preserved thus far. They added their names to the list, and then went on their way again, singing—

"Hitherto, O Lord, Thou'st led us,
Thus far on our journey sped us,
Guarded, comforted, and fed us,
Little Pilgrims.

"And thy watchful care is o'er us,
Through the rugged path before us,
With all needful goods Thou'lt store us,
Helpless Pilgrims.

"Oft our sins and follies grieve us,
And our foolish hearts deceive us,
Gracious Saviour, never leave us,
Erring Pilgrims.

"But whatever ills betide us,
With Thy blessed presence guide us,
And with all we want provide us,
Sinful Pilgrims.

"Then when we shall cross the river,
And from earthly friends shall sever,
We will praise our King for ever,
Happy Pilgrims."

After awhile they came to the Valley of Humiliation, when all at once a feeling of chill and dampness oppressed them, and they knew that the wind had changed, for a mist began to arise all around them and the daylight was obscured, so that they wandered about, not knowing whither they went. Lowly, who was much cast down, because of the troubles of the way, suddenly fainted. Her companions were much at a loss to know how to help her, and as they had been wandering about in the fog for some time, they feared they had lost their way, and they knew not how to act, when all at once Fearless remembered his map, and Earnest the compass that had been given him. But though they tried to look, they could not see the places distinctly till they kindled Lowly's lamp of Faith, then they saw

the map, and the needle of the compass pointing to the north. Little Lowly now recovered from her fainting fit, and they went on again as well as they could, the lamp guiding their footsteps. Then Earnest recollected that it was written in their book, "We walk by faith, not by sight." After they had gone on a little farther, the fog gradually dispersed, and they began to see the country around and beyond them. "How lovely the prospect is," said Earnest, "and how calm everything seems!" "How fragrant the flowers are," said Lowly, stooping down to gather the violets, which grew everywhere around. "I do not wonder that the Lord chose this valley for one of His residences. It must have been here that He went about doing good (for He took upon Him the form of a servant), and His disciples lived here also." They saw flocks of sheep feeding and the shepherds watching them, and everything looked fresh and green. Brooks of clear water ran along the ground at their feet, and they quenched their thirst; and sitting down made a hearty meal of the food that remained of what the damsels had given them. But this valley, peaceful as it was, was not without its annoyances. Once they were unable to proceed, as the way was hedged up with thorns, which tore their clothes and pricked them sadly. Fearless tried to leap over this barrier, but he fell and scratched his face. Poor Lowly, quite fatigued and discouraged, sat down and wept, and Earnest was half-inclined to turn out of the path, as the road was quite free from the thorns on the right and left. But he thought again how wrong it was to let anything tempt him astray. So he begged his companions to unite with him in asking their good Lord to make the way plain for them. So they all prayed, and then Fearless said, "Let us try and make a passage for ourselves through the briars." So they set to work, and one came to their assistance whose name was Help, when a path was soon cleared for them. They thanked their kind helper, and set off once more. They had not proceeded very far when they saw a female figure, dressed in black, having a sad and gloomy countenance. Her name was Disappointment, and it was she who had hedged up their path with the

briars. She was now spreading a net over the ground to ensnare their feet. They watched her, and were very glad they had seen her wiles, for if they had been off their guard they would have been thrown down and caught in the snare. They cried aloud for strength, and the spirit of the Lord came upon them, and they broke the cords of the net as if they had been threads. Disappointment glided away, ashamed of herself. They now felt sure that they should meet with no more obstructions, and were beginning to compliment each other on their skill and strength in breaking the meshes of the net, when Earnest stumbled and fell forward. They then discovered that Disappointment had put a huge cross all the breadth of the way in the high grass, which quite hid it from their view till Earnest's fall discovered it. Now they were quite at a loss how to go on. It was too high for them to climb over it, and it was impossible to creep under it. At last, Lowly looked at her Guide-book, and saw these words, "Take up thy cross, and follow me." Neither of the children could have *stirred it alone*, but they assisted each other. Also their friend Help came a second time to their relief. So they managed to bear it amongst them. The longer they carried it, the lighter it became, and after awhile it vanished away, and they felt even stronger than they were before. They again thanked Help for his kindly assistance, and then was their mourning turned into thanksgiving, and the rest of their way through the valley was smooth and pleasant, neither were they annoyed any more by Disappointment.

CHAPTER XIII.

The pilgrims did not linger in Humiliation. They knew that the "Dark Valley" was before them. Poor Lowly felt her faintness return when she thought of that dreadful place. The sun had already set, and it was getting very dark, when they saw a figure moving towards them, Lowly cried aloud, "Lord, save me, I perish!" Her companions also prayed. "Lord, help me!" The figure approached them, saying in a voice which drove away all their terror, "Fear not, it is I, be not afraid.

I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of death and of hell. I am Master of all the evil spirits that haunt this place, and they dare not hurt any, unless I give them permission. Follow me, my dear children. Be not afraid, only believe." Then they said one to another, "It is the Lord," and they clung closely to Him, and looked up to Him for protection. Now I saw that the valley was quiet, except once, when they heard voices crying, "Let us alone, what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth. Art thou come to destroy us? We know thee, who thou art, the Son of the Holy One of God." But the Lord rebuked the evil spirits, saying, "Hold thy peace," and they answered not a word. Our little pilgrims were amazed, and questioned among themselves, "What thing is this? For with authority He commandeth even the unclean spirits, and they obey Him." Their heavenly leader conducted them through all the ditches, traps, and pitfalls; whilst they trusted entirely to Him, and cast all their care on Him, knowing that He cared for them. They even sang, "Yea! Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for *Thou art with me.*" So their Lord cheered them, and spoke comfortably to them, and brought them safely through the dark valley. Just as the day dawned they came into the open country, and then their Lord prepared to leave them, saying, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Then He put His hands upon them, and blessed them; and it came to pass while He blessed them, that He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven, and they worshipped Him, and went on their way, rejoicing with great joy. After a time they came to the INN, formerly kept by Gaius, and still the property of one of his descendants. The good host welcomed them cordially, and provided them with food convenient for them. And when they had partaken of the refreshments, and discoursed awhile on the goodness and mercy which had followed them through their pilgrimage, they all united in thanksgiving for their Lord, and then went to their chambers, as they had been journeying all the past

night, and were nearly exhausted. They slept sweetly till the next morning. They stayed some days with their good host, who related to them the adventures of many of the pilgrims who had sought rest and refreshment at his house, and when the children compared the sufferings and trials of some of the Lord's chosen people, they thought very lightly of their own troubles, and felt very grateful to their best friend for His care over them through their pilgrimage. They felt the keen, clear air of the wilderness strengthen them, and they had daily more confidence in God, and less of weakness and fear. The manna which fell daily in this wilderness was their constant food and medicine, so that they felt themselves wonderfully strengthened by their sojourn at the inn. At last the time came when they were to journey to the town of Vanity. The boys did not dread this place so much as Lowly did, and as they approached the town, seemed quite amused with the merry shouts and huzzas they heard in the distance. Just then a band of music struck up a merry air, to which the children had often danced while they were dwelling in Destruction. The boys sang with great glee, and were just beginning to trip lightly to the tune, when Lowly looked round, and saw a company of strolling players coming quickly after them. Expecting to be insulted, they walked hastily on, but a woman of the party called loudly to the boys to stop. They made no answer, but hurried forward, pale and frightened, but she soon overtook them, and begged

them to join her company, saying they were just the lads she wanted, and that she would make them rich men if they would take up their abode with her. They told the woman that they were pilgrims, and must not stay in Vanity, but hasten on to the Celestial City. "Nay," said she, "tell me not so, did I not see you dancing to our music, and were you not both singing the very tune? If you know so much about music and dancing, you cannot do better than follow the profession." They were now joined by the men, a rough noisy company, wherefore they began to beg piteously to be left alone. But the men and boys only laughed and mocked them, saying they might cry and beg as much as they liked, but it would do no good. They had got them and would not let them go. Now I saw that poor little Lowly had not been observed by the party, but she walked timidly in the shade of a hedge which was at the side of the path. She was just going to check her friends for the untimely mirth in which she had taken no part, when she saw the players. Fearless and Earnest struggled hard to get free, but their captors were stronger than they, and dragged them to a tent a little on the left of the path, so that Lowly lost sight of them. All the party had turned aside to the camp, and poor Lowly was now left alone. Night was coming on, and she knew not what would become of her. In her trouble she called upon the Lord, and He mercifully heard her, and delivered her from all her fears.

THE GLORIES OF CREATION.

ARISE! arise!—it is not meet
To crouch for riches to the ground :—
A glorious world is at our feet,
Ten thousand hang around!

Look up!—a vault of living blue;
A moving orb of living fire;
Mountains of clouds careering through,
In gorgeous attire!

Look down!—resplendent is the light
Of earth and water, sea and land,
An ocean lashing in his might
An earth, in beauty bland.

Valleys of green and hills of snow,
Meadows and forests, flowers and trees,
And rivers warbling as they flow,
To the wild warbling breeze!

Beauties on beauties in a ring
Of ever-varying richness, throng;
While Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Go hand in hand along!

Look up! look up! once and again,
A moon is coming from the deep;
And stars on stars to grace her train,
Are starting from their sleep.

Glory on glory! the great sky
Trembles with splendour; and a flow
Of hallowed radiance from on high,
Encircles all below.

O God! O God! the sin forgive,
Of being callous to the bliss
Of feeling that we breathe and live,
In such a world as this.

THE FAMILY VISITOR.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S MISCELLANY.

29. GROUSE.—Let the birds hang as long as possible; they are tough and tasteless if not well-kept. Pluck and draw them, and wipe them inside and out with a damp cloth, but do not wash them, or you impair the flavour. Truss them without the head, the same as a roast fowl; there are persons who still twist the head under the wing, but the former method is now observed at all the best tables. Put them down to a brisk, clear fire, and keep basting them with butter all the time they are roasting, though lard, or good beef dripping is an excellent substitute. Five minutes before taken up, they should be frothed with a light sprinkling of flour. Thirty minutes is generally long enough for thorough cooking, for grouse is not good *overdone*, but some prefer five-and-thirty minutes. Send them to table on a buttered toast, soaked in the dripping-pan, or with fried bread crumbs; or else dish them up with gravy under them, and send in a tureen of bread sauce, or melted butter, as may be preferred, or else a sauce which is very good for wild-fowl, made as follows:—a teacupful of port wine and the same quantity of good meat gravy, simmered with a small shallot, and a little salt and pepper, and a grate of nutmeg, for ten minutes; slightly thicken with a little butter and flour, give it one boil, and pour it over the birds. *Black-cock* may be cooked like grouse, only they take longer to roast; and some cooks, after trussing, cover the breast with vine-leaves and slices of bacon.

30. FRENCH DUCK.—This is a very nice way of warming up any cold duck you may happen to have in your larder. Lay the joints and slices, with the remains of seasoning, in the gravy, and you may add to them with great advantage thin slices of ham, cold beef, or cold roast pork if it be yet in season, which it is *not* in hot weather, though some persons imprudently eat it all the year round. Season with a

little salt and pepper, but in this matter of seasoning be sure to have a sparing hand; if you *overdo* it, your dish is spoiled, whereas a little more can be added at any time. Add a little lemon-peel very finely minced, and let it all gradually warm through, and just come to the boil—but *no more*. If you have not sufficient gravy, dilute with water, but sparingly. Meanwhile, boil in water slightly salted, a quart of green peas; and when they are tender, drain them, and stir in one teaspoonful of pounded white sugar, and a little butter; sprinkle them with flour, shake them over the fire for several minutes, and serve them on the middle of a flat dish, laying the meat all round. French beans are nearly as good as peas for this purpose, and when neither are to be had, mash some potatoes with butter and a little cream; add salt and pepper, and place in the middle of the dish. The remains of stuffed roast leg of pork, with or without any beef, are excellent this way.

31. GREEN-GAGES.—To make green-gage jam, divide the fruit, take out the stones, and put them in the preserving-pan, and bring the fruit to a boil before adding the sugar, which must be in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of gages. When the sugar is in, keep stirring it over a gentle fire till it is melted. Remove the scum as fast as it rises, and boil rapidly for the last five minutes. The jam will generally be done in three-quarters of an hour after the sugar is added; but to ascertain certainly, pour a little on a cold plate, and the syrup will thicken and appear firm if the boiling be sufficient. Have ready the kernels blanched, put them into the preserve, give one boil, and pour into pots. Many people do not trouble themselves to remove the stones, in which case, there are of course no kernels to blanch; but the jam is certainly not so nice. To preserve them another way, choose the

largest ; when they begin to soften split them without paring, and strew a part of the sugar which you have previously weighed, allowing an equal quantity of fruit and sugar. Next day, pour the syrup from the gages, and boil it with the rest of the sugar six or eight minutes, but very gently ; then add the plums and the blanched kernels, and simmer till clear, carefully taking off any scum that rises. Put the fruit singly into jars, and pour the syrup and kernels to it. Keep in a cool dry place.

32. RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Carefully pick six pounds of fine ripe raspberries, and pour on them four pints of the very finest vinegar. Leave them thus for four days, frequently stirring, but not *mashing* the fruit, so as to bruise the seeds ; then place a piece of clean washed lined or flannel in a sieve, and filter through it the vinegar ; to each pint of juice, adding two pounds of loaf sugar. Put it into a glazed jar or pan, which place in hot water, and keep there till the juice boils thick and syrupy. Let it become cold, then bottle it. The whole process should be carried on in *glazed earthen vessels*.

33. STEWED CUCUMBERS.—Choose straight, well-grown cucumbers, peel them and divide them into quarters

long-ways, remove the seeds, and place the quarters on a sieve to drain ; when quite dry, dust them thickly with flour. Melt half-a-pound of butter, lard, or best dripping in the frying-pan ; when it boils, put in the cucumbers and fry them till they are of a light-brown ; lift the pieces carefully with a tinslice, and set them to drain off the fat. Have ready some rich beef gravy, in which onions have been used, put the cucumbers into a stew-pan, covered with gravy, and let them simmer slowly till quite tender. Before serving, take out the cucumbers, thicken the gravy with flour, season it to your taste with salt and pepper, and add a dessert-spoonful of mushroom ketchup ; boil it up, and pour it hot over the slices. *Another*, and far simpler way is to slice them thick, or halve and divide them into lengths ; strew on them salt and pepper, and some sliced onions, add a little broth, and simmer slowly. When ready, thicken with a little flour and butter, and add a small quantity of mushroom ketchup. Either mode produces a nice, tasty little supper-dish ; and people who grow their own cucumbers frequently find their frames producing more at one time than they can dispose of among their friends, or treat as mere salad.

ONE IN HEAVEN.

The winds make mournful music,
Around our shattered nest ;
And we are weary, missing
Its shelter and its rest.

So long the radiant sunshine
Upon our path had streamed,
That it could ever darken,
Our spirits had not dreamed.

The chain of deep affection
Had bound our hearts in one ;
And cherished tones and voices,
Played round our dear hearth-stone.
Our days were never lonely,
Within that sheltered home ;
Its spell of love upon us,
Forbade our steps to roam.

But now our sun is clouded,
Its rays are bright no more ;
One voice's cherished music
Is hushed ; its song is o'er.

The light within our dwelling
Is darkened, and the shade
Deepens around our homestead,
For death the gloom has made.

Yet far beyond the sighing
And mournfulness of earth,
Within a golden city,
Another soul has birth :
And in the "many mansions"
Prepared by Jesus' love,
Our dear one waiteth, longing
To welcome us above.

Soon shall the broken circle,
Again be made complete ;
With new and pure affection,
Once more we all shall meet.
There parting never cometh,
To mar our heart's deep joy ;
The home to which we hasten
Knoweth not death's alloy.

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THE FORTUNES OF CYRIL DENHAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONFIDENCES.

I TOLD you that we were to leave Forest Range early in September, and in accordance with this intention, we were very busy during the month of August making preparations for the journey. Sir John had enough to do in settling all possible difficulties with his bailiff, in going over the home-farm, in saying "good-bye" to tenants and to personal friends, and in attending to county business, and providing substitutes on whom certain responsibilities should rest during his absence. Certainly Sir John had very little leisure in those days; nevertheless, he rode over several times to Southchester to reconnoitre the enemy's ground, and to be quite sure that Mr. Gower was still persecuting salmon in some remote regions of Norway; at any rate, far away from Monkswood. There was no sign of the new master of Monkswood anywhere about the fair cathedral city; the workmen he employed went drowsily about their work, and the restorations were nearly at a standstill; it would be October, Vivian Gower's servants told all the world, before

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their master, whom they evidently held not in reverence or esteem, would be among them again. And in the meantime, the prebend of Twycombe's house witnessed strange scenes, and listened to very strange language, if all the tales that were afloat might be relied on; and, "like master like man," was the proverbial rejoinder of the outraged Close. The bishop himself openly regretted the advent of Mr. Gower, and heartily wished that Monkswood had remained in the possession of its original owners, and it was understood that on his return he would not be received at the palace. The dean shook his head whenever the gentleman's name was mentioned, and sighed, and looked portentous; prebends, canons, and minor canons, and even juvenile choristers and vergers, were of opinion that Mr. Gower was a very bad man, and must be tabooed for the honour of the cathedral. Only a few tradesmen, who were charmed by extensive orders and ready money, took his part; all the city, with a few exceptions, ranged themselves under the episcopal banners, and were prepared to show Vivian Gower a very cold shoulder on his return. The young ladies of

the Close were desired by the powers that were, not to know Mr. Gower when next they saw him, albeit many of them had spent hours in his company in sundry prebendal drawing-rooms; and young men of repute whom he had met and chatted with freely around the archidiaconal mahogany, virtuously resolved to "cut the fellow," when he came once more to Southchester.

So very unpopular had the "fellow" become, that we began to hope the place would be too hot to hold him; and, at any rate, that he would defer his return till the storm had somewhat spent itself: it was quite a relief to feel assured that we should not meet him again for many a long day.

And from time to time Elizabeth heard some of the tales current respecting her *bête noire* of a lover, and she knew pretty well the general odium attaching itself to his name, and even to his household. But she said nothing, and seemed on the whole resigned to the will of her parents. And yet I was never quite sure that it was genuine resignation: there were times when it seemed to me a yielding, half sullen and half apathetic, to the inevitable; a sort of submission under protest, that might any day, under fostering influences, turn into revolt. My great hope lay in the absence of Vivian Gower.

During this busy, anxious month, Lady Ashburner's health seriously declined; it caused her the keenest pain to discover that she had not the key to Elizabeth's confidence, that she could not win her daughter to be candid, and to speak freely on all she was pondering so deeply in her heart.

Many hours the mother and child spent together, and we knew that Lady Ashburner was striving to bring back the old sweet freedom of other days—days when Elizabeth had nothing to conceal, when she spoke her mind almost too freely, when she relied on her mother for counsel and for comfort, when she poured out all her heart, and ever found the ready sympathy

she sought. But now, without any outward estrangement, a new and insurmountable barrier to all pleasant intercourse existed. Elizabeth would talk on general subjects cheerfully enough; she would discuss routes and plans; she would listen while Agnes read, and seem interested; she would concern herself about the gardens and the greenhouses, wondering how they would look when we all came back again; but the slightest allusion to Vivian Gower and his suit, the merest mention of Cyril's name, or anything approaching to expostulation or warning, however moderate, however tender, invariably sealed her lips, or she would say gently, but very decidedly, "Mamma! I cannot talk about these things; I know you are mistaken, and you think I am deceived; on these points we can never agree; let us leave them." And then no entreaties, no representations, no commands could drag from her another word; either she maintained an impenetrable silence, or she left the room, sometimes with angry and impatient step, sometimes with tears streaming down her face. And all this tried Lady Ashburner sorely, and one day she said to me, "My dear, this will kill me if it continue; I cannot get at my child: what have I ever done to repulse her?"

I tried to comfort her as best I might, saying that Elizabeth would alter presently; that when we were abroad, and away from certain associations which Forest Range and Southchester presented, she would be herself again; and much more that I devoutly hoped for, yet only half expected; for the whole character of Miss Ashburner seemed to have undergone an inexplicable change, and she was no longer capricious, childlike, and petulant: but a woman among women, firm, unwavering, and self-reliant. Also, she had learned the lesson of self-repression, which once she had so greatly needed. I began to fear, and so did Agnes, that she had learned it but too well.

At last that weary month of

August came to its close, and all our arrangements were complete; packing was going on in every room, and Murrys and Bradshaws were in requisition; and then it came to the Monday evening, and we were to start for Southam by the 10.30 train on Thursday morning.

How well I remember that evening, hot, close, and dull! Not a breath stirred the leaves as Agnes and I just about sunset wandered through the shrubbery, talking absently about many trifling things. One idea was absorbing us both, and yet we made an effort, both of us, "to conceal the true current of our thoughts."

"What an oppressive day this has been!" was my remark, as we emerged from the dense shade into the outer circle, and seated ourselves under the great tulip-tree, which was the glory of Forest Range.

"Yes," said Agnes, dreamily, "and there is thunder in the air; my headache tells me so." She was looking very pale and tired, and there were dark circles round her eyes. I felt that for her it would be well when we were fairly on our way. Something prompted me to plunge right into the subject which for many days we had been avoiding, and I said, in as careless a tone as I could assume, "Have you heard aught about Cyril?"

Her face changed, as if some cruel pain had seized her, and she replied, "Yes, I heard to-day."

"Anything good?"

"No! the reverse of good. Cyril's passionate impulses will be his destruction."

"What has he done now?" I asked tremblingly: the pale cheeks and excited manner of my companion suggested various miseries. It crossed my mind that Cyril had started in pursuit of his rival, resolved to seek that dreadful and devilish alternative, called, "the satisfaction of a gentleman." I was not a romantic person, and I knew that the days of Chalk Farm notoriety were long ago

ended; but I knew that Cyril had been fearfully tried, that a yearning for revenge *had* sprung up within his heart, for Sally Hawkes had told me so much, and that, being *not* a Christian in the true sense of the word, he was not to be depended on. I felt sick at the bare notion of the horrors that might be in store for us, and it all flashed through my mind while I asked what he had done.

"He has engaged himself to marry a woman whom certainly he does not love, that is all!"

"All indeed! Agnes, you cannot mean it?"

"I do! He has told me so; that was the fatal mistake to which he referred. Some weeks ago, before we met him at the British Museum, there came a girl to the house where he is boarding, a Laura Somerset, very beautiful and clever; she, too, had suffered from the falsehood of one she loved, and they found comfort, I suppose, in each other's sympathy. And one evening, Cyril, who had previously never dreamed of such a thing, was wrought upon to propose, and he was accepted on the spot, and all in the house knew of it an hour afterwards."

"A planned thing, Agnes; the girl is an adventuress!"

"We have no right to say so. Cyril says she seems—no! he has scratched out 'seems,' and written, 'she *seemed* quite the gentlewoman.'"

"Who is she?"

"He only says she is Laura Somerset, and he sends me her *carte*; here it is."

Now this was in the early days of *cartes*, and the soft ivory finish and delicate tinting of the *cartes* that now are taken, were unknown. Consequently there was nothing to redeem its so-called errors. But photography tells the truth—sometimes most unpleasantly, for if you have a hidden weakness or a cherished wickedness in your heart, it will surely come out in the sun-picture. The face that annoys you, and yet is "so very like," in spite of all its heaviness, its impudence, or its sinister expression, has got

something in it that *you* know all about, that God knows all about, though the world does not. If you have a secret unhappiness that you keep entirely to yourself, brooding over it in solitude, dashing away its every trace in society, be sure that in your *carte de visite*, unless you are very much upon your guard, that air, so *triste*, so melancholy, to which you give way in your lonely hours, will come out visibly. And if you have a temper of your own, which few people perhaps suspect, there it will be. Verily, the sun and truth seem to be in league together; though I must just remark, that this rule in no way applies to photographs executed on cloudy days, or with bad chemicals, or by dabbling amateurs, or inefficient "turn-pennies," who are no more competent to take your likeness than I am to promulgate an effectual cure for the rinderpest.

And so it came to pass that as I looked at the portrait of the beautiful Laura Somerset, I knew her at once for an adventuress, an *intriguante*; and I knew also, that she had angled cleverly for Cyril Denham, and that the moment he quivered on her hook, she had put forth her fine-meshed landing-net, and drawn him with flourish of trumpets to the shore; and now he could not escape, let him writhe and long for freedom as he might. But again I asked, "Who is Laura Somerset? who is her father, who is her mother? is she a person of any antecedents?"

In answer to which queries, Agnes, after a moment's hesitation, placed in my hand Cyril's letter.

"There is nothing in it which he could object to your seeing," she remarked, apologetically, "but it will not tell you all you want to know."

I read through the letter silently, and then returned it to her. It was a strange epistle, compounded pretty equally of sense and nonsense, of mental ability and weakness; and yet, but for that foolish fatal impulsiveness, which led him into so many rash committals of his dearest interests, but for that easily swayed

emotion, what might not Cyril have become! So richly endowed, so fair, so pure in his hidden, inward life, so high and so heroic in his first resolves, when his better self preponderated!

"She will keep him to the engagement," I remarked, "or rather, Somerset *père* will hold him fast. He may wrench himself from their grasp at the cost of his purse and his good name, but he will never elude it. Agnes! concern yourself no more about Cyril Denham, I am sick of the incongruities of his character, let us both leave him behind us when we go across the Channel."

"I cannot do so, he is my friend; and yet—I—we must leave him, as you say, we have no right to interfere with another woman's plighted lover."

"You are right, he has put himself now beyond the influence of our friendly regards, and I feel sure Sir John and Lady Ashburner will think so too. Indeed, Sir John has long been annoyed with him, the way in which he has kept aloof has vexed him greatly."

"But he could not come here; he could not meet Elizabeth?"

"Certainly not, but he has received every kindly advance in a cold and haughty spirit, he has replied most briefly to Sir John's warm-hearted appeals by letter, and even his own letter to Lady Ashburner was, you must confess, singularly formal, frigid, and guarded, when you come to consider the confidence and affection that has always subsisted between them. Sir John cared more for this than for his own rebuffs, and he said to me, very testily for him, 'the lad is a simpleton, Janet, he does not know his best friends; my lady has been a mother to him all his life, he is ungracious, ungrateful; let him go, we will not force ourselves upon him.'"

"But his heart is so sore," pleaded Agnes.

"That ought not to make him unreasonable, unjust; he is quite inclined to visit upon you, his most faithful friend, the displeasure caused by Elizabeth's delinquencies."

"A wounded heart is seldom very reasonable, Janet."

"Perhaps not; we—that is, I will not judge him; you, I know, will have patience with him; but how shall you answer that letter?"

"I have been thinking; I cannot congratulate him, and I have no right to blame him. I cannot wish that he should keep correspondence of mine from this Laura Somerset, whoever she may be; as his promised wife she has claims upon his confidence. And again, I cannot write freely, if I fancy she will see the letter; who knows what misconception she may put upon my motives? A scheming woman, as she must be, may give me credit for some of her own attributes."

"Very likely, but what would that matter?"

"It would matter very much to me; she might make Cyril think I—I cared for him more—at least differently."

"Agnes, dear, do not be angry with me, but I know how deeply you do care for Cyril, and I have wondered at your fortitude for this last year and a-half."

"Janet!" and she spoke slowly and wearily, "I *have* cared for Cyril as you say, but by God's help I fought with my sorrow and conquered it. I see now how true it is that one is born for duty, not for self-chosen happiness."

"Is not that a little ascetic—rather a dreary doctrine?"

"Oh no! there is no dreariness in giving one's self up to God's will, there is no need to grieve bitterly when one is striving to do right, as in His sight; and the world is full of joy and beauty. When we put away all God's blessings because a single one is withholden, we are like capacious, stubborn children, and we sin the sin of Eve if we rebelliously struggle for the good, or seeming good, that is not granted."

"Then you are quite happy?"

"I scarcely know; I think so. But I find it best not to examine myself on that point. I feel sad and desolate sometimes, but who does not? Yes, I am happy in my home, in my work, in my dear friends, in

your companionship, dear Janet, in books and flowers, and in all the beauty and sweetness that is in this goodly world. And Cyril—he must ever be to me the most beloved of brothers. I would serve him at any cost, if God willed it so: I fear now that he has separated himself more entirely from any influence or outward regard of mine than he has ever done before; but I can pray for him."

"You are too good to him, Agnes. Twice has he flung himself away when he might have made a better choice—*better*, did I say? aye, the best he could have made; if you had been his wife—"

"Hush, Janet! I cannot listen to such words, I never permit myself to linger on what might have been. Our concern is with the actual, with what really is; if it had been really good for us both, if it had been God's will that such and such things should have happened, they surely would have been. There is only one thing tries my faith sorely—sorely."

"May I ask what that is?"

"I was going to tell you, for I know I may trust you; it is that Cyril seems to have lost all faith in God himself; indeed, you heard what he said when we met that day, and he is drifting further and further from the truth, he is fiercely questioning God's providence, he is reckless of all his own best interests both for this world and for that which is to come; he is hopeless, wretched, groping in the dark. He is like a man wandering at nightfall among quicksands, and careless whither his footsteps lead him. If I were in truth his sister, I would go to him and watch over him in this crisis of his fate, but being only his friend that may not be, I can only pray for him, and wait to see the end."

"Poor Cyril! I will not be angry with him for your sake, Agnes. Yes, pray for him, he needs all our prayers, and He who hears and answers prayer will assuredly some day, out of all this evil, bring forth good. I have known the keenest blasts precede the balmy airs of

summer, and the darkest hour is just ere breaks the dawn."

"Yes, and the agony of death goes before the joy of heaven. I am glad, Janet, we have had this talk."

"So am I. It relieves me of much anxiety on your behalf. I ought to have known you better, I feared you were suffering still."

"Not on my own account: once it was far otherwise. I remember when we were at Penrhoe, feeling that the burden laid upon me was too much to bear."

"And now you can say with the poet—

'Now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea.'

"Yes, or rather it has been taken away from me, or else so adjusted that I feel its weight no more. Burdens are crosses, you know, and crosses lie less heavily if we take them up cheerfully, and ask Him of whom the cross reminds us to help us on our way. I cannot quite say it yet, but I think some day I shall be able to finish the verse you quoted—

'And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.'

It is so with you, Janet."

"Yes, thank God, though I have had my discipline, Agnes, a sterner one than yours, and now and then the old wounds break out again and throb with pain, but not often, and not for long, and always I know that the Hand which chastened me was love. Oh, Agnes! as years roll on, that which was confused and shapeless comes out so clearly on the canvas. I often think our past is something like one of Turner's beautiful pictures—all mist, and haze, and blots of colour, but we look and look, knowing that some fair design is really there, and presently we see it all, and wonder at its rare perfection. So the mists that are sure to gather about us at some time or another seem but chilling vapours and dull, formless clouds; but afterwards the dimness is cleared away, and we recognise the purpose of that sorrowful sojourn in the vale of humiliation. Even in this world

one's vision brightens, and it can trace many of the baffling intricacies of one's morning path, and more and more distinctly as the afternoon wears on, sees that it was the right way, and the best way after all."

"And that which we cannot see now, we shall see perfectly in the life to come. Janet, we shall have a storm."

And even as she spoke, a vivid flash burst forth from the dark cloud that seemed to overhang the woods; a peal of reverberating thunder followed, and then we heard the large drops pattering on the thirsty leaves. We made the best of our way into the house, but our muslin dresses were so thoroughly wetted in crossing the archery-ground and the lawn, that we had immediately to retreat to our rooms to change them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GONE!

THE storm that thus broke over Forest Range lasted a full hour, and we were all anxious about Sir John, who had ridden out to a village in the Southam road soon after dinner. We waited tea till we were tired, and the storm seemed to have a physically depressing effect on all of us; only Elizabeth was restless, almost feverish, I thought, judging from the flush upon her cheeks, for she had been rather pale of late, and she continued to walk up and down the two drawing-rooms, even after we had gathered round the urn. Generally she was so timid at thunder and lightning as to cower in some corner till the flashes were of the very faintest, and the peals exceedingly remote; and now she walked about regardless of the vivid flame that lighted up the inner drawing-room and the conservatory every minute, regardless of heavy thunder-peals that shook the house, making us all silent and awe-stricken. Was she so anxious about her father that she could not keep herself quiet like a reasonable being? She had been so calm, so icily still for many days, so grave, so undemonstrative, that we could hardly know her for the Elizabeth of old, who had been from

her babyhood our darling joy and never-ceasing torment. And now this was a touch of the genuine Miss Ashburner, her real self, with whom we were familiar, and the change gave me hope: once returned to her old impetuous, wilful ways, she would be no more impracticable, the frosty crust about her heart would be uncongealed, she would be again her mother's loving child, she would pour her sorrows in her ears, she would listen to her father's counsel, and Vivian Gower would lose his hold upon her. I felt as if some wicked spells were being dissolved in all that uproar of the angry elements; I felt as if her inexplicable infatuation would soon cease. Was I right? We shall see very shortly.

We quickly left the table, and the urn was carried away, but the tea-things remained for Sir John, and "for any visitor who might brave the tempest," Lady Ashburner laughingly said. She was very tired, but in better spirits than usual, only wishing she could hear her husband's voice in the hall. And gradually the storm died away, but the rain fell heavily, and still Miss Ashburner walked the two rooms from end to end, and even went round the conservatory. She began to make me nervous, and I wished, hopelessly enough I knew, that she would compose herself, or go to bed, for it was almost ten o'clock, and she had been complaining of feeling fatigued, and telling us how stupid her maid had been about her packing. Agnes was lying on the sofa, looking very pale and wearied, and Lady Ashburner was sitting in her own especial chair, still paler and more worn than Agnes, but she would not retire, because Sir John would miss her when he came in.

"Play us something, Janet," said Lady Ashburner, presently: "we are very dull to-night, and you seem the liveliest of the party, except Elizabeth, who has one of her restless fits upon her. Sir John will soon be home now, the rain is nearly over: he would not set out in all that storm, or if he had set out he would take shelter; he is not so

young as he used to be, and he does not like a thorough wetting."

I sat down accordingly, and struck into the first thing that came readily to my fingers. It was one of Cyril's favourite "Wild Flower Quadrilles." I had scarcely played three bars when Elizabeth stood beside me, her cheeks burning and her eyes flashing; she laid her hand on the keys in her old imperious style, and said simply, "Do not play *that*!" But the words were a command, in nowise a request, and I obeyed on the instant, wondering if any lingering tenderness for Cyril was yet in her heart. I was going to say something, I know not what now, when there came, breaking suddenly on the momentary stillness, a long, loud peal from the side hall-door bell.

"Ah! there is Sir John at last!" said Lady Ashburner, rising with an air of relief: "I was beginning to feel uneasy. But I wonder he did not come in by the back way; the side entrance is so far from the stables, and he would be sure to ride Sultan straight in."

"Perhaps Dutton met him as he was going round," Agnes remarked: "he would be sure to be looking out for his master."

"Yes, but listen! that is not Sir John's step!"

No, it was not Sir John who rather unceremoniously opened the drawing-room door, and came in with a face on which astonishment was very legibly inscribed. It was Preston, the butler, who had lived at Forest Range for years, and had been always remarkable for a solemn, staid deportment, and imperturbable front: we had always said that nothing could surprise Preston.

"What is it, Preston?" was Lady Ashburner's quick demand: she began to fear that some ill news had arrived, and whom could it concern but her husband?

"Miss Hawkes has arrived, my lady: she wished to see Sir John. I have taken her into the library: she is very wet, my lady!"

"Sally Hawkes!" burst in concert from our incredulous lips, and we looked at each other in fear and amazement. What could it mean?

Sally, of all people in the world, to be scouring the country at this time of night, and on such a night, when nothing but an errand of life and death could justify any one in making such a journey! My heart sank within me, for I knew something was the matter, and yet it could not be that anything had happened to Sir John, for Sally was evidently unaware of his absence from home. Agnes sat still, composed, but white as death: she told me afterwards that it at once occurred to her that something fatal had transpired respecting Cyril.

"Come with me, Janet," said Lady Ashburner: "I must see what Sally wants." The tremulousness of her voice told us how much she was shaken. She gathered her light shawl about her, and I gave her my arm.

For one instant I looked back as I was leaving the room: how well I remember its aspect! the brilliant lights, the tea-things on the central table, music piled up on the piano-forte, ready for to-morrow's packing; Agnes' work lying on an ottoman, and the fancy box I had been filling with stationery to carry with us, perched in unseemly fashion on the mantel-piece, whence the beautiful French clock had been removed, to be stored away with other valuables previous to our departure. Altogether, the room was in unwonted confusion, for we had been packing trifles and putting away china and ornaments all day; and like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, sat Agnes, pale and quiet, on the littered sofa; while, by the piano-stool, just where she had been standing when she had told me not to play "*that*," was Miss Ashburner, rigidly erect, her face and neck crimson with excitement, her lips quivering with suppressed emotion.

As we passed across the broad hall, the lightning was still playing on the tree-tops, and Lady Ashburner's arm was trembling on mine: not yet had Sir John come back from Darchfield.

We entered the library; and there, uncloaked and unbonneted, stood the little familiar figure in brown:

she looked so calm, that our apprehensions were at once allayed.

"What is it, Sally?" Lady Ashburner asked at once.

"I am afraid you will think I am a mad woman, dear Lady Ashburner."

"You are the last person in the world, Sally, from whom I should expect an imprudence: are you not very wet?"

"Yes; but I had my waterproof on, and Preston has taken that away, and my bonnet also I took off: I was afraid of face-ache again."

"You must take off your dress; see! your skirts are clinging to you, and your boots are soaked. Come to my room at once, Sally, and change these dripping garments; unless, indeed, your errand will not wait!"

"It will wait, now I am here," said Sally, gently: "dear Lady Ashburner, do not look so frightened; nothing has happened to any one we care about: it is only something I thought you ought to know, and I could not leave home to-morrow. I meant to steal in quietly through the kitchens, but I was drenched in coming from the station, and the lightning terrified me—for you know what a coward I am in tempest—and I rang the side-door bell, and gave it a much stronger pull than I intended. I was ashamed of myself when I heard the noise I made, and the clocks just striking ten, too!"

"Never mind, my dear; I am impatient to hear your tale, but I will not listen to another word till those wet clothes are discarded."

Very soon Sally was comfortably attired in my dressing-gown; her feet were cased in lamb's-wool socks, and she was drinking some hot wine and water: and now we prepared ourselves to hear the story which had brought her all the way from Southchester in such dreadful weather. I ought to have remarked that we had all said good-bye to Sally a day or two previously, at her own house in St. Mildred's Close, and she had paid her farewell visit to Forest Range more than a week ago, so that the unexpected apparition had doubly astonished us.

"Well," began Sally, "I begin to feel that the mountain is about to bring forth a mouse; and yet I do not know: *you must judge!* I have been scolding Mr. Cyril these eleven years for acting on impulse, and I am afraid to-night, if he were here, he might turn the tables on me. However, I went this morning to Bishop's Basing, by rail, of course, to spend the day with my old friend Mrs. Gardiner, the widow of the clergyman who preceded my dear father at Olmley. I returned by the train that leaves the Bishop's Basing station at 7.30, and I had some difficulty in finding a seat, for all the second-class carriages were full. At last, the guard hurried me into a first-class compartment, where there was only one vacant seat. It was getting very dark then, for the storm was brooding, and I could not see the faces of my fellow passengers: I could only distinguish the forms of three gentlemen and two ladies; and we were within three miles of Southchester, and had stopped at the little Hartfield station, ere I thought at all about them. Then some one on the same side as myself, but in the seat by the opposite window, said suddenly, 'By Jove! we shall have a storm directly!' I knew the voice, Lady Ashburner: I should have known it among a thousand—so deep and so musical, yet *so false!*—it was Vivian Gower who spoke!"

"Are you certain, Sally? Other voices *might* have the same ring."

"They might; but I do not think there is another voice in the world like his. I should think the serpent that beguiled Eve had just such a voice—mellow, persuasive, *lying!*"

"Go on, Sally; did you hear any more?"

"Yes; the two men talked all the while the train was at the station: they only spoke of trifles. Just as we reached Southchester, there came a rift in the bank of clouds, and a strong light shone out for a minute or more, straight into our carriage; then I saw his face, clearly as I see yours; and lastly, as the train slackened pace at the platform, I heard the gentleman next me say, 'I shall get out here, Gower; I

shall stay at the 'George' all night!"

"Then did not Mr. Gower also alight at Southchester?"

"No! to my surprise he went on, I suppose to St. Croix, but I do not know what he could do there so late in the evening; all the workmen would be gone, and he could not sleep at Monkswood. So I ran home, and asked Mrs. Dunstan to take the keys, and to excuse me for a single night. I told her I had urgent business on which I desired to consult Sir John Ashburner; and Mr. Chasuble's mother and sister are coming to-morrow, and I could not get away: besides, I felt that you ought to know at once that that man is here, when he has led every one to believe that Southchester would not see him at the earliest before October."

"Thank you, Sally; I can scarcely thank you sufficiently for the service you have rendered us. You came down by the last train?"

"Yes; I knew I might count upon your hospitality till the morning: I must go back in time for breakfast."

"We will see about that. Oh! Sally, it was very good of you to come. He—Vivian Gower—will be prowling about in the woods to-morrow, seeking an interview with Elizabeth, and we must be upon our guard. I do wish that we had adhered to our original plan, and started to-morrow. Oh! here comes Sir John!"

"What is all this?" he asked, as he came into the room. "First of all, the servants tell me that Miss Hawkes came here, and walked from the Fairchurch station in the pouring rain, 'straight through the thunder,' Preston says: then I find Agnes looking like a ghost, in the drawing-room, and Elizabeth marching up and down in her old excitable style, just like a royal tigress in a cage, with something on her mind—if the *carnivora* have minds! Sally, I hope nothing is the matter?"

Lady Ashburner told him succinctly the story of Sally's adventure, and he at once looked grave and stern. "Thank God, you did see him, Sally!" was his comment when he

had heard all: "be sure the fellow comes back upon us unexpectedly with no good intentions; he will be in our neighbourhood to-morrow. My dear, I shall not mince matters; Elizabeth shall not leave the house unattended: if she will not act like a reasonable woman, she must be treated as an unreasonable child. I will no more let her fall into this traitor's power from lack of due parental authority, than I would have permitted her to slip into the pond when she cried to get the water-lilies for herself fourteen years ago. No! I shall speak to Elizabeth myself to-morrow morning; and if she give me her promise not to exchange a word with Vivian Gower, not to see him if she can avoid it, all will yet be well. I will trust her; I do not believe that my child would break her word: but if she still refuses to give the promise I require, she must hold herself a sort of prisoner till we are safe on board the steamboat on Thursday morning."

"May Mr. Gower not follow you to Normandy?" asked Sally, timidly.

"No one in England will know our exact whereabouts, except my lawyer, my bailiff, and Roberts, whom we hold to be incorruptible; also yourself, whom we trust as if you were our own daughter, though that is not much to say as things are now. We shall only book to Havre—then all the continent is before us." He sighed deeply as he finished speaking: I had never seen Sir John so dispirited, so evidently sore at heart.

"You will not tell Elizabeth to-night?"

"No, my love; I will speak to her before breakfast. If she would only have a cold or a headache, and stay indoors, I would not tell her at all. By-the-bye, my lady, it just strikes me, I saw Gower's man—his bailiff, or factotum, or whatever he is—in the village this morning. I wondered what he did there. It looks suspicious, taken in conjunction with his master's sudden return."

We were all heartily tired by this time, and Lady Ashburner was looking so exhausted that her husband bade us all be off to bed, and

leave her to the rest she needed; and so Sally and I quitted the room, and were crossing the hall, when we met Miss Ashburner, evidently on her way bedwards.

"What wind blew you here, Sally Hawkes?" she asked, almost discourteously. "It must have been very important business that brought you out of St. Mildred's Close such a night as this, I should think!"

"It was very important business," returned Sally, quietly: "business I could not defer till Sir John's return; and to-morrow and next day I shall not be able to leave home. I daresay your papa or my lady will tell you all about it to-morrow."

Elizabeth darted a quick look at the grave, quiet face, but it wore so thoroughly its usual calm composure, that she was evidently satisfied. She had had her suspicions, I felt certain, though of what nature I could not determine; now they were set at rest, though still there was an anxious, haggard expression on her countenance I did not like to see. She wished us both good night, and was going up-stairs, when she came back again and flung down some small articles she was carrying, and threw her arms first round my neck, and next round Sally's, weeping convulsively.

"My darling! what is it?" I cried, full of terror and concern.

"Oh nothing! nothing!" she cried hysterically; "only I am so silly, Janet dear; the storm unhinged me, and Sally's sudden appearance frightened me; I really thought Papa had been killed by the lightning, or that Sultan had thrown him, or something very dreadful! And then this going away; it seems like getting ready for a funeral, this shutting up of Forest Range. I hate farewells! There—I am better now; good-night! you two old pets; and Janet, don't—no! nothing, good-night!"

She disappeared at the turning of the stairs, and we went on to the drawing-room, where Agnes Craven still was sitting, and we told her all the story, very much to her relief. Then, being thoroughly worn out, we all went up-stairs together, and I

was beginning to undress when Lady Ashburner tapped at my door, to ask me for a certain medicine she knew I had. She had been to Elizabeth's room, and found her so agitated, and she had wept so bitterly at saying good-night, that her mother had decided upon giving her some wine and water; but finding how very feverish her hands and face were, had thought it better to administer some globules. Sally's face wore a puzzled expression as she stood looking at me, and tying on her night-cap. At last she said—"Miss Anstruther, I am afraid Miss Ashburner knows that Mr. Gower is in the neighbourhood again!"

"I am afraid she does. I wonder what my guardian thinks."

"I wonder! However, we must leave it to-night; I shall go by the early train, but I think I would advise you to mention how the same fancy struck us both, and I would not defer it; I would make a point of speaking the first thing."

"I will, Sally; the more I think of it, the more certain I feel that our conjectures are not unfounded."

And at last we got to bed; but the grey dawn was glimmering before I slept. I got up early, however, and made Sally take some breakfast before she started in the pony-phæton for the train; and just as I was bidding her a last good-bye, and wondering when I should see her placid, friendly face again, Preston said to me, in quite a reproving tone—"The conservatory door was never locked last night, Miss Anstruther."

"Why did you not attend to it as usual?" I asked.

"I did, ma'am," he answered respectfully, yet looking injured, "I locked and bolted both doors when my lady bade me close the shutters in the large drawing-room, when the storm began; and, ma'am, I could almost take my oath that I saw the brass chain-bolt up, when, the last thing, I went into the small drawing-room; but I must confess I did not think to look."

"I remember now," I said; "it was our fault, Preston—my fault

and Miss Craven's; we came into the house that way last night, as the quickest way of getting out of the rain. We were surprised to find the door fastened; but Miss Ashburner heard us, and let us in. I daresay she never thought of the bolts, and it was comparatively early."

"I dare say that was it, ma'am; but any one might have got in and *ravished* the house, ma'am." No doubt Preston meant ravaged, and we laughed a little at his mistake, as he turned away to count the spoons upon the table; he was going through his list, he said, and he should not be surprised if something was missing; "it was just tempting Providence, and inviting thieves, to leave doors open like that."

Sally drove away, and soon afterwards Sir John and Agnes made their appearance, and the urn and the eggs came in, and we sat down to breakfast. Lady Ashburner had taken her cup of coffee in bed for several weeks past. "Agnes, my dear," said Sir John, when he had nearly concluded a noble repast, "it strikes me that my lady might eat a slice of this tongue; she will never get up her strength on thin strips of cold toast, and bread and butter wafers; will you run up to her with this plate and my love, and I particularly want her to try it? Elizabeth—lazy girl!—is late, as usual; it is she who ought to wait upon her mother."

"I will take it willingly," said Agnes, rising, "I have quite finished; and I had better knock at Elizabeth's door."

"Do; it is half-past nine, and the urn is getting cold, and the servants will be so busy to-day that it is a pity to keep them back in their work."

We still lingered at the table, when Agnes came down with trembling limbs and ashen face, and just faltered out—"Oh! Sir John—oh! Janet—she is not there—not in her room; and the bed has not been slept in!"

It was but too true. Elizabeth Ashburner had left her happy, peaceful home; she had deserted

the tenderest of parents; she had thrown herself upon the mercies of a bad man; as she had sown the wind would she not reap the whirlwind?—perhaps very quickly.

I will not linger on this part of my story. I give no details which could only gratify a morbid curiosity, suffice it to say that she *went*—that Vivian Gower was her companion—that the fugitives were sought and pursued in vain—and that three weeks afterwards came a letter from London, signed *Elizabeth Gower*. They had been married that day, by banns, in one of the City churches, from the house of a certain Mrs. Cradoc, “a special friend of Vivian’s!”

For days Lady Ashburner’s life was despaired of; and Agnes was so ill that for a week she never left her room. The wintering at Nice had now become a matter of necessity, and we only waited till our invalids had regained some measure of strength before we set off on our long-deferred journey to the South; and on a dreary November day, when the wind was whistling eerily among the leafless trees, and gloom was over all the sky, and the clouds were lying heavily on the high chalk downs, we bade farewell to Forest Range, and the last familiar face we saw on English shores was Sally’s; and till the keen sea-wind drove us to the cabins below, we stood and watched the pennon-like movement of the brown ribbons of her bonnet, and the fluttering of her brown skirt. We never saw Sally Hawkes again.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MINNIE’S COUNSEL.

AND all this while, from the day we parted in London till we steamed off from the busy southern pier in the cold grey November noon, we saw nothing and heard little more of Cyril Denham. But I must cease these chronicles of the Ashburner family, which, save so far as they influenced the fortunes of Cyril, have no place in this history. That luckless young man still remained an inmate of Mrs. Matthews’ select

boarding-house, where, alas! he was no longer popular; since, in his character as an engaged man, he had ceased to be interesting to Adeline and Angey; the latter, good little soul, still saw to his buttons, and had an eye to his advantage when the daily bill of fare was propounded; but pink flounces and hair *crêpé* were at a discount, and the drawing-room resounded no more at eventide with the familiar strains of *Deh Conte* and *Ever of Thee*!

But Laura played her *Lieds*, and her slow movements, and continued to interpret Mendelssohn as divinely as ever; and she still dressed with extraordinary taste, in spite of all Miss Grundison said about her being an undertaker’s daughter, which was certainly a scandal, not on the distinguished-looking Mr. Somerset himself, but on the respectable tradesman whom he was supposed to represent. Well, yes, she was right after all; Laura’s papa was an undertaker, though not in the regular acceptance of the term, for he never undertook funerals, furnishing weepers and mourning-coaches; he was heard to say that he had a decided aversion to corpses, as so very unpleasant, and uncomfortably suggestive objects. But he would undertake anything to his advantage, utterly regardless of the advantages of other people, and it was whispered about that sometimes he undertook very strange things indeed, and thereby hazarded his reputation and plunged himself into the hottest of hot water. But he paid his way, and Mrs. Matthews’ little bills were regularly settled, so that that excellent matron smiled upon him, and at the same time told her husband, in a moment of confidence, that “sharp was the word, and she should take good care my gentleman never never ran behind hand; he had been punctual so far, but it was early days as yet, and she never knew who was who satisfactorily, till she had lodged and boarded them a twelvemonth and a day”—which remark no doubt evinced the prudent sagacity of Mrs. Matthews’ character. But though Laura wore the richest of black silks, and the simplest of white *tulle*

bonnets, and though her hands were, unlike poor Angey's, delicately sleek and white, and though she looked "beautiful exceedingly," after a while Cyril ceased to admire her statuesque loveliness and her queenly grace. It gave him no more pleasure to gaze on her classic features, than on Adeline's decided *nez retroussé* and high cheek-bones; and her rich glossy braids of raven hair sweeping her delicately-tinted cheek ravished his soul no longer. She had given him a lock, it is true, but he would have cared quite as much for one of Angey's stiff flaming tresses, and infinitely more for the tiniest ringlet shorn from Agnes Craven's head; nay, he would have cherished more fondly a little bit of Sally Hawkes's soft brown, grey-besprinkled curls. But Laura's lock was enshrined in a locket, and she had, in exchange for her own silken jet, a wavelet of Cyril's golden brown, which she wore in a similar receptacle, fastened to her watch-chain; and she had a bad habit of falling in love with pretty and sometimes costly things, as she passed by the shop-windows in Oxford-street and Regent-street, and saying coaxingly—"Oh! Cyril dear, you must buy me that. I shall treasure it for your sake." Of course Cyril, thus appealed to, could do nothing less than draw forth his purse and buy the article in question, whether it were one of De la Rue's cheap card-cases, or "a love of a gold bracelet exquisitely enamelled." And Cyril spent his money recklessly enough, never thinking of a rainy day, when sovereigns and even half-crowns might be no longer plentiful.

He was intensely miserable; the chain that he had forged for himself galled him heavily, and yet it seemed impossible that he could ever cast it from him; escape from the condemned cell in Newgate could scarcely be a more forlorn hope than any vision he might entertain of escape from his engagement, which had been ratified scores of times, in the presence of divers witnesses, which was always being ratified it seemed to the unhappy man, always being forced upon the attention of

every one with whom the Somersets came in contact. And oh! the patronage of Mr. Somerset, his affectionate familiarity, his stories of high life, chiefly abroad, which Cyril knew were lies; his affectation of good family, and above all, his pathetic reminiscences of the home of his youth, of his bridal-days, and of the departure of his sainted Isabel—"his dark-eyed, beauteous Isabel, the mother of his child!"

But his words had a hollow chink; his emotion was admirably well acted, but still only acted, Cyril was sure; nay, he could see emotion "done" far more thrillingly any night at Drury Lane, or any of the best theatres; and while he listened to the rounded periods, and observed the *nearly* perfect gestures of his intended father-in-law, he rejoiced to think that no Act of Parliament could compel him after marriage to associate with that gentleman. No; Mr. Somerset was almost, but not quite perfect in his part, and there was the rub; no doubt he fully endorsed the wisdom and profundity of the maxim, "*ars est celare artem*," but unfortunately he could not reduce it to practice, so that he was not half so successful in making an impression as he flattered himself really was the case.

Twice already had "my dear boy" been requested to lend a couple of sovereigns till a visit to the bank could be effected, and once "dear Denham, my lad"—how "dear Denham" did wince to be sure, as he bent his haughty neck to the collar!—was invited to accommodate his papa-in-law elect with a five-pound note. "Just till Friday, you know, Papa," said Laura, folding her white arms round Papa's coat-collar and diamond studs; "you receive those dividends on Friday, do you not?"

And Papa answered, "Surely, my dear, I never forget business, and that mortgage money is due on the same day. A capital investment, mortgages; if you had had your money safe in mortgages now, Denham, you would be the master of Monkswood now."

An allusion Cyril could have dispensed with, but Laura said gently

—“Ah! Papa, if Cyril had remained lord of his ancestral home, he and I had never met. I cannot regret anything that has given him to me.” And leaving Papa, she crossed to what might be called “metal more attractive;” and Cyril felt her slender fingers wandering caressingly through his bright rippling hair. Of course he ought to have taken the other hand captive and carried it to his lips, but he did nothing of the sort, and felt almost inclined to resent the girl’s familiarity; and yet “the girl” had a right—he was to be her husband; all the world knew that; surely there was nothing unmaidenly in her action. Elizabeth had done the same thing before now to his supreme satisfaction, and his relations to Laura were still closer than any which had existed between himself and Miss Ashburner; closer, as the world counts such relations, for this was a definite, loudly-proclaimed engagement, whereas the other was only “an understanding,” on which was set the seal of secrecy. No; he could not in his heart blame Laura; but he did wish she would let him alone; her bland sweetness wearied him, and then a feeling that she was always on her guard worried him exceedingly. However, the £5 note passed from Cyril’s pocket-book to Mr. Somerset’s, and, strange to say, that gentleman for once *did* forget business; it is to be presumed he received his dividends and his mortgage money on Friday, for he went into the city when Cyril departed to his daily duties in Parliament Street, and did not return till the small hours of the night. But he never remembered the note he had borrowed, nor alluded to it at all; and Laura of course could not be expected to have any memory for such transactions.

And so the weary days and nights went on, and Cyril saw less and less of his friends at Pibroch Place, and began to earn for himself the reputation of being “a little gay!” Then came the announcement of Miss Ashburner’s marriage; it was in all the papers of the day, from the *Times* downwards. “At St. Mildred’s, Poultry, Vivian Gower,

Esq., of Monkswood, Southamshire, late of Calnesbury Hall, to Elizabeth, only child and heiress of Sir John Ashburner, Bart., of Forest Range, Southamshire!”

And Cyril read it with a bitterness he took no pains to conceal from Laura Somerset, who on her part was glad enough to be sure that the old love was safely married and done for, and would surely never interfere with her. And then came news of the elopement, which, however, was private news, and was not communicated to Laura, or to any other member of Mrs. Matthews’ family. Only the fact was suspected; because it seemed “so strange that a young lady whose father was a baronet, and whose town house was in Grosvenor-place, and a gentleman in Vivian Gower’s position, should be married in a dingy city church, by nobody in particular.”

Laura was determined that she would be married at St. George’s, Hanover-square. And even Angey and Adeline would have turned up their noses, if nature had not already done it for them, at the bare mention of the Poultry. Then Cyril knew that the Ashburners were abroad, and all the while his pride and misery kept him from these best of friends, and he neither went down to them before they quitted Southamshire, or wrote to them, as they expected. No wonder that they believed him to be willing and anxious to separate himself entirely from the old life of his happier days.

Cyril cared little about those stray sovereigns and sundry crown-pieces, nor did he fuss himself about the £5 note, which he knew right well was as irrecoverable as that which he had paid to Mrs. Matthews, according to custom, on the final Saturday of the month. But he was considerably startled when one evening, after a bottle of some wonderful port of which Mr. Somerset thought and said great things, he was invited into that gentleman’s chamber, and asked as a matter of course to put his hand to “a little bill,” that would be ho-

nourably taken up, "only a temporary accommodation, just a matter of form, &c. &c.!" The little bill was to the tune of £800, and Cyril, who had been rather extravagant of late, and drawn upon his income, saw at a glance, that if he were called upon, it would be ruin, or something very near it. He would not have so much money for some months to come, and he said so plainly, to Mr. Somerset's evident disgust, that polished and fastidious gentleman objecting to "plain statements," equally with corpses.

But Mr. Somerset blandly explained that it was so certain to be taken up, that little bill of his—he would be in funds long before the date upon the paper, and even if it were not, it could be renewed! Oh, no! Cyril should never be troubled with it:—"never, my dear fellow, never! I will see to that; only, we are father and son, you know!"

A curious way of proving pater-nity, Cyril thought, and after he had done all that was required he felt so annoyed with himself that he could not get to sleep, but tossed about for hours, "making hay of the bed-clothes," as the housemaid said next morning when she came into his room.

Next evening he resolved to go and see the Rattenburys; so instead of returning home when business hours were over, he went to Farrance's and had some soup, and then made an incursion upon the Lowther Arcade, and came out of it laden with toys of all descriptions, like a veritable *paterfamilias*. Great was the marvel and the joy, when Toodlums and Jack, from their perch on the top landing, descried this unexpected apparition; loud were the shouts as Cyril wiped his feet upon the mat, bearing with him the spoils of the Arcade, and vehement was the rush made down-stairs by two pairs of young sturdy legs, each pair striving, at the imminent risk of coming to grief, to be foremost in the race. It was long since Cyril had tasted so much happiness as he experienced when the children

swarmed about him, and screamed their delight, and went mad about the rocking-horse, and called him "a brick," a piece of slang which considerably horrified their mamma.

And Minnie herself was as pretty and good as ever; she had meant to be very stiff, for she felt that Cyril had not used them well, for it was "months and months" since he had crossed their threshold! But the sight of the toys, and the children's rampant pleasure therein, and the caresses they bestowed on "jolly uncle Cillill," appeased the anger she had been nursing up, and she extended her hand, and welcomed the truant with all her old ingenuous warmth.

"Come at last, Cyril!" said Mr. Rattenbury, lazily rising up from the depths of his easy chair; "come and help us crack walnuts; we have had a bushel sent us from the country, and we don't know what to do with them."

And thus invited, Cyril took to discussing walnuts, waiting for a favourable opportunity to discuss something of more moment. Minnie's quick eye saw at once that Cyril was not altered for the better since last he had been with them, and all the unsatisfactory reports which from time to time her husband had brought home she feared were a true bill against him. Presently she asked, "Mr. Denham, why have you kept away so long? I have not seen you since I returned from the sea-side."

"Forgive me, Mrs. Rattenbury, I had nothing good to tell you."

"Then why did you not tell us the bad? and we might have helped you; at least, Robert might."

"Mrs. Rattenbury, if anybody on earth could help me, you could by your influence and counsel; but I believe I have put myself beyond the reach of anybody's help."

"Oh! what have you done?" and "Confound it then, man; help yourself!" burst simultaneously from the lips of husband and wife.

"Just tell us all about it," said Minnie kindly; "that is, if I may hear;" for the thought suddenly struck her, that Cyril *might* have

revelations to make to which she could not listen; a young man gets himself into all kinds of awkward and improper dilemmas, when he gives himself up to being "gay!" And Minnie had heard whispers of boxes at the theatre, and oyster-suppers, and a handsome young lady dining *tête-à-tête* with Cyril at the Star and Garter at Richmond. But Cyril begged her not to move, and while she looked at her husband, to catch his glance, and learn by secret telegraph of their own, his wishes, Cyril chained her attention at once, by saying bluntly: "I am engaged to be married again." And then he told them the whole story truthfully, from beginning to end, finishing up, of course, with the "little bill" transaction of the previous evening; and Mr. Rattenbury, who had listened in silence, rejoined: "Denham, you are a greater fool than I took you for, but a better man!"

Somehow it was pleasanter to be called "a fool" by that rough honest tongue, than "my dear boy!" by the polished Mr. Somerset. Minnie frowned at her husband, and said, "That was too harsh."

"Not a bit," said Rattenbury, "Cyril knows he has been a most egregious fool! Why, man! you talked of conquering your fate, and you have let your fate conquer you; you should have fought on, and eaten the bitter bread contentedly for a little while; it would not have been so bitter afterwards, as the sweet, unwholesome morsels you snatched at, like a greedy boy. And here you are, in a pretty mess. What do you know about this Laura Somerset!"

"I know no harm of her."

"You know no harm of my servant who carried in the tea, but that is no reason why you should marry her. Oh! Cyril, you fool! you fool! What if you did lose Monkwood!—that was hard, I grant, dreadfully hard; but you tumbled into an excellent appointment that was meant to be the stepping-stone to better things. Providence set you on your feet, on good firm ground, and you must

needs run off to the first bog you could find, chasing Jack o' Lanterns! Well, you must marry the girl, I suppose, and a curse she will be to you all the days of your life; but I would throw the father overboard. I wonder if the Scotland-yard people know anything about him!"

"My dear!" said Minnie, reprovingly.

"My love, it is best to speak out: and if Cyril must make a burnt-offering of himself, body and soul, let him go to the altar with his eyes wide open!"

"He shall not go to the altar at all," said Minnie, almost passionately, "at least not with that Laura. Cyril! I am only a woman, but hear my counsel. Go home, and pray to God to guide you *aright*; then go to bed and sleep on my advice—then, if you think well, tell Miss Somerset to-morrow that you cannot and will not marry her; you do not love her any more than she loves you, and you may not commit so great a sin against God and against your manhood. Tell her all the truth, asking her pardon for the impetuosity which led you to propose without due consideration; speak out, as kindly as you can, I need not say most courteously, but firmly, unflinchingly, and make her understand that you are resolved not to be her husband."

"She will prosecute me for breach of promise."

"Let her prosecute, then; better loss of money, better the world's scorn a thousand times, than self-contempt, self-loathing. Cyril Denham, you have done wrong; for foolishness such as yours is sin. Humble yourself before God; let the past go; begin again, and go *straight forward*, Cyril Denham! Be the path rough or smooth, long or short, *go straight!*"

"People are not caught in man-traps, unless they trespass on forbidden ground," interposed Rattenbury.

"But if they are caught," resumed Minnie, "it is of no use to stay moaning and fretting in the trap; better cut off your leg, than

stop there till you die, though it is rarely one has to resort to such extreme measures. Then get off the enemy's ground as quickly as you can, and keep to the road—the *King's* high-road! Oh, Cyril Denham, don't throw yourself away! don't sink into the pit that swallows up so many in this dreadful London! Think of your mother—think of that good Sally; and, oh!

think of the day that must come when this world will have nothing more for you than a coffin and a grave; think of the blessing of the higher, purer life that God keeps for those who truly love Him!"

Would those earnest words, spoken from the depths of Minnie Rattenbury's true heart, avail to save him? Would God bless them to his rescue? We shall see.

THE TENANT OF THE BEECH FARM.

THE DIARY OF HESTER EVERETT.

PART I.

Monday Morning, June, 186—. Always a little more to write of on Mondays than on any other day, there being Sunday and its sermons, two services, and generally callers in the afternoon. Yesterday was our first dry warm day after so many wet ones. Four wet Sundays successively, and the week-days wet also, until the farmers all begged Mr. Perkins to use the Church prayer for fair weather. Sunday morning, however, was bright, and, as I said, warm and dry. Brother Bill, as usual, discontented, says the finest days, best suited for farm-work, are sure to be Sundays. It is, though, so much pleasanter to have a fine Sunday and to walk to church, than to drive home in the rain, and spend the rest of the day seeing father and the boys yawning their jaws all but asunder. To-day we walked home, and instead of the perpetual "wet-my-feet" of the lapwing, we have the cuckoo crying with her second change of note, what musicians call a major third, sung downwards, so it ought to be summer. In church we had a stranger, the new tenant of old Brooke's farm, "The Beeches." He has the next pew to ours, and it was something new to see any one sitting there, so long had it been unoccupied. He is a tall man, broad-chested, and one looks at him and thinks of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." He looks like a man who has energy

and a strong will, two things in a man I respect. Also he wears a long brown beard, and when his hat is on looks like a dozen men I have seen with the same hirsute decoration. Beards give strength to the look of a face, but they take away the individuality. This Mr. Derwent is like Barbara Bunsen's brother, who came to see her at school, and Mr. Bunsen was like our drawing-master, and the drawing-master like the doctor, and so on, like one of those long stories for children such as "The House that Jack built."

We came out of church, and met Uncle Ben's family at the gate; had a long talk with them; they have heard wonderful accounts of what this Mr. Derwent is going to do in the way of farming. He is a man of capital, and knows besides what he is about, so father and Uncle Ben expect to see something very surprising. This new neighbour will have plenty to do, they say, for old Brooke allowed the farm to go to waste during the last years of his life. Ah! well, many a pleasant day I have spent at "The Beeches" notwithstanding. I scarcely like to see this new neighbour pulling every thing to pieces.

Tuesday.—Bill has just returned from a walk over Mr. Derwent's farm. Father is not pleased, and says it was bad manners to go over it before we had called, or shown our new neighbour some civility. Thinks

also Bill had work to do at home, and desires him to pay more attention to our own farm in future. Bill is not easily abashed, so continues in his easy way to describe how Mr. Derwent is levelling, and draining, and fencing in every direction, and he not much more than a week in possession. It is just what Bill would like to be doing himself, cutting and slashing right and left, making what he calls "a tidy place of it." But father shakes his head at such youthful rashness, and hopes Mr. Derwent is not going too fast. "Fair and easy," he adds, "goes far in a day."

Wednesday.—Too fast, indeed. Father has heard that Mr. Derwent is dividing Smith's Hollow with a fence. Ah! if he could only have got the other half of that Hollow it would have been all his own now, instead of Mr. Derwent having a right to fence off half as being his. This annoys father to think of, and he feels that fence is a personal grievance.

Thursday.—Worse than a grievance, for McIntyre, our Scotch farm servant, has to-day told father that Mr. Derwent's fence is encroaching on father's land. I hope McIntyre has good grounds for what he says, for father is so angry that, whether McIntyre is right or wrong, he will still imagine he has a right to object. The impression is left, and likely to remain.

Friday.—Last night McIntyre went up to Mr. Derwent's and gave father's message. It was not, as mother says, the proper way to make a complaint, if Mr. Derwent were in the wrong, but father was so cross, and McIntyre so anxious to go that he ingeniously irritated father into sending him. McIntyre does so love a dispute.

Friday Evening.—McIntyre has returned, and brings such a message! It is unequalled for coolness. "Mr. Derwent's compliments, and there is not the slightest mistake in the measurement." As if father would bear such treatment! This stranger must be taught better manners. Stoke Coombe people are not to be trampled upon in this fashion. In poor old Brooke's time we never

had these differences. Half of Smith's Hollow was his, and half father's, and everything went on smoothly and happily, they never quarrelled, but now—. This stranger is anxious to carry things with a high hand; but we shall see, we shall see.

Saturday.—As I expected. Father went up himself to-day to "The Beeches," and had an interview with Mr. Derwent, and, to put it in few words, his visit merely confirmed McIntyre's report. These new brooms like to make a clean sweep, but father is not a man to be trifled with. He had declared the fence must come down, and Mr. Derwent apologise, or he would be seriously angry, and father is a man of weight in Stoke Coombe; this year he is a churchwarden. Mr. Derwent had the impudence to tell him that what old Brooke did was nothing to him, he had a right to fence the Hollow, and down the fence should go, just where his men were now at work. And then to try to put father down by showing him ordnance maps, and surveys, and such things as are High Dutch to father, was very unhand-some. Everyone knows father has no head for such things. Father is more angry than ever, and we have all taken it up hotly. In the evening mother and I walked down when the men had left work to see it, and found father, Bill, Dick, and McIntyre looking at it too; the boys wanted to level it like Earl Brownlow's enclosure, but father would not hear of it. Law, he says; he will have law on his side, and if right is right, let Mr. Derwent look out for himself.

Sunday.—We were all so full of the subject of Mr. Derwent, that it was no wonder I felt it hard in church to keep my eyes from wandering towards where he sat. That my mind wandered I do not pretend to deny, one has only to look at him to see that the war is but beginning between these two men. There is such determination in every line of Mr. Derwent's face (what the beard leaves to be seen), in his huge chest, and brawny arms. I hear the responses come strong and deep, and

when "Lord have mercy upon us" comes from out of that long brown beard, it penetrates to the farthest corner of the church, and one feels it an index of the stuff the man is made of. When Mr. Perkins gave out the psalm, and Mr. Derwent sang in that thundering bass voice, "No change of time shall ever shake," I felt it was just possible that father would have the worst of it. I scarcely dared to join in at all. Poor father could not say his prayers at all. Not once did I hear his voice until he came out of church and got Uncle Ben by the arm and told him all the story of this grievance. Uncle Ben had never heard anything like it; what father said to Mr. Derwent, and what Mr. Derwent said to him, nothing was omitted, and Bill and Dick walked close by them, enjoying like some well-seasoned dish the recapitulation of the tale. No wonder Uncle Ben broke out, saying "The fellow! the fellow! why Bob, thee wast a man in Stoke Coombe before this Derwent was ever heard of, and so thou wilt be yet, when he and his fences are down the river." What is to take our neighbour and his fences down the river Uncle Ben did not say, but it pleased father well, and we had dinner in much peace.

Monday.—To-day Mr. Derwent's cattle strayed into our pasture. McIntyre has gone over to complain. Father angry of course.

Tuesday.—Allworthy, Mr. Derwent's man, and McIntyre have been quarrelling. I fear Dick is at the bottom of it; he incites McIntyre to do what he dares not himself.

Wednesday.—Bill's dog Punch ran after Mr. Derwent's sheep yesterday, and was sent back lame from a blow of a stone. Bill says Mr. Derwent did it himself. What a terrible man, to inflict a hurt on a poor dumb creature who could not retaliate.

Thursday.—To-day father has been to Bristol to put his case into an attorney's hands, and Mr. Johnson tells him it as clear as daylight.

Friday.—Another quarrel between McIntyre and Allworthy. I heard it all, for I was walking down the

pasture-field, and the men were in the lane at the other side of the hedge. Allworthy, I conclude, takes a leaf from his master's book, for he curses and swears awfully. McIntyre prides himself on never using profane language, but I think he is much worse than Allworthy when he takes up the highly moral tone, and denounces his enemy in verses from the psalms treating of foes in general, and treacherous neighbours in particular. I never liked hurling scripture. The language was so bad between the men, I thought it best to show myself before they came to blows, and it was a good move, for when I came out by the gate the men stopped, and Allworthy took off his hat and said, "Beg pardon, Miss," before he went away. I spoke very sharply to McIntyre about his part of the business, and told him my father would be very angry when he came to hear of it, but the dogged surly creature only said, "It won't break master's heart, Miss." And when I came home, and father came in to tea, I found McIntyre was right; he had given his own version of the story, and father was chuckling over it. "Serve him right," he said, "I am only sorry I cannot serve out his master the same way; it is not for want of a will."

Saturday.—A note from Mrs. Joyce to ask Bill, Dick, and me, to tea on Monday evening. Mr. Derwent is to be there, a nice bachelor, she says, for me. Oh! silly Mrs. Joyce, could she not have left that out? Father has stormed over the note, and says we must not go. None of his family shall sit down under the same roof with Mr. Derwent. I have had to write a refusal.

Sunday.—The brown beard again. So he has been the cause of our losing Mrs. Joyce's party; Bill is angry, for he has a tenderness for Ellen Joyce, and I—well, there is Frank Joyce, and one so seldom has any amusement, and—I do not like Mr. Derwent the better for all this. At dinner we have all our grievances over again, I do not mean Dick's and mine, but the fence, and the cattle, and the dog, and All-

worthy,—no wonder I grow sick of Mr. Derwent's name. We had Uncle Ben and old Sergeant to dinner, and as the latter had not heard the story, father was only too glad to be allowed to tell it again, and Bill aggravated it and made the story as black as possible. I made my escape as soon as I could, and sat in the garden till church-time. My mother came to me there. "Your father hates the man," she said; "I only hate his name, I am getting so tired of it all. Let them go to law if they like, they are welcome as far as I am concerned, if they would only hold their tongues. When a grievance is worn so threadbare it ought to be allowed to die a natural death. Hester," she said, as we started for church, "I wish Mr. Derwent was at Jericho, and his fence on his back." I echoed the wish, but it is not to be supposed we meant our good wishes to be interpreted literally, it was only a female mode of relieving our overwrought feelings by a slight exaggeration.

Monday.—As I was not to go to Mrs. Joyce's tea-party I thought to console myself by a long walk; so I took Punch for company and went off towards the upland farm, in hopes of walking off my ill-humour. There is little comfort, however, in Punch for a companion; like his master, he enjoys a fight, and I think if I were to land on a desert island with Punch, he would be sure to find another dog to snarl at. I had rescued him twice from troubles into which his own quarrelsome disposition had brought him, when just as we were coming out of the pasture-field into the lane, a great strong brute of a dog rushed first at Punch and knocked him over, and dashed forward as if to attack me. I was too frightened to run—though the dog would easily have overtaken me—and stood stupified; but before the strange dog had time for more than to seize my dress, a strong voice called "Mace, Mace!" and I saw it came from a brown beard which appeared above the hedge. "Mace, Mace!" and in a moment his master had jumped over the hedge, given

the dog a good shake, and taking off his hat was making his apologies. "I beg your pardon, I am so sorry my dog has frightened you. He is not so fierce as you would suppose on a first acquaintance; but, Mace, sir, you must not attack ladies. Look at this lady and know her again, she is not to be frightened by you." "Never mind," I said, "I was a little startled just at first, but I shall not be so if I meet him again. Barking," I said, laughing, "is a more harmless accomplishment than biting." "Yes," he said, looking up quickly, "but unfortunately if we do one we get credit for the other. The world does not take time to judge us as charitably as you have done my dog," I could not but understand his meaning, so I patted the dog and said, "Very well, I suppose I had better lose no time in establishing friendly relations with Mace?" "Thank you," he said, gravely, "but if he offends again, how am I to know that I may chastise him?" "I do not know," I said, and then a spirit of mischief seizing me, I added as he was turning away, "You would not wish to go to law about it, would you?" He looked at me for a second as if to see whether I meant it seriously, and then laughed heartily. "The fact is," I said, "it is my own dog who is most in fault. We must all keep Punches, and they get into fights with each other, and keep their masters in a state of irritation." He nodded, and wished me "Good evening" with such a comical imitation of Allworthy, that I could not resist the temptation of saying "Good evening" to him and Mace in McIntyre's broadest Scotch. I could hear him laughing long after we had separated, he going his way, and I mine. Then it occurred to me that if he were going to Mrs. Joyce's he must be taking a very long way to reach it, and knowing he was a stranger and probably unacquainted with the field paths, I acted on the first impulse, and turning back ran after him. "Mr. Derwent!" I screamed three or four times at the pitch of my voice, which brought him running back to me. "Not my Punch

this time, I hope?" he said. "I beg your pardon," I said, "but are you not going to Mrs. Joyce's?" He said he was, with a look that said plainly, "who told you I was?"

"Because," I said, "if you go that way, you will not reach Starwell until an hour after tea is over."

"That would be very bad," he said pleasantly, "what a scrape for a stranger to be in who has a character to make! Is there any other way?"

"Yes," I said, "you must take that field path; go straight as the crow flies; when you have crossed three fields you will see Starwell spire before you, make for that, and when you come out on the road the people at the 'Fox and Goose' will show you how to go."

"But," he said, ruefully, looking at the field path I indicated, "Would that not look very like trespassing?"

"Not when I recommend that way to you," I said, thinking with great satisfaction that father and the boys were gone over to look at a cow Uncle Ben had bought, and being three miles off at that moment could not meet Mr. Derwent, and would most likely never hear of my meeting with the brown-bearded neighbour, or our mutual politeness.

"Thank you, exceedingly, Miss Everett," Mr. Derwent said, "I shall never forget your kindness in saving my character for me. I should not wonder," he added, with a merry twinkle of his eyes, "if Mrs. Joyce kept a Punch and you have helped me to pat it on the back."

"At any rate," I said, "there will be Mrs. Grundy, beware of Mrs. Grundy."

He laughed again, whistled for Mace, and walked away by the path I had shewn him, but as the last turn almost hid his figure from sight, he turned round, and seeing me still standing, took off his hat once more before he disappeared. Then I went home, much amused with my evening's adventure, but judged it best to be silent on the subject at tea, and fortunately father and the boys were full of a scheme for joining Uncle Ben, and going up to London

to the Exhibition in about ten days, which put Mr. Derwent quite out of their heads. As there is no one to whom I can talk of this adventure, I have amused myself by writing it all down. My journal is my own, at any rate.

Wednesday.—The Joyces have been here, and have told us of a gang of robbers who are going over the country plundering every one's pen-yard, and even breaking into dwelling-houses. Mother is quite frightened at the account.

Thursday.—The robbers again. Farmer Collins' hen-house broken into, and fifteen fowls taken. Mrs. Collins says twelve, but the girls say fifteen, and Annie Collins is too sharp a girl to be far wrong. Mother is quite unhappy at the robberies coming so near us. They seem to take the holdings in regular succession. Smith's one night, Collins' the next. Father and the boys have decided on going to London on Monday next; Uncle Ben goes too, and Aunt Bessie and Cousin Cicely, who are timid souls, are to stay with us till they return.

Friday.—Bill brought us news to-day that more robberies have been committed. Farmer Dobson's dog was poisoned last night, and a quantity of turnips carried off from his yard; they had been laid down last night, too late to be stored. This is serious. No trace of the thieves left, only the farmer's man Sam thinks he heard voices in the field early this morning. Why did he not get up and see whose they were? They could not be about any good at that hour, what could strangers want prowling about? Father says he does not believe a word of the robbers. Says Sam is a fool, and wants to make out he heard more than any one else; and as to the turnips, Sam was too drunk last night to know what quantity he left in the yard. Bill then brings up the poisoned dog, but father says he knew it would be poisoned from the day he heard of it running after Mr. Derwent's sheep. Then we have Mr. Derwent all brought up again, and Bill is out of patience with me because I do not help to blacken

him as I used to do. Somehow I cannot do it, though to me there are two distinct Mr. Derwents, the one who annoys father, sends impertinent messages, keeps violent servants and poisons dogs, and the Mr. Derwent who talked to me in the lane, and whom I advised to beware of Mrs. Grundy. So I tell Bill not to annoy me about Mr. Derwent. "I am sick of his name," I said; "we hear of nothing else here from morning till night. We lost the Joyce's party through him, and now mother and I are not to go to Clevedon because of this lawsuit. It may go against father, and he may have to pay for removing his neighbour's landmark, as the Scripture says; so mother and I are made to economise, besides being dinned morning, noon, and night with Mr. Derwent's name. Do I care whether he ate Dobson's dog, or what he did?"

"Hoity, toity!" said Bill, when I finished this tirade, "perhaps some of us are offended because we are not asked to go to London, and we choose to be cross?"

Now to do myself justice, I do not care in the least about going to London, but I knew unless I took Bill stoutly and in earnest about Mr. Derwent he would continue his abuse of him at every opportunity.

Saturday.—Last night the Fosters' tool-house was robbed, and a pane of glass cut out of Smith the sexton's window. It is very alarming, really; for, though the Smiths' have lost nothing but a pipe and a tobacco-pouch which were on the window-seat, there is no saying what might have happened.

Sunday.—At the church gate this morning Uncle Ben and his family were waiting for us. Father, as churchwarden, ought to be told at once that the burglars had not even spared the church in their depredations; the vestry had been broken into, and, though Smith and Mr. Perkins had examined everything carefully, they could not detect any loss but a piece of Windsor soap. Aunt Bessie was almost in tears. "When it came to the church" she said, "we might all tremble. The rector's soap! after that!" and she

implored my father and uncle to give up the Exhibition and stay and guard their families. My father laughed at her, and at some of our neighbours who stood round her, all contributing stories bordering on the marvellous, enough to frighten even a sensible person into fits. These awful burglars! By the time the bell ceased our nerves were pretty well strung, and except my father and perhaps Mr. Derwent, who sat in his pew looking as unmoved as the angels on the monument in the chancel, there was not one of the congregation to-day whose heart did not beat a little faster than usual. I was half inclined to laugh at Cousin Cicely's fervour when Mr. Perkins prayed we might be delivered from "evil and mischief," and farther on, "from battle and murder and sudden death;" she struck in with a response that beat Mr. Derwent's hollow, so loud and deep was it.

I hope Mr. Derwent did not expect me to bow to him to-day. I have thought it over, and considering how it would involve me in endless embarrassments hereafter, I decided on passing him as usual. On our way to afternoon church, I walking with my father, we met him. A slight recognition passed between them, but the lifting of the hat was for me. I tried to look friendly without committing myself, and I think he smiled a little, but I am not very sure.

Monday Morning.—The London party have just started, Uncle Ben, father, and the boys. As Aunt Bessie and Cicely are to be over in time for an early dinner, I seize the opportunity of writing yesterday's notes, as I may not have opportunity when Cicely is here. I do not know how it is, I never take to her as I ought, though she is just my own age and my first cousin. I do not relish the continual talk about herself and her lovers, for according to her own showing every gentlemen she meets is hopelessly in love with her from the first moment she makes his acquaintance.

Four weeks have passed since I wrote the entry above, and they seem like four months. To begin in order—

At twelve Aunt Bessie and Cicely drove up in their coburg; they sprang out in quite an excited way, and aunt flung herself into my mother's arms, while Cicely took me convulsively round the neck, much as Punch does when he churns the hangman up and down. "O sister, sister, we shall all be murdered in our beds! and our natural protectors have left us an easy prey to the assassin!" Then Cicely chimed in, "The midnight assassin!" Then her mother began again, "Oh! the burglars, sister, the burglars!" and Cicely again took it up, making it stronger, "The dastardly burglars!" and both wept profusely. Now my mother is a calm sort of body, not given to demonstration, so she begged they would sit down and explain what they meant, at which they both sobbed the louder. I brought them each a glass of wine, and then in course of time we got at the bottom of their distress.

The burglars had been at the next farm to ours the previous night.—"There is no Sunday to the assassins!" Cicely added, with a snorting sob—and had broken a gate and a kitchen window, robbed a henroost, and—fired two shots. Yes! there it was, fired two shots. This was the secret of our relatives' emotion. Undoubtedly our turn would come next.

"We must do the best we can," my mother said, "but you know we have only one man who can sleep on the premises, McIntyre; but as he is probably at dinner now we can go out and ask him what he thinks about all this.

The scene in the kitchen baffles description.

"Dear me!" said Cicely, "my heart beats like a musical-box."

And her mother broke out into loud lamentations, as the servants suspended their dinner to listen. "We'll borrow a gun and gie them a warm reception," Mr. McIntyre said.

"And keep all the pokers red-hot all night," the cook said, who set great store by fire-irons; "and keep kettles boiling," said Patty, the housemaid, "I have heard scalding was good for robbers."

"And rat-traps," said the plough-

boy; "If I must die I'll set rat-traps first."

"Oh! Lors, missis!" cried Jane the dairymaid, pausing as she was in the act of bolting half an onion, "Oh! Lors, missis, will they take our lives?"

"Yours would be unco' little value, hardly worth the trouble o' takin'," Mr. McIntyre said, having a pull at the beer; and Jane, swallowing the onion, roared like a turkey-cock, "murder, murder!" and Cicely echoed the cry.

"Ye're a common idiot!" said McIntyre, scornfully, "hold yer tongue, lassie, ye're no kilt yet!" And mother also sternly reproved Jane, while Cicely, seeing the tone of the meeting was against her, tried to look brave.

"If they come here," said mother, laughing, "we must make them drive a hard bargain for whatever they get."

"Vare weel, missis," McIntyre said, "I'm unco' well pleased to hear ye speak so plucky like. We'll gie them salt till their kale and na doubtin'."

"Sister," said aunt, peremptorily, "you must get some men to sleep in the house."

"There are none to get," said my mother, "Bob gave the other two leave for a few days, and you say yours cannot be spared."

"Weel," said McIntyre, who was a stout dissenter, "there's the bit preachin' laddie belongin' till yer kirk, missis, ye could hae him up; there's nae doot it is a time o' war and tumults, and whiles he could gie ye his book-prayers, and whiles mind the screamin' screechin' women-folks." With this parting thrust at Cicely, at Jane, and our curate, McIntyre went out to his work, and Cicely insisted, right or wrong, we should have Mr. Perkins up to stay all night in case dastardly burglars or midnight assassins should invade our peaceful dwelling.

Then Cicely insisted on putting the house into a state of defence, as she called it. "If we have no men on the premises, Hester," she said, "we must pretend we have, and make some formidable appearance

in the hall of hats and sticks. Get all the hats in the house and let us hang them on the stand. Often I wondered what made your father and mother tolerate those pins on the wall, quite vulgar, old-fashioned things, but since they are there we shall make them useful."

So saying, she carried out her scheme; but after all the effect was bad, the majority of the hats were so youthful the most guileless robber would defy them.

"Cloth caps are worse than none," she said, "and so are old sunburnt straw hats. It might as well be a boys' boarding-school. Could we not borrow a few, Hester?" she cried, as a sudden thought struck her,—*"Mr. Perkins' hats! The sweetest things in hats that ever were seen. Let us write a note and ask him to lend us two or three of his brimmers until uncle and father come back."*

"I don't suppose Mr. Perkins buys his hats in dozens as we do our pocket-handkerchiefs," I said, "but do as you like. I shall have nothing to say to it." Like my mother, I valued my reputation for sanity.

It took stronger disapproval than mine to influence Cicely, and having but a poor opinion of my abilities she exercised her own, and writing her note sent it off by Jock to the village. Then we adjourned to my bedroom, where she knelt on the floor, her arms resting on the window-seat, looking out of the open window, which was a lattice; and we talked over things in general. I was anxious to hear Cicely's version of Mrs. Joyce's party, and we had only reached the description of some of our neighbours' dresses, when an exclamation from my cousin brought me to the window.

"Who have we here?" she cried, as a tax-cart, containing two men, one of whom drove it, was seen approaching the house.

"They are gentlemen, Hester," she said, "they must be visitors; let us go down."

"More likely some one on business, and as father is away—"

"Nonsense," she interrupted me with, "let us go down at any rate.

They might be Members of Parliament looking for votes; we are both well-dressed and not bad-looking girls, and who knows what may happen?"

"Or tax-gatherers," I said, full of lofty contempt for Cicely, who, in the excitement of corresponding with Mr. Perkins, had forgotten the robbers; and now, in the hope of strange visitors, had forgotten Mr. Perkins and that she ought to be watching for the return of the messenger with his broad-leaved hats.

"Where is my brush and comb?" she said, "and, oh! Hester, lend me your large tortoiseshell comb, and a silk apron, it makes one look so genteel."

Then we went down-stairs in time to hear one of the gentlemen ask Patty if the ladies were at home, and Patty, seeing, as Cicely afterwards said, that she had no ordinary visitor to deal with, showed him into the drawing-room, where mother and Aunt Bessie were sitting. Cicely and I followed him in, and Cicely's face flushed up with disappointment at the tone in which mother addressed him. As mother said afterwards, when Cicely reproached her, "My dear, I knew he was not a gentleman, or he would have sent in his card."

Then our visitor, in reply to mother's questioning remark, asked her—"Would she buy some superior carpeting?"

Mother declined, said she really did not require any; but when the gentleman produced some patterns, the very prettiest I had ever seen, at fabulously low prices, mother's strength of resolution gave way, and she actually began to calculate how many yards it would take to carpet the spare-room. There was stair-carpeting also, Brussels too, and only sixpence a yard.

"We do not take the carpets about with us, madam," he said, in a most gentlemanlike voice and manner, "it would be impossible, but we take your order and forward the goods."

"And the payment?" mother asked, thinking if she had enough money in the house, and father away.

"When the goods are delivered," he said, with such a winning bow, that Cicely whispered to her mother she thought fifty yards would be but a trifle, and improve their house so much; and Aunt Bessie agreeing with her, they too gave this gentleman an order. Now, giving orders is in its effect on others something like bidding at an auction. At the sight of Aunt Bessie's spirited conduct, mother began to think of the hall and passages, and we agreed to order carpet for those also. I must say, that the manner of our visitor was perfection. He was so obliging, and took such pains to measure the rooms for us, entering the measurements in his pocket-book, and even advising mother as to the patterns and colours which would best suit our paper and furniture, and promising we should have the carpet in three weeks' time. We were all delighted at the prospect of new carpets to brighten up the dingy old rooms. Mother's order was for 380 yards; Aunt Bessie's for 100. We bade our polite visitor good-morning, and he was just going off, when he remembered he had in the tax-cart a few French shoes and boots exactly Cicely's size; "would she not like to see them?" Cicely was enchanted, and though her mother was a little unwilling, and thought the prices high, Cicely took a pair of boots which were only twenty-five shillings, and a pair of kid shoes at fifteen shillings; but as she said afterwards, "one could not haggle with a princely creature like that."

When the tax-cart had driven away, Cicely put a new boot on one foot and a new shoe on the other, and holding her feet out before her, regarded them with great complacency.

"He is a gentleman in disguise, you may depend; and really, aunt, I wonder you did not see that yourself; you treated him like a shopman."

"Well, my dear," mother said, "I merely took him at his own

valuation. He represented himself as a traveller, and I believed him."

"Every moment I expected you to offer him luncheon," Cicely went on, "and I am sure he has some motive for going about the country in that way. I am sure he was never born to sell shoes and carpets."

"It appears then, that born to it or not, he makes a good thing of it," mother said drily, glancing at Cicely's feet.

"He might be in search of some lost love," Cicely said, still gazing at her feet, and proceeding to build up a romance for herself a little higher. "He may hope, by asking to see the inside of the houses, asking for the ladies of the family, to see—"

"Oh!" screamed my aunt, "perhaps he is one of the gang of burglars—who knows? and there we have let him see the inside of the house, and where the back door is, and he has all the measurements in his pocket-book, and this night they will break in, and we shall all be murdered in our beds. But I, for one, will take care I am not murdered in bed, for to bed I won't go this night."

"What a mercy we had the hat-stand so well furnished!" Cicely said, her fears reviving at her mother's suggestions. "I hope he looked at it well. I declare you may all thank me if you escape with your lives for doing such a clever thing. You may poison a watch-dog, but you cannot a mahogany hat-stand. But—. Oh, there is the boy back from Mr. Perkins! Let us see what he has sent. Only one hat! What a muff he is! I expected three at least!"

Yes, Mr. Perkins had only sent one, but it had a wide leaf, and was so imposing in its general appearance that, after all, Cicely thought it worth all the others on the stand.

"What a pity," she said, "if the carpet men are burglars, that we had not had this hat before they came!"

SUMMER FRIENDSHIPS.

"SUMMER!"—"Friendship!" Beautiful words!—taken separately, what visions of joy, and loveliness, and happiness do they not suggest! Summer, with its wealth of exquisite and innocent enjoyment, its "flowers, which are part of Nature's eloquent and eternal protest that the world was not made for use alone, but also for beauty:" its delicious mornings

when "the lark at heaven's gate sings," and the flowers, grateful as of old for the refreshing dew, again raise their beauteous heads, and exude their fragrance. Who, at some period of life, perhaps in life's morning, has not felt with the bard, who sings in strains so sublime the glories and the beauties of paradise?—

"Sweet is the breath of morn! her rising sweet,
With songs of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he sheds
His orient beams; on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew."

Yes, there is certainly a freshness, a balmy purity, peculiar to the prime matin hour, as those who have courage to "shake off dull sloth," and step forth into the holy silence of Nature, well can testify. The royal Psalmist felt this when he sang—"My voice shalt thou hear betimes, oh Lord; *early* in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up."

Then the noontide hush, when the woodland dell is so cool, so calm; where glimpses of living light fall on the emerald turf, and at intervals the delicate tracery of the varied foliage is backed by a sky of purest azure; the midges dance in airy circles, and sing their sing-song, the grasshopper chirps in unison, and the gossamer floats overhead; the song of the birds has a dreamy indistinctness, and all around tends to lull the senses into a state that *may* be pleasant, but is too enervating to be often profitable.

Very delightful is this, but not always thus must we wile away the noontide hour; we must remember that home-blessings involve home-

responsibilities, which must not be ignored; or woe betide that homestead where *she* who should be its presiding genius, spends the noontide of her day, or of her life, in dreamy unrealities; not even the recognized and busily-asserted claims of Borrioboola-Gha can atone for the neglect of the every-day requirements, or of those manifold demands upon their time, perhaps even upon their temper, which English matrons and maidens know so well, and usually so well discharge. The middle hours of the day, or years of the life, are those from which the greatest amount of intelligent industry, whether of the head or of the hands, is expected and must be rendered, if we would worthily fulfil our mission here.

But after the busy period of excitement and exertion has passed, follows the refreshing quietude of the evening hour, with its pleasant country stroll, its loiter in the garden, or its home enjoyments, reminding us that thus it was from the very beginning, even as sung the bard of paradise:—

"Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad," &c.

But this is a digression; the summer has passed, and though we may have felt how happy in reality the sentiment of life is—how glorious a calm we inhale in the warm sun—how rapturous a gladness in the fresh winds—how profound a meditation and delight in

the stillness of the "starry time"—how sufficient alone to make us happy is external nature, were it not for those unceasing cares which we create for ourselves, yet all this is now but retrospective; rather turn we to the lofty and divine hopes that the belief in immortality opens to

us, and what a field for reflection is here!

Perhaps it is for others, rather than for ourselves, that the fond

heart requires an hereafter; it may be that *we* have learned experimentally that:—

“The world has grown old and its pleasures are past,
The world has grown old, and its joys may not last;”

and we may even add:—

“The world has grown old, but should we complain,
Who have tried it, and found that its promise is vain?
Our heart is in heaven, our home is not here—
And we look for our crown when judgment is near!”

And, therefore, having fixed our hopes aright, for ourselves the tranquil rest, the shadow and the silence of the tomb may have no terrors, for:—

“After the billows of a stormy sea,
Sweet is at last the haven of repose!”

But not so if the separation were to be eternal—if the bonds of love and friendship that so long have held us in their pleasant thralldom were to be rudely dissevered, and for ever!

Happily for us we know that the reverse of this will be the case; Scripture warrants us in believing that the friendships begun on earth shall be matured in heaven, where “we shall know even as we are known,” so that we may hopefully anticipate that if, through our Blessed Saviour, we reach the heavenly threshold, *there* shall be

waiting some of our best-loved and truest friends ready to greet us, and to lead us onward through the celestial courts with which they, from long indwelling, are familiar.

Friendship, heaven's best gift to mortals, thus is sanctified, and we may feel that as link after link of affection's chain is broken on earth, those gathered links will all be reunited in heaven, and as “friend after friend departs,” we may rejoice that they are safely landed above the stormy regions of sin and sorrow, and we may sing for them:—

“By the bright waters now your lot is cast,
Joy for you, happy friends! your barque hath passed
The rough sea's foam.
Now the long yearnings of your souls are still'd,
Home, home, your peace is won, your hearts are fill'd,
Ye are gone hence!”

But—and if we *unite* the beautiful words with which our reverie commenced, and write of Summer-friendship—how changed is their significance!—how is the fine gold dimmed! And which amongst us cannot recal some connexions which can only thus be characterised, though once they promised better things?

Can we not tell of times of prosperity, when our house was well-appointed, our table well-spread, our welcome freely extended to all who came within our sphere, and that *then* visitors were neither few nor unfrequent? It may be, that in the gladness of hospitality we have occasionally far exceeded our usually

quiet mode of living, and in connexion with some circumstances of local interest we have furnished our board with profusion, and cordially welcomed the many who responded to our bidding; we expected no other return than the pleasure we felt in communicating pleasure and enjoyment, we therefore “reaped what we had sown,” and were content.

How vividly the contrast strikes us, should our sky of prosperity be overclouded! and what more likely to occur in this world of change and vicissitude, where “passing away” is written on all our surroundings? What, if through the fraudulent dealings of those whom we too implicitly trusted, our affairs become

for a while embarrassed, and until time shall right them, we deem it prudent to refrain from indulging in giving invitations on a large scale, though still we would gladly welcome those who sought us; do they come, as before, *unbidden*? It is curious to observe how, under such circumstances as we have supposed, time, weather, distance, all concur in preventing those who once appeared so cordial and so

friendly from paying their customary visits. And we had flattered ourselves that these so-called *friends* were sincere in their professions of regard! How mortifying to our self-love is it to be thus awakened from the pleasant delusion, and to find that the attraction which procured us their society lay in our possessions and not in ourselves, and that:—

The *friends* who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

And it has been ever thus: from the earliest times instances of summer-friendship have been recorded, and they have served, and do serve, like other counterfeits, but to enhance the worth and the value of the true; therefore is the record not without a certain weight and significance.

We once heard a late celebrated Nonconformist minister declare that the most awful text in Scripture is this—"Ephraim is joined to idols, *let him alone*." Perhaps if we sought the one most deeply fraught with sadness, it would be the assertion, "And they all forsook him and fled." Few can realize the heart-sickness which such desertion by those whom He had loved and taught, whom he had designated as *friends*, must have caused to the sensitive heart of the Man of Sorrows. It is true He had not enriched His followers with this world's goods or honours, but in His blessed society He had imparted to them a portion of that inward peace which makes the sunshine of the soul. Yet, notwithstanding His miracles, His teaching—notwithstanding their professions of attachment to His person, and of belief in His mission—when the hour of trial came, "they all forsook him and fled!" Can we then wonder at the defalcation of those professing regard and interest, when in these later days they are similarly tried?

And history, both sacred and profane, gives us to see that thus it has ever been. Where shall we find a more striking exemplification of this

assertion than in the case of David's ambitious son, Adonijah? who, taking advantage of his aged father's infirmities, laid claim to the succession on the plea of primogeniture. Yet not openly, but having seduced from their allegiance Joab and the many whom his opinion influenced, and even beguiled Abiathar, the high priest, so far to forget his holy office as to connive at his unjust pretensions, Adonijah and his gay companions furtively pursued their object.

But God had decreed otherwise. On the birth of Solomon, David had been instructed that *this* was to be his successor on the throne; and whatever might have been his own predilections, he never for a moment thought of opposing the divine will, or doubted that the promises of God to him and to his seed would be fulfilled.

And while the aged monarch lay on his couch, infirm in body, yet still vigorous in mind, he doubtless pondered deeply on the way by which his God had led him those "many years through the wilderness;" and looking onward with prophetic gaze, far down the vista of coming time, he saw his illustrious descendant after the flesh—He in whom "all the families of the earth should be blessed;" and the arrangement of the intervening links he cheerfully resigned to his covenant God, while, full of years and of honour, he patiently, and, we may be sure, hopefully awaited his summons home.

From the beautifully simple Scrip-

ture narrative we learn that Adonijah was now David's favourite son, to whom every indulgence had been shown. Presuming on this partiality, Adonijah exalted himself, saying, "I will be king;" and encouraged by the adherence of those whose age and experience ought to have made them wiser, he induced some of his younger brethren to side with him, and they the more readily complied as they knew they had no prospect of succeeding to their father's throne, while their deluded brother offered them present pleasure and promised them future advancement.

Thus all was *apparently* prosperous with Adonijah, and consequently troops of *friends* paid their court to him, and basked in the sunshine of his advancing fortunes; while he, elated by the homage he received, assumed somewhat of the regal state, and "prepared him chariots and horsemen, and fifty men to run before him."

Adonijah made also a sumptuous entertainment for his followers, and caused to be slain sheep and oxen, and fat cattle in abundance: then he invited all his brethren, and all those amongst his father's officers whom by his handsome person and specious promises he had won from their allegiance to the king; he took special care, however, that none of the old and tried servants of his father should be bidden to the feast, and Solomon his brother was pointedly omitted, because he was regarded by the infatuated Adonijah as *the* stumbling-block in the way of his own advancement.

Time went on, and still king David lay upon his couch, while the sands of life slowly passed away. This fact was unheeded by the ambitious Adonijah and his friends, or if noticed, served merely to urge them to be more speedy in their preparations for his aggrandizement, and consequently for their own.

At length the eagerly expected day arrived; the banquet was prepared with magnificence suitable to the announcement that was to be made at the festal board; numerous groups of smiling courtiers assem-

bled, all prepared to enjoy themselves to the utmost, and to flatter and to please the rising luminary to whom all present looked for honour and promotion; and when Adonijah himself appeared amongst his guests, and with gracious demeanour received their cordial salutations, it must be confessed (for he was a man of goodly presence) that he looked *almost* a king!

And now the feast progresses—mirth and hilarity rule the hour; gay flowers and voluptuous music, dazzling light and costly perfumes, blend their enervating influence; the golden goblets, filled with sparkling wine, circulate rapidly amongst the guests, who each one vies with the other in offering adulatory compliments to their princely host; while at the same time each pursues his own separate dream of the honours awaiting his individual self, and, ignoring the rest of the flattering throng, sees but Adonijah as the donor and himself as the recipient of munificent favours.

And of what, meanwhile, dreams Adonijah? Doubtless he fancies that the hour so anxiously expected, so ardently looked for, has at length arrived: his measures, he thinks, have been well taken, and nothing has yet happened to frustrate them, or to damp his most sanguine expectations; he sees himself surrounded by obsequious courtiers, to whom, as they tell him, his slightest wish is law; his brother Solomon, and the few uncompromising old men, his father's friends, from whom he has so cautiously hidden his schemes, and their near fruition, are not here to chill with their presence this festive hour, or to cloud the brilliant prospects of the future. Within another hour the welkin shall ring with acclamations, while "God save king Adonijah!" shall be pronounced by the priest, and, taken up by the expectant throng, shall pass from lip to lip in triumphant chorus. Already, in anticipation, he hears the soul-stirring sounds; already his heart swells with the consciousness of gratified ambition, and, deeming that his victory is complete, he resigns himself unre-

strainedly to enjoyment, and receives as matters of course the congratulations and homage of his *friends*.

But hark! what sounds are those? sounds as of martial music, whose triumphant peals, blended with the rejoicing shouts of a great multitude, penetrate even to the spot where Adonijah presides, surrounded by his obsequious retainers. Nearer it comes, and nearer—the deep-mouthed trumpets send forth their tones of solemn joy, the shrill pipes breathe their gayer gladness, and harmonizing both, rise the redoubled acclamations of a vast throng. Nearer and nearer still—the very earth seems to rend at the exultant voices of that innumerable assemblage: what can be the purport, what the design of those triumphant shouts? Can it be that the tidings of Adonijah's aggrandizement have transpired, and that the excitable multitude—easily attracted by pomp, and show, and glitter—are impatient to render their homage to the newly-elected chief? If thus dreams that infatuated prince, too soon will the fond illusion be dispelled!

Even while Adonijah and his courtiers gaze in mute astonishment each at the other, and Joab, perhaps the most daring spirit there, asks impatiently, "Wherefore is this noise of the city being in an uproar?" one advances from the throng, and before them stands Jonathan, the son of Abiathar the priest. For a moment his presence re-assures Adonijah, who dreads, yet hopes, he scarce knows what; and thus he greets the unlooked-for messenger—"Come in, for thou art a valiant man, and bringest good tidings." Truly "the wish was father to the thought."

No time was this for Jonathan to seek how best in courtly phrase to clothe the intelligence he brings. With plain straightforwardness he addresses himself to Adonijah:—"Verily our lord king David hath made Solomon king, and they have caused him to ride upon the king's mule. And also, thus saith the king, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which hath given one to sit on my throne this day, mine eyes even

seeing it." Had a thunderbolt fallen amidst that goodly company, they could not have been more thoroughly electrified. Adonijah listens, as if spell-bound, to the messenger's recital; then hastily rising, he turns to seek counsel in this emergency from those who have so lately proffered to him their fealty and their homage; but—ha! where are they?—listen: "And all the guests that were with Adonijah were afraid, and rose up, and went every man his way."

When Adonijah recovered from the consternation into which these tidings had thrown him, he stood confronting the messenger, who, bowing low, retired with the retreating throng.

And Adonijah was alone!—that vast expanse, which but now resounded with the flattering speeches of adulatory sycophants, is silent and deserted. Of all that courtly throng have none remained to cheer and aid their prince in this his hour of need? not one, not one! And Adonijah bowed his head, while bitter thoughts passed through his mind.

The Scripture narrative, in its beautiful simplicity, affords a striking commentary upon the instability of human friendships when founded upon merely worldly motives; such intimacies may serve now and then to amuse a vacant hour, but can never be depended upon to give us succour or comfort in times of trial: that sentiment is alone worthy of the name of friendship which is founded on mutual esteem, and which in its progress affords opportunities for the exercise of the Christian graces of kindness, forbearance, meekness, and, in short, of charity in its most enlarged and comprehensive sense.

Far be it from us to assert, as some do, that on earth there is no such thing as pure, disinterested friendship; on the contrary, most gratefully do we acknowledge that we can, from our own personal experience, testify of the reality and of the firmly-enduring character of this, earth's alicest blessing.

Would we increase our knowledge

of its enjoyments, let us sedulously cultivate the acquaintance of the "excellent of the earth," whenever we are privileged to hold intercourse with them. We need not fear their too great strictness, for of this we may rest assured, that the nearer their characters assimilate to that of their Divine Exemplar the greater will be their charitable consideration for those members of His family on earth, who, with earnest and sincere intentions of obeying Him, and in

trustful dependence on His assisting grace, are yet but at the entrance of the heavenward path.

Thus, as each day declines, and becomes merged in the past eternity, we may remember without fear that every evening brings us nearer to "the brink of Jordan," and we may strain our longing eyes to discern that farther brink, bright in the sunlight of the presence of our Heavenly Friend:—

"There are our loved ones in their rest;
They've crossed Time's river—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But *there* pure love can live, can last—
They look for us their home to share:
When we in turn away have pass'd,
What joyful greetings wait us there—
Across the river!"

FIDELIA.

OUR NOVELISTS.—THE TWO KINGSLEYS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY is a man sure to find warm admirers and severe censors. He is so thoroughly honest and outspoken, so free from all conventional and party restraints, so indifferent to mere popularity, so warm in his sympathies, which are so often on behalf of those who are not generally regarded with much favour, so much more under the dominion of impulse than of hard, dry logic, that he is sure continually to come across violent and one-sided partizans, the devout worshippers of things as they are, the determined optimists who distrust no one so much as him who disturbs their self-complacency, and rebukes their indolent contentment with evils that urgently demand a remedy. From various sides he is assailed, and it is not to be denied sometimes with justice. His "Alton Locke," and other works of a similar class, displeased not only old Tory squires, and Whig champions who believed that the one thing needed for the redress of every social and political wrong was to perpetuate the reign of the great families, but also the uncompromising adherents of political economy, who seem to forget that the harsh deductions of

their favourite science need in their application to human beings to be tempered by some of the feelings of humanity. We are not prepared to say that Mr. Kingsley has not on these points sometimes said wild and indefensible things; but it was certainly necessary for the practical school to be reminded, and that in terms so strong and emphatic that they could not be mistaken, that however possible it was to manipulate figures and statistics, for the establishment of a particular theory, it was neither Christian nor politic to treat beings possessed of thinking minds and feeling hearts as mere portions of the great machinery of society, to be managed by laws which looked only to the general results, irrespective of the individual misery which might be inflicted in the process by which they were to be reached. Unfortunately, as we think, in his endeavours to provide a counteractive to the mammon-worshipping spirit of the age, Mr. Kingsley was not content to appeal only to considerations of justice and philanthropy, but sought to develope what has been truly called a system of muscular Christianity. He has evidently, in his own nature, but little

if any sympathy with mere sentimentalism, while he has a [strong admiration for the chivalrous virtues; he has studied so deeply the heroic ages of history that he has not only become familiar with their characters and scenes, but is deeply imbued with their spirit; he has a keen relish for rural life and athletic sports, and an intense abhorrence for what he regards as the mawkish antipathy to conflict, and desire for peace at any price. Hence he has frequently come into collision with those who admire his liberal spirit, his manly championship of the right, his genial sympathy with the poor and suffering of society, and thus, though he has a select band of enthusiastic followers, he stands at about an equal distance from the reactionaries to whose principles he is decidedly opposed, and from the party of progress whose theories of modern life he distrusts, and in many of whose aims he does not sympathise. It is much the same with his religious views. Of course with the Puseyites he finds no favour. He glorifies that reformation which they regard as a great ecclesiastical mistake and calamity; he dislikes their subtle speculation, their priestly arrogance, their gorgeous ritualism. He has written of the Church of Rome in a style which they disapprove, and has rebuked the great leaders of the English secession in a manner which they can neither forgive nor forget. From the Evangelicals he is equally far removed by the freedom of his spirit and the character of some of his theological tendencies, and he has been not unfrequently denounced as a Rationalist, if not something worse. Yet the Broad Church do not feel that they can entirely trust him, and some of the references to him in the *Spectator* prove that his dissent from Bishop Colenso, and the class which he represents, has deprived him of the hearty sympathies of those with whom he would seem to be most allied.

This is the kind of penalty which a man is tolerably sure to pay for independence, but whatever criticisms he may have provoked, it is

not to be denied that Charles Kingsley is a man of rare genius, and that he has done good service to his generation. It is easy to prove that his mind is not philosophical, that his logic is often at fault, that it would be difficult to bring out a very consistent and coherent system from his various utterances, that he is not very safe or reliable as a guide. But it is not his vocation to be a leader. He is rather a teacher of truths which are apt to be forgotten, which possibly he may put in an extreme and exaggerated form, but which leave their impression and produce a permanent effect for good. That some minds may be misled, and by their very abuse of his principles bring them into greater contempt, is not to be denied; but these are the exceptions, and there are certainly sufficient influences of an opposite character at work in society to prevent any erroneous notions of his from obtaining predominance. That he has done much to correct the innate selfishness of society; that the very tone which he adopts is calculated to nurture high and generous sentiments in the heart; that he has awakened a new interest in some of the great struggles of humanity on behalf of freedom; that he has done something towards shaking the foundations of exclusiveness and intolerance in the scenes of their greatest power; will be admitted even by those who dissent most widely from his views.

He is known as a theologian, a poet, and a novelist. In the capacity of a religious teacher he can hardly be said to excel. His sermons have that beautiful transparency of style which nothing but high culture can confer, and that directness and point which are the best indications of a heart thoroughly in earnest. They are, however, lacking in those elements which constitute the strength of all Christian teaching. The circle of his religious ideas is narrow, and does not comprehend some which are rightly regarded as the very essence of evangelical truth. He dwells continually upon the Fatherhood of God, His infinite love, His compas-

sion, His desire for the happiness of His creatures, but he does not sufficiently recognise the enormity of sin, nor point out clearly the way in which its curse is to be removed and its power destroyed. He has a high conception of what the Christian life should be, describes it with great beauty, and enforces it with a simple and unadorned, but impressive eloquence. But he does not lay, at least as distinctly and strongly as we should desire, the foundation of it in a simple trust in the work of the Redeemer. As a poet, Mr. Kingsley has not won high distinction. Some of his shorter pieces are attractive, but theirs is the beauty which indicates a well-trained and refined mind, rather than that which reveals a creative poetic genius. If indeed we desired to find proofs of his poetical power, we should seek them rather in some of the glowing descriptions contained in his novels than in his verse. It is on his works of fiction that his literary fame must permanently rest. These have been varied in subject, but the tendency of all is the same. His "*Hypatia*" was not only a brilliant historical picture, but it was also a protest against sacerdotal pomp and power, and an earnest attempt to place in a more favourable light characters on which hitherto there had rested nothing but obloquy. It would be easy to point out many defects and errors, but in the affluence of its learning, in the brilliancy of its pictures, and in the breadth of its sentiments, it is still one of the ablest books which Mr. Kingsley has produced. From the very nature of the subject it could not be expected to be popular beyond the comparatively narrow circle of those competent to appreciate the singular skill with which it reproduced the leading features of early Christian life in the East; but even those who do not enter thoroughly into its historical merits will appreciate its rich and glowing eloquence, its generous and liberal temper, its protest against priestly assumption, its vivid delineations of the difficulties against which the Christianity of the time had to

struggle. Some have taken exception to the selection of such a heroine, and we have sometimes ourselves wished that *Hypatia* had occupied a less prominent position. But it cannot be doubted that she was one of the most remarkable phenomena of the period, and perhaps there was no other around whom the many varied incidents which were necessary to a complete representation of the intellectual and social life of the times could have been so easily grouped. The book manifests that earnestness of purpose, that independence of thought, that power of appreciating the intellectual and moral stand-point of those in whose opinions he did not sympathize, that scorn of priestly arrogance, religious shams, and, above all, of everything effeminate or sentimental, by which his later books have been marked.

"*Hypatia*" however is popular only with a comparatively limited class. It is by "*Alton Locke*" and "*Yeast*," and perhaps even more by "*Westward Ho!*" and "*Two Years Ago*," the latter of which especially chiming in with the prevailing sentiment of the time, and addressing itself to the heart of the nation stirred to its very depths by the trials and successes of the Crimean war, that his fame has been chiefly won. Even those who differ from him most seriously, who esteem his religious notions defective and unsound, and regard his political and social theories as calculated to be perilous in the extreme, were not their mischievous tendencies neutralized by their wild and extravagant Utopianism, must recognise and admire the generous and hearty desire to contribute something towards the amelioration of the great evils by which he found himself surrounded, his scorn of all the wretched conventionalisms and shams to which too many were doing honour, his manly defiance of the opposition and prejudices of his own class, his bold avowal of opinions sure to be unpopular, and of strong sympathies with a class ordinarily treated with a criminal indifference or a haughty contempt. The condition of England is greatly changed from what it was when "*Alton*"

Locke" was written. There are still to be found selfish capitalists and ill-paid workmen, grasping landlords, and miserable, uncultivated, badly-fed, and worse-taught, peasants; but the change which has been effected during the last quarter of a century in the social state of the masses of people, and in the relations between different classes of the community, is encouraging to the earnest worker. Political economy, paid by science as it is, and specially offensive in the teaching of some of its advocates, has, nevertheless, been one of the main causes of this revolution. The great maxim of free trade, that a man should buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, may be pressed too far, may be abused to sanction such scandalous proceedings as excited the indignation of Mr. Kingsley and others who sympathised with his views in the case of London tailors, and still more of the poor underpaid dressmakers, may thus seem to be nothing better than the maxim of a cold-blooded selfishness which fears not God neither regards man; but it has another and a very different side. It is insufficient as a guide for individual conduct, but it is the only safe foundation for a national policy, and any legislation which proceeds in defiance of it, however philanthropic its intention and beautiful its appearance, is sure in the long run to inflict serious injustice. It can hardly be doubted now, except by those who belong to that fossil school of political theorists of which Sir Archibald Alison is the most conspicuous example, that the recognition of this truth by our own legislature has been the great cause of the increase in the material wealth of the community by which all classes have been more or less benefited. The labour market, thus improved on the one hand by the increased demand, has profited hardly less on the other hand by the diminution of supply owing to the large draughts that have been sent out to our colonies.

At a time when the labourer is in fact the master of the situation, and when, perhaps, one of our greatest

perils is that by pressing his demands too far, he may repress that enterprise of the capitalist which is essential to the prosperity of all classes, it is difficult to realize the condition of things, even though at a period so comparatively recent, which Mr. Kingsley undertook to alleviate. "Alton Locke," were it to appear now, would be treated as an absurd exaggeration, but it was not so when its stirring words and life-like pictures called the attention of Englishmen to a state of things which was a reproach upon the Christianity and civilization of our times, and portrayed, with all the skill of a master hand, the results of the neglect and injustice of the well-to-do classes upon the thinking and feeling of those who were expected patiently to endure what they were taught to regard as the inevitable sufferings of their lot. How much Mr. Kingsley's earnest pleadings had to do in rousing a better spirit, in delivering young men of the "upper ten thousand" from the ridiculous absurdities of that "Young England" school which dreamed of reviving feudalism in England in the nineteenth century, and in cultivating the more healthful sentiment of honest respect for the manhood of those in humbler station, and how far he thus helped to bring about those better relations between the nobler members of the aristocracy and other classes, which are the glory of our age, it is not possible for us to determine. All that we have to do here is to recognise the intense earnestness of spirit which he brought to the work, and to do fitting honour to that Christian courage and self-sacrifice with which he consecrated his talents to the cause of the humble and oppressed. There are many evils with which Mr. Kingsley has undertaken to deal which remain unchanged. The following passage from the preface to "Yeast":

"But, for the time being, the young men and women of our day are fast parting from their parents and each other; the more thoughtful are wandering either towards Rome, towards sheer materialism, or towards an unchristian and unphilosophic

spiritualist Epicurism, which in my eyes is the worst evil spirit of the three, precisely because at first sight it looks most like an angel of light. The mass again are fancying that they are still adhering to the old creeds, the old Church, to the honoured patriarchs of English Protestantism. I wish I could agree with them in their belief about themselves. To me they seem, with a small sprinkling of those noble and cheering exceptions to popular error which are to be found in every age of Christ's Church, to be losing most fearfully and rapidly the living spirit of Christianity, and to be, for that very reason, clinging all the more convulsively—and who can blame them?—to the outward letter of it, whether High Church or Evangelical; unconscious all the while that they are sinking out of real living belief into that dead self-deceiving belief in believing, which has been always heretofore, and is becoming in England now, the parent of the most blind, dishonest, and pitiless bigotry." With characteristic modesty he calls his attempts to deal with these evils a problem, and adds, "Whatever amount of obloquy this book may bring upon me, I shall think that a light price to pay, if by it I shall have helped even in a single case to 'turn the hearts of the parents to the children, and the hearts of the children to the parents, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come,' as come it surely will, if we persist much longer in substituting denunciation for sympathy, instruction for education, and Pharisaism for the Good News of the Kingdom of God."

The task which Mr. Kingsley thus proposed to himself is one of the noblest to which the ambition of a lofty and generous spirit could aspire; but experience must have taught him that its difficulties are at all events equal to its rewards, and that even errors themselves are not to be cured by insisting on extreme and exaggerated views in the opposite direction. We sympathize intensely in his dislike of the priestly spirit in whatever form it shows itself, and are quite ready to admit

that there are cases in which the evangelical priest has shown himself even more intolerable than the saintly father-confessor. We admit, too, that the tendency of all priestcraft is to keep out of sight the manly elements of a religious life, to repress free enquiry, and to foster a spirit of servile submission and dependence, to ignore at least three parts of man's nature, and of human life, or at all events to put them outside of the pale of religion altogether, and to exhibit an asceticism which renounces all interest in them as the highest ideal of a Christian life. We confess, too, that there has been a good deal of philanthropic talk and sentiment which has degenerated into the merest namby-pambyism, losing sight of the essential vileness of sin and ministering to a mawkish sympathy fatal to that strong, determined and manly antagonism to evil necessary to all true manliness of character in a world like ours. Mr. Kingsley has sternly and decidedly combated against such teachings and influences. He has insisted on the necessity of presenting a many-sided Christianity in place of the miserably partial and imperfect thing which has usurped its name, a Christianity which shall develope the sterner as well as the gentler elements of character, which shall inspire unbending resolve and heroic courage as much as the softer and more sentimental virtues, which shall teach a man that here his religion always imposes upon him the necessity of a hard fight, and is intended to develope in him the qualities without which those who strive for the mastery can never win the crown.

These are the ideas which lie at the root of what has been called "muscular Christianity." But, unhappily, as frequently happens in the case of reactions, he has pressed his ideas too far. There is a great deal that is beautiful in the portraits both of Amyas Leigh and Tom Thurnell, and the former especially stands out all the more impressively because of the contrast of the somewhat reckless, impetuous, but large-hearted and gallant hero, with his

more courtly and polished priestly rival. In the working out of the stories, too, we find a great deal that is most suggestive and stimulating to the youthful mind. That these books have exercised a marvellous fascination, that they have given to many new views of life and its responsibilities, that by setting religion free from the narrow restraints in which some would have confined it, they have led some noble spirits to regard it with deeper and truer veneration, that they have had a purifying influence on the hearts of many by teaching them the essential baseness of all that is mean and false and unmanly, cannot be denied by any candid thinker. But, we fear, on the other hand, that they have served to deify mere physical prowess, giving it a position relatively to intellectual and moral greatness which we can hardly believe that the author himself designed.

Mr. Kingsley's own mind has evidently been very deeply interested in the story of the achievements of our Saxon and Danish ancestors. Especially has his imagination been caught by the gallant daring, the reckless courage, the gigantic strength of the Vikings of the North. He has read extensively in the old chronicles, and has entered thoroughly into their spirit, finding a charm in the singular simplicity of character which was often found associated with the almost fabulous physical strength of these rude men. They have become his heroes, and in his admiration of them he appears to have almost lost the consciousness of their grave defects, and it might almost appear as though he found his loftiest type of character in some sturdy Norseman who, under a Christian guise and profession, still retained much of his Pagan spirit and temper, a rude, uncultured, often harsh and despotic man, but one who was bold in the field, terrible to his enemies, and so a tower of strength to his friends. Could we become acquainted with some of these objects of his admiration we should perhaps find that his pictures are as different from the

original as were Fenimore Cooper's *Maguas*, *Uncas* and *Chingachgook* from the Indians of the American forests. Unfortunately, in Mr. Kingsley's case it is not simply an artistic mistake, for by glorifying this class of men he has laid himself open to serious and not altogether undeserved attacks, and has greatly impaired the power which he might otherwise have been able to wield. It is one thing to protest against the injustice and dishonour done to physical qualities, and to insist that the noblest Christian is he who in the physical as well as in the intellectual and moral parts of his nature recognises the obligation to glorify his Father by the wise and diligent use of all the faculties with which he is endowed. It is another and very different thing to hold up as a hero a mere incarnation of physical courage and brute force. It is one thing to protest against the notion that manly sports and exercises are to be branded as irreligious, if not decidedly anti-Christian, and another to exhibit success in them as eminently Christian. We may surely object to seek our patterns of holiness in the cells of the convent without being forced to take them from the heroes of the prize-ring.

In the tendency to exaggeration of this kind Mr. Kingsley grows decidedly worse. There were many redeeming features about "Westward Ho!" and "Two Years Ago," but we find very few about "Hereward the Wake," or the "Last of the English," as he very absurdly calls him. We were ourselves under the impression that there was an English race, to the formation of which a variety of people had contributed, not the least important of which was that Norman-French element introduced at the Conquest, and we are certainly at a loss to comprehend the principle on which Hereward receives the remarkable designation given him by Mr. Kingsley. But this would be a small point if the book were worthy of the author's reputation and of his position as one of the teachers of the age. In every respect, however, it is inferior. "Good Words" has had to stand

many trials from the narrowness of some, and the jealousy of its success by others, but the best proof that has been given of its vitality (as was remarked to us by a literary friend) is that it has been able to outlive the texts and morals of Mr. Kingsley's tale. Of course it would be easy to pick out of it many fine and touching sentiments, many passages rich in pictorial beauty, many new and striking views of life. But these are not sufficient to redeem the tale from dullness, or materially to qualify what we cannot but regard as the unfortunate influence it is calculated to exert. The mingling of history and fable in a work of this character is very difficult, and the result of any attempt to blend them ends for the most part in losing the advantages of both. Had Mr. Kingsley chosen to translate one of the old chronicles, accompanying it with explanatory notes and illustrations derived from contemporary authorities, the work might have had considerable value to all interested in that particular part of our history; or had he constructed a pure fiction, illustrative of the times, no doubt his genius would have enabled him to have produced a work of great attraction and interest. By his attempt to incorporate both he has lost the charm of the fiction, without acquiring the authority of the history. Talk of light reading, indeed! We are loth to say it, but we must confess that it would not be easy to find reading more heavy and uninviting than is presented by some of the chapters of Mr. Kingsley's "Hereward." The uncouth names, the wearisome details, the repetition of scenes the most painful and repulsive, the want of anything like attraction in any of the principal characters, all combine to rob the story of anything like living interest and power. We have frequently thought, as we read, that the work suffered in consequence of its being issued in serial portions, and we are slow to believe, what has sometimes been said, that it has been the work of years. Had it been so, we have such confidence in Mr. Kingsley's powers, that we feel assured it

would have possessed greater unity, more coherence, and more point.

The plot is ill-contrived, but the great defect is in the character of the hero. Mr. Kingsley must surely have been moved by some evil genius, bent on holding up his favourite muscular Christianity to general contempt, when he selected Hereward as his central figure. Hero he is not, in the highest sense, or in fact, in any sense, except as a man possessed of great courage, and a certain kind of feeling which he mistook for patriotism. He has little of true chivalrous sentiment, and does not even approach to an ideal of moral greatness. Merciless slaughterings which cost him no remorse, and prove how much of the savage there was in his constitution, occupy a large portion of the book, which its enemies have described as made up of chapters suitable only for *Bell's Life* or the *Sporting News*. The constant fits of drunkenness which made him at times a prey to his enemies are but poorly redeemed by those feats of prowess which constitute almost his sole glory; but worst of all is his treatment of the woman who had sacrificed so much on his behalf, and who was as devoted in her love as she was patient in her sufferings, but who endured all only to find herself deserted by a man who showed himself unable to appreciate the higher qualities of her character. It is true that Mr. Kingsley brands this crowning sin with the stern reprobation it so well deserves, and uses it to point a great moral lesson addressed to his readers, but surely the lesson might have been taught in a very different and much more effective style? On the whole, "Hereward the Wake" is one of the most disappointing books that have recently come under our notice. It has all the faults of his earlier works, with very few of their excellencies. There is in it little to stimulate or quicken either the intellect or heart. Our author can write very differently. We have expressed with great reluctance our opinion as to the manifold deficiencies and faults of a book written by one to whom our literature owes a

good deal, and to whom we trust it is destined to owe yet more. He is a bold, fearless, and independent thinker, who has often given us right good and necessary teaching, and we sincerely trust that he will live to give us works of a very different stamp, which shall blot out the memory of what we cannot but regard as a very unfortunate escapade.

We have left ourselves very little space in which to speak of his brother, a man of a kindred spirit, though of very inferior intellectual powers. Henry Kingsley has seen a good deal of the world in different aspects, and is equally at home in describing life in an Australian settlement, in an English country house, and in London clubs. In the construction of a story, he is, in our judgment, more successful than his more gifted brother, and he shares his unconventional spirit, his dislike to priests and priestcraft, and his excessive admiration of physical strength and endurance. There is a dash of the

sensational in most of his stories which will render them more popular with a certain class of readers. He has, too, great descriptive power, which he manages to use with considerable effect; but he has not the varied attainments which enable his brother to clothe his books with so much richness and beauty. He has thoroughly imbibed the ideas of the school to which he belongs, and contrives frequently to present them in a very telling manner. He is well entitled to take high rank among the novelists of the day; and "Leighton Court," his work for the present season, if it does not enhance is not likely at all events to diminish his reputation. Its incidents are not very probable, nor are its characters very attractive, but it contrives to hit off with considerable art some prevalent evils of our time. It is a book which will help pleasantly to pass an idle hour, but not one of those destined to have more than an ephemeral popularity.

THE PRIDE OF THE LATYMERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "FROM DARK TO DAWN IN ITALY," ETC.

XVIII.

SOMEBODY OF "NOBODY."

THERE was a prevalent idea that Pescara's body would be found somewhere, in a "damp unpleasant state," and require a coroner's inquest. A neighbouring stipendiary magistrate, who, being a Protestant of the lukewarm stamp, desirous of promotion, sought to curry favour with the Rev. Sylvester Slattery, P.P., sent a police-constable for the unoffending Scripture-reader, the most unprotected and powerless of the parties who had last been in company with the Italian, and subjected him to a severe cross-examination, a good deal of which was scarcely relevant to the case in hand; such as, "What was his business at Kyle? To stir up ill-feeling between the two religions, eh? What matter was it to him whether the people were Protestants or Catholics? He must be

well paid for this sort of thing, eh? Was he not ashamed of himself, to be fomenting disturbance?" And so on. This gentleman could scarcely be a descendant of Gallio; he would have helped with his own disinterested and neutral hands to beat Sosthenes before the judgment seat.

The public felt itself defrauded of a legitimate excitement and mystery, when the preliminary investigation was suddenly quashed by a letter from the missing exile to Mr. Chetwynd, bearing an English postmark, and asking him to send Pescara's bits of property to a certain custom-house on the coast, there to await further orders.

"Gone back to his own sunny clime," remarked Mr. Latymer, who had taken his wife to Rome for the honeymoon long ago. "A mysterious person he always was, but stamped with an indescribable something—"

"Of high-breeding," added the

lady, when he cleared his throat in hesitation. "Quite right: an indescribable something."

"I think he might have written," said Mr. Latymer. "But I am sure we all wish him well," he added, with the air of a prince bestowing largess.

The next piece of news concerning Pescara caused Mr. Latymer to exclaim that they had nourished a serpent in their bosom.

It was a letter from the wealthy half-sister at Cheltenham, penned some months after the exile's exodus. The extract shall give her own italics. "Your *discernment* was not at fault, my dear brother, when you saw in our *dear exile* a person of loftier pretensions than he seemed. He has come back to England, drawn by the *spell* of an *attraction* (as he says himself with too much fondness), and a *near relative* of yours has consented to share his *title* and fortunes—"

Mr. Latymer adjusted his glasses freshly at this juncture. "My dear," he said, "here is something very strange in my sister's letter:—and she is older than I am!"

His wife was so much more discomposed than he as to utter compendiously—"The wretched simpleton!" And when the perusal was ended, she turned over the letter sharply, and demanded, "What is to become of our Beresford, I should like to know?"

"Why, my dear?" he began, not at once seeing the bearing of the business on his daughter's welfare, for he was essentially an unselfish, short-sighted man.

"I hope you do not recollect her money, Mr. Latymer, the money that our Beresford should have had! Her niece and name-child? And to have it all go to that—that adventurer!" Afterwards the epithet "serpent" struck her as appropriate. It must be said that she was in a very intemperate state of mind about it: Mr. Latymer must go and put a stop to such folly, which he declined, averring that his sister had never asked his advice, or been known to take anybody's advice, and that he should get no thanks for his interference.

"It is just for the title," said Mrs. Latymer, "and he wants nothing but her money. Really such a marriage is shameful. Countess Nessuno, indeed! Silly woman! How does she know whether it is true—whether he has a title at all! Vile impostor, I call him!" The "indescribable something" was quite forgotten.

But the bride was not such a fool as to bestow her possessions unreservedly upon the foreigner, or to appropriate to herself the husband's privilege—"with all my worldly goods I thee endow." (By the way, according to the infirmity of English law, this ought rather to be the woman's speech, for unless previously settled by legal arrangement, she ceases to possess anything whatever of her own; while, *malgré* his magnanimous declaration, the bridegroom's worldly goods become hers simply to the extent of sufficient maintenance, and no farther.) Miss Latymer knew full well the power of settlements, and sheltered herself behind an unrelenting family lawyer, with stony eyes and heart-strings of red tape. Through him she satisfied herself that the title was no sham, but veritably bestowed by His Pre-eminent Highness the Sovereign Duke of Steril-Rocca, upon his faithful and well-beloved subject Guido Gratto. For it came out that the name Pescara had been assumed merely because the exile had happened to be born in the town so called. And when the gatherings of popular wrath in the city of Steril-Rocca had come to a certain head, which ended in the blowing-up of the grand-ducal court and its appurtenant corrupt fripperies into the immensities, Count Nessuno descended in England among other *débris*, and hid himself for a space, until he discovered that he might sport his title with impunity, and that it was easier to earn his livelihood as husband of a rich "signora Inglese," than to drudge as a teacher of languages. And Miss Latymer, who would have disdained to become Madame Gratto, had little difficulty in consenting to become Countess Nessuno, and in paying a certain price for the dignity.

Little Mrs. Splints, the doctor's wife at Kyle, who prided herself on being one of the most good-natured women in the world, and was consequently always the first to get scent of other people's misfortunes, and pity them vehemently; this lady met the Rev. Oriel Chetwynd in the village street, and asked if he had heard about his friend Pescara.

"Turned out a Count, I do assure you; and he is going to marry Mr. Latymer's sister, who has all the money: a terrible blow to the family."

"Indeed! I understood he was an intimate friend," said the curate, wishing himself well out of the gossip.

"Scarcely now, I should think. That poor girl!—my heart bleeds for her."

Mr. Chetwynd could hardly imagine that this style of speaking meant the deluded bride.

"It was always calculated that Beresford would have all her money; ah, it is a sad blow! I have no patience with people that make fools of themselves and;—"bating her breath, "I may mention it to you as a friend, but poor Mr. Latymer is so embarrassed. I shouldn't wonder, really, if this brought down all the creditors! I have the deepest sympathy for them: only to-day Mr. Splints was saying to me that my feelings would positively wear me out. 'Anastasia, I warn you,' said he—the very words. 'Your frame is too slender a scabbard,' said he. But really—such dreadful things happen every day, and when one has friends, what is one to do?"

"Discard them, madam," quoth the curate, somewhat savagely, taking off his hat as he departed.

"I tell you what, my dear," observed Mrs. Splints in the next house she entered. "He turned as white as a sheet when I mentioned she would have no fortune—the aunt's money gone. Of course he has nothing of his own, like all curates—I always said the Church was genteel starvation, and shall firmly oppose my Sammy's or Tommy's entering it. But beggars marrying is out of the question, and is such a sad thing altogether."

Other epithalamiums of the same

sort were poured forth anent Miss Latymer's bridal. You may be sure that Tammadge was in no very good humour, and Ermine the poodle grew lean at his leisure. But a paragraph was copied into all the papers (it being the dead season of the year for news, when double-headed calves and monstrous gooseberries are welcome) headed, "Romance in Real Life," and discreetly giving initials of persons and places.

At Kyle House there prevailed a dignified reticence. The Latymers were too well used to hiding wounds by this time. Only Oliver was confidential without cause to his former tutor, and declared it was a great shame for Aunt Beresford: she was robbing papa and Berry of the money that should have been theirs. And such an old woman too, with a wig! Older than the governor by long chalks. Suppose the wreath of orange-blossom were to come off, wig and all, in the church. He wished it would. The idea stirred in him unextinguishable laughter. Evidently Oliver was unacquainted with the famous Negiline Fluid, which was warranted not to act as a dye, but simply to restore the original colour of the hair.

It might be a fortnight after the wedding had been blazoned in the "Fashionable Intelligence," that a whisper arose in the village to the effect that a new curate was coming. Great part of the parish had been always in a state of chronic disaffection against the existing spiritual sway; every movement of the Rev. Oriel's was watched with jealous and jaundiced eyes, lest it might have a tendency towards ritualism. When his sisters harmlessly worked two cushions for the communion-table books, a special meeting had been convened respecting the I. H. S. embroidered in beads on the midst of each; and a deputation to the non-resident rector had finally relegated the offensive articles to the curate's own private sofa in his lodgings. In fact, as an Irish bishop once remarked, the people were too close to the real thing, Popery, to have any taste for the imitation,

Puseyism; and this will always hold good in Ireland. So half the parish said they were glad of Mr. Chetwynd's departure; the other half began to think of a testimonial. The Rev. Sylvester Slattery affirmed that he was a very decent young man, who kept himself to himself, and interfered with nobody's religion. Was this praise or blame?

The affair of the cushions covered Mr. Chetwynd's retreat. He stated to Mr. Latymer that it was impossible, consistently with self-respect, to remain where his ministrations were subject to a continually adverse criticism; and hoped that his successor would be more fortunate in upholding Church principles and practices. Did the young man really believe that his desire to wear a dalmatic, and officiate in a chancel railed off from the common herd of laics, at an altar mounted with candlesticks, had anything to do with the principles for which Marian martyrs suffered?

Beresford listened with a strangely beating heart when her father detailed the conversation afterwards.

"Poor Chetwynd! he seemed so sorry to go: said he had received from us kindness he could never forget. A very superior young man: had such a knowledge of ancient coins. My dear, I asked him for Thursday; he said he had an engagement, but would be sure to make a farewell call."

The pale girl, trying to eat a dinner at one side of the table, could not muster words to say, "Is it possible he is going away so soon?" She only hoped that her large handsome mother would not cast a glance in her direction: nor did she,—only remarked, "It seems very sudden: can the rector find a curate so quickly?"

"That's his affair, I should say," observed Beresford's father; and as something made her look up, she found him gazing at her. Why do we always know so well when other eyes are upon us? nay, when another soul is pondering about us?

Had he surprised her secret? The brooding partridge does not feign lameness better than she

feigned indifference. Volubly and interestedly she talked about a pair of old pointed shoes that had been found in a neighbouring bog, and brought that day to Mr. Latymer as a noted conservator of such things. How long had they been buried in the bog? that was the question for antiquaries. Mr. Latymer intended to write to several learned societies an accurate description of his prize, that they might investigate as to who had been the probable wearers of the pointed shoes. The aborigines of the locality where found, to this hour wore none, but they had most likely degenerated since the golden age, which antiquaries will believe to have existed ere history began.

Beresford was indeed in no hurry to be alone with the intelligence she had heard. The misgivings of her heart told her it could have but one meaning, and from that she shrank as from a sword-thrust. So she was rather pleased to read aloud an abstruse paper from some "Transactions," speculating on the subject of the growth of peat, and how many ages it took to cover up deeply any object laid on the surface. The impression left on her mind was that the pointed shoes must have been worn by somebody ten thousand years before Adam: which she was not in a sufficiently advanced state of science to endorse, and indeed considered the whole theory as a geologist's dream.

When bedtime came, and the hour of being alone could no longer be staved aside, Beresford resolutely shut out a very romantic moonlight, and set herself in a deep chair opposite the fire, to think out her position. It was clear that Mr. Chetwynd was going away without making her the offer for which she certainly had hoped, and believed she had good grounds to expect. Reason made fine havoc of those good grounds now. She depreciated herself, she exalted him. It was not his fault; then again the balance would fall heavily weighted to the opposite side, and she saw how deeply and darkly, (whether through intention or thoughtlessness,) it *was* his fault. He had singled her out

everywhere, so that public remark necessarily resulted: he had set on foot a sort of mutual confidence, mutual understanding, such as his words at Lord Bar-sinister's implied. A thousand looks, a thousand words, came to her memory, which had been—oh! such warmth and pleasure to her heart; and it was a most unhappy solution, that she had misunderstood them all.

Poor Beresford! in the bitter, inextricable tangle of thought, only one thing shaped itself clearly; she must go to God with this trouble. Human help or sympathy she could neither seek nor find. And could she expect divine sympathy in such a sorrow? One voice from the Psalms penetrated her maze: "When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, thou knewest my path." Truly her spirit was overwhelmed now. It was some little comfort that God knew it. But she thought, if she had been walking closely with Him, and seeking His approbation before all things, this would not have befallen her. She had allowed herself to become engrossed in what she thought was friendship; and even when her eyes were opened to its real character, she had not withdrawn from the snare. Still, would not all be right if only that man would say, "I love you!"

What she might possibly escape by his not saying those words never occurred to her; she was purblind for the present. That a wiser One than herself might see in this marriage a most hurtful and most unhappy crisis for her life, she might have owned in words, but with a heart rebellious.

And what trouble it was next day to suppress the nervous irritation she felt. Nothing in all the world seemed in the least degree pleasing. With a younger brother's mischievous acuteness, Oliver soon detected that something was the matter, and had no scruple in declaring that Berry was "as cross as two sticks." It did not tend to restore her equanimity; though, after a look at her eyes and the purple underlines that had grown there during the night,

the boy forebore his customary ready teasing.

Several days passed without the promised farewell visit, and during those days an infant hope sprang up, as quickly and without root as the mustard and cress in a spring garden. It is wonderful on how slight a soil both grow and flourish.

Then Mrs. Splints, (who was anxious in her good nature to demonstrate to the curate how much they all loved him, though they had in effect turned him out,) came with proposals for a ladies' testimonial, a set of the most improved robes, including a violet scarf worked at the ends. Beresford must promise to embroider one of the designs: "For you know, my dear Miss Latymer, it would be so much more valuable from *your* fingers!"

This onslaught occurred on the day of the Easter school-feast, when the doctor's busy little wife had most of the notable parish people collected within her reach in the room. Mr. Chetwynd might easily have divined that something concerning him was on foot, from the activity of this lady in every region most distant from himself, her whispers and glances. Beresford took refuge from all parties in administering a coffee-urn in the obscurest corner, and contrived successfully to escape conversation with the curate, save the unavoidable respecting tea-cups and buns. But next afternoon, as she was half-drowsily playing the piano in the green drawing-room at home, he entered by a glass door from the garden.

"Pardon me," he said, shaking hands, "I was very glad to hear your music, and took a friend's liberty of private entrance. There was something I wanted to say to you."

It did not seem easy to begin, for he walked to one of the long windows, and looked at the green landscape and its noble foreground trees, and glimpse of blue hills (without truly seeing them); came back, and fingered the ornaments on a neighbouring chiffonier, so that he could not see her face, nor she his.

"I hope you do not misunderstand my going away?"

"How?" was all she could say. The infant hope had sprung into a Jonah's gourd suddenly.

"I am very sorry to be obliged to go. I am very unhappy about it; but the fact is, that circumstances—" he hesitated. "I shall have a lonely life; never can I hope for the interest and kindly sympathy I have found in this house; believe me, that wherever I am, even were it at the ends of the earth, I shall remember these as some of my happiest days."

He was getting smooth and glib now, rounding into a fatal facility of words, which was his snare. Beresford felt herself growing chill and hard: and the gourd—where was it?

"I cannot hope for the common companionships of life," he continued, now glancing at her. "That I can never marry, I have known for long. It has, therefore, pained me very much to have a name which I greatly honour—which I respect as the first of woman's names, allied with my own in vulgar report."

Did the man know the full reach of what he was saying? Or, in the blind, selfish egotism of his stony nature, did he imagine that the allusion was spoken to a waxen figure with a waxen heart? Beresford rose from her seat instinctively.

"You have indeed left me no excuse for misunderstanding you *now*, Mr. Chetwynd; but may I ask what made you think it necessary to come here and speak these words?"

She paused for his answer, and his shallow grey eyes literally quailed before the indignant light in hers. He stammered something.

"Speak up!" exclaimed Beresford, commandingly. "You had need to speak very clearly, you know, lest I might misunderstand you. Well, you have nothing to say? You do not intend to marry, and you fear that Miss Latymer of Kyle entertained false expectations? You will set her right, poor girl! Yourself and your cloth shall appear immaculate, in any

case! And you think, by a few cold-blooded words—"

Beresford paused, on the brink of a great gulf, and a tide of colour rushed over her.

"I beseech you," he cried, "don't view it in that way! You do me injustice—"

Never had he been so near truly loving her, never had his small chill heart admired her so much, as now that she stood before him, proudly defiant, with heightened colour and brilliant eyes. But—but—he was ambitious; and to ally himself at the outset of his career with a poor wife, a falling family! it would never do. How many college friends had he known dragged down into permanent poverty by such an impulsive act? From all quarters he had heard of her father's heavy embarrassments; the very bailiffs were believed to be merely kept off the house by the attorney-agent, since Countess Nesuno's marriage had removed hope of remittances from that moneyed quarter. Had the same marriage opened Mr. Chetwynd's eyes to consequences? Beresford was always believed to be a prospective heiress previously, though she herself never thought of it.

A generous heart would have only rejoiced to save her from the general wreck imminent over her young life: it would have done what was right for time present, following the impulses of better nature, and leaving calculations about the future in higher hands. But Mr. Chetwynd had not a generous heart; he had one which was studiously narrowed and disnobbled by what he deemed a knowledge of the world, and a consideration of his own interests. And yet he believed that he cared greatly for Beresford; that this was a praiseworthy self-denial, good for herself and him! But how truly writes the poet:—

"You love? That's high as you shall go;
For 'tis as true as Bible text,
Not noble then is *never* so."

Thus it is to be feared Mr. Chetwynd's case was very hopeless.

"Injustice!" she broke in on his

last remark. "No, it was until now that my estimate of you was never just. You have helped me to correct it. I have nothing to say but farewell;" and she bowed in the stateliest fashion.

"Miss Latymer, Beresford!" and he sprang forward as she was leaving the room, "if it can make any amends—if you will allow me to offer you myself—believe me, I consider it no sacrifice! I—I—" here all his maxims of worldly prudence fought fierce battle with the nascent love in his brain. Whether it would have been the infant Hercules to strangle the serpents, cannot be told.

"I suppose I have drawn this additional insult on myself," she said, very quietly.

"Insult!" he repeated, with a recoil.

"I don't know that you intend it to be one," she rejoined, looking at him curiously. "I don't think you see personal things—personal to yourself. I mean—in their true light. Permit me to go away," she added, wearily. And he held open the door for her, receiving no glance in return.

XIX.

BERESFORD IS BEING CURED.

AN only son, born into the middle of a large family of sisters, Mr. Chetwynd had been brought up with the grievous disadvantage of universal and continuous petting. Never boy was made more of. His own importance had been fostered to a degree which even his university education very imperfectly corrected; indeed, it had only taught him to gloss over the ugliness. And since he had come to man's estate, the seven sisters' perpetual refrain was dear Oriel's attractiveness, dear Oriel's power of damaging the susceptible female heart. He must make a magnificent match—captive seventy thousand pounds, at all events. The looks of every young lady were construed into admiration. Visits paid to the sisters were all for Oriel's sake. He was not strong enough,

mentally, to throw off this stuff as sisterly romance, the fondness of short-sighted and ill-judging relatives. All women were lowered in his scale of thought, and he really believed somewhat in the concealed admiration of which he heard. Forewarned, forearmed, he went to his first curacy, and received the usual embroidered slippers, bands, braces, waistcoats, and like gear, with which the feminine heart delights to adorn its priests. From a pinnacle as of Olympus he dispensed his freezing smiles; to natural self-consequence was now added sacerdotal dignity. And he was well assured in his own conceit, that there was not a lady in the parish, from the Honourable Miss Plantagenet to the little school-mistress that walked with a limp, who would not have listened favourably to his suit, if he had made one.

But when he came home from Kyle, which was curacy the second, his sisters noted some change in this self-confidence. They rallied him a little, but he evidently, for the first time, did not appreciate that sort of fun. Outsiders said he was improved, his priggishness gone down a bit; his opinions less pronounced. One fact about it was, that he had written a letter to Miss Latymer, of Kyle, and received an answer which he never showed to mortal man or woman. If he had vanity, she had pride; and it was rather for the happiness of each party that both these virtues were not to blossom under one roof; and so he departed to a crowded manufacturing centre in England, to try his æsthetic "Church principles" on some of the most hard-hearted people the world holds.

And Beresford? When she had sent that answer, she went away into the densest wood she could find in the old park, and indulged herself in a hearty fit of crying. Not all disappointed affection, my reader: but a little of disappointed pride also. She felt herself strangely humbled; chiefly through the lowering of him whom she had set on so great a pedestal of imagined nobleness. And she said to herself that

the dream was over—that she could never love again—that for her remained only the duties, and none of the delights of life. She was in the exaggerated state of mind which could say with the poet—

“How beautiful the yesterday that stood
Over me like a rainbow! I am alone.
The past is past. I see the future stretch
All dark and barren as a rainy sea.”

And this while she had father, mother, brothers, and the blessedness of an unbroken home!

Suppose it were even true that she never could or would love again, and that the blissful dream should visit her no more; was it any matter for endless moan? Had not God other happiness to give her in this beautiful world of His, than that particular form on which she had set her ignorant heart?

Writes Caroline Perthes (a most happy wife and mother) to her newly married daughter:—“You ask after Z—She was here lately, and so ingenuous and confiding, that to my horror she did not shrink from saying she believed all unmarried women had missed their vocation, and had but a melancholy prospect. I pray God to defend every girl from so miserable a notion. No: God has provided love and happiness for those who will accept them, whatever their condition. I regard a good husband as a great and precious gift from God, but God can send His blessing directly into the heart, without attaching it to any intermediate object. For, dear Agnes, your mutual love can be a means of happiness and blessing only as it increases your love to God; and can you not imagine that to turn directly to God, and love Him without the intervention of any human medium, may be far, far better?”

And when the vine would trail along the ground, the gardener is forced to loosen the tendrils from their hold, and train them upwards, even though they be strained or torn in the process. But his object is that it bear good fruit.

Beresford's father pushed aside the green drooping branches of a deep-sweeping lime-tree, and entered

the nook where she was sitting with her trouble, before burying it for ever, as she fancied. She sprang up, and would have fled.

“My child, what is the matter?”

He was evidently much startled at the swollen, tearful face which she could not hide under her broad-leaved hat; and it was hard enough to put him off with excuses which should have any measure of truth in them. After all, he would not be put off, and the spice of ever-youthful romance in his own nature helped him to get at the reality in spite of her. Poor Mr. Latymer! he was very much shocked and grieved when it broke upon him.

“My poor child! How blind we have been to permit this? Does your mother know?”

Oh, not for anything would Beresford have her know! What diatribes against a schoolmaster's son, and against young ladies letting themselves down!

“And yet, Beresford, he was not worthy of you in any sense, neither in birth, position, or anything else?”

She did not say that nine-tenths of the sting lay in the fact (she saw it through his euphuistic declarations), that he considered himself making a sacrifice to her and to honour by his offer.

Soon Mr. Latymer drew out the whole story, and, sooth to say, felt not a little indignant, though how to vent his wrath he knew not.

“Come, Beresford, come with me and walk. We will go to Nature the consoler.”

A very common phrase among poets, but which, to the author, is incomprehensible. When did Nature ever show sympathy for the moods or the sorrows of men? And in sympathy alone is consolation. Does a friend flaunt his own happiness and brightness in your despondent face? Do not the tears in his voice comfort you even more than his words?

And now, Nature spread before them, emerging from the woodland, a bright sunset over the soft bog expanse to the west, and the shining sheet of an inland lake. In the foreground were all manner of wild

flowers, blooming without stint in the rich, black peat dykes, large patches of scarlet poppies, masses of the snowy bog-cotton waving in the breeze, ranks of tall, tapering purple loosestrife and yellow rag-weed, abundance of white lilies floating on the shallow pools of the moist land. A most fair study of colour, but brilliant as would not be believed even in a Pre-Raphaelite, set in grass and mosses of the most intense green.

"I was going to visit the spot where those pointed shoes were exhumed," said her father, "and in making a short cut over the park found you, my poor girl. Now it shall be as you like, dear child!"

There was a deep tenderness in his manner which was most soothing to her. It drew her heart very close to her father's, and somehow, after the first shamefacedness was over, there was a sense of rest and relief in his knowing all. She leaned on him, and wept no more.

And after a little talk about Nature the consoler, and Time the healer (with more reason, though as yet it was poor comfort to hear that at the height of thirty-five, the epoch when N. P. Willis penned to himself the ditty:

"O weary heart, thou'rt half way home!"

this affair would appear to her of very transient importance), her father counselled the usual "constant occupation," abstinence from day-dreams, &c. He did not counsel her to go to God with the sorrow, for God was to him a very distant personage, somewhere in the hazy universe, and who had nothing to do with every-day life.

There are two verses in the Psalms set in a singular juxtaposition: "He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names." Sublime work for the Deity! says the philosopher, the poet. Far more sublime, of course, than the Divine occupation which inspiration has put precedent: "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their griefs."

Now the broken in heart are generally the poor and undistin-

guished in the world, such as it would be a stoop for earthly royalty to notice. But the Eternal Creator not only doth count the stars, and name their infinitude, but He hath tenderness to heal the wounds of aching human hearts. Which is the most wondrous work, viewed rightly? Which the most like a God?

This discovery about his daughter's feelings set Mr. Latymer thinking of many unpleasant matters. Of the early days when he rode Bayard, and had sacrificed a certain love of his own to the claims of family pride. Of the fact that had it been with the Kyle family as in former times, no man would have dared to trifle with one of them as he believed this curate had done. Never had the downfall of the Latymers touched him so nearly; he perceived that the evil was coming in his days, and not altogether in his sons'.

One result of his cogitations was a desire to give Beresford complete change of scene by taking her to the seashore in the early summer. Quietly, without carriage or servants, she and her father went to a cottage in one of the western villages which cluster on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean, wherever the cliffs permit such nestling. A primitive place! Merely a knot of little white houses (chiefly one-story), in the deep recess of a bay, with a purple mountain keeping guard over them—a mountain whose purple was now embroidered with golden gorse, like the yellow bees sprinkling Napoleon's imperial robes. There were no assembly-rooms, nor any fashionable esplanade, scarcely an hotel. The inn was thatched, and whitewashed in every recess, the roof bound with ropes to keep it on when December and January should roar over the sea. Never had German band made its way to this corner of the world; the genus tourist was unknown, though of attractions for tourists there were abundance. For the artist, unrivalled sea-views of every complexion and character, effects of sunlight and shade, a building up and unravelling of clouds

inconceivable in a climate less moist, cliff scenery as grand as any in Skye or the Shetlands. For the geologist, a laying bare of the very ribs of the world in the aforesaid cliffs, strange oozings of trap in the midst of later formations, iron springs washed over by each high tide, footmarks of extinct glaciers on the hills. For the botanist, plants whose nearest habitat is Spain, ferns which flourish in Barbadoes. For the naturalist, the strangest sea-creatures in every pool, thousands of wild birds, fishing-grounds that have never been scraped with a dredge. For mere health-seekers, air charged to the utmost with life-strengthening ozone.

Beresford had scarcely ever seen her father so young-hearted and bright as he became after a week spent in this quiet retreat, withdrawn from all the causes of disturbance and regret that had gathered round him lately at Kyle. They dreamed away their days upon the rocks and sand-hills, discovering fresh nooks continually. He drew out all the resources of his highly-cultivated (in the sense of highly-informed) mind, to amuse and interest his daughter, and succeeded fairly enough. All his life he had been cultivating his mind, after a manner, filling it with facts and fancies from reading: and *cui bono?* what mortal had been the

better of it until now? His *brochures* on Shakspeare and Bacon could scarcely be looked on as a contribution to the general happiness of mankind, seeing they were chiefly an effort to deface those literary idols. And it is good to see few faults in our standard whatever it be, unless, indeed, we can be led to a higher.

Greatly delighted with the moon-rise one night, they remained on the shore till late, till the rushlight and firelight in the cottages gleamed round the crescent bay. As they turned to the little gate before their own door, Beresford thought she saw two dark figures of men lurking in the shadow at the side of the house. Mr. Latymer was entering after her, when one of these stepped forward.

"Begging yer honour's pardon, I want just one word wi' yer."

"Well, say it!" Mr. Latymer paused, testily.

"Maybe the young lady had as good go into the parlour awhile," suggested the man, in a hesitating way, for Beresford had made a step or two back, on hearing the voices, to her father's side.

"Yes, my child, go in, I shall follow after a moment." But many minutes elapsed before she saw him again.

The last Latymer of Kyle had been arrested for debt.

A STORY OF WICLIF.

VIII.

FRESH CHARGES OF HERESY.

SILENCED as a professor, Wiclif retired to his rectory at Lutterworth, and before the summer wrote and published a popular exposition of his views, entitled "*Wiclif's Wyckett*." He also prepared, as he had threatened, a complaint to Parliament, consisting of four articles: the *first* is against the religious orders; the *second* asserts that the laity may lawfully and usefully deprive the clergy of temporal goods; the *third* declares they should withhold tithes and offerings of every sort from

priests "who fall into the great sins of pride, simony, gluttony, drunkenness or lechery," "for curates be more accursed in withdrawing the teaching of the Gospel, than be parishioners in withdrawing tithes and offerings, even though curates do well their office;" and the *fourth* expounds Wiclif's doctrine of the Eucharist, and prays it may be taught in the churches.

It was in this same summer that the insurgents, under Wat Tyler, murdered the Archbishop, and Courtney was translated to the vacant see. As soon as he received

his investiture from Rome, he set himself busily and determinately to crush Wiclif and his followers. From a letter to the Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese Lutterworth lay, it appears that Wiclif had already been molested as much as the law would permit. Parliament was growing more and more jealous of clerical interference, and it was very desirable to avoid any collision with them; the bishop, therefore, prudently selected Wiclif's doctrine of the Eucharist as the subject of a charge of heresy, in which, being purely theological, the laity were not likely to interfere; and summoned Wiclif before a convocation at Oxford. Wiclif appeared, but instead of recanting, he once more enforced and confirmed his heresy by the explanations he offered. How he escaped the "jaws of the lion" this time we cannot tell; but it is certain he was at Lutterworth again in 1383. Perhaps the schism in the Papacy made the ecclesiastics waver; or, more probably, like other priests and scribes, "they feared the people." In 1378, two Popes were elected in opposition, the one seated at Rome and the other at Avignon. This division, in which "St. Peter's chair was like to be broken by two sitting down at once," emboldened the Reformers, and weakened the Papal party. The English espoused the cause of Urban VI. at Rome, and therefore a journey to his court, through France, was attended with great risks. This Pope honoured Wiclif with an invitation to Rome. The Reformer fully appreciated the spirit of the invitation, and excused himself from so toilsome a journey, on the ground of age and weakness, in a letter full of bold sentiments, couched in courteous terms. Thus, in '77, he escaped by the interference of Lancaster; in '78, by a message from the Queen; in '81, by a quiet retirement to Lutterworth, and in '83, by his personal infirmities; though on each occasion it seemed as if "straightway the flower of martyrdom were at hand."

IX.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

To Wiclif's retirement at Lutterworth we owe to a great extent the translation of the Scriptures, commonly called "Wiclif's Bible." Before its issue, very little had been done to place the Word of Life directly in the hands of the common people. Richard Rolle, the monk of Hampole, who died in 1349, was the first to make a literal prose translation of the Psalms into English.

"In this work," he says, "I seek no strange English, but easiest and commonest, and such as is most like the Latin."

Other persons, about the same time, translated Mark and Luke and Paul's Epistles.

The friars made constant appeals to the Scriptures in their sermons and discussions, and Wiclif, with his followers, met them on that common ground; but both used the Latin version, or an impromptu translation. None of Wiclif's writings contain any allusion to a proposed translation, till after his expulsion from the University; and the silence of his adversaries, who had they known of it would have gladly pounced on so glaring a heresy, is decisive proof that they were unaware of his design when they summoned him to Oxford.

His trials at St. Paul's and Lambeth led him to seek for the root of Papal corruptions. His exclusion from the University forced him to find new means of spreading the truth discovered, and of influencing the people. Besides the "poor priests" who had received his open sanction and express approval, he began to send out small tracts in more rapid succession than before, and at last resolved upon the happy device of translating the whole Bible into the English tongue. Original MSS. could only be obtained at great expense and with great difficulty. There was hardly a Greek scholar in England, and probably none who read Hebrew. Wiclif himself could only read Latin, so that the translation which bears

his name was made through the Vulgate or common Latin version. Dr. Hereford is supposed to have had the main hand in the Old Testament, whilst nearly all the New Testament was the work of Wiclif himself, though no doubt they were both assisted by several others, Parson Purvey, Dr. Reppingden, John Horn, and perhaps "Master" Ashton.

There is a curious account of the preparation of a corrected edition, supposed to have been made by Parson Purvey, which will show how the work was originally done. He says—

"First, this simple creature had much travail with divers fellows and helpers, to gather many old Bibles and other doctors and common glosses to make our Latin Bible some deal true. Then, to study it of the new, the text with the gloss and other doctors as he might get, and especially Lire on the Old Testament, that helped full much in his work. The third time, to counsel with old grammarians and old divines of hard words and hard sentences, how they might best be understood and translated. The fourth time, to translate as clearly as he could to the sentence, and to have many good fellows and cunning at the correcting of the translation."

We may judge of the carefulness of Wiclif and "this simple creature," with his "many good fellows and cunning," from a remark made soon after, that "the common Latin Bibles have more need to be corrected than had the English Bible, late translated." When we remember that there was no printing press, that every book had to be written with "the pen of a ready writer," and that the materials were very dear, we may well be astonished at the rapid and large circulation of Wiclif's tracts and Wiclif's Bible. A single copy, in old English style, could scarcely have been completed by one hand in less than three months. The recent introduction of linen and cotton paper into general use assisted their multiplication by making them less expensive; but still a bond had to be given for the loan of a Bible, and the cost of a New Testament was a labourer's

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yearly wage. On an old MS. there is a memorandum to this effect: "*This copy will give £40.*" There must have been a large demand for Wiclif's Bible and his other works, and they must have been most highly valued; for, though his death was followed by a century and a-half of reaction, and every effort was made to destroy them, there is scarcely a tract which we know him to have written, but there is a MS. copy of it extant; and no less than a hundred and seventy MSS. of part or all of the Bible are to be found in our modern libraries.

The Papal party were exceedingly vexed at this translation, and made several efforts to suppress it by law before they succeeded. Knighton, the canon of Leicester, is quite indignant about it.

"This Master John Wiclif translated the Gospel out of Latin into English, and thus laid it out more open to the laity and women who could read, than it had formerly been to the most learned of the clergy, even to those of them who had the best understanding. In this way the Gospel pearl is trodden under foot of swine, and that which was before precious both to clergy and to laity, is rendered as it were the common jest of both. The jewel of the Church is turned into the sport of the people, and what had hitherto been the choice gift of the clergy and divines, is made for ever common to the laity."

Wiclif was acting upon high grounds, and says:—

"It is monstrous heresy to say that the people are to know no more the law of God than what priests and prelates choose to give. *The faith of the Church is in the Scriptures; THE MORE THESE ARE KNOWN THE BETTER.*"

X.

LUTTERWORTH RECTORY.

THE greater part of this noble work was done in the rectory parlour at Lutterworth; no cozy study, papered and carpeted, with large window overlooking a lawn, shaded lamp, glowing coals, and easy chair; but a whitewashed room, with brick

P

floor (perhaps covered with rushes), a small latticed window, a heavy oaken chair, a carved settle, a chest of MSS., and a round desk. Lutterworth was a small town of some thousand inhabitants, lying on the hill-side, whose base was watered by a narrow stream. Most of the houses were built of mud and thatched with straw, and contained but one room, with no floor but the trodden soil. The better houses, like the rectory, would be made of wood and mud, and generally contained one large room, reaching to the roof, and a little side room or parlour, with one chamber over it. The town was mainly dependent for its support upon the weekly market, when the streets were thronged with country-folk—and the tradesmen, including the dealers in vinegar and mustard, for they pickled much meat, were in the cheerfulest humour.

Let us try to look in upon this thriving place some market-day. Twice as many people as usual are in the streets. Farmers and their wives keep jogging in upon their cobs, and meaner folk on foot. All recognise the tall and noble priest by the rectory door. Somewhat enfeebled by age and work, but more by a slight stroke, he leans upon his long white staff; his eyes gleam kindly over his snowy beard, beneath his high brow, half-hidden by a velvet cap; his high cheek-bones, and somewhat lean face, give undue prominence to a decidedly Roman nose. Lord Ferrar's bailiff comes up and asks him to audit his accounts, which Wiclif, after some demur, promises; and asking after his young master, puts the papers in his breast. Master Langton's new harvestman stops to receive the parson's congratulations on his appointment. "The old wives," who "ride astraddle," bring him some dainty, and accept his thanks for the choice cookery they sent him and "his good fellows and cunning" last week. Labouring men come up to tell him that Jane, the ploughman's wife, is sick at Walton, and that John, the old cowherd, is down with the fever, and he promises to visit them before Sunday. The young

wives, who affect the new fashion of riding sideways, are delighted if the parson asks after their little ones. Old men wait to chat over their rheums and troubles, and the bad old times. Young men reverence him, and seek his advice. Maidens, with some new bits of cloth or ribbon in their baskets, return his smile as they chat and giggle together about their lovers. Children stop their play to "knock" a bow, or "bob" a curtsy, or

"Pluck his gown to share the good man's smile."

And the good man turns into a low-roofed hut, to read "Christe's Gospel" to some old body—or sick soul. There we must leave him, and come again some Sunday.

Morning service begins at seven. The bells ring out from the steeple above the trees, and the folk come along the roads and foot-paths from Hinckley, Walton. Peatling. Arnesby, and Thorpes of all kinds. There are Sir John Casseldine, and his son with his newly-wedded bride, Master and Mistress Bassett. the Fludes, the Pursers, and Humphreys, who will hear the new doctrines rather than their own priest's jargon. Some leave their horses at the inn; others tie them round the market-cross, or the church gates; and, when the minister's bell rings—
"Passing the place where each must rest,
Each enters like a welcome guest."

The church has no "lofts;" there is a screen between the chancel and the nave, and the pulpit, with a sounding board, is at the north side. Wiclif wears a white surplice, embroidered with the heads of angels, and seems more erect to-day, for it is the work he loves upon the day he honours. The prayers are in *Latin*, but there is no choral service, no singing at all. "Songs, or Masses, or Matins, to our lady," he cannot away with. The sermon is in plain terse English, touching now and then on passing events, or Church corruptions; but, on the whole, stating some Gospel fact, or enforcing its moral lessons. The Doctor has a few notes, but he does not read; his words are earnest,

because he believes them, and forcible, because his hearers trust him; he keeps their attention for some fifteen minutes, and then dismisses them with a fatherly benediction to talk over his stirring

words in hall, and house, and field, while not a few retire to pray.

Chaucer gives us the portrait of a parson that might well have been drawn from life; some say it was meant for Wiclif.

"For rich he was, of holy thought and werk,
He was also a learned man and clerk,
That Christ's Gospel truly would he preach,
His parishens devoutly would he teach.

Full loth were him to cursen for his tithes.

Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,
But he no left nought for no rain nor thunder,
In sickness and in mischief to visit
The farthest in his parish, much and lite,
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.
This noble ensample to his flock he gave
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.

And though he holy were and virtuous
He was to sinful men not dispitous.

A better priest I trow that no where none is,
He waited after neither pomp nor reverence,
He maketh him no spiced conscience,
But Christ's love, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he followed it himselfe."

XI.

HIS DEATH AND HIS GRAVE.

THE last Sabbath in 1384, Wiclif was administering the Lord's Supper, when God called him. The emblems of his dying Lord were in his hand when his Lord came. A stroke of paralysis stretched him on the chancel pavement. In great fear they hastened to bear him to the rectory. For two days he lay speechless and senseless, and then, with the old year, "fell on sleep." "Shut thine eyes a little while, old man, and straightway thou shalt see the light of God."

There are no last words of his, nor do we need them. In his life he spake, and, therefore, "being dead yet speaketh." For many hours, many days together we have been with him in the spirit; we have been quickened by his ardour, and have been strengthened by his words. We have grown to honour him with a student's reverence; to feel one with him, though below him, in Christian brotherhood, and to love the fine old man with a son-like affection. We are loth to think of him as dead. But death to him was life:—

"And, doubtless, unto him is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In such great offices, as suit
The full grown energies of heaven."

Within a few days they brought his body to the church, and placed it in a vault beneath the narrow chancel, where he had so often stood, and in eating of bread and drinking of wine shewn forth the Lord's death till He came.

"Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.
Sleep to the end, dear soul and sweet;
Nothing comes to thee new or strange:
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change."

Thirty years afterwards the Council of Constance—that deposed the Pope, and martyred Huss and Jerome—condemned Wiclif's writings, ordered them wherever found to be destroyed, and his own body to be taken from its grave and burnt. It was eleven years before this imbecile revenge was taken on the good man's bones; but it was forty years and better since his death. To many then it seemed a sacrilege to disturb his dust. Some grey heads round the porch were

married by him, their first-born christened by him, and their own old father, or their dear young wife buried by him. They recalled his kind words to them in trouble, and his attacks upon the priests and friars, which seemed so true now, but they dared not speak. Thus with moistened eyes the townsfolk watched the mean procedure. The pavement of the chancel was torn up, and all that was left of him was carried down the hillside where he had so often walked to visit the sick and comfort the sorrowful. A heap of faggots lay by the rude wooden hedge, and another heap of bishops, priests, and monks stood by. Whilst a torch was put to the pile, and flames gathered round the dust, anathemas and curses were duly pronounced against their silent foe, and Wiclif's soul as heartily, as it was vainly, consigned to the eternal burnings. It was easier to curse and burn the dead than to refute the living, to undo his work, or thwart its blessing. Then, with a grim pleasure, as if the dispersion of his ashes would destroy his doctrine, they cast them into the Swift, "which conveyed them into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, they to the main ocean, and thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed the world over."

XII.

CONCLUSION.

THE long reign of Edward III. is an epoch in English history. His foreign wars promoted trade, and an expanding commerce improved the intelligence of the people. But long wars require long purses, and when the king asked for money, Parliament asked for privileges. Hence the laws were consolidated, the crime of treason was defined, trials were conducted in English instead of French, villeins obtained greater freedom, and the distinction of Norman and Saxon was well nigh obliterated. The clergy were excluded from the highest offices in the State, and the encroachments of

Rome were carefully watched and steadily resisted. The victories of Lluya, Crecy, and Poitiers made men conscious of their strength, and proud of their country. It was an honour to be an Englishman.

Such times are productive of great men, who learn much from their predecessors, but stand before them, who mould the thoughts and habits of the time because they stand above them, and thus become the unconscious prophets of a greater glory. Such a man was John Wiclif. He did not disdain to learn from others, he stood above all his faithful fellow-workers in the same field, and he anticipated in many things, with the foresight of genius, the Reformers, the Puritans, and the Methodists of the last century.

He will not class with any modern sect of the Church; he did not shun politics, but was a friend of liberty; he abhorred the warlike prelates of his day, and pleaded as a Christian priest should plead for "peace on earth." He understood the different functions of the Church and State, but did not formally advocate their separation. He resembled the Reformers in being a disciple of Augustin, but like them he tempered "high" theory with lowly practice. He held with Luther that the Pope was Antichrist, but never attempted a secession from the Roman Church; he agreed with moderate Evangelical clergymen on the questions of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, but did not believe in the perpetuity of clerical vows. In some respects he was a Puritan, disliking costly churches, and detesting church music, but believed in some sense in Purgatory and prayers for the dead. He encouraged preaching by "poor priests" in the streets and market-places, but never instituted a lay agency. He understood the principles of voluntarism, and would not have the clergy enforce tithes, but he was not a Dissenter; he argued against the celibate vows of the clergy, but himself was never married.

Of his private life we know very little. We learn more of the author than the man; more of the Re-

former than John Wiclif. The style of Wiclif's writings may be some index to his mind, though they are mostly controversial. He is logical in mode, and rarely rhetorical: he is never imaginative, but occasionally rises into weighty and dignified eloquence; though sometimes in a fog of metaphysics, he is generally very clear, and seeks to prove and enforce his points by reiteration, and homely or Scriptural illustrations. There is much tenderness in some of his sermons, though the strength and terseness of his diction make his invective very keen; there is no polish in his style, but here and there a sentence flashes like a crystal among rougher stones. Such a mode of expression indicates a man of earnest purpose, of simple sincerity, of decided opinions, and unwavering resolution.

Though never called to martyrdom, he was always expecting it, and ever nerved to meet it. He speaks of it with a solemn grandeur:—

"To live and to be silent is with me impossible; the guilt of such treason against the Lord of Heaven is more to be dreaded than many deaths. Let the blow, therefore, fall. Enough I know of the men whom I oppose, of the times on which I am thrown, and of the mysterious Providence which relates to our sinful race, to expect that the stroke will ere long descend. But my purpose is unalterable, and I await its coming."

His mind was of large grasp, and embraced all the learning of his day. His temperament was elastic, and he could fill with equal tact the offices of professor, commissioner, or parish priest. He had a native expansiveness of mind, so that he never ceased to learn. Though greatly indebted to others for his doctrinal opinions, he moulded them in his own mind; they had advanced them singly, one, one, another, another; he combined them all. His adoption of them was progressive; they grew out of and upon each other. Hence the emphasis and force with which he could state them. Other men had enlisted these truths, but he was the first to marshal them, and lead them in a

compact mass to the assault of Papal insolence and Roman corruption.

Kindred spirits joined him, and he was their leader and their chief. Thus they were stigmatized with his name, and he was made the central object of their enemies, hatred. No language was too hard for him, he was—

"That organ of the devil—that enemy of the Church—that author of confusion to the common people—that idol of heretics—that image of hypocrites—that restorer of schism—that storehouse of lies—that sink of flattery, John Wiclif," and "breathed out his malicious spirit to the abodes of darkness."

His influence extended to the Continent; his philosophical works were eagerly read for years before his death, and his theological treatises followed them. Huss and Jerome were both Wiclifites, and suffered as such: they were content their souls should be where his soul was. The stream of the Lutheran Reformation was fed through Prague by this fountain of living waters. John Wiclif was made, by the grace of God, the Father of Protestantism in Europe, the morning-star of the Reformation! At Oxford, in London, and in the Midland Counties, his opinions were eagerly embraced, and rapidly extended. Though for a hundred years after his death, persecution succeeded in suppressing them, his books were hoarded by the faithful in the walls of their houses, till the day dawned again. The Reformation first broke on England when Wiclif issued his English Bible. It was his last work—it was his crowning work—it was his best. Its results have been twofold, literary and religious; it has helped even more than the "Canterbury Tales" to fix strong Saxon words in our language; it lays before the eyes of every reader the story of a Saviour's love in the "glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God." This is the light that shall ever shine upon the record of Wiclif's name. "*I have ordained a lamp for mine anointed,*" saith the Lord, "*his enemies will I clothe with shame, but upon himself shall his crown flourish.*"

A BOY'S SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

BY AN OLD BOY.

No. IV.

SOME boys seem to have been born with an ingrained love of gunpowder. To play with this mischievous toy has, perhaps, with most boys been at one time or another a pastime; with others it is a passion. As I am not a German philosopher, I do not profess to explain how or when this intuition first became subjective in the depths of our moral consciousness. Bacon-like in spirit, I content myself with a simple induction of facts. Whether any pre-natal conditions may have originated it; or whether it is a juvenile development of the doctrine of original sin; whether it is ever discernible in the children of members of the Society of Friends; or whether it will be finally eradicated by the general diffusion of social science congresses, I do not attempt to determine. Whatever may be the theory of the thing, I fear that the fact remains indisputable that in the memorable hour in which some boys kindle or see kindled their first halfpennyworth of gunpowder, a new fire burns within their souls.

An excellent specimen of the boy-explosive was my elder brother. He seemed as if evidently destined by nature to be a distinguished powder-monkey, though it must be allowed that he has at last respectably occupied a different position in life. How many foolish things he did in the gratification of this lawless appetite it would be hard to tell. When a tiny urchin at a lady's school he was wont to fill his school-fellows with awe as he let off an ingenious compound of gunpowder and water, technically called a "devil," in a hole in the school-room floor where a knot had come out of a plank. When subsequently promoted to a boys' school, in which a distinguished senior wrangler was an usher, a portentous rattling of shot was heard one day on the

school-room floor. An authoritative investigation of the owner's pockets and school-box speedily followed, and this led to the alarming discovery that the delinquent had stored away in the said box enough gunpowder to give the boys and masters such a blowing-up as in the annals of that classical and commercial academy would have been unprecedented. The offender it is true escaped a sound flogging; but solely, I believe, because the master was so astounded at the enormity of the offence, and so grateful at the timely deliverance of his goods and chattels real, that he forgot all about punishment. The only penalty inflicted was the peremptory seizure of the smuggled goods that had so defied the customs and manners of that establishment. The powder was laid in a train across the playground; the kitchen poker was heated to its whitest, and the boys and family were summoned to witness the conspicuous penalty of so heinous a crime. But the scene presented at that moment would have supplied a study for the genius of a Cruickshank. The boys standing at a safe distance in gaping expectancy, the tall usher in a jacket, looking on with his ever mild and kindly face, the head-master bending forward at his utmost stretch, with trembling arm and out-reaching poker with which to fire the train, and last, not least, the face of the owner of the condemned goods, in whose breast it would have been hard to say which feeling then had the mastery—indignation that his lawful possessions had been seized by the hand of violence, or contempt for the timidity of the clerical Guy Fawkes who was presiding over the scene.

Disastrous as was that play-ground spectacle in its effects upon my brother's vested rights, the ruling

passion was unsubdued. I cannot tell the thousand ludicrous and frequently dangerous episodes to which it gave birth. In the quiet London suburb where we lived there are legends still preserved of peaceful afternoon slumbers of quiet gentlefolk ruthlessly disturbed; of corpulent ladies who abruptly started from their chairs and uttered incoherent epithets; of startling noises at early morn or dewy eve with which the neighbourhood generally was afflicted, and all because those young Wilsons, under the guidance of the inventive genius of their elder brother, had devised some new explosive compound, or because they would fire off a dozen cannons loaded to the muzzle at a time. It is [true] that when we went on our annual visit into the country our time was spent in pursuits even more congenial and much more harmless; still, if opportunities were afforded to develop this powder-loving propensity we were not slow to avail ourselves of them.

One afternoon we were sitting in the open door-way of our favourite haunt, the straw-barn, an out-house, as its name imports, in which straw was usually kept, but of which we had taken possession, which we used as a tool and treasure-house, an arsenal of military stores, and a menagerie for our various pets, and in the doorway of which we were wont to sit for many an hour making whips, carving sticks, mending cages, building hutches, feeding our young and increasing families, planning exploits on land and water, and laying the massive foundations and piling the gorgeous superstructure of innumerable castles—in the air. Commonly, we were not daunted by any moderate amount of drizzle. Many a time we have gone out between the showers, when everything was soaked and soddened, when the brook was a swollen, roaring torrent, and when the low meadows were flooded for the nonce, to see all that was to be seen of field or flood; and many a time have we mounted on the top rail of a gate in order to pour the water out of our boots, and literally to ring the water out

of our socks as any washerwoman would do. Doubtless this was very imprudent; but I do not know that we ever took cold by such adventures, and the chief unpleasantness that I remember was the putting on a pair of the said wrung-out stockings, the wet brown-papery state of our upper leathers, and the dismal "squelch" of water in our boots as we walked homewards.

But the rain was now over; the golden smile of returning sunshine was turning the drops into diamonds, the sky was evidently clearing, and there was a prospect of a fine evening.

"If the rain keeps off," said Charles, "we'll go and blow up that wasps' nest in the hedge-bottom to night."

"How will you do it?" I inquired.

"O, I know, and I'll show you," he replied. "Jim told me yesterday. We'll get William to come down after tea and bring a pen'orth of gunpowder with him. The wasps will all be benumbed with the wet and cold, and we shall do them nicely."

Accordingly, my cousin's aid was secured, the powder was bought, and some of it mixed into a paste, and away we went on our new expedition. We took with us a spade; each cut a large branch of a tree, which we were to use in defence if any of the wasps should attack us. The citadel of the enemy was built in the side of a bank just under a hedge. There was very little to be seen, for the wasps were within, and a stranger might have examined the hedgeseid for an hour without discovering any sign of life. But we had closely noticed the spot, and at once recognised the tiny entrance, often trodden by busy feet, from which the horns of one sleepy-looking sentinel could be seen emerging, and moving slowly up and down.

"We shall soon wake him up," said Charles, laughing; and then, holding his bough in his left hand, and his flask in his right, he poured a quantity of powder over the wasp and down the hole. This unexpected attack evidently astonished our friend the sentinel, who, by some means known only to himself and to

his kind, communicated the intelligence to some of the inmates who were either loitering along the tortuous way that led to the subterranean city, or were in the city itself; for in a moment out flew a dozen or more of wasps, who hovered round their home, evidently ready to fight the foe who had made so sudden and unprovoked an assault upon them. But the air was cold, the grass and bushes were wet, and the wasps soon returned on drowsy wing into their haunts; while we were still standing, with upraised boughs, ready to do battle, or to beat a retreat, as circumstances might suggest.

In a few minutes all again was quiet; and then, laying down his bough, Charles fixed in the entrance to the nest his gunpowder paste, poured over it a little dry powder, laid on the powder some pieces of paper and set a light to them. For a moment it burned like a little bonfire, and then the paste burst forth like a fountain of fiery sparks, hissing and smoking, and at length kindling the powder that had been poured down the hole, which in a moment exploded, tore open the entrance to the nest.

"Give me the spade!" exclaimed William, and in an instant he cut a large sod and clapped it on the top of the nest. "There," he said, "that will cork up the smoke," and he gave the sod an additional slap with the flat of the spade, by way of securing it the tighter. We knew that in a few minutes the sulphurous fumes would have penetrated into the lowest parts of the nest, and that the wasps would be smothered; so, in due time, we resolved to dig them out and see. We could not, however, be sure; so two of us stood on our guard, with uplifted boughs, while Charles dug into the nest to see the result of our gunpowder plot. And sure enough, the work had been well enough done. Many of the wasps, it is true, were not dead, but they were too stupified for mischief, and they were soon despatched; and accordingly we carefully lifted out the whole nest, and

obtained a very fine specimen of the architecture of the wasp.

The nest was of an oval shape, more than a foot long and nearly a foot in diameter. The outside was made of thin layers or leaves of a sort of greyish paper, each placed in such a position as scarcely to touch the next.

"I didn't know that wasps were paper-makers," I exclaimed; "and such good ones too. How do they get their materials?"

"They saw off with their jaws," said William, "pieces of wood from window-frames, or posts, or rails, and when they have got a lot of it, they mix and moisten it with a gluey saliva from their mouth; then they knead it together, and when ready, take it to their nest, and spread it out with their jaws and feet in the thin coatings you see. There are often fifteen or sixteen such sheets placed one above another, making the whole an inch or more thick."

Inside the covering of the nest, there were a number of circular combs, horizontally arranged, like so many floors in a building, each comb being not only fixed to the sides of the nest, but also supported on the one below it by a series of strong pillars, those at the bottom being the strongest. Each of the combs consisted of hexagonal cells, of which, in a large nest, there will be from 10,000 to 16,000, of different sizes. Yet all this nest was the result of the labour of one female, and of her industrious and rapidly increasing family. When the warmth of spring revived her, she made a few cells, and placed in them the eggs of working wasps. No sooner are they hatched, than the mother is filled with maternal solicitude; she runs from cell to cell, and feeds the young grubs till they become pupæ. They, in their turn, come forth and labour for the common weal, till in a few weeks the colony will consist of hundreds of workers and a few females, and every orchard, and hive of bees, and grocer's shop in the neighbourhood, will be ransacked for food for the grubs, into whose extended mouths they place the food, as a bird feeds

her young. Happily all that busy throng does not survive; the benumbing hand of winter, the attacks of country boys, and other means, prevent their numbers making them a plague in the land.

We were not a little proud of our triumph, and carefully deposited our trophy in our favourite curiosity-shop—the straw-barn.

A subsequent wasp-hunting expedition was not so prudently managed. A shower had fallen, but there had not been enough rain to numb the excitable garrison of that citadel. The nest was very accessible, being in the side of a large gravel-pit; and instead of going to work in the only accredited way, the elder brother had devised a new scheme, which had the merit of being much more startling, if not quite so effective. He had somehow come into possession of the barrel of an old gun, and had conceived a novel treatment for the unhappy inmates of the next wasps' nest he was called upon to encounter. The said barrel was accordingly heavily loaded with powder and shot; and then, posting off to the gravel-pit, we watched a favourable opportunity, and thrust the loaded barrel right into the mouth of the nest, effectually preventing any attempt at a sally on the part of the inhabitants. But though the iron mouth of this novel piece of artillery was now ready to pour its deadly hail upon the pent-up garrison, the question arose—how was the cannon itself to be discharged? Powder was poured over the touch-hole, and then ignited: but for some reason or other the gun would not go off. What was to be done? The genius of my powder-loving brother proved equal to the emergency.

"I know how to do it!" he exclaimed. "Let's make a bonfire round the breech of the barrel, and when it gets red-hot it must go off."

I need not now dwell on the danger and folly of our scheme; at once, however, we set to work to carry it out. Dry leaves and sticks were piled in profusion over the barrel; the fire was kindled; from time to time we added fresh fuel, and then, armed with branches of thorn, we sat down to watch the effect of our plot as regarded both gun and nest. Our patience was nearly exhausted, when suddenly a heavy "thud"—like that of a cannon—was heard; and then, with a loud whirr, the barrel was flying through the air fifteen or twenty yards down the field. It is a mercy none of us were killed by the explosion or the blow of the weapon we had made so murderous; but we had hardly time to think of our danger when the enemy was upon us. The firing of the gun had torn open the nest and had killed many of the wasps; but in an instant the rest came forth to avenge their desolated hearths and slaughtered friends. We had to fight and to fly almost for our lives, as we found ourselves enveloped, as Christopher North once said, in "a shower o' infuriated wasps, red-hot, as if let out o' a fiery furnace, roun' and roun' the hair o' your head, bizzin' against the drum o' your ear till you think they are in at the ae hole and out at the ither; dashin' against the face o' you—stickin' a lang foishoned stang in just below your ee, that afore you can rin' hame swells up to a fearsome hicht, makin' you on that side look like a blackamoor, and on the opposite white as death, sae intolerable is the agony frae the tail o' the yellow imp, that, according to his bulk, is stronger far than the dragon o' the desert." Fortunately, by the vigorous use of arms and legs, we escaped any serious injury, and for the future took care to adopt those precautions which render the work of destroying wasps' nests not only comparatively safe, but exceedingly useful.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SWEDEN.

IN this restless, bustling nineteenth century of ours, when change of scene and travel have become matters of actual necessity, and when facilities for journeys and voyages of all kinds abound and are incessantly multiplied, we cannot be surprised that verbal as well as pictorial photographs of distant countries, and their public and social life, continue to be showered upon us by means of an ever active press and a race of energetic publishers.

France has been "done," till we know its every aspect from the Pas de Calais to the Pyrenees, from the shores of Brittany to the Jura; Italy and the Italians we know; or may know all about; travels in Spain and even in Russia abound; while Germany and Belgium have long yielded up their quota of interest and entertainment.

But though of late years attention has been directed to the manners and customs of our Scandinavian neighbours, it is wonderful to reflect how little about them that is really authentic we actually know; how little we are acquainted with their habits and their every-day life, either at home or abroad. Our best and most graphic representations of Swedish life we certainly owe to the lamented Fredrika Bremer, whose novels, translated by Mary Howitt, give us the most charming and complete pictures of Swedish society in every grade.

And now we have to thank, not our old friend Mary Howitt, whose name has passed into a household-word in many a happy British home, but her daughter—who bids fair to succeed in due course to her mother's well-earned laurels—for a fresh and most charming addition to the standard literature of this present year of grace, 1866.

Margaret Howitt left England in October, 1863, and she remained with Fredrika Bremer in Stockholm from October 8th till the following July, if we except a short visit paid to Upsala a little before Midsummer: the three months

which complete the "Twelve Months'" visit were spent at Arsta, the old family estate of the Bremers. And all this time Miss Howitt lived on terms of the closest and most endearing friendship with this remarkable and most loveable woman, whom she calls "Tante Bremer;" and in the pleasant pages of her book she tells us all about her own experiences in this northern land; she introduces us to many delightful people; and with a simplicity and truthfulness apparent in every page, gives us the most charming peeps into the domestic privacy of the noble and gifted Fredrika. We learn how the little family assemble in the dining-room at eight o'clock in the morning; how Hulda—a *protégée* of Miss Bremer—drops a proper little Swedish curtsy when Miss Bremer enters the room, "for the Swedes are very punctilious and correct." Then, taking their places at the round breakfast-table, they fold their hands earnestly, while the hostess repeats the Lord's Prayer. The usual dinner-hour is three o'clock, and again the ladies meet, and that over, "thanks are again spoken inwardly in the heart and outwardly by the tongue to the heavenly and the earthly giver of the repast, accompanied with a curtsy; and in the evening, Hulda reads aloud the weekly papers or some interesting book; at ten, come family devotions, and all separate for the night, though Miss Bremer herself never retires till twelve.

One of the books thus read was Renan's "Life of Jesus." Miss Bremer, though compelled to admire the picturesqueness of the style, perceived the shallowness of its reasoning, and was not afraid that it would produce any lasting harm. An esteemed friend of hers wrote:—"We have long had the German idea of a Saviour, so now Renan has modelled a divine Frenchman for us. Neither of these can, however, possibly supersede the all-comprising Son of Humanity—the God-man, Christ Jesus."

As Miss Howitt's story proceeds,

we grow more and more interested in the personages with whom she was so pleasantly associated for so long a period; we learn to know the sweet, unselfish Hulda, the bright-haired Jenny, the devoted Lotten Vennberg, the indefatigable Fru Knutsson and her two sons, and last, not least, the bright-eyed, middle-aged servant Sara, who rushes in upon her mistress, abruptly exclaiming, "Mamsell Bremer must have found the potatoes as mealy as I do. They are really delicate with a mouthful of herring. I'll ask the old madam to a cup of coffee, then Mamsell will always have good potatoes." Or else Sara bursts in upon Miss Bremer, who is busily finishing some little history, or drawing up some important philanthropic document, to display the excellent veal she has just purchased, cheaper than last week. This would be enough, certainly, to make anybody else furious, but Miss Bremer only smiled pleasantly, and listened with patience.

Once, at three in the morning, Sara, who slept within her mistress's room, rushes to her bedside, exclaiming, "It's of no use, Mamsell Bremer, I can't sleep while the heavens are pouring down all that good water to waste. I must be down and set my pails in the court." Downstairs she went, therefore, and set out her buckets; after which it might be supposed that she would quietly go to bed again, but no! fearing that some unconscientious neighbour might take to herself the water, Sara waited till the buckets were full, and carried them upstairs. Then, returning to bed, she said, "Well, Mamsell Bremer, we've done a good stroke of business! We've got plenty of soft water in the house, while our neighbours—poor sleepy sluggards!—are letting it all run away." In excuse for Sara, it must be remembered that water is not yet laid on in the houses of Stockholm generally. Excepting in some of the new parts, every drop of water has to be fetched into the house.

Touching the institutions of the country, Margaret Howitt gives us much valuable and deeply interest-

ing information; but in the very limited space I have at my disposal it is impossible to give even the barest outline of the various details with which we are indulged. Suffice it to say, we are told all about the famous *Seminarium*, about the royal family, and celebrated persons whose names hitherto have been whispered to us but faintly from their far-off northern latitudes; about the city of Stockholm itself and its environs; about a Swedish winter; about the Diet and the Swedish Academy; about a hundred things with which we are pleased to make acquaintance; and lastly, we have for our delectation charming little bits of landscape delineation, as poetical as they are new to our English experiences.

The whole story ends with "the close of a noble life."—Fredrika Bremer, the friend of her sex, the helper of the helpless, the gifted, the excellent and the beloved, died on the last day of 1865. Her illness was short, and her suffering probably not great, but her strength was soon exhausted, and she said, "Now I am so tired that if God were to call me, I am content." And later—"My soul is in the right place, but still there is combat: the love of Christ is great, immensely great!"

Mary Howitt, in the preface to her daughter's book, writes:—"And her loving Heavenly Father, as if to set the seal of His approval upon her life, gave her her heart's desire in all things: she was loved and honoured by her country, and with health that failed during her last year on earth only sufficiently to give her still more firm reliance on the early call, she went forward to the end, ever walking in her Saviour's footsteps,—loving, serving, diffusing happiness around her, not *talking* religion, but cheerfully and faithfully *living* it; and finally, when the time of removal came, leaving behind her a bright track which many will follow."

And to her we say, in conclusion, as was said to her beloved friend, Miss Vennberg:—"From earth thou art taken; earth shalt thou become again. Jesus Christ shall raise thee at the last day."

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELD.

SOME years ago, a missionary who was labouring among the Cherokees in Georgia, was visited by a sceptic, who wished to find occasion for adverse criticism of the work. On catechising the wife of one of the missionaries he learned that their labours were much more arduous and self-denying than he had anticipated. "Well," he said, at length, "I suppose your husband gets a good salary for such a service?"

"O, yes!" was the answer.

"How much does he get, Madam. Five hundred dollars?"

"O, yes! more than that."

"A thousand dollars?" he continued.

"More than that."

"One thousand five-hundred dollars?"

"O! much more than that," she again replied.

"More than that!" exclaimed the astonished inquirer.

"Yes," said the missionary's wife, "a hundredfold in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting!"

"Pooh," replied the discomfited critic, "It was money I meant."

Such an incident may well serve to remind the English Christian who "lives at home at ease," how arduous are the toils, and how small, in this world, are the rewards of the missionary's lot, and how ready we should be to offer the grateful incense of our sympathies and our prayers to those who in distant lands and often in haggard climes proclaim the glad tidings. And we are the more impressed with these considerations by a circumstance recently mentioned by Dr. Mullens, of the London Society, that of forty-two men connected with the Chinese Mission within the last twenty-four years, one-half have been removed by disease or death. The best medical advice had been obtained before the candidates were accepted by the Board and dismissed to their work; but the fact remains: and how much there is to command our sympathy in that fact! Here

are men of culture and women of sensibility, with eyes that can weep, and nerves that can thrill, and hearts that can mourn, who have left the land of their fathers and the home of their birth, that, in the name of Christ, and on the behalf of Christ's Church, they may bear the high boon of a Christian civilization to countries the most remote, and races the most depraved. Sickness comes: the sinews of the strong become as tow; the missionary lies down in his weakness, his weariness, and his pain, while his heart longs for the land he has left, and pines for the faces he cannot see. "Disease, not too easy to be borne at any time, comes with a strange pressure when there are few to tend the couch, and those few are sinking under their burden; and it is harder to die when it is known that survivors will be left, strangers in a strange land, far from those to whom they would naturally look for succour, and that the widowed wife and the orphan children must turn their weary feet and their aching eyes to a home sundered from them by wide continents and by treacherous seas."

There is another trial, scarcely lighter than this: when children at a tender age have to be torn from the parental home and sent away for years, perhaps for life, that they may not become too familiar with the depraving influences of heathenism, but may be educated and started in the world in the land from which their parents came. "We know," says one, "that sometimes, as parents are writing in reference to the preliminary arrangements for their separation, their tears fall like rain. It requires a faith akin to that which Abraham possessed when he laid his child upon the altar."

Other circumstances in the missionary's life also deserve our sympathies and prayers. "There is," it has been well declared, "that which can make up to them all that they have forsaken, and sustain them under all that is laid upon them."

This is the special presence of Christ. It is imparted in answer to prayer. We need not inquire how it should be so; the fact is certain. In this, others can help. Paul sought the help of others; missionaries ask it. But it is not alone the presence of Christ in general that is needed, it is the adaptation of His grace to the wants of those for whom we pray. Paul made specific requests. He wanted the prayers of others to blend with and strengthen his own, as he sought for particular things. In like manner, our prayers for missionaries, if we would have them of the greatest service to them, must unite with their own petitions. It is this which renders it so important that we should be familiar with their circumstances. Thus we shall sympathise with them, and be constrained to pray for them daily, as Paul prayed daily for all the Churches. They would value this above all price. Could they know that they were thus remembered, it would cheer and encourage them in their work beyond measure, besides the blessings it would bring down upon them. It is scarcely less important that prayer should be offered that their health may be continued, their lives prolonged, and their usefulness increased. What a spring would such knowledge, and sympathy, and prayer give to missionary endeavour! How the faith and the hope of the labourers would be strengthened, and what numbers would be induced to join them! And it is in the light of such considerations as these that we may once again take our "Glance at the Mission Field."

Before the return of Dr. Mullens from India to England, he rendered good service by a personal inspection of the various missions in China; and he has embodied the facts he gathered and the conclusions he draws in a valuable and interesting pamphlet. Among other matters with which he deals are the printing establishments at Shanghai and Hongkong. It appears that the latter has been maintained for many years in a thoroughly efficient condition, and has been for some time

under the charge of Dr. Legge, aided by two excellent Christian superintendents. There are good founts of Chinese type, the work from which may be favourably compared with that of Paris or Berlin: and the foundry has been kept at work at a profit, so that during last year, for instance, after the payment of all expenses, there was a gain to the Society of more than £400.

The establishment at Shanghai, however, has not been quite so successful. It has suffered from the want of an efficient superintendent; and neither the quality nor the amount of the work has been entirely satisfactory. The English type is old; both the large and small founts of Chinese type are worn out; and the presses are much the worse for wear. At the same time the American Presbyterian Mission have established, in Shanghai, a new press, well furnished, and excellently superintended; and hence it became necessary to decide whether the arrangements of the old institution should be remodelled, and inevitable improvements be introduced, or whether the offices should be closed. The latter counsels have prevailed, though they await the final approval of the authorities in England.

The question, however, has been suggested whether one mission press can possibly meet the growing requirements of the work in that vast empire? Remembering that the Chinese are eminently a reading people, that the "million Testaments for China" are not yet printed, that the religious and educational appliances of the mission must yearly increase, it has been asked whether another establishment is not indispensable. The Presbyterian press at Shanghai may make a resuscitation of our own in that spot undesirable; but should there not be one at Hankow? It is "a noble city, and occupies a noble position in relation to the country at large. It is full of young and vigorous life. It is in name and reality the 'heart of the empire.'" How important that the generous blood of a religious life should be supplied to its every pulsation!

In connection with this subject another inquiry arises, which has relation also to other fields of missionary enterprise. Ought not our mission boards more frankly to face the fact that different classes of workmen are now needed for our mission work? All, indeed, must be Christian, and all must be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in them: but the schoolmaster, the medical man, and the printer, do not need precisely the same gifts as the missionary. Let every man be prepared in "his own order," to co-operate, it is true, in all departments of missionary labour as far as he can; but let each primarily discharge the duties for which he was especially selected. Referring to our medical missions, Dr. Mullens speaks with high approval; but there is one matter, he says, "which was brought to my notice during my visit to the treaty-ports, which was quite new to me, and which, in my judgment, requires to be most seriously dealt with by the friends and supporters of these missions. It is this: that after their arrival in China many of the medical missionaries have turned aside from missionary work to engage in private practice, thereby diminishing the number of the hours devoted to hospital-practice or to private study. The circumstances of the time in earlier days no doubt led to this innovation on ordinary missionary practice. But the result is greatly to be regretted. Many men have been lost to the missionary cause; their places have become vacant, and have been filled only to be vacant again. Had the ordained missionaries turned aside from their proper work in as large a proportion as the medical missionaries have done, the missions of many societies would have been disorganised. All, however, have not adopted this course. Some, who were drawn into it by the demands of their station and the peculiar circumstances of their day, have made the most honourable Christian use of their position, influence, and opportunities. A few have stood aloof altogether, and have adhered steadily and

exclusively to their missionary work."

These subjects well deserve the consideration of the various missionary societies. To whatever departments of Christian work our missionaries are appointed, to that they should be devoted. Ordained missionaries are, as a rule, forbidden to engage in secular work for their personal advantage; the same principle should be adhered to with our medical missionaries; when they have received their education and position at the expense of the Church, it is only just that their talents and their life should be consecrated to the service of the Church.

The numerous friends—young and old—of the "John Williams" will be glad to learn that she reached Adelaide at the beginning of May, after a run of ninety-four days. Her captain pronounces her "a splendid sailer," and "all we could desire." After crossing the Bay of Biscay the weather was generally fine. The passengers received a cordial welcome from the Christian Church in Adelaide. It appears that the children in the South Australian Sabbath Schools contributed £300 towards the purchase of the ship; so it had been arranged that she should touch there on her outward voyage. Accordingly the missionaries preached there two Sabbaths; there was a crowded public meeting in one of the largest churches; the school-children visited the vessel, some coming thirty or forty miles with their teachers for the purpose; and altogether nearly 3,000 persons went over her. Farewell services of much interest were celebrated on her departure for Melbourne.

The Queen of the Sandwich Isles has left England, bearing with her £5,000 for a Memorial Cathedral, and £5,000 besides. The amount is not very large, considering the expenses which the visit of the Queen must have involved, and the high advocacy which her cause secured from eminent Churchmen, clerical and lay. The first Christian missionaries in the Sandwich Islands

were those of the London Missionary Society, the value of whose labours was fully recognised by the Bishops of London and Oxford, at the recent meeting on behalf of the Hawaiian mission. We trust that all our societies will jealously maintain the entire catholicity of their labours, and will guard against the uprising in these new fields of Christian toil of any sectarian differences. Religious controversies may have some healthful tendencies at home, but they are a waste of power abroad.

The Church Missionary periodicals supply interesting particulars concerning several fields of labour. In Palestine there are mingling sunshine and shadow. From Smyrna we hear that the political changes taking place in the Turkish Empire are opening the door for the prosecution of more direct missionary labour, and that among the native Christians there is a growing desire for the study of the Scriptures. At Jerusalem "the work is going on as usual," and a "Native Jerusalem Missionary Association has been formed" for the spread of the Gospel among their countrymen. At the out-stations "discouragements are not wanting; but, on the whole, the work is progressing;" and a similar report may be given of the group of missionary posts which cluster around Nazareth.

We regret to learn that the Baptist Missionary Society is in urgent want of men. Several of the most valuable labourers have fallen in the field before the hand of death, or have been disabled by disease. To fill these vacancies only two new missionaries are going forth fresh to the work, and only three are returning to it, after a lengthened stay in England. It must not be forgotten, says the *Missionary Herald*, that many of the difficulties and dangers that once beset the work have been overcome. "The languages have been mastered, translations of the Scriptures effected, a Christian literature produced which is daily enlarging, schools founded, and the appliances for conducting them at hand, churches

organized, chapels built, hymns composed, congregations gathered, and in most of the principal stations a fair amount of European society will be found." The sacrifices now required are, therefore, far less than they were half a century ago. The appeal is therefore made to the colleges of the denomination, and to the younger pastors at home to devote themselves to foreign labour. "Several," it is said, "of the most honoured and useful of our present missionaries left pastorates in England to enter on mission service, and they have never repented the step."

West Indian affairs have happily assumed a quieter phase. At home, Mr. Cardwell has done tardy justice to Dr. Underhill, and also to the Baptist Society. Mr. Cardwell reminded the House of Commons that Mr. Eyre attributed the disturbances in Jamaica in great part to the letter which Dr. Underhill had addressed to himself. He felt called upon to say that "the letter was a perfectly *bona fide* letter, which had been addressed to him for the purpose of obtaining a practical inquiry into the circumstances. He (Mr. Cardwell) had sent the letter to the Governor for that purpose, and if the consequences that had since been said to have resulted from that letter were expected by the Government of Jamaica, there was no reason why it should have been published. With regard to those who had been connected with that letter, he must say that nothing could have been more moderate and reasonable than the course Dr. Underhill had pursued; and of all the deputations that had waited upon him *there was none which had more temperately and calmly dealt with the subject than that from the Baptist body.*"

The Rev. Edwin Palmer has been released; and after having been warmly and affectionately received by the officers of his Church at the prison gates, he drove to the chapel, and there a suitable address was presented to him by the "deacons, leaders, and members" of his Church—an address characterised by a lofty Christian spirit and by marvellous

reticence and self-possession, considering the foul wrongs which, in the name of British justice, had been committed against him. A suitable reply was returned. There was scarcely a dry eye in the assembly.

Tidings of an encouraging nature have been received from Brittany, in some parts of which the truth of Christ is silently winning its way over Romish error. The teaching, especially *à domicile*, continues, despite all priestly manœuvres and threats.

Among the wilds which skirt the western boundaries of Bengal there is an aboriginal race called Santhals. Hitherto little missionary work had been attempted among them, as they spoke a different and unwritten tongue; but it has now been fairly commenced. Four stations have been established, at each of which a Bengali Christian schoolmaster presides, assisted by a Santhal, a native of the place where the mission is, who assists in the instruction, and who accompanies the missionary when preaching from place to place. "On entering a village," says the latter, "we announce our intention of having come to make known the Word of God, and then proceed to the head man's house, in front of which there is a little raised verandah; here we sit down, and then proceed to address our audience, which by this time has begun rapidly to collect from all parts of the village. We begin by calling their attention to a fact generally acknowledged by the Santhal, that all mankind have sprung from the 'first old man and first old woman.' Then we explain how God created them, the place of their residence, their fall, and, lastly, the means of salvation by Christ; and this latter is the theme which interests, whilst it surprises and astonishes them. At the same time it bows their heart as one man, to hear that the Son of the Highest—He who was at His right hand from

ancient days—descended in the form of man to earth, and suffered for the sins of men; in no way do they seem to think it an incongruous thing that such should take place. 'Believe,' they say, 'and why should we not believe it, sahīb?'"

The *Friend of India* informs us that one Baboo Kheseeb Cheender, sen., "the apostle of the Brahmas," has recently delivered a lecture to his countrymen on "Jesus Christ," in which, while "avowedly differing from the orthodox opinions of popular Christianity," he employed language which showed a strong Christian leaning. He spoke for instance thus: "Is there a single soul in this large assembly who would scruple to ascribe extraordinary greatness and supernatural moral heroism to Jesus Christ and Him crucified? Was not He who by His wisdom illumined, and by His power saved a dark and wicked world—was not He who has left us such a priceless legacy of Divine truth, and whose blood has wrought such wonders for eighteen hundred years,—was not He above ordinary humanity? Blessed Jesus, immortal child of God! For the world He lived and died. May the world appreciate Him and follow His precepts! I rejoice," he added, "yea, I am proud that I am an Asiatic. And was not Jesus Christ an Asiatic? Yes, and His disciples were Asiatics, and all the agencies primarily employed for the propagation of the Gospel were Asiatic. In fact, Christianity was founded and developed by Asiatics and in Asia. When I reflect on this, my love for Jesus becomes a hundred-fold intensified; I feel Him nearer my heart, and deeper in my national sympathies. Why should I then feel ashamed to acknowledge that nationality which He acknowledged?" These sentiments were loudly applauded. "The speaker," says the *Friend of India*, "we believe to be sincere."

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTHS.—SEPTEMBER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"September marched eke on foot;
 Yet was he heavy-laden with the spoyle
 Of harvest's riches, which he made his boote,
 And him enrich with bounty of the soyle:
 In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toyle,
 He held a knife-hook; and in th'other hand
 A paire of waights, with which he did
 assayle
 Both more and lesse where it in doubt did
 stand,
 And equall gave to each as Justice duly
 scanned." SPENSER.

As its name imports, this month, now the ninth of the year, was formerly the seventh, *Septem* meaning seven, and *imber*, a shower of rain, from the rainy season, which frequently commences at this period. Our Saxon ancestors called this month "*Gerst-monath*, for that barley which that month commonly yielded was antiently called *gerst*, the name of barley being given unto it, by reason of the drinke therewith made, called *beere*, and from *beerlegh* it come to be *berlegh*, and from *berleg* to barley. This excellent and healthsome liquor *beere*, antiently also called *ael*, as of the Danes it yet is (*beere* and *ale* being in effect all one) was first of the Germans invented, and brought in use."

The first of September, the calendar dedicates to St. Giles, though his day is a complete dead-letter, as far as the English Church is concerned. He was an abbot, as the Prayer-book tells us, a native of Athens, and he came into France early in the eighth century. For some time he lived the secluded life of a hermit; then he was made Abbot of an abbey at Nismes, which the king built for his sake. St. Giles is the *patron saint of beggars*, and also of *cripples*, and therefore is the Church of St. Giles' Cripplegate, London, dedicated to his memory.

That prince of legend-mongers, Ribadeneira, tells us how the saint himself was crippled. He was praying in a cave, in a solitary wilderness, and the French king and his retinue came hunting hard by in the thicket. One of the huntsmen wounded the hermit, who continued his prayers as if nothing had happened, and the king per-

ceiving that he was a holy man, fell at his feet, implored his pardon, and gave orders that the wound should be cured. But this Giles would not suffer, as he wished to increase his merits by suffering pain, so he voluntarily remained a cripple, and received revenue from the king, whom he counselled to build a monastery, the which he did, and Giles became its abbot, and, to quote the words of the legend, "led the life of an angel incarnate," and converted the king. He worked many miracles; and at last, credible or incredible, witnesses declared that "they herde the company of angelles berynge the soul of him into hevn!" So much for "Giles Abbot," as he flourishes in the Anglican Calendar on the first day of September.

On the third of September, 1666, very early in the morning, commenced the great *Fire of London*, which broke out in a baker's shop in Pudding-lane, by Fish-street Hill, and spread and spread till eighty-nine churches, the city gates, Guildhall, many public buildings, and 430 streets were utterly destroyed; the ruins of the city, from the Tower to the Temple Church, and from the north-east along the city wall to Holborn, covering 436 acres! Vincent, the ejected Nonconformist minister of St. Mary Magdalene, in Milk-street, writes:—"It was in the depth and dead of the night, when most doors and fences were locked up in the city, that the fire doth break forth, and appear abroad, and like a mighty giant refreshed with wine, doth awake, and arm itself, quickly gathers strength, when it had made havoc of some houses, rusheth down the hill towards the bridge, crosseth Thames-street, invadeth Magnus Church at the bridge-foot, and though that church were so great, yet it was not a sufficient barricade against the conqueror." For several days the fire raged on, leaping over every obstacle, and defying every means for its extinction. There had been a drought for many weeks, the weather

had been inordinately hot, a dry east wind was blowing, and nearly all the houses of that period were chiefly built of timber. Men began to fear the whole city, with its suburbs, would be burned. Great too was the terror among the populace, because it was noised abroad that the Roman Catholics had caused the conflagration, and it was rumoured that fire-balls had been thrown into houses by "outlandish men," and foreigners were everywhere suspected, nor dared to show themselves, except upon compulsion. The streets were blocked up with vehicles of every description, carrying goods forth into the country, and every one, as an eye-witness said, "was glad to be porter to himself."

By Sunday night the fire had crept up Cannon-street, and burned it to the ground, and on Monday morning Gracechurch-street, with Lombard-street, and part of Fenchurch-street were all in flames, that presently broke in on Cornhill, roaring on both sides of the way, till they reached the Royal Exchange, where on Monday night they met with another fire coming down Threadneedle-street, and presently with another running up from Walbrook, and a little further on with a fourth that was consuming Bucklersbury, and "all these four," writes Vincent, "break into one great flame at the corner of Cheapside, with such a dazzling light, and burning heat, and roaring noise, by the fall of so many houses together, that was very amazing!"

On Tuesday, the fire still marching on, it got into Blackfriars, and continuing its course by the river, made up towards St. Paul's Church on that side, while the Cheapside flames reached it on the other. And this great and magnificent church, though all of stone outside, and "naked of houses about it," yielded quickly to the conqueror. The lead melted, and ran down Ludgate-hill in streams: the vaulted roof fell in, and broke into the crypt of the Church of St. Faith's below, which was filled with books carried thither for safety by the stationers, whose

stores were all consumed, and remained burning for a week. And, writes the celebrated John Evelyn, author of the "*Sylva*," "Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides neere 100 more!" And now Paternoster Row, Newgate Market, Old Bailey, and Ludgate Hill were quickly seen in flames, and with great speed the fire rushed across to Fleet-street, while from Cheapside it marched along Wood-street, Gutter-lane, and other smaller thoroughfares into Lothbury, and from Newgate Market into St. Martin's Lane, towards Aldersgate.

"The sight of Guildhall," writes Vincent, "was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours after the fire had taken it, without flames (I suppose because the timber was such solid oak), in a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass."

On Wednesday, by the mercy of God, the conflagration was stayed in Lothbury, Broad-street, and Coleman-street, also at the Temple, so that it came no farther westwards. The good Evelyn was concerned for St. Bartholemew's Hospital, and the wounded and sick men therein, but there, also, Providence interposed, and the flames came no farther than Pye-corner. Finally came an alarm that the French and Dutch had actually landed, and were even then entering the city. It was also whispered that they had been the authors of the calamity that was but just abating. I need scarcely say that the monument on Fish-street Hill, with its lofty column, and gilded flame a-top, was erected in commemoration of this great and terrible event. On each of the four sides was a suitable inscription, one of them, which imputes the evil to the Papists, having been erased under James II., but restored in the reign of William III. It has long been generally believed that the Papists were guiltless of the enormous crime thus laid to their charge, but the inscription re-

mained for many years, though Pope wrote:—

"Where London's column pointing to the skies,

Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies!"

The fire, however, was, like many other great but short-lived evils, the source of an abiding good. The city was rebuilt in a very improved style, and the plague of the preceding year, which still lurked in the dark recesses of the city, in houses close and ill-conditioned, and badly ventilated, was fairly burnt out, and London, as it were, though at a terrible price, purged from the infection. This dreadful plague, which appeared slightly during the winter of 1664-5, broke out with great fury as soon as the warm weather set in, and throughout the summer the bills of mortality increased, till in the month of September, 1665, they reached their height. The city was well-nigh deserted, grass grew in the great thoroughfares, all business was, of course, suspended, and men dared not risk contagion in markets or in churches, or in other places of public assembly. The dead-carts went about the streets at first by night only, but presently in broad daylight; pest-houses were established in various quarters, and pits were dug without the city for interring the bodies of those who had died, and it came at length to such an awful pitch, that what with sick people and absentees, who had escaped into the country at the beginning of the calamity, the living could not decently bury the dead, and they were flung by cart-loads into these wide and loathsome pits, several of which were dug out and filled up in succession! On the fatal night of the 10th of September, 1665, it is computed that at least 8,000 passed into eternity, and during the first three weeks of the month the people were swept away by the devouring pestilence like leaves before the autumn winds.

But after the 10th of September the plague really abated, though for several weeks there was no very sensible diminution in the bills of mortality, but by the end of Novem-

ber only 333 were registered in the weekly bills as dead of the pestilence. All through the winter, and even into the summer of 1666, cases were continually occurring, and persons were reported as dying of the distemper, and when the great fire came and swept away the habitations whence the echoes of last groans, and the sighs of bereavement had scarcely passed away, it found on many a door the red cross, and the solemn, pathetic words, "Lord have mercy on us!" which had marked the dwellings of the stricken of the plague.

Dr. Forster considers that *autumn* commences on the 10th of September, and lasts for ninety days, and this, too, is the month of the migration of birds; the swallow, and many other soft-billed birds that feed on insects, departing for a warmer climate; while towards the close the wood-lark's song is heard, and the thrush warbles merrily, and the redbreast, "unheard in summer's flaring ray," pours forth her low sweet notes. The 14th figures in the calendar as *Holy Cross Day*, whereon is celebrated in the Papal Church a festival called "*the Exaltation of the Holy Cross*," in commemoration of the alleged miraculous appearance of the Cross to Constantine in the sky, at mid-day. It was instituted on occasion of the recovery of a large piece of the pretended real Cross, which a certain Persian king carried away from Jerusalem when he plundered it. The Emperor Heraclius defeated the Eastern monarch, retook the relic, and carried it back in triumph to Jerusalem. Such, at least, is the story narrated by certain Church authorities.

Our ancestors used to speak of the Cross as the *Holy Rood*, a term from which Holyrood House in Edinburgh derives its name. The actual *rood* was a carved or sculptured *crucifix*, which differs from a cross in that the one is merely a representation of the instrument of our blessed Lord's suffering and death, and the other the Cross with the image of the Saviour nailed upon it. Commonly by the crucifix was the

Virgin Mary on one side, and John the Divine on the other, though sometimes the group was composed of the crucifix, the central piece, and the four evangelists, and frequently rows of saints were added on each side. The *rood* was always placed in a gallery across the nave at the entrance of the chancel or choir, and this gallery was termed the *rood-loft*. The *holy roods*, or crosses, were taken down at the time of the Reformation, and the rood-loft or gallery became generally the organ-loft and gallery, as we see it still in many of our churches, though of late years the organ has in many cases been removed to the side of the building. The first rood taken down in London was that of St. Paul's Cathedral. All the others in the metropolitan churches followed in due course. You have all heard, I doubt not, of the celebrated *Boxley Rood*, the miraculous *Rood of Grace*, which, like the winking Virgin of Rimini, moved its eyes, and also its head and lips upon the approach of its faithful votaries. But after the Reformation, Dr. Kilssey, Bishop of Rochester, brought the "Rood of Grace" to London, and at St. Paul's Cross publicly took it to pieces, and showed the people the machinery by which it had been put in motion; greatly, we should imagine, to the indignation of some, and the discomfiture of others.

September 21st is the Feast of St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist, and the Anglican Church provides for the occasion a special Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, besides "proper lessons." Matthew is also called Levi, and he is mentioned as the son of Alphæus. How he was a publican (or tax-gatherer under the Romans), and how, sitting at the receipt of custom, Jesus saw him, and said to him, "Follow me!" is narrated in the fifth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, also by St. Mark, and by the Apostle himself in his own record of his Master's life and death and sayings. Luke says, with great emphasis, "And he left all, rose up, and followed him!" St. Matthew is said to have preached the Gospel

in Ethiopia, and to have suffered martyrdom there; but there is no sufficiently authenticated account of such an event, and some Church historians maintain that he died a natural death. The ancients believed that Matthew wrote his Gospel in Hebrew, but several moderns are of opinion that it was written in the Greek. Mr. Andley remarks that Matthew has more quotations from the Old Testament than the other evangelists.

The 28th of September is called Michaelmas-day, or, as the Book of Common Prayer hath it, the Feast of *St. Michael and All Angels*. Our chief associations with it are like those of Lady-day, concerning monies due to us and monies to be paid, and giving notice to one's landlord, and "*sitting*," as some people call that season of trial and confusion, generally known as "moving house!"

St. Michael, who holds the rank of Archangel, is five times mentioned in Holy Scripture, and always in a military point of view; thrice by the prophet Daniel as fighting for the Jewish Church against the Persian forces; once by St. John as opposing the dragon and his host, at the head of the angelic troops, and once by Jude, as contending with the Prince of Evil about the body of Moses. "For," said a modern reverend author, "the very ashes of God's servants have angelic protection."

Others believe that St. Michael is, indeed, none other than the Son of God Himself, the Second Person in the Blessed Trinity, and there are certain passages in the Bible which afford strong grounds for such a supposition. Bishop Horsley brings forward the title by which Gabriel spoke of Michael, "Michael your Prince," as a confirmation of this opinion. Some people have thought that there was no other archangel than St. Michael, while the "Book of Enoch"—apocryphal, of course—mentions others, *Raphael* presiding over the spirits of men, *Uriel* presiding over clamour and terror, and *Gabriel* over paradise and the cherubim. Three other archangels

are also mentioned by eminent writers, but very little is said about them. It is rather singular that St. Michael should be considered the patron of *hills*; certainly churches on hills are frequently dedicated to him. Can this belief and very general custom have anything to do with the following silly tale?—Michael is said to have appeared to a certain bishop, and bade him go to a *hill-top*, where, if he found a bull tied, he was to found a church, and dedicate it to God and St. Michael. The bishop obeyed, and found the bull, and proceeded to found the church, but a rock on each side hindered the good work, whereupon Michael appeared to a man, and told him to go and put away the rock, and fear nothing. "So the man went and sette to his shoulders," and he bade the rock go away in the name of God and St. Michael, "and so the rock departed to a necessary distance!" Whether this legend caused the association between St. Michael and elevated spots, or whether the archangel's reputed fondness for hills gave rise to the legend, it is not worth while enquiring.

It is a very common and laudable custom to eat roast goose on Michaelmas day; laudable that is, if you can well afford it, and if you cook it properly. Some antiquarians explain the usage as having arisen in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that royal lady having been, it is asserted, dining on goose on the 29th of September, when news was brought to her of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and she in commemoration of this event dined on goose ever afterwards on that day, and as all ranks of her subjects, to the best of their ability, followed her example, goose became the fashionable dish for the feast of Michaelmas. All this sounds very plausible, but that painstaking antiquary, Mr. Brand, declares that the custom is of much earlier origin, for in 1470 it is recorded that a certain "John de la Hay took of William Barnaby, Lord of Lastres, in the county of Hereford, one parcel of the land of that demesne, rendering twenty

pence a-year, and one *goose* fit for the lord's dinner on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, with suit of court and other services."

And who shall presume to decide the question when two such notable authorities as Brand and Douce disagree? Certainly no one who is not an F. S. A.!

This month is the last in which the botanist and the florist have full scope for their pleasant toil; the flowers of the forest, of the field, and of the garden are few and far between as the month wears on; and when it closes, only a few pale blooms remain, wherewith to gladden autumn's sober sunshine. But September is a month rich in gorgeous sunsets and glowing hues; now are the berries of the mountain ash or rowan-tree in all their glory; now, ere the early frosts touch bud and leaf and petal, our lawns are gay with many-coloured verbenas, bright salvias and flaming pelargoniums, to say nothing of the dahlias and hollyhocks that are quite a show of themselves!

But they are the *last*; all their buds will never expand; ere long their sweet beauty will decay, their softest tints will fade, their leaves will droop, and their petals strew the ground; for the time of flowers is past, and we must wait in patient hope as we wait for the resurrection of many a buried hope, till the spring comes back again.

With a few verses from one of Felicia Hemans' many graceful, pensive lays we close this paper. It must, surely, have been written, this "Parting of Summer," in the sweet, sad days of the mellow, waning September:—

"Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies,
In every wood and dell.

"But ere the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me on this chequered earth
How thou hast passed away.

"Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly,
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland
boughs,
The rangers of the sky.

"And brightly in the forests,
To the wild-deer wandering free;
And brightly, midst the garden flowers,
To the happy murmuring bee."

Let us thank God who giveth us
all things richly to enjoy; for the
beautiful summer-time, for the wealth

of flowers, for the pleasant green-
wood shades, for the riches of the
golden harvest-tide, for the fruit-
laden boughs, for all the joy and lov-
eliness that the season bears away!

"ALL THY WORKS SHALL PRAISE
THEE."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

ALICE'S ALLEGORY; OR, THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Lowly rose from her knees, she saw a man, dressed like a shepherd, standing before her. He looked on her with a countenance full of love and kindness, and Lowly called to mind the view of the Good Shepherd which she had seen at the Interpreter's house, and she felt sure in her own mind that He would help and deliver her. She told him what had befallen her companions, and he observed that the men would never have had power to seize them, if they had not gone back, in their hearts, to the pleasures of sin. Lowly then related to the Shepherd how they had been detected in the act of singing and dancing to one of their tunes. "I thought as much," replied he, "they will suffer for it." "But is there no help, dear Sir?" cried Lowly. "I am sure they were sorry for it directly afterwards. O! forgive them, for they knew not what they did." Then I saw that the Kind Shepherd smiled on the little maiden, and said, "Be not cast down, there yet is hope." Then he took Lowly to his lodge, and provided her with a plentiful supper and a soft couch, where she reposed until the following morning. When she awoke, her first thoughts were those of gratitude to her Lord, but she soon recollected her friends, and was beginning to grieve again, for they had never been separated since they commenced their journey, and she felt very lonely without them, and she feared that they would never be her companions again. But, all at once, she remembered the loving smile of the Good Shepherd, and she resolved to leave her cause in His hands. When she had walked about for some time in the pleasant fields of her friend the Shepherd, a messenger was sent to

call her to the morning meal. She followed him into a large cheerful apartment, where the breakfast was provided. But what was her joy at beholding her two friends there. They sprang forward to meet her, and embraced her lovingly, and there were tears and smiles in that happy interview. The boys told Lowly that the men had tied them up, and beaten them cruelly, because they tried to make their escape, and that they had spent the night in deep anguish and repentance, when, just at dawn of day, a shepherd came softly into the tent, without waking the sleepers. He said not a word, but loosed their hands, and led them out of the tent across the road into his own meadow, where was a stream of clear water. There he washed their bruised and bleeding bodies, for they had been sorely treated by the cruel men. They felt greatly refreshed after their washing, and then lay down on the mossy banks of the stream, and had a short but refreshing slumber. They awoke and sang "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul, He leadeth me into the paths of righteousness for His name's sake." Then they were summoned to the morning repast, and had but just arrived when they saw Lowly enter the apartment. The children were seated, and discoursing lovingly together, when their Good Master entered. He gave them his blessing, and made them partake of the provisions which were on the table, and they made a hearty meal. The little travellers remained all that day with the Shepherd, and left the lodge at early dawn the following morning. After another beautiful repast the Kind Shepherd set them in the

way once more, bidding them beware of the tempter, and exhorting them to cry earnestly for help when they were in trouble. The poor children walked forward somewhat sadly, for they very much dreaded passing through Vanity Fair. "I can bless the Lord for my sufferings while I was in the tent," said Earnest, "for they have made me see evil in its proper light." "I have just been thinking the same," replied Fearless, "if we had not been so cruelly beaten by those people, I dare say I should have turned to these vanities, but now I know that the way of transgressors is hard, and the end thereof is destruction. This is not the first time I have had reason to say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'" Then Lowly said, "I think we had better not trust to ourselves. There are some good and holy men living in the town, let us seek them and beg their protection and assistance." The boys gladly agreed to Lowly's proposal, and they all walked on briskly. Now it was very early in the morning, and not many of the townspeople were astir, for they keep up their festivities and merchandize through the night, and retire to rest when pilgrims are rising in the morning. They saw only a few poor persons, who were either too busy to attend to them, or too idle to take further notice than a stare or a contemptuous toss of the head. So they made their way towards the house of Mnason, for the Good Shepherd had given them his direction. He received them joyfully, and asked whether they would like to stay awhile in the town, or whether they would rather pass through it at once. "I should like to see the place where Faithful was put to death, and the prison where he and Christian were confined, if you please, Sir," said Lowly. "We shall pass them on our way," replied their host. "Then," said the boys, "let us go at once, for if we should come in contact with those strolling players, they might force us to go back with them." "No fear of that," replied Mnason, "if they see that I am with you, and that you are steadfastly resolved to resist them. It is only when the pilgrims' own inclinations lean that way that the tempter is allowed to overcome them. But I think it will be wiser to go forward into the highway; unless the Great Master commands us to sojourn

in the land of sin we are better away from it, and when His providence places us amidst temptations, He can deliver us from their power." So they went on, (viewing the prison and stake of the pilgrims of old in their way) till their kind friend had led them to the outskirts of the town—on the further side. He then took a loving farewell of them, giving them some provisions he had very kindly and thoughtfully brought for their use. "Thank God!" exclaimed Fearless, "He has been better to us than our fears, and much better than our deserts. I seem to breathe more freely here than in that town; and it would have been worse in the heat of the day, filled with people, and noisy carriages." Then they sang:—

"O what is the sinner's joy,
His dances and revels so gay?
His pleasure is mix'd with alloy,
And ever is passing away.

"May we on our pilgrimage go
With Zion's blest city in sight,
Till we leave all our sorrows below,
And dwell in the regions of light."

CHAPTER XV.

THEN the children travelled on to the Plain of Ease, and they sat down to rest on its mossy banks, and refreshed themselves with the sweet cool waters of the stream, and ate of the food given to them by their good friend. They saw, at a distance, the Hill Noze, with its silver mines; and as quite a large colony of fortune-seekers had settled there, and fresh adventurers are constantly visiting it, the place has become thickly populated. There are extensive gold-diggings too, in that quarter, and many extortioners and covetous persons, who are idolaters, have their treasures and their hearts in that "Mammon," as the town is now called. Our little friends kept aloof from the place, although many a tempting offer was made to them by passers by. The pillar of salt still stood as a monument, but few took warning by it, and many who thought themselves pilgrims turned aside and perished in the pit. But the children prayed earnestly that they might not be tempted beyond their strength, and their Lord led them safely on in the right way. Their way now lay by the banks of the river of the water of life. They plucked the fruit that grew on the river's bank, and ate it plenti-

fully, and bathed in the waters. Here were no enemies to alarm, no false friends to tempt them. But even this place (delightful as it was) was not their rest. They went on, kept clear of Doubting Castle, for the building was in ruins, yet there was much danger, for it was infested with venomous reptiles, and robbers, who did much harm to thoughtless pilgrims. Their next station was the Delectable Mountains. The shepherds saw them, and came to meet them with a hearty welcome. They brought them to the banqueting room, where they supped, and afterwards they retired to rest. The following morning the shepherds took them to the top of the mountain, where was an observatory with many windows, commanding views of the country in every direction. From one of these windows they saw Mount Ararat with the ark resting on its summit, and the family of Noah offering sacrifice on the altar. Then they saw Mount Moriah, where Abraham offered up Isaac. Then Horeb, where God appeared unto Moses. They saw the burning bush, which was not consumed. Their next view was Pisgah, where Moses was gazing on the beauteous vision of Canaan. Then they saw Mount Sinai, with its thunders and flaming terrors, and Mount Hor, where Aaron was buried, and Mount Ephraim, which was Joshua's burial place. They saw also Gerizim and Ebal, the mounts of blessing and cursing, balmy Gil-ead, dewy Hermon, and Lebanon with its lofty cedars. They then viewed Gilboa with a mighty army encamped. They saw the lifeless bodies of Saul and Jonathan, and seemed to hear David singing, "How are the mighty fallen!" Then they looked at Carmel, where they beheld Elijah and the prophets of Baal, and heard a mighty chorus of voices exclaiming, "The Lord, he is the God!" But what interested our little pilgrims most was Mount Tabor, with the Lord Jesus in shining raiments, and Moses and Elias appearing unto Him. They looked long at this view, and exclaimed, "Master, it is good to be here." But at length they turned their eyes towards the Mount of Olives. There they saw their Saviour alone in the early morning, after having spent the whole night in prayer to His heavenly Father. Their last view was Calvary. There, on the cross, they saw that same dear Saviour expiring

in agony. It reminded the children of the view at the Interpreter's house, and they gazed long and tearfully at this sad scene, till their guides drew them gently away, and bade them look through a powerful telescope. At first their eyes were so dazzled that they saw nothing clearly, but after a while they saw their Lord ascended into heaven and sitting on the right hand of God His Father on Mount Zion. "That is the city to which you are hastening, my dear little ones," said one of the shepherds, "keep your eyes and your thoughts on that glorious scene, and it will cheer you through the remainder of your pilgrimage. Yet a little while, and you shall see Him whom you love, and who has loved you, and given Himself for you." Their kind friends then led them down from the mountains on the other side, and took leave of them, commending them to the care of their heavenly Father. Our little travellers walked on their way, without meeting with any adventures till they reached the Enchanted Ground. The sun shone brightly, and the weather became very hot towards noon, and when they had walked a little way in the ground they were almost exhausted, and could not cheer each other. Lowly would have fallen down in a fainting fit, had not her friends held her up with all their might. But even the boys felt their strength failing, and painful drowsiness taking possession of them. Then they all cried aloud, "Wilt thou not revive us again, O Lord?" and just then a lovely breeze sprang up, laden with refreshing odours, and they felt stronger every time they breathed it. Then Earnest thought he saw (through the mist) a stream of water not far from the highway, and a little path leading directly to it. He told Fearless of his discovery, and asked him to come with him, and bathe in the stream, promising Lowly to return in a short time. "Surely it cannot be wrong to refresh ourselves, when we are so languid; I shall fall asleep, I fear, if I do not." "No," said Fearless, "I do not intend to go out of the way for anything. Perhaps we shall meet with a stream in this desert, but if not, I will perish in the highway, if I must perish." "That's right, dear Fearless," exclaimed Lowly. "Do not let anything lead us astray again." So they persuaded Earnest to keep in the

way. They tried to sing praises in the desert, and to pray to their Lord, and to trust Him in their sorrows as well as in their joys ; and gradually got the better of their drowsiness. As they journeyed on, they saw a sign-post, with a written notice, warning them of that very water, which was a stream flowing direct from the Dead Sea, and all who bathed in that stream, or drank of its poisonous waters, died. They passed on with fear and gratitude, to think that they had not yielded to temptation, and turned aside before they had seen the warning. Then they sang :—

" Though the way is dull and dreary,
As we poor pilgrims roam ;
Though we're sad, and faint, and weary,
We're getting nearer home.

" Then we'll heed not wind or weather,
Whatever ills may come,
We will walk and sing together,
Till we arrive at home."

CHAPTER XVI.

As our pilgrims travelled on, it became cooler every hour, and the breezes blew sweetly from the Land of Benlah. They could hear, also, the songs of the birds, as they soared over head ; and the bells of the City (as their chimes were wafted on the air) filled them with hope and joy. They were leaving the desert behind them, and flowers seemed to spring up all around. At sunset they saw before them a temple of pure white marble, surrounded by lovely trees, some of which were in full blossom, while others were bending down with ripe fruit. The sight of this welcome resting-place seemed to give them fresh strength and courage to run the race set before them, and they ran nimbly on, till they came to the lodge. There they were met by a company of Blessed Ones, who welcomed them with shouts of joy. They entered the temple, where they were fed, washed, and led to their chambers, where they soon forgot all their past sorrows in refreshing slumbers. At daylight the following day they awoke strengthened and refreshed, and hastened to join the glorious company below. There was so much to see and hear, and so many lovely spots in the neighbourhood to visit, that many days passed quickly and joyfully away, until one morning Lowly said, " May I not go across the river to Mount

Zion, and see Him whom my soul loveth ? Everything here is lovely and glorious, but I want to go forward to the throne of the blessed Saviour." but her answer was, " Tarry yet a little longer, very soon shalt thou cast thy crown at the feet of thy Redeemer." So Lowly waited patiently, but every day she walked towards the river of Death. The first time she saw its deep waters, she shuddered, and feared she never should have courage to cross them ; but every visit seemed to make her more familiar with it, till, at last, she would sit for hours by its banks, and feel that its waters were the only obstacle to the fulfilment of her wishes. She liked to watch other pilgrims cross the stream, and to cheer and comfort them in their last moments. One day she had bidden farewell to a friend (as she stepped into the river) and was returning to the temple when she was met by one of the Shining Ones, who said, " The Master is come, and calleth for thee." So she took a loving farewell of her two beloved companions, thanked them for their kindness to her during their pilgrimage, and asked their forgiveness for anything she might have done to displease them. Then the boys began to weep, and they fell upon her neck, and kissed her, sorrowing most of all for the words that she spoke, that they should see her face no more. And they accompanied her to the river side. As they went, they conversed together on the way their Lord had led them through the wilderness. As they drew near, Lowly plainly saw a company of the Shining Ones, bearing a crown, and a harp, and a heavenly garment for her. Then Earnest and Fearless wept again, in the bitterness of their spirit, for they dearly loved their little friend, and felt how great a help she had been to them by her quiet example and gentle behaviour. But Lowly said, " What mean ye to weep and break my heart ? I am not lost, but gone before. Yet a little while, and you will join me in the Celestial City, and then we shall never part again." Then she embraced them, and stepped into the river, and when she had got half way through (for the water was very shallow at that time) she sang, " O death, where is thy sting ? O ! grave, where is thy victory ? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Then

she waded quite through the stream, till she reached the opposite bank, where the angels joined her, and conducted her up the Mount Zion to the Holy City, whose gates were thrown wide open, and such a chorus of heavenly music greeted their listening

ears, that the boys were quite enchanted, and longed more and more to join their loved companion. They walked silently home to the temple, pondering on the things they had seen and heard. Then they dried their tears and sang :—

"Dear Lowly has left us, with tears falling fast,
We gave a long look, for we knew 'twas the last,
And felt with deep sorrow of heart she was gone,
And we must continue our sojourn alone.

"And yet not alone, for our heavenly Friend
Will never forsake us. On Him we'll depend
Through the rest of our life. And when heart and flesh fail,
His presence shall cheer us in Death's gloomy vale."

CHAPTER XVII.

ON the return of the two pilgrims to the temple, the Master said to Fearless, "Son, go, work in my vineyard," and to Earnest he said, "Feed my lambs." So the two boys went as their Master directed them, and worked cheerfully and diligently. But they often met, and talked together of their dear friend, Lowly, and of all the mercies and trials of their pilgrimage. Now, one day, while Earnest was tending his flock, a messenger arrived, and addressed him thus, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Follow me." So Earnest left his flock to another shepherd, and followed his guide to the river. On his way, he called to bid farewell to his friend Fearless, who accompanied him once more to the solemn river. They conversed affectionately together on their way, and when they reached its banks, they united in supplications to their Lord, that he would graciously support Earnest in the swellings of Jordan. Then said Earnest to Fearless, "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I am taken away." And Fearless said, "I pray, thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." Then they fondly embraced each other for the last time, and Earnest said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Then he plunged into the stream. The river was very deep and rapid, but Earnest battled manfully with the waves, and managed to keep his head above water. Poor Fearless looked attentively, as well as his tearful eyes would permit, and he saw his beloved friend rise on the opposite side; and the heavenly guards conducted him up to the city of his God, and again the heavenly music sounded in his

ears. After a time he was comforted for the loss of his friend, but he never forgot him, or dear Lowly, and a double portion of their spirit was upon him from that time. Indeed he had been, for a long time, getting more and more like his heavenly Master, and now he became more earnest and more lowly than ever. He laboured long in the vineyard of the Great Husbandman with zeal and great joy, but he never forgot that even the land of Beulah was not his rest. One evening, after a long day's labour, the well-known messenger brought him this message from the king, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God, come up hither." So he took leave of the inmates of the temple, left his vineyard (which he had faithfully cultivated, and greatly improved) to a successor, and took his last journey to the river of Death. When he reached its banks, he saw an aged woman, just about to commit herself to the waves. He thought he knew her again, and, on inquiry, found it was Meanwell, who had lived in the village of Ignorance. She told him she had never been happy since she had refused their earnest invitation to go with them, but she did not like to leave her children, and thought it would be too much trouble to take them with her. But shortly afterwards they both fell sick, and the messenger Death removed them from her, and she was alone. Then one of the Evangelists visited her, and comforted her concerning her dear babes, saying, "They were taken from the evil to come, and that the Lord of glory had taken them to Himself." Then said she, "I will go unto them, for they shall not return to me. Good Sir, what shall I do to be saved?" So the Evangelist led her straight to the

Wicket Gate, where she was quickly admitted, and her good conductor never left her, but counselled and guided her throughout the whole journey, and had just taken leave of her to attend other pilgrims. Then Fearless rejoiced with his friend, and they both walked boldly into the river, comforting and cheering each other. When they gained the opposite bank, their glorious angel-guards were in attendance, and they mounted the holy hill of Zion, Earnest, Lowly, and the sweet babes of Meanwell were amongst the happy crowd that greeted them, and they shouted, "Hallelujah! Thus saith the Lord, 'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne.' Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God. Hallelujah!" And the mighty burst of that heavenly chorus sung by ten thousand times ten thousand, and

thousands of thousands, awoke me—and behold—it was a dream.

Little Alice Egerton had listened with deep interest to her mother's narrative, and thanked her most fervently. And my dear little readers will be pleased to hear that it was not only pleasant, but profitable to her, and she is now in the King's highway of holiness, by which I mean, that she loves God with all her heart, and strives to serve Him; and, although she is not perfect (and nobody ever was, or ever will be, in this sinful world) yet she is sorry for her sins, and confesses them to her heavenly Father, and believes that her Saviour's death has made atonement for them; and while she reads in her Bible this sweet verse, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me," she thanks Jesus, and trusts in Him for salvation.

A GLANCE AT THE MUSEUM OF A TARRY-AT-HOME TRAVELLER.

I DO not wish to sail under false colours. I am essentially a tarry-at-home traveller, and I freely confess it. I have never enjoyed the clear atmosphere and cloudless skies of sunny Italy, nor have I travelled through the smiling landscapes and shady forests of fair France. I have not even seen much of the romantic beauty of our own British Isles, nor visited many of their most celebrated localities.

No! I have, for the most part of my life, been tied by the force of circumstances to dingy, smoky London, and have even come to think it, with all its turmoil and bustle, its smoke, its fogs, and its mists, not such a very bad place to live in after all.

But enough of this. I merely wish to prove that to my kind friends, and not to myself, I am indebted for the possession of the numerous specimens, English and foreign, animal and vegetable, with which I delight to adorn my home, thus indulging my taste for collecting natural curiosities, and at the same time, I trust, improving my knowledge of the wonderful works of that great Creator, whose almighty hand "hath done all things well."

And now let us sit together by my sitting-room fire, this chilly autumn evening, and look round at the gifts

of friendship so precious to me, for we may perhaps find something interesting in the history of a few of my favourites.

Let us begin with the treasures of the deep, and glance at some of my shells, for those graceful habitations of the mollusc tribe are always varied and beautiful.

These two specimens of the fragile home of the argonauta, argo, or paper sailor, as it is sometimes termed, are amongst my most treasured objects; partly on account of their delicate structure and pretty shape, but also as having been the gift of a dearly cherished friend, whose spirit has now passed away into the unseen world.

The name of paper sailor has been given to the argonauta from the extreme delicacy of its shell, which seems as if it could scarcely resist the force of the element in which it lives, but being provided with two expanding membranes, the animal spreads them over each side of its shell, and thus gives it protection. A notion formerly prevailed that this little creature had the power of rising to the surface of the water in fine weather, and displaying these membranaceous arms as tiny sails to the breeze, so skimming along the sea in its boat-like shell. This has been found by

modern observation to be mere fiction, although the notion that the first idea of ship-building was taken from this shell may have a truer basis. The shores of the Mediterranean are the favourite locality of this animal, which, from having no muscular attachment to its shell, was formerly considered to be a parasite, and to have taken possession of the habitation of some other mollusc. The investigations and experiments, however, of a lady residing near the Bay of Messina, have proved any such idea to be quite erroneous. This enthusiastic naturalist, Madame Power, having kept many of these little creatures in a sort of cage, enclosed from the sea, carefully watched their growth, and observed that the size of the shell increased with that of its inhabitant, and also that in cases of injury to the shell, the animal had evidently the power of repairing it according to its original form and material; both of which facts appear clearly to settle the point of the argonauta being the rightful owner of its home. It is somewhat remarkable that the female argonauta alone should be provided with a shell, apparently expressly given it by an all-wise Providence as a means of protection for its eggs, which are very numerous, and contained in the hollow part of the spiral. Being destitute of all shell-like covering, and very minute in size, the male was long considered as a parasite worm, its true position in the scale of nature having only been determined by the late researches of foreign physiologists.

Although the *argonauta* is frequently termed the paper *nautilus*, it must not be confounded with the next specimen we shall look at, viz.: the *nautilus pompilius*, or pearly nautilus; for, though somewhat resembling the *argonauta* in shape, this belongs to a different order of shells, of which its three species are the only known existing representatives, although in a fossil state more than a thousand varieties of the same order have been found. It is of strong material, in shape a flattened spiral; and, if examined internally, would be seen to be divided into several chambers, separated by transverse partitions, and in the outer and largest of these chambers the animal lives. It is supposed that as it grows, it constructs, one by one, new and larger chambers, thus increasing its house to

suit its size, maintaining, however, a communication with all the apartments it has outgrown by means of a tube, which runs through a small opening in the centre of each partition. The pearly nautilus is an inhabitant of the tropical seas, and its shell is frequently thrown up on their shores, but the animal is seldom seen in a living state, being a denizen of the open sea, and, moreover, having the power of instantaneously sinking into deep water at the slightest alarm. The trustees of the Royal College of Surgeons' Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, have, however, been fortunate enough to secure a specimen of the animal preserved in its shell, which has been so cut open as to display its chambered interior and the tube of communication. The shell takes a bright polish, appearing like mother-of-pearl, and is frequently mounted as a drawing-room ornament, sometimes fitted up as an inkstand, sometimes making a graceful flower-vase.

I will now show you a delicate little specimen of the flat spiral form, termed *trochus agglutineus*, whose slight construction appears little able to bear the shocks to which it must be constantly subjected in its home in the rocky deep. Its beneficent Maker has, however, amply provided against such contingencies, and has endowed its inhabitant with the power of sticking (as its name implies) to its surface particles of stone, coral, and even pieces of other shells, which strengthen the fragile shell, and keep it from the injury to which it would otherwise be liable. In some varieties these foreign bodies are arranged in a regular manner, having been attached near the mouth, so that as the shell has grown they have been left in the form of a spiral, corresponding with the whorls of the shell, and these are named *masons*. In others, the strengthening substances are placed without any regard to size or symmetry, and these are termed *carriers*.

But I might soon weary you with descriptions of all the wonders and beauties of the various tenants of my shell cabinet. I must therefore pass on from them to that white, tapering, spiral pole, which I have suspended against the wall of my sitting-room. It looks like ivory, you will say, but you see that it is far too long, and at once too twisted and too straight to

belong to that peculiarly sagacious animal, the elephant. It is neither more nor less than the tusk of a *nar-whal*, or sea unicorn. These curious animals, which, although inhabitants of the sea, are not fish, but mammalian animals, of the whale tribe, are provided with two tusks in the upper jaw, of which the right one rarely assumes any size, whilst the left grows into this formidable weapon of defence. It will occasionally happen that, according to the equal balance so universally maintained in the animal system, if one of these horns should meet with any accident, and be destroyed, or even injured to any considerable degree, the other will immediately increase in size and strength to supply its place. To the male alone, however, are these defences usually given; the female relies for her protection upon her lord and master's weapon, the force of which is indeed very great, for when swimming at full speed in its native element, instances have been known of the narwhal driving its tusk with such violence against a ship's side as to send it through the sheathing deep into the timbers, where it has broken off, and remained embedded, a lasting proof of its owner's strength. The Greenlanders, upon whose coast this formidable creature is mostly found, make use of its horn for spear-heads, and for various household purposes, while its flesh is much esteemed as food. In the days when superstition and ignorance reigned, these tusks were in high repute, being supposed to be the horns of that imaginary creature, the unicorn, and were said to be endowed with the power of counteracting the effect of poison of all kinds; and a goblet made of such material was a worthy present for a sovereign. The length of a full-grown narwhal is from seventeen to eighteen feet, the tusk sometimes measuring from eight to ten. It is seldom met with in southern latitudes. The horn I possess was given to me by the captain of a whaling vessel. Poor man! it was on his last return to his native land, though we little thought it then. Ere the conclusion of his next voyage, the hearts that had joyously looked forward to welcome him home were chilled with mourning, and the widow and fatherless wept for the husband and parent, whose grave was far off in the world of ice.

Methinks I now hear my companion exclaim, "We have been long enough in the deep, deep sea!"

Let us leave it, then, and take flight to those airy regions where the eagle soars on mighty pinions, and the skylark wings its way, both alike sustained there by the power of Him without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground."

I know few things more beautiful in Nature than a bird's feather, and well indeed may Scotland's proud chieftains of old have selected that of an eagle as the badge of their clan. The one I now hold in my hand was worn, many years since, in the "bonnet" of a chief, who, surrounded by his retainers, took his place amongst those who received the beloved sovereign of these realms, when, accompanied by the Consort of her choice, she first visited her Scottish dominions. The magnificence of her reception there, more especially at the castle of one of Scotland's most wealthy noblemen, will still be remembered by many. Nature and art both combined to lend enchantment to the fairy scene, and right regally was our Queen welcomed to that lordly dwelling. But here, again, all is changed. The beloved husband of our sovereign is numbered with the dead; the proud noble and his lovely wife have gone to their eternal rest, and their fair estate, failing a direct heir, is even yet the subject of dispute between the contending parties, who each claim it as their rightful property.

The eagle, though now rare in our country, is still occasionally seen in the mountainous districts of Scotland, where, however, its predatory habits render it an object of dread to the surrounding neighbourhood. Lambs, fawns, and also birds of all kinds are seized in its powerful grasp, and the skeletons of as many as three hundred ducks and forty hares have been found in one eagle's nest, to say nothing of the larger animals which may have been devoured by the rapacious birds on the spot where they had been victimized. The nest is a strong and broad platform, built between rocks with branches of trees and small sticks, covered at the top with heather and reeds. A poor man in Ireland is said to have supported his family for more than a year by robbing an eagle's nest of the food laid up there by the old

and tying down the skin of the neck to the back; by this means you will not lose the seasoning in cooking. Roast it before a brisk fire from one and a half to two hours, according to its size, keeping it well basted. Remove the skewers, and serve with gravy No. 35, and apple sauce, taking care that the breast does not fall before making its appearance at table. Send in but little gravy on the dish, in order not to inconvenience the carver, and that little pour round and not over the goose. There is also a sauce much recommended by scientific cooks and gastronomic amateurs:—"a teaspoonful of made mustard, a saltspoonful of fine salt, a few grains of cayenne, mixed with a glass of port wine, and poured into the goose by means of a slit made in the apron." Some cooks beat the breastbone flat with a rolling-pin before proceeding to truss.

38. MUSHROOM CATCHUP.—From the beginning of September look out for mushrooms: be sure that you have *trus* mushrooms, freshly gathered. Full grown flaps are the best: put a layer in the bottom of a deep earthen pan, and sprinkle with salt, then another layer of mushrooms and more salt, and so on alternately. Let them remain three hours, by which time the salt will have penetrated the mushrooms, and made them easy to break. Then pound them in a mortar, and mash them well by hand, and let them remain for a couple of days—not longer

—stirring and mashing them each day. Then pour them into a stone jar, and to each quart add one ounce and a half of whole black pepper, and half ounce of allspice. Stop the jar very close, and set it in a stewpan of boiling water, and keep it boiling for two hours at least. Take out the jar, and pour the juice clear from the settlings through a hair sieve into a clean stewpan, not squeezing the mushrooms; boil gently for half an hour. Or, if you want *superlative catchup*, continue the boiling till the quantity is reduced one half, and all the aqueous part evaporated. Skim it well, and pour into a clean dry jug or jar, cover it close, and let it stand in a cool place till next day; then pour it off gently, so as not to disturb the settlings, through a very fine hair sieve or thick flannel bag, till it is quite clear; add a tablespoonful of brandy to each full pint of catchup, and let it stand as before, and a fresh sediment will be deposited, from which the catchup must be quietly poured off, and bottled in half-pints; for it keeps best in quantities which are quickly used. Closely cork and seal down, and keep in a cool, dry place. Bad corking or damp will quickly spoil the most genuine catchup. When the mushrooms are done with, *squeeze* them, and add to the squeezing the settlings, which may be used first for flavouring hashes, soups, &c. Then dry the mushrooms in the oven, and make *Mushroom Powder*.

THE FRIENDLESS.

DEAR lonely ones, who walk this earth
Where only its dim shadows fall;
Whose silent path no sunshine hath,—
Oh, how my hearty yearns towards you all!

I meet you in my daily walks—
In crowded street, or quiet lane—
And read the truth that underlies
The look of weariness and pain.

But oh! those dim, unwatching eyes
That never seek in loving quest
Some dearer face amid the throng,—
They tell me more than all the rest.

O hearts unfilled! O hands unclasped!
O voice with none to echo back!
O lips that thrill not at one touch!—
It is not love and truth ye lack.

Ah, no! they all lead home to Him,
And in the unbroken peace of heaven
Our hearts shall learn why crowns of thorns
And lonely paths on earth were given.

The casket hath its store of gems,
But hides them, as the silent sea
Hides its brave treasures in its breast;
And none hath found the master-key.

Yet, dear ones, could ye pierce the veil
That holds so many friends apart,
And see the kinship that exists
'Twixt every good and noble heart;

And that sweet bond of sympathy
That girdles land, and sea, and shore,
And binds THE TRUE in every chime,—
Ye'd feel your loneliness no more.

But we must wait: we see not here
The perfect circle of our friends,
And though our paths apart may lie,
Thank God! they have not different ends.

LUCINDA BOWSER.

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CARLYLE, RUSKIN, AND EYRE.

BY PETER BAYNE, M.A.

MR. CARLYLE and Mr. Ruskin are men of high genius; and it is with deep regret that I have beheld a gulf of separation gradually widening for years between them and what we sincerely believe to be the most thoughtful, the most humane, the most intelligent, the most just, and the best instructed portion of British society. Genius is one of the rarest gifts of God; it ought to be one of the most beneficent; and there is much in the genius both of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin which make it specially distressing that they should stand apart from the body of their countrymen in angry and scornful isolation. In his earlier and kindlier days, Mr. Carlyle told us that quarrels—the vast majority of quarrels—are *mis-understandings*; and it would afford us extraordinary satisfaction to find that Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Ruskin, and those simple Christian folks who think that Mr. Eyre has *not* been hardly dealt with by the Home Authorities, could be brought to an understanding on that matter.

Mr. Carlyle's writings have for a long time been steadily increasing in hardness, and in sympathy with the more savage moods of justice. He has forgotten Pope's deep and true saying, "that right too rigid hardens

into wrong," and, contenting himself with the Shakesperian profession, "I shew mercy most when I do justice most," has failed to observe that there is a justice which, to take the description of Landor, has but one eye, and, with that one eye, looks fixedly upon gibbet-ropes and axes. His "Life of Schiller," his "Essay on Burns," and his earlier "Essays" generally, his "Heroes," his "Past and Present," were pervaded by a glow of human enthusiasm as tender in its pathos as it was beautiful in its intensity. But in his "Essay on Francia, Dictator of Paraguay," he began to show himself the literary knight of the iron hand; in his "French Revolution" there was not that frank and hearty detestation of the blood-thirsty miscreants who revelled in slaughter, which healthy Englishmen have always felt; in his "Cromwell" there was a perilous cordiality of sympathy with the massacre of Drogheda; and in his lamentable "Life of Frederick the Great" the transformation was complete. He who once eloquently condemned the murder of the poor bookseller Palm by Napoleon, had now no word of censure for the murder of Lieutenant Katte by Frederick William; and the stupendous

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crime of involving a continent in war, and meanly and cruelly attacking a young and widowed queen for the sake of "glory," was lightly condoned to a stern, able, and successful despot. Had the Carlyle of five-and-twenty years ago stood forth as the champion of Mr. Eyre, it would have been indeed surprising; that the panegyrist of Frederick the Great and his father should smile upon the ex-Governor of Jamaica, is what might have been expected.

But what of Mr. Ruskin? Mr. Carlyle has accepted the title and post of Rhadamanthus, and would regenerate men by force of iron manacles and steel whips. But Mr. Ruskin's faith is in mercy, in gentleness, in love. I know no books outside the volume of Scripture in which the root of love goes so deep as in his. I have never spoken to any man, comparable with him in mental power, whose faith in kindness was so great. If there is any man of whom I can say with confidence that he would rather suffer pain, than inflict it upon man, woman, or child, black or white, that man is Mr. Ruskin. He believes in the sun-power only: he is a worshipper of light. The agencies on whose 'might' he relies to improve the species are the smile of kindness and the tear of compassion. He will not grant Lowell that adversity is the mother of heroism, that man reaches his stature and sinew by being thrown upon the rocks and having to climb the flinty precipices. In joy, not in sorrow, in happiness, not in pain, in genial slumber on the mother bosom of nature, or in generous activity beneath the blue sky and in the harvest field, he believes true strength to grow. Even what seem the extravagances of his later books have invariably their source in a thorough-going, impetuous, and, as it were, feminine affection for his kind. He would guard the life of the citizen as a brave Roman guarded the virtue of the maidens who watched the sacred fire. No form of labour which produces disease, which engenders misery, which shortens life,

would he tolerate except as a penal infliction. Vain the pleading of luxury, the entreaties of vanity, the hootings of cupidity; no dainty of the table, no ornament of the person, no increase of jewels and ingots, will purchase from him approval of any kind of toil which shortens the dear life of man. That he should stand side by side with Carlyle as the protector of Eyre is at first sight absolutely perplexing; but the mystery vanishes, or partly vanishes, when we consider precisely what it is for which he honours Mr. Eyre, and blames the body of his countrymen.

Mr. Carlyle's charge against those of his countrymen who hold that Mr. Eyre has met with no treatment which he did not deserve is that they love anarchy and sedition, and effeminately shrink from justice. "The English nation," he says, "never loved anarchy, nor was wont to spend its sympathy on miserable mad seditions, especially of this inhuman and half-brutish type; but always loved order and the prompt suppression of seditions, and reserved its tears for something worthier than promoters of such delirious and fatal enterprises, who had got their wages for their sad industry. Has the English nation changed, then, altogether? I flatter myself it has not, not quite yet; but only that certain loose superficial portions of it have become a great deal louder, and not any wiser, than they formerly used to be." Of the proceedings of Mr. Eyre he explicitly approves, and declares "that penalty and clamour are not the things this Governor merits from any of us, but honour and thanks, and wise imitation (I will farther say), should similar emergencies rise, on the great scale or on the small, in whatever we are governing." In one word, "the clamour raised against Governor Eyre appears to me to be disgraceful to the good sense of England."

Mr. Ruskin's charge is not so direct. The avarice which, in his opinion, has sapped all genuine virtue, all healthy feeling, in England, so perverts our judgments and debases

our hearts that, in a spasmodic effort at self-justification — compounding for sins we are inclined to by damning those we have no mind to—we act towards Mr. Eyre with mere fatuous absurdity. Let us, however, give Mr. Ruskin's statement in his own words, as presented in the report of his speech to the Eyre Defence Committee on the 5th of September. After affirming that, although Mr. Eyre, honestly and energetically doing his duty, had lost Jamaica, it would have been inadmissible to bring him to trial, he proceeds thus:—"But as the matter stands, the official removal of him from his place was an act of national imbecility, which had not hitherto its parallel in history. It was the act—as this threat of prosecution was the cry—of a nation blinded by its avarice to all true valour and virtue, and haunted, therefore, by phantoms of both; it was the suicidal act of a people which, for the sake of filling its pockets, would pour mortal venom into all its air and all its streams; would shorten the lives of its labourers by thirty years a life, that it might get its needle packets twopence each cheaper; would communicate its liberty to foreign nations by forcing them to buy poison at the cannon's mouth, and prove its chivalry to them by shrinking in panic from the side of a people being slaughtered, though a people who had given them their daughter for their future queen—and then would howl in the frantic collapse of their decayed consciences, that they might be permitted righteously to reward with ruin the man who had dared to strike down one seditious leader, and rescue the lives of a population. Whether this cry, and the feeling which it represented, were indeed the voice and the thought of the English people, it was now to be asked. That was the simple duty for which they were that day met together. He believed it was not the voice of the whole English people, and that there was another opinion of theirs to be taken on the matter. But if not, and this proved to be indeed the English mind, the condemnation or acquittal

of Mr. Eyre were matters of very small moment, for the time would then assuredly have come for the bringing of the English people themselves to a trial, in which judgment would not require to be petitioned for."

That is to say, Mr. Ruskin pronounces the motives which have induced the English public to decide against Mr. Eyre mere "phantoms of valour and virtue." Mr. Ruskin's conception of the view taken by Mr. Eyre's accusers of what he did amiss, is indicated in the expression that he "had dared to strike down one seditious leader, and rescue the lives of a population." For this, Mr. Ruskin supposes, the English public wishes to ruin Mr. Eyre. Such are the accusations made by these eminent men against their countrymen—now for their defences of Mr. Eyre.

Mr. Carlyle's plea for Eyre is simple. He saved Jamaica in a great emergency. His services were "perhaps of incalculable value." They were certainly "of perilous and appalling difficulty"—something like the case of "fire suddenly reported in the ship's powder room, in mid-ocean, where the moments mean the ages, and life and death hang on your use or your misuse of the moments." Mr. Ruskin bases his defence upon a particular view of the duties of a governor. "The duty of a judge," he says, "is only to declare and enforce law; that of a governor is to do what law cannot do, and to deal with such immediate events, and necessities arising out of them, as might be beyond the scope of existing law." Mr. Eyre, being a governor, "had clearly no alternative but instantly to take upon himself the responsibility of the higher office, and, as an English gentleman should, to do, as indeed he did, at his own peril, that which needed to be done. The first thing needing to be done in a crisis of imminent rebellion was to seize the ringleaders of it, and bring them, if time and circumstances admitted, to legal trial; but if the enemy to be dealt with is likely to mistake legal delay for infirmity of purpose, or hand, all forms of law were by that fact effete and

inapplicable; and they were so in all cases, as soon as the danger became definitely one of time and of instant danger." So much for the principles on which, according to Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Eyre ought to be judged. "The question now to be brought home to the English people was, not whether Mr. Eyre had erred in this act or the other, nor whether the circumstances required less than he did, or more. They might just as well bring any general who had won a decisive battle to trial, because it was alleged that he had lost five or six men unnecessarily in occupying a dangerous position, or had shot a peasant by mistake for a spy! The question put at issue by the adverse prosecution was in fact this, and nothing else than this, whether Mr. Eyre, under circumstances of instant public danger, did or did not do, to the best of his power and ability, what he believed to be his duty."

Mr. Ruskin is correct in alleging that there is a distinction between the duties of a governor and those of a judge. That a governor is bound to strike down murderous rebellion by the first weapon that comes to hand, can be questioned by no sane man. It has not, so far as we know, been questioned in this dispute. But neither judge nor governor is above law. The former reads the law; says what it *is*: the latter calls law into operation; says what there is *for it to do*. In open wars, civil law is suspended, but even then the governor or general must act by martial law. Anything beyond this is despotism—a thing unknown in the realm of England.

It is indisputable that Mr. Ruskin is incorrect in assuming that good intention and success are the sole tests by which the conduct of a governor is to be tried. A general who wins a decisive battle would hardly be called to account for the loss of five or six men more than was indispensable, or for the hanging of a peasant by mistake for a spy. But we trust that British commanders, however brilliant their success, will always be held responsible for reckless waste of life; and we have only

to mention the names of Clive and Hastings to recall to Mr. Ruskin that men, whose exertions secured to England the most lordly dominion under the sun, have been put upon trial for acting in a manner inconsistent with humanity. There is no man except the sovereign, and he only in theory, not in practice, holding any office in the empire of Great Britain, who is exempt from responsibility for his actions. The rules by which a governor is to be tried differ in essential respects from those which apply to a judge, but the former is just as responsible as the latter. The case may occur when his duty requires a governor to deprive a man of the shelter of law, and strike him down at once, a case, however, which, in any part of her Majesty's dominions, must be not only extreme, but in the last stage of extremity; for law in England professes to regulate the action of every branch of the executive, and prescribes to governors the form and manner in which they are to strike. Government throughout Queen Victoria's dominions, means government in accordance with statute. The urgent and absolute necessity of saving the life of the State, can alone justify a governor in departing from the methods of law. But the position which Mr. Ruskin offers to maintain, is that a governor, if he acts with good intentions and to the best of his ability, and if he succeeds in averting danger from the dependency over which he presides, cannot be justly visited with punishment on account of the manner in which he effected his object. Such a position is not tenable for a moment. In the darkest periods of the French Revolution, the ruffians who took part in the September massacres, or murdered wholesale in the provinces, under commission from the Convention, were never brought to justice; but not Robespierre, not Marat himself, ventured to affirm that the State had not a right to put them on their trial, or to dismiss them from their posts. Successful they had beyond question been, and the spasmodic energy into which their atrocities stung and terrified

the French people, was an indispensable, if not the chief, element of strength in that great national effort by which France flung back her invaders; but history has not found in their success an apology for their crimes, and we should insult our readers did we deem it necessary to adduce any proof of their guilt.

The fact, however, as might indeed have been surmised from the outset, is that it is not by reference to first principles, but by consideration of the circumstances of the case, that the justice or injustice, the expediency or inexpediency, of the treatment experienced by Mr. Eyre can be decided. It were an immense gain if public instructors would, as a rule, take so much as this for granted. Mr. Carlyle might have had the modesty and the politeness to assume that his countrymen are as favourable as he is to order, and as much alive as himself to the evils of anarchy. Mr. Ruskin was not required to extemporise the hypothesis that those who accuse Mr. Eyre see no distinction between the duties of a governor and those of a judge. What the public had a right to demand from Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin was a demonstration, based expressly on the facts of the case, that Mr. Eyre had not done more than was justified by the extraordinary circumstances in which he was placed.

Both Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle assert that the accusers of Mr. Eyre are the flightier and noisier parts of the community. Let us enquire briefly whether this is correct. When the despatches from Jamaica announcing the disturbances and their suppression arrived, there was a remarkable similarity in the expressions of opinion concerning them. The atrocity of the murders committed by the blacks excited the liveliest indignation, and the necessity for prompt and decisive measures was universally felt. But it was gently suggested that the authorities were proceeding in a manner unusual with British officials; that the severity exercised towards the negroes was terrible; that it was reasonable to

suppose that further intelligence would show the force of the insurgents to have been in nearer proportion to that of the whites than, for the present, appeared. There were a few who insisted that, apart from any consideration relative to facts still to be disclosed, there was evidence of a reckless indifference to the effusion of blood, a savage gloating over vengeance, which in no possible circumstances could besit English gentlemen. The all but unanimous verdict, however, was that ampler intelligence must be waited for, and it would be the deepest injustice to the British public to affirm that, during those weeks when it was supposed that the case of Mr. Eyre and his colleagues had not been fully stated, a scrupulous and delicate reticence was not observed upon the subject. Mail after mail arrived, and each accession of information appeared to tell against the authorities of Jamaica. But the public mind was not yet made up. The Home authorities still refused to act. Her Majesty's Government, with the full approbation of Parliament, appointed a Commission of Enquiry. The Commissioners commanded and deserved implicit confidence. They proceeded to Jamaica, examined numerous witnesses, reported upon the whole subject, and laid their report before Parliament and the public. If these steps were not deliberate, what additional precaution could have been taken? If the public had not now a right to make up its mind, when would it have been justified in so doing? All parties now formed an opinion on the subject. There was no substantial difference of view in any quarter as to what course should be adopted. The Liberal government dismissed Mr. Eyre from the office of Governor of Jamaica; the Conservative opposition tacitly approved, and a Conservative Cabinet has taken up, without modification, the Jamaica policy of their Liberal predecessors. That is to say, the unanimity of the British Parliament in reference to Mr. Eyre's dismissal was complete. The press, of course, now spoke freely; and the opinion even of

those journals which had most vehemently demanded delay on behalf of Mr. Eyre, was that Government had acted justly. It is possible that all these may have erred. Two British Governments, Parliament, press, public, may be perfectly wrong. But it is absurd to speak of these as the noisier and flightier portions of the English people. It was open to any man to pronounce the dismissal of Mr. Eyre "imbecility," but Mr. Ruskin will surely grant us that so extraordinary an indictment, brought against the Parliament, the press, and the public of Great Britain, ought to have been supported by arguments more express and cogent than the more than questionable theory that a governor is a despot. Mr. Carlyle, for his part, rejoices in an extraordinary view of his countrymen. He believes that the legislature of England, the English press, the English public, are carried away by feverish sympathy with anarchy, and that only upon him,—seated on the pinnacle of the world's enlightenment, in his easy chair—has the astonishing truth dawned, that order is good, and that sedition and anarchy are bad. When sages condescend to tell us what o'clock it is, they should really remember that they are not the only people in the world who have watches in their possession.

It is denied by no one that Mr. Eyre displayed promptitude and decision in the adoption of measures for suppressing the disturbance. What he is charged with is this;—that he failed to compute with even approximate correctness the nature and extent of the peril with which he had to deal; that he sanctioned the effusion of blood for weeks after danger was at an end; and that he permitted a man to be executed as a traitor who had been convicted on palpably insufficient evidence. The facts are now happily beyond dispute, and they are precise and explicit. On the 10th of October Mr. Eyre received intelligence that an outbreak was intended, and orders were at once given, and acted upon, for the despatch of troops. On the night of

the 11th, the murders were committed, and for two or three days subsequently estates were ravaged, one or two men, in addition to those slain on the 11th, being killed or wounded. On the 12th, the troops appeared on the scene of the atrocities, and no further attack was made by the insurgents in Morant Bay. On the 13th martial law was proclaimed. By the 15th the military had headed the rioters in all directions. Bogle and some others had intended to create a disturbance, and, in so far, the movement was an insurrection. But so powerless, so devoid of anything like military leadership, were the blacks, that they could not force the door of the powder and arms' magazine in Morant Bay. On the day subsequent to the rising, Paul Bogle, instead of organizing the revolt or heading the rebels, was thanking God in his chapel for the success of the riot. The insurgents never once looked the troops in the face. On the 15th of October all danger was at an end; eight days afterwards the very embers of the revolt had been trodden out, and all the so-called leaders were either dead or in custody. Governor Eyre, informed of all that took place, ought to have perceived at this time that the insurrection, though malignant, was quelled, and ought to have sheathed the sword, leaving civil law to do the rest. But the shootings, hangings, scourgings, house-burnings, went on until a score of blacks had fallen for every man they had killed. Women were flogged in great numbers; a witness positively swore that one woman flogged was heavy with child. Some men received one hundred lashes, and were then hanged. That is to say, they were put to death with terrific circumstances of torture. Nothing like this happened during the whole reign of terror in France. Not one woman ought to have been flogged. If nothing else could have been proved against Mr. Eyre than that, under his authority or without his stern reprimand one woman was flogged, the circumstance would be enough to justify his removal from his post. In the case of

Gordon he erred on all points. He deprived him of a civil trial at a time when the revolt had been thoroughly put down. He sanctioned his execution on evidence which no one now disputes to have been, even in a court-martial, inadequate. Let it not be said that he dreaded an insurrection throughout the island. If he did, it was from misapprehending the state of the case, and goes to prove his incompetence. The only danger to which Jamaica was exposed after the 20th of October, was that the blacks should have been driven by blind and reckless severity to despair, to madness, to universal rising. This peril may have been serious.

I have said nothing of the small yet motley crew, for the most part of obscure or eccentric, and in some instances, as would appear from their published correspondence, of positively insane persons, who agree with Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin in pleading the cause of Eyre. The mistakes of little men are of slight importance, and when wild clerical novelists, pugnacious colonels, and two or three stray baronets vociferate that they are the only wise men in the United Kingdom, the fact is interesting mainly in a psychological point of view. But Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle are men whose reputation must last as long as the English language; men, who, in their respective spheres, have conferred inestimable benefit upon their countrymen; men whose splendid genius and high character have thrown lustre upon the profession of literature, and who have sensibly and permanently influenced the intellectual civilization of the world. That these men should have erred so grievously on this occasion, while very lamentable, is also very instructive. The cause of their aberration is not far to seek.

They have not looked with sufficient carefulness at the facts of the case. The very old but very wise apologue of the philosopher who, lifting his eyes to the sky, striking the stars with his sublime head, stumbled and fell, is illustrative of their mishap. What does this teach? It teaches—first, that the greatest men cannot safely dispense with those sympathies which throb in the hearts of multitudes, with those simple, heart-felt emotions whereby babes and sucklings praise God. "The instincts of men"—the idea is Mr. Carlyle's—"are truer than their thoughts." Yes; and truer than the thoughts of sages. It teaches—in the second place, that, out of the depths of his moral consciousness, without minute painstaking regard to facts, the most brilliant and far-darting genius cannot evolve a correct interpretation of current history. The most gloriously gifted man must condescend to learn before he is able to teach, even though the one to be taught is intellectually a child. As for Mr. Ruskin, let him be quite sure of this—that the men who are most anxious that no stain should be left on the fame of England from approval of the Jamaica massacres are those who most earnestly wish and strive that England may *not* bow down to the golden calf, who do *not* lend their sanction to the opium traffic in the Eastern seas, who do *not* approve of England's abandonment of Denmark, who are foremost in all efforts at sanitary improvement, and who are best of all able to understand Mr. Ruskin's faith in kindness, and to appreciate, honour, love himself. Why should he, in haste and violence, scourge from him those whom God and nature have appointed for his friends and fellow-workers?

JOTTINGS AT THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN NOTTINGHAM, 1866.

NOTTINGHAM, seated on its noble hills beside the winding Trent, is one of the fairest towns in the centre of England. By dint of devotion

through many years to the manufacture of lace and stockings, it has achieved a wealth and distinction which render it the pride of the

Midland counties, and well entitle it to the honour of entertaining the British Association. On its highest point towers the ruin of its ancient castle, famous in English history during several of its epochs, and commanding a magnificent view of the red-brick habitations and rich campaign country around. And if the fine old town had brought something of a slur on its good name through the frisky behaviour of some of its "lamb" at the late elections, right nobly has it redeemed its honour in the sight of the nation by its recent splendid entertainment of the magnates of science, and by the evident delight of its population in rendering homage to all that raises mankind in the scale of civilization and progress. The many commodious and handsome public buildings which it possesses enabled Nottingham to afford full space for all the developments of the Association; and the whole business of hospitality was carried through with that which may fairly be called the perfection of organization. The Corn Exchange, a large hall lighted from the roof, was turned into a general reception room. Thither the members wended their way early every morning, to provide themselves with programmes of the day's proceedings, and to greet each other as in a forum devoted to the interests of science. The Guildhall, the new Theatre, the School of Science and Art in the environs of the Arboretum, the Mechanics' Hall, the People's Hall, and several public school-rooms, were placed at the disposal of the committee; while the Exhibition building, belonging to the working men, was fitted up for the soirée in a style which might have drawn the envy of the wealthiest towns of the empire. A public subscription was set on foot to defray the expenses of the meeting. The wealthy citizens kept open house, and entertained hundreds of guests during the whole week, while the county families vied with each other in contributing their richest botanical treasures to the flower show, which might be said almost to eclipse the annual displays of the

Regent's Park and the Sydenham Palace.

The proceedings were opened by the President's address in the theatre. The new theatre of Nottingham is a building of very large dimensions, and it may be readily imagined that a spirit-stirring sight was presented when Mr. Grove rose to deliver his new celebrated discourse. The stage to the back, which was ornamented by one of the scene paintings, was filled with the leading scientific men of England. Beside the president sat on either hand the personages whose names are household words throughout the civilized world: Sir Roderick Murchison, Professor Wheatstone, Professor Huxley, Professor Tynedale, Mr. Glaisher, Professor Ramsay, and a hundred lesser lights of the intellectual firmament. Before him extended a long array of benches, on the floor of the pit, thronged with the members and amateur visitors of the Association, and their lady friends; and the three tiers of richly-ornamented boxes all around were crowded to the ceiling with the county families and the native worth of Nottingham, all "in evening dress." It was a very grand spectacle, and not the less was it a striking evidence of the extent of popular culture, that so vast and mixed an audience listened without any visible signs of weariness for more than two hours to an address which severely taxed the powers both of attention and understanding, while the orator unfolded before them the doctrine of Continuity. Whether the generality of the audience quite perceived all the bearings of the discourse is more than we will undertake to affirm; but they were not in the humour to be displeased, nor disposed to be critical on the side of theological orthodoxy.

Do our readers comprehend what is intended by this term CONTINUITY, and what was the drift of Mr. Grove's inaugural discourse thereon? If not, we shall try to explain it, for it is a matter affecting in no slight degree the religious belief of England. It is proper, then, to premise that the president for 1886 represents a school of scientific

theorists, who are every year becoming more numerous and more influential. Earnest supporters of the same doctrine were found in nearly all the sections of the British Association, and in some of them, as in the geological and the biological, they completely "ruled the roast." The watch-word, or rather password, of these philosophers, is *Continuity*, or, translated into vulgar English, "no miracles!" Their belief is, that this password will gain access for them into every winding of the great labyrinth of nature, and will explain the process of the production of both inorganic and organic substances. One must associate for a few days with a large gathering of men of science to understand the strength of their present antipathy to the popular notion of Divine action in the system of nature. They seem almost to shudder at the idea of anything that is popularly understood as a creation of new kinds of life, and Professor Ramsay from the chair of the geological department openly laughed at it, as "the Jack-in-the-box theory" of the universe. They shrink, as from a sort of pestilence, from the idea of any sudden production of new species, or even of any sudden revolutions of the surface of the globe from the action of either fire or water, by the direct hand of God. Their idea is, that the world has very gradually reached its present state through uncounted millions of ages and without any interference on the part of the Divinity. In the same manner they think that life is one, and that all living things have proceeded from other living things already existing, changing their types according to the changing circumstances of the globe; so that it is to them quite conceivable that man in his different races has sprung, not particularly from the gorillas, but from several kinds of monkeys, as they sprang from previous forms of organic life in the preceding ages. Thus, it may be said that their belief respecting the universe, resembles Topsy's respecting herself, they "expect it grewed." This is the doctrine of Mr. Darwin, and Dar-

winianism in every form was in the ascendant at the British Association of 1866. The address of the president was devoted especially to the advocacy of the doctrine in relation to inorganic nature. It is held that every force can be changed into any other force; and that this correlation of forces is the final outcome of modern science. The Biologists take up the "wondrous tale." If, say they, heat, and light, and electricity, and attractive force can all be changed into each other why may not living species be similarly transformed? Flowers, trees, butterflies, dogs, pigeons, horses, men, can even now be so changed by circumstances and by combination, that the old species or forms seem to wear gradually away, and thus it is probable, say they, that in sufficient time still greater changes have occurred, and will occur; so that creation is a chromatope, nothing "continueth in one stay." It is held that there have been no breaks in the geogenetic process by which the earth has been gradually brought into its present condition, no revolutions, no cataclysms, no sudden and marvellous upheavals of mountains and continents; and similarly that the law of Continuity has applied to the organic world. There has been a past eternity for nature to work in, and she has wrought by gradual, very gradual transformations, so that there have existed innumerable types of life, all graduating into each other, until at length the present system has appeared. If it be said in opposition, But where in the rocks are the embedded remains of all these intermediate species? Where are these forms of life which once existed, through which the ugly and brutal gorilla passed into a man? Where are the fossil remnants of those innumerable intermediate beings which formed the links between the human species, ancient and modern, since if such had ever existed, so as to dispense with fresh creations, some of their remains would have endured until this day?—The answer is ready: "Nature has preserved for us, in her museum of fossils, but a very fragmentary autobiography. She has

not taken pains to preserve for us specimens of each succeeding type, but only a few examples of the myriads of forms with which she has filled land and sea. And, indeed, she has preserved scarcely any except marine animals, or those whose bones might be washed down into the silt of estuaries. The innumerable forms of life which have found their termination of being on the dry land would be speedily decomposed by the atmosphere, and mingled with the dust. So that palæontology deals only with an imperfect record, and that which we see of the changes of living forms entitles us to conclude that in longer periods of time the changes have been greater still, so that we may dispense with the old theory of a direct and miraculous Divine action in the production of animals."

We wish to impress on our readers that, however opposed to their own notions, this is the manner in which Creation is now looked at by the most numerous section of our scientific men. It is needless to say that it is a mode of looking at things which is not favourable to the belief of a miraculous revelation. It is not necessarily hostile to the belief in a God, since it is possible to hold the new doctrine on force and on life, along with a devout belief in a Divinity, who at first formed the germ out of which the Creation has grown, and who has in every epoch superintended its development. Indeed, there seems more need than ever for believing in the perpetual presence and action of God, in all the slowly operating laws of the world, if we maintain that the elements are so ready to lose their identity, and organic beings are so ready to yield their type to the impressions made by changes in external nature. But it must be confessed that those who have learned to look on nature in the light of a perfectly continuous manifestation of Divine power, are so far thereby indisposed to give credence to the report of a miraculous revelation within the human period. In fact, the last position reached by these philosophers is a direct denial of the

first statement of the Bible—the recent and "miraculous" creation of man. We fear that it is useless to conceal that the generality of such physical philosophers are unfriendly to the belief of a revelation in which direct interventions of God occupy a large space in the historic narrative. The miracles of the Bible are likely to be stumbling-blocks to those who can find no analogies in nature. On this subject we have space only for two remarks, in the way of comment. First, it must be understood that although the Darwinian party of theorists have had it almost all their own way at Nottingham, and have enjoyed the benefit of the advocacy of the President, they do but form one party among English philosophers, and are opposed by naturalists of at least equal weight with themselves. It is understood that in the matter of the production of the globe, Sir Roderick Murchison firmly maintains the older theory of direct divine interference in the causation of sudden and violent revolutions in the crust of the earth in the foregone ages; and in the department of natural history, Professor Owen maintains the successive creation of new forms of life from time to time, and the recent direct creation of man. When two philosophers of this rank are thus decidedly opposed to the fundamental doctrine of the Darwinians, the theory of Continuity must learn to speak in a modest tone, and not dignify itself with the name of absolute science.

The other remark which may be made upon this doctrine is, that surely one method of learning the manner of Divine Action in the world is to study its operations during the period of human existence upon the globe, in the ages of which we have the most satisfactory record. During these ages it is asserted that there is strong evidence of a miraculous action of Deity in the government of the world and in the gift of a revelation. It is unphilosophical to reason *a priori* from what is imagined to be the testimony of nature in former times to the absence of miracles, and to assume that such a

revelation or divine action is improbable. This is a question to be decided according to its proper evidence, the evidence of testimony—evidence of precisely the same kind with that on which naturalists depend when they believe in the transmutation of butterflies in South America, and of pigeons in China,—the evidence of competent and credible witnesses. If there be evidence sufficient to prove that Christ rose from the dead, it is of little avail to maintain that it is incredible, because one sort of butterfly changes into another of somewhat different plumage, or because of old the mountains probably arose much more slowly than our grandfathers imagined. The only question to the purpose is, was Jesus put to death, and did He rise from the tomb on the third day? Let any one try to propagate a religion in our time based on the statement that either Lord Nelson or the Duke of Wellington rose from the dead from the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, and were "seen of many." The result of such an attempt is instantly foreseen. Not a single sane disciple of such a religion could be obtained. Yet the apostles succeeded in persuading enormous multitudes of men of all nations in the first century to believe that Jesus rose from the dead; and more than that, to be ready to die rather than abandon their belief in that resurrection. How can this be accounted for? The conversion of the Roman empire to Christianity was effected in the full blaze of Mediterranean civilization. M. Rénan says Mary Magdalen imagined in her grief that she saw Jesus after His death, and that her idle dream was received and propagated by the apostles. Is this credible? Much more, is it credible that such a foundation could have sufficed to persuade Romans, Corinthians, Athenians, and learned Jews of Alexandria, to "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ?" Men who will believe this must be hard pressed to escape from the far simpler solution of the problem—that Jesus really rose from the dead, and that

it was well known to be a fact. For it is a fact that must be taken with all its belongings. It was a miracle foretold by the Jewish prophets; it was a miracle most artlessly told by men who were evidently incapable of inventing a new religion, and who could not have invented one less likely to persuade the civilized world to adopt it; and finally a miracle which was wrought in support of a religion which threatens all impostors and false witnesses with perdition. Well, now, if this one miracle be proved, and it is proved by every conceivable kind of evidence, there is an end of the doctrine of Continuity in its absolute sense. Here is one direct divine interference; and if there be one there may have been many, and if there may have been many in the history of mankind, there may have been many, even miracles of cataclysm and new creation in the periods antecedent to the appearance of humanity. It seems to be quite as reasonable to argue backwards from proved miraculous action of late, to probable miraculous action aforetime, as to argue forwards from an imagined uniformity of natural action in the genesis of the globe to a similar uniformity in the subsequent development of human history. At all events, our philosophers must succeed in finding a great deal more than they have as yet found in the rocks before they will achieve the enterprise of destroying the evidence of the miraculous history of the Bible.

But enough on the President's discourse. Let us now take a turn in some of the sections. Here in the School of Art are gathered the mathematicians and astronomers. In the chair sits that wonderful man, Professor Wheatstone, who has spread the nervous net-work of the telegraph over land and sea, and who has lived to witness the final triumph of his genius over the difficulties presented by the Atlantic. The associates are listening to Mr. Glaisher, and to one of his astronomical "fags," while they describe the progress of the new work for a perfect map of the moon. It seems

that English astronomers are bent on beating the Germans in selenography. Accordingly, every speck and point on the moon's surface is being subjected to a new and searching examination, by the aid of the most powerful instruments; it is a regular "ordnance-survey;" the result will be, no doubt, to furnish any travellers who may succeed in reaching that satellite with a most efficient guide for their peregrinations. Turning into the geological section, we listen to a very interesting discussion on the comparative gain and loss of England by the action of the sea. The president, Professor Ramsay, opens with an intimation that England has been many times joined to the Continent in former ages, and again and again separated from it, but he sees nothing in the fabric of the strata to prevent the final washing away of the island, only give the ocean time to do his work of demolition. This brings up members who have had experience of the destruction going on in their own neighbourhood. Mr. Pengally, of Torquay, describes the enormous destruction of coast there within his own memory; and other gentlemen confirm his statement as to damage done on the eastern coasts. But it is soon seen that it is necessary to listen to the counsel for the defendant. The sea is shewn to pay at least as much as it takes away. It destroys Torquay and the Isle of Wight, but it adds two miles of coast to the shores of Sussex and Kent, and leaves some towns, which were once ports, inland. It batters the chalk fortifications of Margate and Dover, but it creates almost a new county in the Wash, and adds immensely to the productive soil of Lincolnshire. The discussion seemed to be settled rather in favour of the sea, and certainly afforded a new illustration of the maxim that it is unsafe to believe scandalous reports affecting character, until we have listened to what can be advanced on the other side.

The attractions of the geographical section were very great. Here were to be seen, sitting in a row, Sir Samuel Baker, the discoverer

of the fountains of the Nile; Du Chaillu, the famous, but much abused enemy of the African gorilla; Mr. Palgrave, the celebrated traveller and pseudo-physician in central Arabia; Mr. Markham, the preserver of quinine for the world by transplanting the chinchona from South America to India; old Mr. Crawford, the historian of Siam; Sir Roderick Murchison, the potentate of Siberia; Sir John Lubbock, banker and anthropologist, together with others of inferior note. On one day the spacious hall was filled with an enthusiastic audience listening to Sir Samuel Baker; on another to Mr. Palgrave. We were fortunate enough to hear the latter, and certainly his speech and bodily presence well maintained the renown won for this extraordinary man by his published "Travels." Those who have read that work will acknowledge that there are few such narratives to be read anywhere. The description of his shipwreck in the Persian Gulf is perhaps one of the finest descriptive passages in English literature. The discourse of Mr. Palgrave was a marvel of power and lucidity. Although unused to English for eighteen years, he played upon the language as the most skilful musician upon his harp or organ. Sentences apparently as complicated as a clock-spring, fold within fold, were unwound with consummate ease, and brought to an end without the slightest failure or confusion. The clearness of the enunciation was such as to move the envy of all who know how difficult a thing it is to speak distinctly in a sustained discourse; and might serve as a model to all whose profession it is to instruct by oral discourse their fellowmen. The strange and fascinating story of his sojourn among the Arabs was delivered, moreover, with a quiet and racy humour which captivated the audience, and commanded the breathless attention alike of sage and simpleton. The published report of Mr. Palgrave's address affords but an imperfect notion of the effect which it produced when spoken at Nottingham.

In the geographical section on the following day occurred a little "scene," very characteristic of the internal schisms of our philosophers on matters affecting Revelation. Mr. Reddie had delivered a written discourse on the "religious view of the origin of man," in which he handled with some severity the doctrine of the "anthropologists." Those gentlemen were sitting in rank and file on the platform, listening to this unwelcome diatribe on their demerits, and drawing from the audience sundry murmurs of philosophic observation on the wonderful and singular likeness of their own physiognomies to the beings whom they believe to have been their progenitors—when at length their wrath could be restrained no longer. Sir John Lubbock first rose, and said that the attempt to represent one doctrine as more religious than another was quite intolerable. The only question was, which was true? The anthropologists maintained that theirs was the truth, and if it were true it must be the basis of the true religion. The audience was highly amused at the idea that Sir J. Lubbock was the prophet of a new "faith," and that the apostles of the idea that we are the lineal descendants of apes, considered themselves to be divine messengers to reclaim the world from debasing superstitions. This, however, was not enough. Professor Huxley rose next, and affirmed that Mr. Reddie's paper ought not to have been read in the ethnological section, but in the biological, of which he, Mr. Huxley, is president. He went on to say that in his department of the Association they had a custom of referring certain proffered discourses to a sub-committee, before permitting them to be brought before the section. And if it was considered in sub-committee that any particular paper contained nothing new, nothing true, and nothing worthy of scientific attention, they refused to allow the time of the section to be wasted in listening to it. He added that he would not answer for it, if the paper just read had been proposed to the biological department, that it would

have passed the ordeal of the sub-committee. Loud cries of oh! mingled with anthropologic cheers, greeted this unmannerly avowal. But the incident may serve to discover how completely the physiological section is under the control of the Darwinians, and how unscrupulously they are prepared to use their power in setting aside any argument in favour of the truly divine origin of man.

But we must bring to an end this trifling sketch of the great Scientific Parliament at Nottingham with a description of the *soirée* in the Exhibition Building—the triumph of the good people of the town. This structure of brick, iron, and wood, in about equal proportions, originally raised for the reception of the ingenious productions of the workpeople of the neighbourhood, was now furnished and prepared to entertain the science and art of England. It is a lofty parallelogram of about two hundred feet in length, and fifty in breadth, an iron gallery running completely around the area, about twelve feet from the floor. This vast hall was ornamented on the pillars with flowers, and all around the walls of the gallery, with pictures lent by the inhabitants, while the floor was furnished with tables, on which were placed philosophical instruments of every description, for the entertainment of the guests. The *tout ensemble* of the building, when lighted up with a profusion of gas, and filled with the immense company, was exceedingly magnificent, and great was the interest of the company itself. Not to dwell upon the beauty which shone around on every side in the ladies and lasses of the county, here were gathered together the men who were the very brain of England, whose marvellous science and skill have, during this last generation, raised their country to its present proud eminence among the nations. It was in truth a spectacle which might well cause the heart of every considering observer to swell with the thought of the triumphs of humanity over nature. And yet there seemed to sound in your ear, as you looked

upon the brilliant scene, and thought of the tendencies of modern science when studied apart from morals and metaphysics, the words which were once married to never-dying music—

"What though I trace each herb and flower
That drinks the morning dew,
Did I not own JEHOVAH'S POWER,
How vain were all I knew."

E. W.

AUTUMN SCATTERINGS.

"THERE is that scattereth and yet increaseth;" and as we recall the proverb, there arises before the mind's eye a picture of the "sower going forth to sow," and casting into the furrows, with no niggard hand, the precious fruits of former toil—giving that he may gain, and scattering lavishly now in hope of an abundant gathering hereafter. Honest Roger little thinks that he is thus exemplifying a great law of nature—a law operating in many a field where no human foot has trod. Here, as everywhere, man is but a follower of nature, and his most elaborate processes are but imitations of her harmonious workings. To discover illustrations of this truth, we need only indulge ourselves with a country stroll on some autumn morning, when every breeze detaches a host of fading leaves from the boughs overhead, and adds another layer to the rustling carpet beneath our feet. Let those leaves form our first illustration. Their delicate tissues are in part the products of the soil to which they now return, and of which they are about again to become a part. The tree gives back to earth the foliage which was its summer glory, only to receive it yet again from the generous soil; scattering far and wide those dying leaves, to gather them again, in a wondrous way, as opening buds of a future spring.

But though there is a touch of sadness about the withering leaves, we should feel less regret as we watch them sinking into "chill decay," were it not that we miss the flowers to which the spring and summer owed so much of their charm.

"Ye came, the children of the spring's
bright promise;
Ye crowned the summer in her path
of light;
And now, when autumn's wealth is
passing from us,
We gaze upon your parting bloom."

True, the flowers are well-nigh gone; but though the year's fair garland is nearly stripped of its blossoms we have better, though not brighter, treasures remaining. What we call a *flower* is not the most valuable part of a plant. The gay petals, whose exquisite hues delight the eye, are less useful than ornamental. They minister to our enjoyment in a very high degree; yet plants might—as indeed some do—flourish and multiply without a trace of this beauteous raiment; and when each painted blossom has faded and died, its place is taken by the ripening *fruit*, which enshrines the germs of a new race, and contributes to maintain unbroken the circle of life. The plant must fulfil the law of increase ere its work is complete, and so the season of blossoming is followed by the season of fruit-bearing and seed-scattering. It is of this last-named function of vegetable life that we wish now to speak, for there are few operations carried on in the great laboratory of nature in which an observant eye and unprejudiced mind will find more interesting evidences of Divine "excellence in working."

When the coloured blossom, or *corolla*, withers, or is blown from its receptacle, there remains attached to the extremity of the flower-stalk an *ovary*, or seed-vessel, in a more or less forward state of ripeness. We must expand our notions a little, and learn to call this the *fruit*, whatever

its shape or texture. To the botanist, the juicy plum, the dry laburnum pod, and the woody resinous fir-cone, are all equally entitled to the name of *fruits*. And even among those plants which we popularly term *flowers*, as distinguished from trees and shrubs, there is an almost endless variety of form and structure in the seed-vessel, as well as in the seeds which it contains.

The requisite degree of maturity having been reached, the next process is that of releasing the germ or germs from their secluded retreat, detaching them from early associations, and setting them free to live and act for themselves. This is sometimes a rather tedious process. In soft and succulent fruits, such as those prized by man for their juicy pulp, the seed, in the absence of human or other interference, is not released until the fruit has fallen and decayed. Thus it is with apple and pear, gooseberry and plum, peach and currant. But in dry fruits the operation is more rapid. The seed-vessel of the mignonette, to commence with a familiar example, begins to open at top even before the contained seeds are ready for dispersion; and in the pinks and catchflies, the *valves* or portions of the fruit split at their joinings from above, and turning back at the points cause the vessel to appear like a little urn, with a toothed orifice. The common catchfly (*Lych-nis*) of our hedges shews this very prettily.

In a very large number of plants the ripe seed-vessel splits up entirely into its component valves, and sometimes each of the latter is rent lengthwise into two parts, thus exposing the seeds to the full action of the autumn breeze which is to waft them from their moorings. Thus the pod of the common columbine of our gardens opens along one of its edges, while a pea or bean splits entirely into two portions. The lily and the flag have valves which adhere at their lines of junction with each other but break along their middle, or *dorsal* line, as it is termed. Other plants split into three, four, or more portions, either

from the top downwards, or, less commonly, from below upwards.

But there are fruits which open in a different way. A crack is formed around the fruit, and the top comes off like a box-lid. This occurs in the henbane and pimpernel; and there are plants in which the lid remains attached on one side, so as to form a natural hinge. Then again there are pods which contract round the contained seeds, so as to form as many bead-like divisions as there are seeds. Each bead then breaks off, in consequence, it is thought, of the swelling of the seed within, and thus the latter is detached from the plant on which it grew.

A third mode by which seed-vessels set free their contents is by *pores*, or slits, which open in the valves at the top, side, or base. Through these little windows the seeds escape from prison. The snapdragon is an illustration of this curious arrangement, which will also be found to prevail in various species of campanula.

But the release of the seed is but half-way towards its due dispersion. The germs of new plants must be scattered far and wide, in order to accomplish the purpose of the Creator. And this dispersion is secured in various ways, some of which, at least, must strike the most careless observer, and awaken his reverent admiration. Of several agencies called into action to aid nature's sowing, one, the *winds*, has already been alluded to. The seeds are, in a large number of cases, exposed to the atmosphere by being placed at the extremity of elastic stems, which sway to and fro in the breeze, and aid in detaching the future plant. The weight of the seed is more or less fully adapted to the same end, its lightness being augmented by the addition of various beautiful appendages. Thus, in many trees, such as the lime, the ash, and the maple, the entire fruit is provided with *wings*, which waft it from place to place. These are flat leaf-like expansions; but in the pasque-flower and the traveller's joy of our hedges the fruit is provided with a downy tail, which adds greatly to its light-

ness. So the fruits of *composite* plants are *feathered*, of which structure the common dandelion affords an exquisite example. Each fruit, for there are many to each flower-head, is provided with a stalk, surmounted by a circlet of downy hairs, so as to form a fairy-like parachute, which seems to rise spontaneously into the air, bearing aloft its fruity ear. To crown the whole, the latter is studded with reversed hooks, which, like grappling-irons, anchor it fast to the soil, when at length it finds a suitable resting-place. When children blow the down from the dandelion head, how little do they dream what a wondrous contrivance they hold in their hands! But let us ask, how many of their elders are in advance of them in this respect?

A similar arrangement prevails in many seeds, which are covered with wool, or winged, like the fruits already spoken of.

As the winds disperse innumerable seeds, so the *waters* render important aid in the great work of dissemination. Not only are the germs of marine plants thus borne to a distance, but in the far North huge icebergs act as diffusers of vegetable life, while in tropical seas the waves unite with the winds in covering with verdure the islands reared by the coral-polype. Then,

"The turf looks green where the breakers rolled;

O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold;"

and the feathery crown of the cocoa-palm is seen, because the fibrous husk has enabled the nut to ride safely on the billows, and find a resting-place on the soil of the new-made rock.

Birds and *quadrupeds* are also made subservient to the dispersion of seeds. The former swallow many seeds, which, from the texture of their integuments, remain undigested in the crop, and eventually reach the ground with their vitality unimpaired. Others are pecked out of

their seed-vessels and dropped by accident; and some attach themselves to the claws of birds; but a much larger number adhere to the coats of sheep and other rough-haired animals, and after a walk through the fields we shall probably be surprised to find how largely our garments have been contributing to the same end, which is promoted by the occasional presence of *hooks*. These stud the seeds of the burdock, bed-straws (*galium*), and other familiar plants.

There is another and more mechanical method by which seeds are dispersed. It consists in the elasticity of the seed-vessel, so that in the act of breaking, the contents are jerked to a distance, often with considerable force. Some plants are provided with elastic springs, and in others the seeds are retained by a sort of catch, which, being released, they are discharged as from a miniature gun. The seed-cases of ferns are surrounded by an elastic ring, or *annulus*, the breaking of which scatters the minute "spores" like a cloud of fine dust.

This great work of dissemination is ordinarily carried on with that silent activity which characterises so many of the operations of nature; but the cracking and bursting of autumn fruits are often readily distinguishable by an attentive ear. Whether, however, the process be an audible or a silent one, we may well reflect with wonder and admiration upon the perfection with which the great-end is attained, and the varied methods employed in its accomplishment. Year by year, without man's knowledge or conscious assistance, a myriad plants perfect their fruits, liberate their seeds, and scatter them over the soil. Thus, as one race disappears, its place is supplied by another, and the grand march of life goes on—"Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth."

W. H. GROSEN, B.Sc., F.G.S.

THE FORTUNES OF CYRIL DENHAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

"LAURA, I want to speak to you!" said Cyril, an evening or two afterwards, when Mrs. Matthews' "family" were assembled, as usual, in the drawing-room. Miss Somerset was standing rather apart from the others, busying herself with the sorting of several portfolios of music; and thus appealed to, she did not raise the magnificent lashes that swept her delicately tinted cheek, but, in her sweetest, lowest tones, made answer, "Very well, dear Cyril; what is it?"

"I wish to speak with you alone; not here, among all these people."

Laura looked up then, and gazed straight into his face. From an ordinary lover such a request would have been natural enough; but Cyril, though a suitor, was no lover of hers, and never had been, and that she knew right well; and there was that in his tone which to her acute and well-trained perceptions evidenced a desire to say something of no ordinary importance, something which her intuition immediately told her might be of the deepest moment to herself. She replied, quietly enough, "Oh, certainly! But first I must sing that new opera-song for Mrs. Battelbringer: I promised her. Then, Cyril, dear, I am at your service. Shall we have our little talk in papa's room?"

Cyril looked round, and saw that Somerset *père* was playing whist with all his soul, with Miss Crumple for partner, and Mr. Battelbringer and a visitor for antagonists. Somerset *père* was a wonderful man at cards; it was difficult to say which was the more amazing, his science or his luck. But seeing him thus, to all appearance, safely disposed of, Cyril agreed to the tryst proposed, and Laura, after selecting her song, seated herself at the pianoforte and began her performance.

And meanwhile, Cyril sat down

by Mrs. Battelbringer, who was in a bad temper because her husband was again risking his money, and, *par consequence*, losing it to Mr. Somerset. She was watching her husband and his opponent very closely, and she bit her lips with vexation as she saw the nervous expression she knew so well, gathering on the countenance of her lord and master, an expression which always warned her that he was losing confidence and self-control preparatory to the final loss. In a vexed and irritable tone she said to Cyril, "I do wish Miss Somerset would not play and sing while they are at cards; it invariably puts Mr. Battelbringer out, and he loses his game. One would think she did it on purpose, since nothing discomposes Mr. Somerset."

"But," said Cyril, greatly astonished, "she is playing now at your request. She promised you that new song, she says."

Mrs. Battelbringer looked up with a peculiar expression, and nettled away furiously. Presently a sarcastic smile curved her thin lips, and she replied, "Now, what made her tell you that, I wonder."

"Why should she not tell me?"

"Simply because young ladies should not tell white lies. Of course she had some end in view when she determined to sing that song; and to give me the credit of having asked for it! but ask for it *I did not!* and I have not, as far as I can recollect, exchanged a single word with Laura Somerset to-day."

"Are you sure, Mrs. Battelbringer? You must forget!"

"I do not forget, and I am positive. I neither asked her to sing that song nor any other song. I never even thought about asking her."

"It is very strange."

"Very! but then Miss Somerset is no ordinary woman; she never tells—what shall I call them?—little romances, without a definite

and touching speech, such as he knew very well how to compose, appealing to Cyril's sense of honour, and beseeching him not to break his child's heart, not to bereave him of his Isabel's sole pledge of love, his precious Laura. But Laura simply sank into the paternal arms, faintly whispering, "I can bear it no longer, send him away; we will speak of it another time."

So Mr. Somerset gave Cyril to understand that the interview must end, that for the present, at least, nothing must be concluded; the engagement must go on, say for a day or so, till Laura had recovered from the shock, and till he himself had considered whether or not it would be possible to render null and void so many promises. "So very openly you have wooed my daughter," concluded Mr. Somerset with his grand-est air, "that it seems to me, that you cannot part from her now, without subjecting her to censorious and highly injurious misconceptions! Not only have I my daughter's happiness to consider, but her woman's name to guard from foul aspersion. Go, sir, unless you wish to kill your victim in her father's arms; go! we will meet again when I have carefully weighed your monstrous proposition, in all its bearings, in all its aspects! Good evening, Mr. Denham."

Thus dismissed, Cyril had no alternative, and he quitted the room feeling that he had been foiled, and that for the present at least he must submit to be considered still the betrothed of Miss Somerset. In common justice, in common humanity, he could not rush into the drawing-room, and proclaim his intention of quitting the house, and the disruption of his engagement; and yet that was what his impulsive soul yearned to do—he was madly impatient of his fetters, now that he had resolved to free himself of them.

Left to themselves, Laura and her papa indulged in no more studied speeches, or stage attitudes. Laura dried her tears, and sat upright without support, while Mr. Somerset retreated to the other side of the fireplace, and after viciously poking half the coals into the fender, commenced

in a tone the reverse of that he had used in Cyril's presence. "Now, Laura, what is all this tomfoolery about? You've been playing your cards badly, or there would never have been this stupid outbreak."

"Indeed it is no fault of mine," replied the young lady sullenly; "and I have a great mind to take him at his word; I am tired of his romance and his boyish impulse: a poor milk-sop, a mean, spiritless creature! no wonder Miss Ashburner threw him over! She must be a woman of sense!"

"Probably! But Miss Ashburner could afford to please herself—you cannot! Laura, you *must* be married, and that very quickly. My luck grows worse and worse: affairs are coming to a crisis, and I must leave England shortly, and I will not—I mean it—I *will not take you with me*. Neither can I provide for you here. Really, I am out of all patience; girls, plain and stupid, and ugly even, get settled in life, and here are you, with beauty of the highest order, with natural talents, and with rare accomplishments, still on my hands. I will not have it, I tell you; you marry this poor fool—for fool he is—or I wash my hands of you, and leave you to your own devices."

Laura shivered; she knew that her father was heartless enough to carry his threat into execution. If he did not leave her as Cyril Denham's wife, he would leave her penniless and friendless on a wide, unfeeling world. How unpitiful, how hard that wide world can be to the forsaken and the unprotected Laura knew full well. She had had some experience of this, and she did not care to be cast on her own resources, so it behaved her to hold her renegade suitor with most tenacious clasp, and to expedite her marriage without any more delay.

"Very well," replied Laura, moodily; "but really there is not much worth striving for. As for his little whims and peculiarities, I would not care about them at all; no woman, well brought up as I have been, you know, expects a husband exactly to her mind; but she does expect some-

thing to compensate her for all the sacrifices she must make, that something Cyril does not possess; you thought he did."

"He is a gentleman, he has five hundred a-year already; his income will increase; he has influence, he has patronage at command; who knows but that he will regain his lost inheritance?"

"I know he will not. Cyril Denham will never regain anything, he has no pluck in him."

"There I differ from you, he has pluck enough, but he lacks judgment."

"And steadfastness. His healthy impulses rarely strengthen into definite action; as for his unhealthy impulses they carry him into all sorts of equivocal situations. If I marry him I shall have plenty of trouble with him."

"You will marry him, and that speedily; you have caught bigger fish e'er now, I know, but you have always let them flounder away again; remember young Greville, and the brilliant match you were to make, and how it ended in mere moonshine."

"That was no fault of mine," cried Laura, passionately. "Hush, I will not hear you slander the best man who ever lived. The only man I ever loved. When he knew who I was, and what my training had been, when he knew that our position was entirely assumed, that we were living lies, that disreputable consequences might any day ensue, was he to fling himself away on such false trash? was he to give his sterling gold in exchange for our specious tinsel? Father, I let Harry Greville go of my own free-will. There was still something in me of pure, true womanhood; I would not mingle his fate with mine; I loved him, and I would not ruin him; it was the only good thing I ever did in my life. It broke my heart, but I have never regretted it."

"Ridiculous girl, have the goodness to cease this rhodomontade; you are not on the stage now; there is no admiring audience to applaud Miss Sara Temple, in her grand character of the 'Gambler's Daughter.'"

"That old life was happy in com-

parison with this: I have a great mind to tell Cyril Denham he is free: to let you go, and to work honestly for my living. I work hard enough now, but dishonestly; the toil of rehearsals, and of acting six nights in the week, is considerably less than that of acting always, ever sustaining a character not my own; ever dreading the terrible crisis that is sure to come. Nemesis will be here by-and-by, as surely as we now stand here together face to face."

"You are not an agreeable companion to-night, Laura, you are tired and over-excited; take a glass of wine and go to bed. You will be reasonable again in the morning."

"I suppose I shall. I shall be wax in your hands once more. Father, I wish I had been a plain-faced, stupid hunchback, then you could not have made a sordid market of my beauty; then you would have placed me in some charity school, and I should have learned my duty. I should have gone out to service, or I should have been a sempstress; perhaps you would have deserted me in my innocent childhood—so much the better for me. Oh! I am sick of intrigue. I know I have been an apt pupil, my talent for cheating has almost amounted to genius, but I suppose from my mother I inherited some tiny spark of goodness that will not go out in spite of all the floods of wickedness that have been sweeping over me these twenty years; and there are moments when I hate you, but hate myself still more; when I feel that I must give up the miserable tissue of deceit, or go mad."

"I think you are a little mad to-night; but I have seen you in these moods before. We will not talk further now; you weary me, and make me angry; a little more, and I shall forget the courtesy due to a lady."

"A lady!" she cried, in terrible scorn of herself. "I am no more a lady than I am Laura Somerset! Angey Matthews and that odious Miss Grundison have more right to the title of lady than I have! A sweet lady, in sooth."

"Hush, or I shall strike you. My patience is all but gone. Go to your own room this instant. This day month you must be Mrs. Denham. It *must be*, there is no alternative. Good night, my virtuous young woman—I will not say 'lady,' again."

CHAPTER XXX.

AUTHORSHIP.

A WEEK passed quietly away, and then Mr. Somerset again sought private speech of Cyril Denham, and told him that he had deliberately considered the subject of his and Laura's engagement, and that for his daughter's sake he felt no rupture must take place; in fact, the marriage had better be concluded as soon as the necessary formalities could be observed; he was leaving England on important government business of a strictly private nature, and it was not in the fitness of things that Miss Somerset should remain without a protector. And much more the careful father added, much which proved him to be a skilful diplomatist, and a most astute observer of human nature, of Cyril's nature in particular; and the result was that Cyril was convinced of his own villainy and cowardice in seeking to throw off a girl who really loved him, and whose prospects would probably be seriously injured, did not her well-known engagement terminate in marriage. How severely he had blamed Elizabeth for her want of faith; would it become him to follow her example? No; as Mrs. Matthews would say, "he had made his bed, and he must lie on it;" he had committed an error, and he must suffer the consequences: perhaps he and Laura would get on very well without much love; perhaps a sort of tranquil affection would grow up between them when—well, when they had been married a few years. Perhaps as wife and mother, Laura might develop into something less artificial, and consequently more genuine than she hitherto had been; at any rate, there could be no release. Marriage with Laura was his Kismet,

and it is of no use to try to evade one's fate. "But then," whispered conscience, "you have rushed upon your fate, you have fashioned your own fortunes; whatever may betide, blame not fate or fortune. Above all things blame not Providence."

So blaming himself full bitterly, and with a heart as sore as sorrowful man e'er carried, Cyril Denham resigned himself to his fate, and that fate was to be married, at the latest, early in February,—now it was November.

Mr. Rattenbury asked him what had been decided, and hearing the state of the case smiled grimly, and replied, "I wouldn't stand in your shoes, Cyril Denham: you are going to begin life afresh, for marriage is always in a certain sense the commencement of a new life, and you begin it by swearing a lie. For goodness sake, my dear fellow, read the marriage service through, and see to what you pledge yourself in God's sight. What my Minnie said was true enough, though I must confess, difficult of application.—Come home with me to night."

But Cyril could not accept this invitation, and it was more than a week before he went to Pibroch Place. When he did go, Minnie Rattenbury received him more in sorrow than in anger, but she told him at once that he had made a fatal mistake, that he was weak and foolish, and that no good could ever come of deferring to mere expediency.

"I cannot help it," said Cyril, dejectedly, "it is my fate."

"Nonsense!" cried Minnie, energetically, almost stamping her little feet on the footstool, "one would think you were an absolute heathen; *fate*, indeed! We seek our own *fate* and fashion our own fortunes to a great extent. God gives us certain opportunities, and we use them or abuse them, and then commend or rail at our fortunes. Oh, I have no patience with it."

"With what have you no patience?"

"With people who blame fate or fortune or Providence for their mis-
haps. I am convinced that our

fortunes are very much as we make them."

"Surely I did not make mine. Monkswood was passing from the Denhams when I was born."

"Perhaps so. Your own fortunes really commenced when you entered the office in Parliament Street. You knew full well that it rested with yourself to obtain promotion; you have rare talent, but you have not perseverance. So you grew careless and let your chance go by; you slighted the Ashburners, who were your best friends, in a moment of infatuation you proposed to that sorceress, Laura Somerset. And so you have spun the web of new fortunes. God puts certain threads into our hands to weave them as we think best; we cannot make the threads ourselves, we cannot choose them, but He permits us to work them very much after our own fashion. God provides the anvil and the metal, but the work must be our own. He gives all things requisite for a noble life and noble deeds, but the great Giver will have His children wise, and energetic, and painstaking. In their need He will always appear for them, and succour them, and guide them, but He will not do supernaturally that which they are able by His grace to do naturally. God helps the diligent, but leaves the idler to his idleness. Depend upon it, Cyril, our fortunes are chiefly made and marred by ourselves."

"And I have marred mine."

"I think you have. But once marred need not be ever marred. 'Try, try again,' as my little Toodlums says over his pinafore which he is learning to fasten for himself. But then if you will marry Laura Somerset I don't know what to say, for there must be truth and soundness at the foundation of all our work if we are to do it well and heartily. To be false to marriage vows in heart must be displeasing to God; perhaps as displeasing as if one were false in deed. Oh, if you must marry, if you must replace Mrs. Gower so quickly, why on earth did you not seek to win ——"

"Sally Hawkes, I suppose?"

"No, indeed. Sally Hawkes must be a dear creature, but she is not the wife for you: indeed, I am sure from what I know of her she would not have you if you asked her. Sally Hawkes, indeed! you might as well think of wedding one of the saints in the calendar."

"Janet Anstruther then? *She* will never marry anyone. She has lived her life as women say, and is as much out of my reach, out of any man's reach, as the planet Venus."

"I know little about Miss Anstruther, but I was not thinking of her."

"Of whom then could you be thinking?"

"Of whom? Oh, Cyril! blind, blind, blind! I was thinking of Agnes Craven, of her whom you once called 'sister,' of your friend, your true friend, I am well assured. I have not forgotten those two letters of hers you once showed to me; such a woman would indeed have made your happiness; on such an union you might indeed have sought God's blessing."

Mrs. Rattenbury, it never occurred to me to think of Agnes in that way. And if I had thought, it would have been useless: I made her my confidante respecting my love for Elizabeth: afterwards I associated her somehow with all my pain and wrong; and, deeply as I revered her, fully as I trusted her, I could not write to her. And because she did not write to me I tried to persuade myself that she was faithless in friendship as another had been in love. Now she knows my present entanglement, I could no more presume to make love to Agnes Craven than to a lady of the blood-royal."

"Well, you know best; but if I had been a man I think I know whom I should have chosen of the fair sisterhood at Forest Range. You will tell me that 'women cannot judge for men.' I am not so certain of that; at any rate, some men cannot or do not judge wisely for themselves, especially in the article of matrimony. There is my next-door neighbour, a widower with half-a-score of children, marrying a pretty

girl in her eighteenth summer; there is young Stukeley at the office, grave, tranquil, given to erudite research, marrying a gay flirt, several years his senior, who will rule him with a rod of iron; and here are you, contracted to a woman of whose family you know really nothing, and whose tastes and habits are certainly at variance with your own. No; men are too frequently unwise judges in this the great epoch of their lives. But we asked you here this evening to tell you something concerning ourselves. My husband wished that I should tell you. I wonder if you will be sorry."

"I shall be very sorry if it be any thing that brings misfortune in any way to you."

"Oh, but we hope it will bring fortune, not misfortune. Robert has given the matter his most serious consideration. At first I could not be persuaded. Of course I would have gone with him to the world's end, to Greenland, or the Sahara if he had resolved to go thither, but he was so good—just like him, you know—as to refuse to make decision till I also was convinced that the change was desirable."

"Mr. Rattenbury is going to leave our office?"

"Yes, we have an opportunity given us of improving our circumstances, and we believe for the sake of our children we ought to take advantage of it."

"I believe you ought, but I for one shall be very sorry to miss his honest face in our dreary room in Parliament Street; still, we seldom converse privately there, and if you do not leave London we may meet as frequently as ever after business hours."

"Oh, that is the trouble; we shall leave London, and, what is worse, leave England. My boys will lose their jolly uncle Cillill!"

"Mrs. Rattenbury! Is it possible? How did it come about?"

"It is a long story, which Robert will tell you better than I can. You have often heard us speak of old Mr. Harper, a friend of my husband's—through whom, indeed, he

holds his present situation. This gentleman has of late years connected himself with a firm doing an immense business in Russia: the partner who has hitherto resided at St. Petersburg is dead, and Mr. Harper, now sole head of the concern, naturally shrinks from leaving his own country; he is more than seventy years of age. He has watched my Robert for years," continued Minnie, with pride in her voice and emotion in her pretty innocent face, "watched him closely, he says, and he feels sure that to no one can he with greater confidence commit the management of the foreign house than to Mr. Rattenbury. He offers us £700 a year, and will pay all expenses of our journey; moreover, he promises to take Robert into partnership in three years' time, if they work together to each other's mutual satisfaction. So, all things considered, we thought it right and best to go to St. Petersburg;—it was only yesterday that Robert signified to Mr. Harper his acceptance of the terms proposed. All was settled at once, and very early in the spring we go; for some reasons I am very sorry."

And so was Cyril: the early spring would seal his fate, and also separate him from these kindly, simple people, who had proved themselves such faithful friends. Very, very dark looked the shadowy future, and all the darker for his own lack of faith. If it had not been for this wretched engagement, he would have asked Mr. Rattenbury to find a place for him in the Russian counting-house on the banks of the Neva, he might forget that which had befallen him on the shores of the river Thames; or, at least, remember certain passages of his history with less bitterness and pain.

After that evening, one would have expected to find him continually at Pibroch Place, but with the strange inconsistency of his nature, he availed him but seldom of Minnie's cordial invitation to come to them as many evenings as he could spare; he was getting

feverish and reckless, and about that time he formed acquaintances that would have suited neither Robert Rattenbury nor Minnie; and he began to frequent scenes and haunts from which a year ago he would have turned away in horror. He could not spend one evening in the society of the fast men and unprincipled women to whom he had lately been introduced, and the next in the calm chaste atmosphere of Mrs. Rattenbury's little drawing-room.

About Christmas, he took suddenly a step which considerably astonished the members of Mrs. Matthew's "family." He withdrew altogether from that favoured circle, and established himself in chambers near the Strand, to the infinite disquietude of Mr. Somerset, and to the deep regret of Adeline and Angey, who considered his departure as a personal affront, although since his engagement, they had ceased openly to worship at his shrine.

Already it was the New Year, and February was fast approaching. Laura was busy with her *trousseau*, and Minnie was beginning to make preparations for the family exodus. Cyril had long given dissatisfaction in Parliament-street, and since his removal to Arundel-street, he had become so careless of his duties that Mr. Rattenbury thought it but right to warn him that loss of confidence would certainly be followed by loss of office. And Cyril listened drearily, and for the time really cared very little what became of him, and Robert Rattenbury, telling his wife some circumstances that had come to his knowledge, added, "I am sorry as I can be, Minnie; for that young fellow is certainly going to the bad, and the next thing will be that he is dismissed from our office. I begin to think the sooner he is married to Miss Somerset the better; anything is better than the life he now leads, and I dare say I do not know the worst." And the simple-hearted couple mourned over Cyril's degradation, but felt themselves powerless to save him from the abysses of sorrow towards which he so madly rushed. Had Agnes known all the truth, I

cannot think how she would have borne it. She would have wept tears of bitterest anguish over the miserable change; she would have mourned with almost broken heart over the defaced ruins of the glorious temple of that once fair and noble manhood. But she did not know; we, far away under the shadow of the mighty Alps, on the Mediterranean shore, little guessed of all that was transpiring with Cyril; only sometimes we wondered whether he and Laura were yet married, and we looked constantly in the papers for the intelligence we expected to receive. He never wrote to us, not even to Agnes, and so the correspondence between us died quite away; at last, it seemed as if the link between the Denhams and the Ashburners was broken or quite lost; and our own anxieties were so great, that we had little leisure for the indulgence of any but an ever present and imminent grief, that day by day closed more heavily about us, for Lady Ashburner's strength was declining rapidly.

The blow that Mr. Rattenbury had dreaded came even earlier than he had anticipated. He had finally quitted the office, and was busily occupied in gaining the necessary experience for his new undertaking, so that there was no one to give the unfortunate Cyril a word of warning. Some of his escapades had reached the ears of the great men at the helm of affairs; the heads of the department had long been disgusted with his carelessness and general remissness; one or two instances of glaring neglect came to the knowledge of the "powers that be;" and one morning Cyril was—civilly, but haughtily informed, that his services were no longer needed—"circumstances had occurred that rendered an immediate change necessary, &c., &c. Mr. Denham's own conscience must tell him wherein and how deeply he had erred; in a word, another gentleman was already selected from a crowd of eager candidates to fill the vacant post."

So it came to pass that Cyril found himself once more a gentleman

at large, and he resolved at last to give himself up to literature, forswearing all other kinds of labour. On one account he rather rejoiced at the loss of a situation, the duties of which had long been irksome and without interest; this uncertainty of his prospects would certainly defer his marriage. Laura would not care to come and live in chambers, he felt assured; out of an uncertain evil a certain good would be produced; the wedding must be delayed for some months at least, till he began to make something handsome by his pen, and who could tell what might happen in the interval? Rather inspirited than depressed, Cyril left Westminster, and that very evening shutting himself up in his chambers, he sketched out a number of plans to be worked up at leisure. First and foremost came the long-deferred history of his own beloved cathedral; but then it struck him that that would be a labour of time, and meanwhile it was necessary to make money, so he would at once commence a novelette for one of the leading magazines, as well as a historical romance to be completed in three volumes. Added to these, it struck him that he could also produce brilliant articles on the leading questions and events of the day, and such sketches, not too elaborate, but graphically and powerfully written, would be acceptable to the editors of the best papers. In short, Cyril Denham, as he sat alone, swallowing cup after cup of strong tea, saw himself the most popular author of the day, his time fully occupied, his purse well replenished, his balance at his banker's something most respectable; himself, *in propria persona*, the idol of society, and the ardently-desired of publishers, editors, and men of genius. Yes! Now he would "build himself an everlasting name." The lady of Monkwood should hear his name—yes! *his name* sounded triumphantly through the length and breadth of the land, and she and her detestable husband should be compelled to own that it was a name of power—a name that women loved and men revered.

Fired to enthusiasm, he seized on pen and paper, and commenced the

first chapter of the novel or novelette that was to glorify the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and he wrote far into the night, and retired at last to dream of the wide-world plaudits, of well-earned laurels, of standing in prose literature where Tennyson stands in the lists of poesy.

And in the morning, though he had the headache, the result of excitement and excess in green tea, he rose with fervour unabated, and wrote on through the day, scarcely pausing for his meals, so that when at last, from sheer exhaustion, he laid down his pen a little before midnight, the tale was nearly finished.

Next day he worked more slowly and with less ardour, and he could not account for it, but his interest in the charming toil was woefully diminished, and it was only by a strong effort that he kept himself to his task, but his attention wandered, and he begun to feel physically fatigued, and at last assuring himself that *successful* composition could never be *forced*, he laid down his pen, drank a bottle of sparkling Moselle, and went out for the evening.

A week passed away before the story was completed, but at last the final word was written, and it remained only to take or send the MS. to its destination. Cyril decided to leave it himself, and he wandered that very afternoon into Paternoster-row, and consigned it to an iron-looking man, who promised that it should be "considered in due course."

Cyril hoped it would be very quickly "considered," and of course accepted, since he began to have certain qualms respecting the state of his finances; he had not paid all his Christmas bills; he wanted certain books for reference, and a very few pounds remained to him of ready money. He decided that he must be more economical, drink weaker tea, which would be better for his nerves, and eschew sparkling Moselle altogether, or keep it as a special indulgence for high days and holidays. Meanwhile he had better go home, and work steadily at his cathedral papers; he had decided on offering

his *chef d'œuvre* to Longmans, as a firm worthy to bring out volumes of so vast importance. But one morning came the startling announcement that the bill to which he had put his name was not provided for; that unforeseen circumstances had arisen; that a complication of disasters had ensued—in short, that Cyril must meet the bill, and “stump up the tin!”—such was Mr. Somerset's elegant but forcible expression, or else the little bill must be renewed. And as Cyril had not £300 at his disposal, scarcely indeed the difference between that sum and three hundred guineas, it was very evident that the process of “renewing,” costly as it might prove, must be resorted to. In towering wrath and indignation Cyril set off for Pimlico, determined from his grand vantage-ground as creditor to carry matters with a high hand, and finally and forcibly dis sever himself from the Somersets: “Why he could better marry the daughter of the ‘Old Man of the Sea,’ if she could be found, than Laura Somerset!”

Arrived at the well-known domicile, he found the “family” in a state that baffles description. Mrs. Matthews was crying and storming, and pouring out full vials of wrath on the head of the unfortunate partner of her joys and sorrows, for “it was all *his* fault,” she averred; “if he had been a man and not a gander, it never would have happened, but he was of no use in the world except to make work in the house, and spend the money she toiled so hard to earn.” Angey had been snubbed into hysterics; the servants had all given warning. Miss Crumple, in high disdain, smilingly remarked, “It was what she had long expected.” Adeline Grundison felt happier than she had been for many a day; for now she was in some sort revenged on Laura for her criticisms on “Ever of Thee” and the Norma duets. The Battelbringers for once were unanimous, and declared that the family was well rid of such impostors, while young Gregory, who had lately favoured Yankeeisms, vowed that it was “screaming fun.”

All of which portended the flight

of the Somersets. Cyril could obtain no clear statement of facts from anybody, till he found Gregory with his heels planted on the drawing-room mantelpiece, trolling out one of his nigger songs in very bad time.

“Just tell me the plain facts,” cried Cyril, excitedly; “everybody seems gone out of their senses. What is it all about?”

“It is very simple, *mon ami*. Your beautiful bride and her papa have *skedaddled*, that is, have *absquatulated*; that is, have *mizzled*; that is, have ‘cut their lucky;’ that is, have clandestinely removed themselves and their belongings from this palatial residence, without consulting the *maire du palais*, or *la mère de la maison*. In short, they have surreptitiously absconded with all their effects, leaving us only their blessing and any amount of unsettled bills.”

And Cyril, thinking of Laura, rejoiced greatly; but thinking of the £300 which he could not pay, and might not ignore, was greatly troubled in spirit.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

AFTER innumerable pains and anxieties, Cyril succeeded in getting his “little bill” renewed, and thus the evil day was postponed, but the evil itself augmented, since he would have to pay heavily for the accommodation. But he really had no alternative, and he fondly hoped that before the second bill became due, he should be in funds from his literary ventures, and quite able to discharge his debts; and then, he promised himself, never under any circumstances, or for the sake of anybody, to put his hand to a little bill again. Meantime, he worked on at his “Chronicles of Southchester Cathedral,” and “dashed off” several sparkling articles,—the very champagne of newspaper literature, and sent them to one of the editors of the *Times*, who did condescend to use one of them, and of course paid for it; but the rest were “declined with thanks.” Cyril, though elated with this

morsel of success, was rather chagrined at the editorial rejection of his best articles, for he had told himself that they would be caught up with avidity, and he himself retained on the *Times* and other leading journals forthwith. He was beginning to be anxious, too, respecting the fate of the MS. he had left in Paternoster-row.

It was towards the close of a wretched February day, that sitting moodily by his ashly fire, his untasted tea by his side, and his notebook in hand, that he heard footsteps slowly ascending the stairs which led to his chambers. They were slipshod, lagging feet, and they came wearily, as if tired of their day's perambulations; and Cyril knew them for those of his laundress, or landlady, a genuine Mrs. Crupp, though her name was Mrs. Stalker. But what could bring her to his sitting-room at that hour, since it was her custom after bringing up the kettle and the teatray, to ask him if he required anything more, and then to vanish for the night, the tea-equipage remaining till she came to clean up on the following morning.

"What is it, Mrs. Stalker?" he asked, as a very untidy-looking female in dilapidated bombazine, and a cap that might have been a reversionary head-dress of Mrs. Noah's, advanced towards the table.

"It's a tallygraph, Sir, which the boy, which is as impudent a young monkey as I ever see, 'ave just brought, and he's a-stopping at the bottom of the stairs, a standing on his head on the lowest step while you signs it!"

Cyril signed the document hurriedly, lest the juvenile in question should expire of apoplexy while he delayed; then he opened the telegram and read "the Rev. Ignatius Chasuble to Mr. Denham. Miss Hawkes, at the point of death, wishes Mr. Denham to come to her instantly." Mrs. Stalker, careless of the fate of the inverted youth below, stood staring at Mr. Denham, and hoped "he hadn't got no bad news!" But the bombazine skirt, and the dirty face and cap, and even

the walls and furniture of the room had vanished from his view: his body might be in an upper story of a house in Arundel-street, in the Strand, London, but his spirit was at Monkswood, as it used to be in the days of his early youth, and he saw once more the gloomy dining-room, the antique furniture, his mother in her rusty widow's weeds and the little brown figure he knew so well, gliding about with even step, and calm sweet face, and pleasant tones, however dark the social atmosphere of that beclouded home. And, again, he saw the Cedar Chamber, and the dark-plumed bed, and the rigid white-robed form thereon, and Sally's gentle face bowed in prayer for the departing; and he saw that other face that had watched there to the last,—pale, pure, and beautiful, as he had seen it for the last time, months before, in the Græco-Roman saloon.

"Tell them I am coming—coming instantly," said Cyril, waking up to present exigencies, and waving his hand wildly to dismiss Mrs. Stalker. And with this remarkable verbal message to the Telegraph Company, the good woman departed, a little awed at her lodger's strange abstraction. In five minutes, Cyril had consulted a time-table, had crammed a few articles into a carpet-bag, and was hurrying over Waterloo Bridge to catch the train; he dared not call a cab, lest he should make just too deep an inroad on his nearly exhausted purse, and for the first time in his life he concluded to travel second-class.

It was a dreary night, and London was all mud and mist as he left it behind him, and the country was dripping and foggy, and the carriage in which he had taken his seat was dirty and ill-lighted; altogether it was a miserable journey, and the hours passed heavily, and it seemed as if the train would never reach the well-known station. But at last Cyril stood upon the platform, and Southchester lay before him.

He scarcely waited to give up his ticket; then he dashed out of the station-yard, and down the road, and the High Street, into St. Mil-

dred's Close, where all was silent as death, only the wide-mouthed gurgoyled spouts were overflowing, and the water dripped with a mournful patter on the old stone pavement. There was light in Sally's house, and he pulled the bell cautiously, dreading the news that might await him—it might be that nothing could disturb Sally now. Very quickly some one came,—the neat maid-servant whom he had seen during his former visit; and behind her, coming from Sally's own little parlour, was Mrs. Dunstan, the prebend's widow. The old lady's eyes were full of tears, as she welcomed Cyril: "She has just asked for you, Mr. Denham," she said, in lieu of any other greeting; "she knew you would come, and she heard the train come in."

"Is she very ill? Is there no hope?"

"None! none! They have all given her up; it is inflammation of the lungs;—she is nearly gone; she was never very strong; and when she was first taken ill she seemed quite sure she would not recover. To-day, the doctors said they could do no more, and then she asked Mr. Chasuble to telegraph for you."

A few more minutes, and Cyril was in Sally's chamber. There was the same sweet, quiet face he had known nearly all his life, but on it rested that shadow that had fallen on Mrs. Denham's worn features in the Cedar Chamber. There was a strange unearthly light in the soft brown eyes, but brow and cheek were ashen grey, and the pale lips were parted, as if for a little longer only the breath of this world's life would pass between them; yet over all, faded brows, shining eyes, and stiffening lips, was the impress of perfect peace. Sally put out her hand and tried to clasp Cyril's, and a smile stole over the dying countenance as she said faintly: "I knew you would come, Mr. Cyril; it was all I asked of God, that once more I might see you in the flesh."

"Oh, Sally! Sally! Am I not to have one friend left in all the world?"

"I think you have many friends, Mr. Cyril; but I sent for you—oh! may I speak to you?—may I say just what is in my heart?"

"There is nothing you may not say to me, Sally; you cannot say that which is not good, and wise, and kind."

"Then, Mr. Cyril, are you at all happy yet?"

"Sally, how can I be happy? Everything has been against me—how can I be careless and light-hearted?"

"I do not want you to be careless! Do you remember how we talked together that night you came to Southchester, when you said that loving God was difficult work? Has it become easier? Are you nearer God now than you were then?"

"Further off, Sally!—further off than ever! I must tell you all the truth, even though it pain you."

"It will not pain me, because I know you will come right at last. When one comes to the end, one feels so differently, even about one's dearest friends. One does not love them less, but one's confidence in God is greater; one feels then how tender and compassionate He is; how patient a Master, how kind a Father, how pitying a Judge! I have committed you to *Him*, dear Mr. Cyril, and I have faith. We cannot see the way now, and perhaps for a long time there will be clouds and darkness; but light will come at last; only look for it, wait for it, and be patient and trustful."

"Sally, you do not know how far I have wandered from the light. I have forgotten God. I have wilfully broken His laws. Yes! I have sunk into depths of wickedness of which you cannot conceive. I am no longer a child, but a renegade."

"Come back, then, to the Father's love; come back, and He will meet you by the way. He will meet you in the shadow of the Cross, and you will be forgiven and welcomed. It is that Cross now that comforts me."

"Sally! I did not know you were a Romanist!"

"I am not! I did not speak of

God has given them to do or bear; those who carry with them everywhere an altar, whereon they offer ceaselessly the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart, mingled with sweet incense of faith and thanksgiving! And there are those who, day by day, bend the knee in hallowed fane, and join with white-robed chorister and priest in sounds of sacred harmony, yet with whom the great High Priest abides not! Such, worship not in spirit and in truth, and the blessing is not theirs, though they kneel among the faithful amid the mouldering shrines hallowed by the memories of the past, though arch and aisle and solemn chancel have echoed for a thousand years to the celestial strain, "Thou art the King of Glory, Oh, Christ!"

Cyril stayed at Southchester till after the funeral, till Sally was laid, according to her wish, under the spreading chestnut-trees that clustered round the lonely chancel of St. Croix. Cyril's legacy was a very small one; when all just debts were paid, and funeral and other expenses liquidated, only a few pounds remained. He went back to Arundel-street, feeling sadder and lonelier than ever. He never visited Monkswood, nor did he venture to go down to Forest Range. "No," he said to himself, on the day he left St. Mildred's Close; "let the dead past bury its dead! I will not revive it by going where every tree, and every stone, and every inch of ground will speak to me of other and happier days. Let the past go! But oh! the present is inexpressibly dreary, and the time to come is cloudy and uninviting. Friends I have none; some are lost, some are estranged, and those who call themselves my friends now are not worthy of the name; already some of them are looking coldly on me. I am not successful enough, not fortunate enough for such ephemera as they are!"

So Cyril wrapped himself in his own sad thoughts, and worked away fitfully, indeed, in his dreary chamber in London, and few came near him, and every day and every

week he felt his isolation more completely. At last, one day came back the MS. from the editor of *Blackwood*, and next morning several other articles he had written for the papers were declined. Sally's legacy, though a trifle, kept the wolf from the door. When the money in his purse was gone he had no notion where to turn for more, and then that bill?—the £300, that had now swelled to nearly £500—how was that to be met?

How, indeed? It was as much in his power to pay off the National Debt as to produce the necessary cash at the time required; he supposed he must go to prison for a debt he had never incurred. It did not seem so terrible a fate now that no one remained, as he believed, to bewail his fallen fortunes.

The Rattenburys had left England during his stay at Southchester: faithful Angey would have wept had she known the wretched circumstances of his lot, but she never imagined that Cyril had to cook his chop himself, that he had turned teetotal for the sake of hard economy; that he began to look with anxious eye at his hat and boots, and that he dreaded illness, lest Mrs. Stalker should have him carried to the hospital. Angey was engaged now to the young Esculapius of Gallipot-house, and she remembered Cyril with that sort of regret we feel in middle life for some sweet, long-vanished dream of youth. "He never could have been mine," she said to her new lover, candidly, "and so it is best that we were parted; he was far above me as the heavenly spheres, and he never thought of me, though I used to hope he would some day. But I never can forget him, and I care for you, Horatio, quite differently. I suppose this is the real thing, and the other was only romance. And yet, sometimes I think if that wretched hussy, Laura Somerset, had not come like a cunning spider, and made webs for him, he *might* have seen how I worshipped him and have loved me a little in return!"

To which rhapsody Horatio

answered, "I dare say he wouldn't, and if he would, my love is worth a dozen of his any day! I'm in treaty for a nice little practice down in the country, Angey, and we'll settle there, and keep a pony and gig, and I shall have lots of patients; it's a fine sickly neighbourhood, I'm told, and I shall make a fortune, and you shall have everything you want, and I shall never think anything too good for you; and we will be as happy as two love-birds, or as a prince and princess, and Cyril Denham may go to the — well, say to Jericho!"

Little knew the kind-hearted girl of the actual privations of her hero; little she dreamed of the troubles and difficulties that were thickening

round him. And when one sunny day in April she became a bride, and sat all blushing before the ponderous cake, with Adeline and another friend beside her as bridesmaids, and tried to think of Cyril as if he were dead, or as if he were the ideal of some romance, the true state of things never suggested itself to her fertile imagination. While Angey kept her marriage feast, Cyril drank weak tea without milk or sugar, and dispensed with dinner altogether, because the wolf was so very near the door that he could hear him growl. Oh, if Agnes, in her luxurious villa home at Mentoni, had known how it fared with her friend in Arundel-street!

THE TENANT OF THE BEECH FARM.

THE DIARY OF HESTER EVERETT.

PART II.

NIGHT drew on, and Aunt Bessie, true to her resolution, declined going to bed.

"If I am to be murdered," she said, mournfully, "let it be when I am awake, with all my senses about me. No, sister, I really must sit up."

There was nothing else for it, she was so positive, and mother was also obliged to desire the servants to sit up. Aunt would never have been satisfied, to know any one in the house had gone to bed.

I must not describe our party further than to say that we four ladies sat in the drawing-room, and the servants were huddled round the kitchen fire, bracing each other's nerves with ghost-stories and tales of murder and robbery. It was about eleven o'clock. None of us were sufficiently sleepy to give in and propose going to bed, when a tremendous knocking was heard at the front door, that brought all our household into the hall. It not being the custom in burglarious circles, I believe, to commence

operations by alarming the family, my mother's first thought was that some accident had happened to father or the boys, and that a messenger had come to tell her, so she peremptorily desired M'Intyre to open the door. But that worthy shook his head, drew back, and cautioned his mistress at being taken unwarily. Then the knock was repeated louder, and some one proposed to reconnoitre from an upper window, but before this could be done a voice called out, "Open the door quickly! lose no time, the stacks in the yard are on fire." I shall not easily forget mother's cry of dismay as she tried to unbar the door.

"It is all a dodge," said Cicely, "to make us open the door," and after the manner of street-boys, she cried through the door, "Walk-er!"

Then the same voice that had first spoken said, "It is true; do you think I would alarm the family for nothing? I am Mr. Derwent." When the door was opened it did not need any more assertion to prove it to us. We hurried round the

house, and saw the smoking stack, the largest one, too; but if one burned all must; they were close together.

Mr. Derwent singled out my mother, and spoke to her.

"Mr. Perkins has gone to the village for help; in the meantime every one on the spot must help."

"Yes," she said, mechanically, quite unable to give any directions, but Mr. Derwent was equal to the emergency.

"Ropes and buckets!" he cried; "and where are the pumps?"

Then ensued a scene which is vivid to my mind as when it happened, though I have not the powers of portraying necessary to describe it well. M'Intyre stood on a high stack near the burning one, and threw on the buckets of water which we passed to him. Mr. Derwent worked with a will. He put the ploughboy to the pump, we passed the pails on, and Mr. Derwent hoisted them up to M'Intyre. When I say we, I mean mother, the maids, and I. Aunt Bessie sat on a stone, crying bitterly, and Cicely had gone into the house to find her shawl and hat, the latter being an exceedingly becoming one; as she said, "If the people came up from the village, there would be no saying who would be among them, most likely Mr. Perkins."

It was a wonderfully short space of time until some of our neighbours appeared, headed, indeed, by Mr. Perkins; and Mr. Derwent's forethought in sending a message that no one should come without a pail or bucket was of the greatest use of all. We relinquished our posts to strong men, and then Mr. Derwent came breathless up to me, where I stood resting for a moment.

"Where is Mrs. Everett?"

I pointed her out where she stood beside Aunt Bessie, and followed him to her side.

"Mrs. Everett," he said, "we have done our best, but there is worse yet to come, and the wind is against us."

She understood his meaning, and answered with a look at the house,

"The thatched roof," she said, "what must be done?"

"They are pouring water on it now," he said, "but we dare not trust to that; what can be saved must be. Do you give me leave to act for you?"

"God bless you!" she said, bursting into tears, "my husband is not here, but do as you think best."

"Come," he said to me, drawing me after him, "Take your servants that know the house, let the outside people work outside; while you can go into the house yourself do so, and direct them. What is most valuable have carried out."

I obeyed; no one dreamt of disobeying him, and he explained to the people what was being done. "Let Mr. Everett's servants take the house," he said, "no one else can be spared."

He followed me in, and assisted me in filling clothes-baskets with things small but of value. I had my mother's keys, and knew best where money, papers, plate, and such things were.

"Where is your room?" he said presently, "we have saved nothing for you. Come, it is not a time for ceremony."

I ran up stairs, and he followed. My room was close to the roof, and already the heat was stifling. "Five minutes," he said, "may do a good deal. Quick! point out what I must take, and you throw out of the window everything that will bear it."

As I did so he helped me, carrying drawers to the window that I might the quicker collect the contents. The last thing was my desk. "Let me drop it," he said, "breaking is better than burning."

There was a cry from outside, "The stairs are full of smoke! Come down, come down!"

"We must go," he said, seizing my hand, and drawing me out on the lobby. It was, indeed, full of smoke, the stifling smoke from the thatch already on fire in several places. I drew back terrified.

"Shut your eyes, Hester," he said, and as I shut them I was carried down-stairs almost before I knew,

and felt the cool air on my face. I was placed in a chair, and Mr. Derwent looked over my hands and face carefully. "Are you safe?" he said, kindly, and then bringing a pail of water, made me bathe my hands and face, and take breath at my leisure.

"It was hot work," he said, "but I hope you won't be the worse for it. You are a first-rate ally. I hope we have left nothing very important behind us." Then he followed my example, and bathed his face. There was nothing, in fact, left for him to do. There were as many people at the pumps as could work, and the house could no longer be entered. "Where are the others?" I said, as I recovered, looking round for my mother and aunt, and hardly had I spoken when Cicely rushed up to me.

"I declare, Hester, you take it coolly," she said; "to see you sitting there—and I have been in such danger! Just at the last moment I remembered Mr. Perkins' hat, and dashed in for it, and there it is, a little smoked, but not much the worse, and I shall venture to say you never thought of it. Did you bring out my new boots?"

We could not refrain from a hearty laugh, both Mr. Derwent and I, at Cicely's anxieties, and she looked very indignant.

"Yes, you may laugh, Hester; but, Mr. Derwent, I paid twenty-five shillings for them this morning to such a princely creature in a tax-cart, and to think that I did not get one single Sunday's wear out of them! It was exceedingly selfish of you, Hester, not to think of them. I am sure if you had mentioned them to Mr. Derwent he would gladly have put them in his pocket for me."

"I believe," said Mr. Derwent, "we threw a good many boots and shoes out of the window, perhaps yours may be among them."

"I shall go and look," Cicely said, turning away; "there is light enough, at any rate, to find them by."

There was light enough, truly, for now the thatched roof was on fire, and everyone simultaneously stopped

working to look at the blaze. Some one mentioned my name, and some one else said, "tell her mother she is here." So I got up and went in search of mother and aunt, finding them, at last, seated side by side, paralysed with terror, unable to move. I went up to them, and my mother could only pull me down to her, and say, "some one said you were inside, my darling!" when she fainted away.

It was Mr. Derwent who brought me water, and helped me to bring her round, while Aunt Bessie wrung her hands, and talked of her nerves. Mr. Derwent carried my mother to a couch, and laid her on it, and Aunt Bessie followed us, lamenting loudly over her hard fate.

"I knew something was going to happen," she said, piteously. "Last night a coal jumped out of the fire. I am a poor, nervous creature, Mr. Derwent," and there was the slightest possible touch of sarcasm in the voice that answered her, "So I see, ma'am."

"Ah! it is well for people who can faint, and then get better. Overwrought people never lie down, and go off, and get a fuss made over them. I am sure this is worse than burglars. One might have hid from them in the cellar, but I defy you now to find a cellar to hide in. Dear me, I hope the men in the tax-cart did not do this."

Mr. Derwent drew me to one side.

"Miss Everett," he said, "your mother cannot sit here. You must move her away from this sight. The nearer the place she can be moved to the better, she cannot bear a long drive." He paused, and I did not rightly understand his drift, so I merely assented.

"My house is so near," he said, "and she can be so quiet there. Will you make use of it? You cannot think how glad I should be," he added, eagerly.

I thought for a moment of what my father might say, and it was a puzzling case, too, for the last hour had made us like old friends.

"I think we ought to go to Uncle Ben's," I said. He gave a slight shrug of his shoulders, and glanced

at Aunt Bessie rocking herself to and fro, and occasionally wiping her eyes with a pocket-handkerchief.

"You will have to act for three people," he said; "you must take them all with you. To-morrow the heaviest part of the charge will go to their own home; you will be there in quietness, which, believe me, you will need after all this; your father will easily find you, and, above all, the drive will be so short for your mother. At any rate, go and talk to her while I get a horse put in. She must go somewhere."

Mr. Derwent was soon back to say the coburg was ready, and to second his invitation given through me. Mother looked bewildered at the idea, though Aunt Bessie and Cicely urged her to go to The Beeches. They would like it, they said, and that argument seemed enough for them. Mr. Derwent's, however, told more on mother.

"You put yourself in my hands, Mrs. Everett," he said, persuasively, "and when Mr. Everett returns, where can I give you up to him so satisfactorily as under my own roof? It will be a mark of your confidence in me; he will know you trusted me, or you would not be there. Unless, indeed," he added, playfully, "you object to make me as proud as I intend to be of the honour you do me."

My mother yielded, and he said something polite to Aunt Bessie and to Cicely which made the latter pronounce him, "a dear, darling fellow," and he handed them all into the coburg. I was last.

"Now, Miss Everett," he said, taking a small key from his pocket, "you are most likely to find the house empty, though I have despatched my maid-servant across the fields to meet you. Can you be trusted to go in and make yourself perfectly at home; you know the house?" I nodded assent. "That key opens a sideboard in the oak parlour, everything else the servant can get you. I cannot go with you now, but remember you are absolute mistress of everything. Order rooms, anything you can get, and I shall give you

great credit if you manage well, for, to tell the truth, the resources of the house are very limited." Then he handed me in after the others, and we drove away.

I had been in the oak parlour at The Beeches often, but never under such strange circumstances as at present. The maid-servant welcomed us, blew up a fire, offered us supper, and then with my assistance got a room ready, to which my mother and aunt retired. Cicely and I agreed to sit up for two reasons. First, we were too excited to sleep; secondly, there was only one other bed-room furnished, and we thought it unfair to monopolise it. So we sat down in the oak parlour, and began to talk it all over. Cicely declared Mr. Derwent was the most charming, most interesting, most heroic creature she had ever seen, and his air and manner very superior to the princely fellow in the tax-cart. Her enthusiasm was just at its height when the subject of it came in, and she did not hesitate to tell him so. He was exceedingly amused, bowed low at her compliments, and hoped she—had found her boots. Then he came up to me, and taking first one hand, and then the other, examined them both carefully, to see if either was burned. "I was afraid," he said, "you were concealing it from me; are you sure you were not hurt?"

"What would hurt her?" said Cicely; "I can tell you it was a narrow escape I had when I dashed in for Mr. Perkins' hat! Goodness gracious, what did I do with it? Did any of you see it lately?"

"Yes," said Mr. Derwent, "the last view I had of it it was like John Brown—hanging on a sour apple-tree, and I suppose it is there still, unless some one has stolen it."

"If he had only had the sense to claim it himself," said Cicely, seating herself in a most elegant attitude on the sofa; "he had less to think of than I had; it would have been safe now, but one ought not to expect too much sense from some people. He deserves to lose it."

"Yes," said Mr. Derwent, slyly, while making up the fire with a fresh

log of wood, "with your boots on your mind you could not be expected to keep his hat for him."

"Once," said Cicely, "I thought of wearing it, but it was so big and heavy I gave up the idea; and then my own sweet little hat—what should I have done with it? So I bid Patty put Mr. Perkins' in some place of safety, and I was quite angry some time after to find it on the pump, so I took it away."

"Patty?" said Mr. Derwent, "that is the fresh-faced young woman, your servant, Miss Everett. She is to be here in a short time to attend to you, but just at present she is collecting the scattered portions of your wardrobe we dislodged so uncereimoniously."

"Mr. Derwent," I said, "I do not know what to say to you about our intrusion here. We have come turning your house upside down, and giving you such——"

He turned round, gave me a comical look, and said, "You would not wish to go to law about it, would you?" And when I laughed, he said, "How is Punch? By the way, did you know Punch was singed a little, not burned, remember?"

"You need not talk of Punch," said Cicely, "just look at your own beard, Mr. Derwent, it is rather the worse for the campaign."

He turned to a mirror, and pretended to be much shocked at his own appearance. "To think of me standing here talking to ladies in such a plight!" he said, laughing, "but as I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, I shall just go back and finish what I was doing. I only came down to see if you ladies had got beds, and to bed you must go, for Miss Everett will be required to reckon things, and give directions, and she ought to rest a little."

It was a relief when Aunt Bessie and Cicely went home, for my mother was totally prostrated by the shock, and I had to send for Dr. Evans to see her. He enjoined great quietness, and with the exception of an hour I spent up at our own ruined house, I did not leave her all day. I dreaded my father's return (he had been telegraphed for),

the shock he would have first and last, and how he would like our being in Mr. Derwent's house. It was a relief at last to see him that evening come up the avenue, walking briskly with Mr. Derwent. The whole neighbourhood, with one exception, had gone to meet him at the railway-station, but that one exception, was the theme of every one's praise, his name in every one's mouth, and when, at the gate of The Beeches the master stood and held out his hand, what could my father do but wring it over and over again, and thank him? When I came out to the door our host delicately drew back, and left us to meet each other alone, and it was not till an hour afterwards (we had been with my mother), that our host came in. My father went up and laid his hand on Mr. Derwent's shoulder.

"Mr. Derwent, we did not deserve all this at your hands."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Derwent, "I never was so proud in all my life as to see you all here, and if Miss Everett will only give us some tea, I believe I shall have nothing left to wish for, unless, indeed," he added, "that Mrs. Everett were here with us instead of in her room."

So father and the brown beard, now, alas! considerably diminished, became friends. Next day was a busy one for us all. I went over with father to see if a few rooms could be put in order in the ruins, so as we might move home, but we found it as Mr. Derwent had previously assured us, quite impossible. Worse than that, Dr. Evans would not consent to my mother being removed, even to Uncle Ben's house; she was so weak, the shock seemed to have taken away all strength, all nerve from her. So father and the boys fitted up a room for themselves, and did as they best could in it, and mother and I, though father was still reluctant to allow us, remained at The Beeches as Mr. Derwent's guests.

We dropped into a regular systematic plan for each day. Mr. Derwent promised we should be as undisturbed as in our own house.

and to this end fitted up an empty room near mother's bedroom, where I might sit, or have my meals if I preferred it, or found it embarrassing to be the only lady down stairs. There I generally breakfasted at first, but Mr. Derwent pleaded hard I should dine with him.

"It is a chance for me to grow civilized," he said, the first day, handing me to the head of the table, and Patty, who now attended, waiting at table, turned away her head, and tried to look unconscious.

Every evening my father came up, generally at tea-time, and while he sat with mother, Mr. Derwent took me for a walk. We trespassed fearlessly now, and I taught him all the short cuts over the country. Sometimes Bill and Dick came, too, but, on the whole, Mr. Derwent found their society not attractive. It was about this time, I am glad to say, that Bill began to treat me with great respect and civility. The fact was, the day he left for London I had found half a cigar near the stack-yard, and he never forgot that I returned it to him privately, saying, "Whoever smoked that cigar on Sunday night left a spark in the stack." It had a wholesome effect on Dick, too, for, I believe, he had more correct information on this subject than ever I had.

Three weeks we have been here, and I have taken out this neglected journal, and filled it up with the history of the fire and our visit here. It is nearly over. The new roof (not a thatched one) is on, and though my bedroom is unfinished, the ground story is all right again.

Friday Night.—This is to be our last night at The Beeches. Mother is better, and we go home to-morrow. Father and the boys have got two rooms ready for us, and the coburg is to come after breakfast to fetch us home. As I sat in mother's room to-night, I heard Mr. Derwent come in, and I heard his voice ask Patty if I were in or out. Then she came to the bedroom door, and beckoned me out. "I told the master Mrs. Everett was asleep, and he sent me up to watch her, and let you go down." It was Mr. Derwent's tea-

time, and I went down into the oak parlour where we generally had meals. Our host was looking out of the window when I came in, and came to meet me.

"Patty says you have had tea with your mother; I intended to be home earlier, but I was detained. Would you mind pouring out my tea for me? I always fancy it is better when you do it." Then he put me in the chair before the tea-tray, and took one opposite to me, and I handed him his cup as usual. Then silence fell between us; he left his tea cooling, and seemed ruminating about something he saw far off, perhaps out of the window he had been standing in, when I entered. It could not have been to talk to me that he wanted me to come down stairs, for neither of us spoke for a long time. Presently he came back to every-day life again, took up his cup, and drank the tea. I thought I might venture to say something, so I said, "There is a change in the sound of the beech-trees to-day, we are nearer winter." "Yes," he said gravely. "Miss Hester," he added, "Do you like this place?" "Yes," I said, "I think it is the prettiest in all the neighbourhood; I was often here, you know, in the Brookes' time." He did not seem to hear the last part of my remark, but rose and walked to the window. "You do not seem to care about leaving it to-morrow," he said.

"You will have your house in peace then," I said, "when you get rid of two troublesome visitors."

He came over, and put his hand on my shoulder. "You know that is not true, Hester," he said; "you know I shall miss you at every turn, that I shall hate coming home in the evening with no one to speak to, or—or be pleased whether I come or not."

I was so sorry now that I had not waited to have tea with him, being the last evening, but mother seemed to take it for granted I should have mine with her. Mr. Derwent seemed to have forgotten he had eaten nothing.

There was another silence, and he stood still behind my chair.

"Hester," he said, in a minute or two, "you like this place. Could you be induced to come back as mistress of it? Don't—don't say you won't till you think for a little. If you like the place, you might come to like the master of it—in time—in time—dear Hester. I will wait—but—"

I said nothing; my hand was a prisoner, and I could hear the quick breathing of my friend behind my chair. In a minute or two he said again, "Don't you think you could be happy here?" and the voice was so desponding and so unlike itself, that I summoned up all my strength, and said, in one great sob, "There is nothing I should like so much." Some people might have asked whether I meant the place or the master, but my answer seemed quite satisfactory, for I felt my face taken in two strong hands, and the brown beard in close contact with it. After a little I told him he must be rational, and eat something, or I should go up-stairs to mother's room and leave him; and whether it was the threat, or that, as I supplied his plate, sitting next him, he could not refuse to eat what I gave him, but he made a heartier meal on icy tea and frozen muffins than any one, not as much in love as he was, could have expected. Then I went up to my mother, who was awake, and wished to see Mr. Derwent, and thank him for all his kindness, and having escorted him to the door of her room, left him to tell his story. Then I went down, and sat on the hall-door steps, and looked round at what was to be my home. A fair and pleasant prospect it looked in the evening sunlight. The shadows of the beech-trees fell across the grass, and grew longer and longer as I sat watching them, thinking it all over—Punch, in the lane, the fire, and our visit here. It seemed odd to think I should be here always, making my home in the oak parlour, after

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master of the Beeches said close to me: "It is all right, darling, to-morrow I am to go up and see your father; in fact," he said, sitting down, and drawing me close to him. "I am going up the lane to pat all the Punches on the back. Do you remember the night Mace frightened you? He knows better manners now."

Little did I think when I first looked at that terrible brown beard in church, and heard the tremendous responses out of that huge chest, that the day would come when I should sit close by the owner—nay, rest my head against his shoulder, and feel nothing but intense happiness.

A Month Later.—The next day was Sunday, and Mr. Derwent walked home with us from church. My father and he were now great friends, though the obnoxious fence was still a bone of contention between them, but it was who should have the honour of yielding, not who should hold out longest. Allworthy and M'Intyre, too, imitating their masters, smoked friendly pipes together, arguing over the merits of their respective churches.

We found mother on the sofa in our own sitting-room, and very glad to see the visitor we brought.

"She does not like the change. Derwent," father says. "You have spoiled her for our discomfort here: she finds the noise and confusion intolerable after The Beeches."

"You must send her back," said Mr. Derwent; "with a slight modification in the domestic arrangements we could all be very comfortable until this house is finished."

My father laughed, but did not see the meaning. The gentlemen were walking about after dinner together, when father said:—

"There is one subject between us hard for me to touch on, Derwent—my obligations to you."

"May I make my own terms, Mr.

daughter."

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and take a short cut to church, such as he had lately been learning. It would make the road about four times as long; but let it not be supposed we objected to that.

Mr. Derwent's plan was carried out, and we were married soon afterwards. A quiet wedding, with Cicely for a bridesmaid, wearing her princely boots, and taking the greatest credit to herself for having urged us to go to The Beeches the night of the fire. "Only for me," she says, "you would never have got such a husband, Hester," but my husband shakes his head, and says he believes it was always to be, and would have been no matter where we had gone that night; and he confesses that the Sunday after he and I met in the lane, being early into church, he had reached over into our pew, and looked into my prayer-book to see what name my godfathers and godmothers had given me in my baptism. After a

short wedding tour we came home to The Beeches, and my mother, still delicate, is our guest.

It is evening, and we are in the oak parlour, mother and I. Tea is ready.

"Hester," she says from her sofa, "have you not done scribbling yet? I see your husband coming." He expects me to meet him at the door, and mother, who has grown quite fond of him, is afraid that I should disappoint him. She does not know how little fear there is of that, but I like to see the fuss she makes about his likings and dislikings. He is nearer now, and—I shut the book.

NOTE.—Mrs. Derwent has begged us to add, for the information of our readers, that from the day Mrs. Everett gave the order, up to the date of the closing of Mrs. Derwent's MS., nothing had been heard further of the princely creature and the marvellous stair-carpeting—only sixpence a yard!

LLANDRINDOD WELLS.

If, in this very fast age you are in quest of something genuinely slow, in the shape of place and people, or if you are troubled with nerves which require either a soothing or a bracing treatment, Llandrindod Wells, with its far-famed medicinal springs, is hereby courteously recommended to your notice. You shall there be quite out of the region of fashion, of exciting newspapers, and noises of all kinds; yet your days shall be as full of healthful exhilaration as ever they can hold. You shall do nothing but drink the waters, sit still or walk about, but you shall find a novelty even in these simple things that shall be perfectly refreshing. If the expression may be pardoned, you shall go there well-nigh brainless through overwork, jaded in every faculty, a mere lump of clay devoid of the inspiration, and you shall find your thinking powers and the edge of your

appetite sharpened to the keenness of a once popular Sheffield blade.

"Where is the place?" I hear the reader wonderingly ask. Good sir, or madam, the object of this paper is to inform you: it is in Radnorshire; and, to use the words with which an historian commences a chapter upon this county, "Radnorshire is in the middle of Wales, and has abundance of sheep." If you are a Londoner—may I talk to you as such for a little while?—you may any summer morning leave the "canicular" heat of Chesham, and take the train at Paddington for Kington, one hundred and seventy miles distant, where a four-horse coach will meet you in the afternoon, and conduct you to the Wells in the fine old-established inn. If you are new to Wales, that is, if you are new to Radnorshire, it is a memorable one. You will find for the coachman a cheerful cracking whip. and

along as if you were in De Quincey's mail-coach. For a few miles you will hardly have got Cheapside out of your head, but gradually you will begin to realise that you are in Wales, and that it is wild enough for the most uncivilized of mortals. That strong mountain breeze, that waterfall leaping in glory from the heights, those fierce-looking glens, trees, and shrubs, those zigzag sheep-paths on the steep hill sides, those straggling hovels with their quaint apologies for chimneys, that mysterious echo beneath the ground accompanying the horses' clattering hoofs, that turfy smell which salutes your nostrils as you pass through villages which seem to you inhabited by no more than a score of people, those coarse massive little churches with scarcely a house near them, wild scenery varying in character with every mile of ground that is traversed,—the traveller can remember these accompaniments of his ride to Llandrindod for years afterwards.

Towards sunset the coach turns aside from the main road, and then, after about four miles' drive across a savage-looking moor environed by mountains in the distance, darts suddenly through a shady grove of trees, and pulls up, before the traveller has ever dreamt of stopping, in front of a plain, substantially-built house, with the profoundest contempt for architectural display plainly written on every stone, on every door and window of it. It stands in a kind of courtyard, with trees, however, for its boundaries instead of walls, and your quick eye takes in at once a little covered porch, not unlike a small ticket office on a railway, a stone building with a lantern roof abutting one end of the house at right angles, and a group of about forty ladies and gentlemen, some of whom have empty tumblers in their hands, scanning courteously and smilingly the new arrivals. You are at Llandrindod Wells, to the Pump House of which, a plain, farmer-like landlord just in from the hayfield, bids you a hearty welcome. When you have a little recovered from your astonishment,

and have ceased wondering as to the manner in which you can support life for a few days even in such a solitary place, you will do as the other travellers do—go inside. There in a most comfortable, old-fashioned room, a fire is burning, though it is summer weather, for the travellers are cold after their long breezy ride through New Radnor Forest: also the table is spread for tea, and nice brown loaves, cold meats, boiled eggs, and fried ham are not unpleasant things to see just then. Your wants being satisfied,—and you are fain to confess you have not tasted such ham, such cream and butter for a long time,—you have to choose which "set" in the house you will join. To speak politely, there are those in the world who are accustomed to breakfast at nine o'clock and to dine at four, while others prefer the hours of eight and one. There are two sets in the house, each advocating their own favourite hours. If you join the four o'clock dinners your bed, board, and waters cost you thirty shillings per week: if the one o'clock, then five shillings less. There is no difference in the provisions supplied to the two tables, but perhaps the bedrooms of the four o'clock folks are a little better than those of the one o'clock, although farewell to luxury in either case.

As a rule, there is not much communication between the two sets: one party thinking itself just as good as the other, and the "other" perhaps thinking itself a great deal better. It is generally confessed, however, that the one o'clock party is the more sociable and enjoyable of the two; so let us sign our names in the book, and join that. This little matter settled, and your bedroom allotted to you, although it is dark by this time, take one brief walk out on the moor for the sake of the silence and the stars. The silence of that solitude, particularly to you in whose ears some echo of the noise of London is still resounding, is profound in the extreme. You can hear the bark of a dog, seemingly miles away. If the stars are out, and there is light enough for you to see the outline of the hills,

you have one of the grandest spectacles imaginable. Also, should the wind rise in the mountains, pause and listen to it, for it will be sure to be in majestic accord with the solemnity of the scene, and will inspire thoughts within you of Him who walketh upon its wings, that shall fit you for yet closer fellowship when you have entered your closet and shut the door.

Before retiring to rest, however, it will be as well to see "the doctor," as the man who works the pump-handle has been called. He will enquire into the nature of your ailments, perhaps, but for all of them he has but one remedy in his pharmacopœia—the waters. He will give visitors, however, a few hints which it will be wise in them to follow, unless they would be put to considerable stomachic inconvenience. If possible, while taking the waters, there must be abstinence from stimulants. A little brandy is permissible should the invalid get a chill, but old staggers who have visited the Wells for years would advise the abstinence principle entirely. Those who take the waters, and keep on with their ale and wine as well, suffer prodigiously, and really know what aches and pains mean. The waters themselves are sufficiently stimulative to any person of temperate habits, and only such can expect to derive benefit from them.

"Good-night, doctor, at six o'clock to-morrow morning, all being well, you will see me at the well."

The next morning, even before six o'clock, a change has come over that singularly secluded spot. The garden and umbrageous walks surrounding that little covered porch, beneath which there is the well with its springs of healing, are filled with people, carrying empty half-pint tumblers in their hands, and walking rapidly to and fro. Aged women are there dressed in narrow skirt, a short red shawl pinned over their shoulders, and a high crowned sugar-loaf silk or beaver hat; they gravely walk up and down the paths, talking Welsh to each other meanwhile. Ruddy-faced damsels, fresh and blooming

with their walk across the common, appear in captivating straw hats and streamers, the starchiest of bright print dresses, and disdaining for the most part the use of shawl or mantle. They have a world of questions, principally of the most sympathetic character, to put to people whose acquaintance they only made yesterday, and the walks echo with "How are you, Mrs. Probert, this long time? Is Mr. Jones quite well this morning, Mrs. Jones?" and questions of the same simple character. There are young farmers in every kind of hat, velvet jackets, and white cord other things, swaying head and body about as they walk, as if they wanted nothing short of a mile wide for their promenade. Mingling with these are clergymen and ministers from different parts of Wales, "squires" from far off parishes and cities, men, young and old, from manufacturing towns, but very few from London and its suburbs.

The doctor is already at his post, and some have already had their five or six tumblers when you approach the well. As a one o'clock man, it is your duty to rise at six, and drink and walk about until eight o'clock. The four o'clock people rise at seven, and pursue their exercises until nine. You approach the well, but for a moment you hang back, for the smell of the place is nauseous in the extreme, reminding you too strongly of the house of an unhappy grocer who has had an accident with egg-boxes which ought to have been opened long ago. Taking courage, you seize an empty tumbler, into which the doctor pumps water clear as crystal, and, shutting your eyes, you swallow the same at a draught. Ha-a-a-a!! or, any word, in Welsh or Dutch, which may stand for an untranslatable guttural shudder, will probably be the finale of this undertaking. You have, however, simply taken a saline draught, fresh from nature's own sweet laboratory, and you had better not stand still, but take a good rapid walk three times round the garden, and then come back and repeat the dose. This first morning

you will very probably have to take more than a dozen of these half-pint doses, and the last of them will perhaps have to be as hot as you can bear to drink it. In imagination you already greatly demur to these regulations, and you count it preposterous in the extreme that any man should drink more than half a gallon of water before breakfast; but facts, however mysterious, are here stated, and it is impossible to be more explicit on paper, as every one who has been to Llandrindod well knows.

During the two hours occupied in drinking the waters, the Wells present a gay and lively scene; there is plenty of chatting and laughing, and perhaps a concertina will discourse the popular airs of Wales through the pleasant shade; persons will exchange expressive looks with each other, having taken their ten tumblers each, and compare notes; but the ordeal of the morning being finished, shortly after eight o'clock the walks are deserted, and the gaiety of the last two hours seems like a dream. At eight o'clock a tempting breakfast awaits your appetite, which is something "amazing," as they say in those parts. Eggs, rashers of ham, and brown loaves disappear with great rapidity, and you have eaten twice as much as you ordinarily do at home, and this, with the early rising and keeping to the waters as your only stimulant, you will continue to do until the end of your visits.

After breakfast you have the morning before you, but if your skin is at all irritable or inflamed you may as well acquaint "the doctor" of the fact. Enigmatically, with oracular brevity, to you being strange, he will say, "Wash twice a day in the Black Well." You need dread no acts of enchantment, although the admonition sounds very sensational. On the premises there is an old sulphuric well, the water of which is quite black; the washing in this is supposed to be very beneficial, although the ordeal is rather a troublesome one to those who wear beard and moustache. The charm consists in allowing the water to dry on the

face and hands, and accordingly you will meet gentlemen every now and then shaking dew-drops from their mane like the Numidian lion, and undergoing the curious tickling process of getting a second skin, with the most amusing facial contortions.

Should you need "strengthening a bit, look you, now," the doctor will inform you of a mysterious well far down on the common, the elixir from which slowly drips in single drops from a rock, a few of which are sufficient for a dose, and this you are to take after dinner. As to the origin of these springs for which Llandrindod is famed, there is no lack of all kinds of information, historical, chemical, and legendary. It will be difficult to give an explanation that any three enthusiasts will accept as correct, but the springs are supposed to rise in the silicified and hardened schists at points where they are penetrated by trap rocks, and their origin is considered due to the decomposition of the vast quantities of sulphuret of iron which are collected at such points.

It is nine o'clock in the morning, however, and you do not dine until one. Meanwhile, what are you to do with yourself? This first morning at least, you may perhaps content yourself with a ramble over the common, having first, if you are so disposed, helped to gather the peas and currants for dinner. If such an employment is beneath your dignity then go out on the romantic moor, eschewing above all things at that hour the practice of those who will take their portable chimneys along with them. Go out, expand well your chest, open your mouth wide and take what the hills will send you. Such a draught of mountain air, no sea-breeze in the world was ever like it! Strong, clean, satisfying, take another of it, and another, until you feel it cording up every muscle, and coursing through every vein, giving you a strange, blessed sense of renewal from top to toe. Have you a voice? then as there is no one by to doubt your sanity, cry aloud to the hills for very joy, and listen to the echo! Something out of the common way you will have to

do; on that first day out on Llandrindod Moor, grave business men have ere now played at leap-frog, and one enthusiast has gone so far as to kiss its mossy turf. A wild moor of gorse, and rocks and dykes dotted over here and there with cottages, in which reside other visitors to the Wells whom you saw at the water in the morning; a moor redolent with the scent of wild flowers, and plants and ferns; a moor over which rabbits and hares wildly scamper, pursued by the shaggiest sheep-dogs you ever saw, some of them nearly toothless, but with a spirit for the chase still; a moor bounded by the grand and picturesque in mountain and meadow scenery, and one in which you may see something new every day you visit it.

Don't tire yourself, but if you can, walk down to the river, so clear and fresh, that you may drink of its stream if you are athirst, abounding in soft stones, of which the children make slate pencils, and with curious red pebbles and large slabs of stone, under which, when the river is dry, adventurous gropers find fish. If you are a fisherman you may try here for some of the very fine trout, which are to be taken in abundance by a practised hand. A salmon also occasionally shows himself here, but he is some prodigal or other who has left his home further up the stream, where poachers with their lighted "boultings" of straw and skilfully-handled spear take plenty of them by night. You may get into what ecstasies you please concerning the placid beauty of the river as you follow its course a little while; it is a true, brown, Welsh little river, waiting patiently a visit from Mr. Tennyson to immortalize it as he has its highly-favoured brother, "the brook."

And now turn homewards again, and presently attack the wholesome dinner of roast and boiled Welsh mutton, boiled chickens, roast ducks, peas and potatoes of that morning's digging and picking, and whinberry tarts with as much cream as you please. It is sheer affectation not to be helped twice; you are very hungry; every one is, from the stout

ruddy farmer to the meekest young lady present, and at Llandrindod at least, no one is expected to be otherwise. After dinner sit awhile, and it will be well to rest a great part of the afternoon. Visitors then read their letters which the post coming in about that time has just put into their hands, and they have time to answer them if necessary before the postman goes away again. No one thinks of doing anything particular, and gaping and nodding for a little while become general. It is pleasant to see people doing these things conscientiously, taking the brief season of rest which God has given them for rest and nothing else. The minister has no sermon to make, the journalist no article to write, the merchant no counting-house to enter, the clerk no books to keep, the mistress no house to keep in order, the child no scales to practice and no grammar to learn. Every one is there, lawfully to rest after perhaps a hard season of work, and to rest faithfully is as much a duty as to work faithfully. There is no library at Llandrindod, and so any old book that happens to be lying about, whether it treats upon pigs or poetry, measles or music, becomes deeply interesting, and suggests many a topic of stirring conversation. If, however, it should happen to the visitor to lay hold of a volume containing the biographies of celebrated Welsh preachers, above all, if he can secure any of the sermons of Christmas Evans, let him read them amid the associations in which he finds himself. Brave old Christmas in his noble threadbare poverty was no stranger to the neighbourhood of the Wells, and any of the young prodigals returning from Penybont fair, not far off, might serve for the lifelike picture he has drawn in his sermon upon the Prodigal Son.

While the visitors are taking their afternoon's nap, may be the proper time to say a word or two respecting the company generally to be found at the Wells. It is not always possible to select a time in which only those will be in the house whom you will naturally like better than others. You may be fortunate enough

to join a set composed of the most pleasant people in the world, clergymen, authors, artists, men of business, and farmers, whose company will be as instructive as it is enjoyable, but you may meet the reverse of all this; if so, however, you have the remedy in your own hands; take the coach next morning if you cannot find lodgings elsewhere; but truth compels me to say, that I have never heard of this course being rendered necessary.

An hour or so before tea, visitors generally take another ramble. Some go down to the Iron Well on the moor, while others go and have another wash in the Black Well. There are no more tumblers of saline to be quaffed—morning alone is the time for that work—and until the coach comes in as it did last night, the Wells remain as quiet as they have been ever since the departure of the visitors in the morning. After tea, which is of the same substantial character as the breakfast, and though the dinner was good, the tea cannot be dispensed with, eating being a necessity of the place, the gardens around the house are filled as if by enchantment with the company of the morning. The groves again resound with the pleasant hum of chit-chat and laughter, when a horn is heard in the distance, and soon afterwards the sound of wheels announces that the coach is on its way. It is heard, long before it is seen, and a skilled ear will profess to tell whether it is heavily or lightly loaded. The landlord and his servants all come to the door, and you may see what good the place is doing you by the fact that you are really excited by such a common occurrence as the arrival of a coach. Up it drives, and as its passengers, it may have friends of your own who no more expected to meet you, and whom you no more expected to see at Llandrindod than—than—imagine the most impossible thing in the world, for surprise has slightly dumbfounded you. The newly-arrived travellers go through the same programme as yourself on the previous evening, and after supper, which I am compelled to state is also a plea-

sant and desirable meal at Llandrindod, you go out and enjoy once more the silence and the stars.

Such is a day's life at the Wells; and a month of such days, with very little variation in them, will pass only too quickly away without the visitor feeling wearied, or mentioning the word monotony. As to the beneficial effect of the waters, combined with the complete change which the neighbourhood secures for the visitor, he will not be there long without hearing, and perhaps coinciding with, the most extravagant expressions of satisfaction. One gentleman used loudly to affirm that he came down there a half-animated parcel, and that the waters had restored him his humanity. "A fortnight ago, sir," thus he would talk tumbler in hand, "I felt myself the most stupid atom in all the stupid world that stagnated around me; I could not think, I could not finish a sentence that I began. I was actually asked to go to Paris by one of my deacons! Paris to a man in my state! I was asked to go to the seaside; the seaside to a man in my state; here, doctor, another tumbler: ha! this is good, better than all the seaside with its pier-band polkas and fashions to match. I was a half-animated parcel, sir, ready to be packed off to any quarter of the world, and to be left there till called for; providentially some one put a ticket on me and sent me to Llandrindod, and I am myself again, sir."

I am afraid that to the uninitiated such expressions of satisfaction will appear exaggerated; but I should most unfaithfully discharge the duty I set myself of describing this spot, if, through fear of being charged with too highly colouring, I failed to set forth the enthusiasm with which these famous springs are regarded by Welsh people especially, but by all visitors more or less. All readers who are acquainted with the place, will readily subscribe to what has been written, and think at the same time that the picture presented is far below the subject.

If we except the occasional visit of a travelling German band, down here of all places in the world, or the

coming of a conjuror who performs his tricks in that stone building outside, to which reference has been, or impromptu talks with the quaintest of poultry sellers to be met with in all directions, life at Llandrindod flows on from day to day in the manner I have described, although it must not for a moment be imagined that it is not possible to put more excitement into it, if desirable.

After a few days the visitor is perhaps strong enough to form the resolution to look about him, and to see what is to be seen further off. Llandrindod with its umbrageous walks, breezy common, nibbling sheep, rough cattle, civil damsels, medicinal springs, pleasant fishing stream, and generous table, with a glimpse of a newspaper two days old, are attractions quite strong enough for any reasonable man, you will unhesitatingly be told. But if you will go here and there, the mountains are within a fair walking distance, or there is a horse in the stable that will take you to some of the grandest bits of the scenery of the Wye, to Builth, to Rhayader, or, in short, to any of the many picturesque places not far off. The mountain excursion is not very popular, because to be enjoyed it ought to be accomplished on foot, and that means a walk, against the collar, of twelve good Welsh miles. Consequently, a visitor in a hundred perhaps will attempt the task. I had my own reasons for setting out by myself one morning, for I wished to see a heap of stones on the top of a mountain around which when I was a child of five years of age, I would not have walked for the best plum-cake that was ever baked. It was called "the Devil's Heap of Stones," and the legend was, that the Evil One, who in that neighbourhood was likened unto a blacksmith with a capacious leathern apron, had at one time determined to build himself a mighty castle on the top of the hill overlooking the village. He had spent all night in gathering together the biggest stones he could find, and had his apron nearly full, when startled by the crowing of the cock, he let them fall, and there they have remained

unto this day. These stones were a terror to the children of the village, and they would just as soon look through the keyhole of the church door after walking backwards nine times round the building, as go near them. The children of the village in the present day have no such dread; an elegant school-house with an intelligent master are at the bottom of the hill which used, to the imagination of many, to be crowned with such mystic horrors. Those children will perhaps talk cleverly with you about Druids and Druidical circles, and tell you many stories about those old barbarians, who had hearts as hard as their oak groves. If you are at all of an antiquarian turn, a visit to any of the stone heaps of the Welsh mountains will well repay your toil in reaching them. I had no adventure worth recording in my little excursion; simply a good walk through shady lanes at first, and then over brooks across which would be thrown poles for bridges, which required the pedestrian to become an amateur Blondin for the nonce, through meadows flocked with geese and ducks, and occasionally seeing the heron flapping his great wings in the air, by quaint old hovels of wood and thatch, along the turnpike-road dotted with farmers slowly riding their little cobs, and with old ladies in their steeple-crowned hats industriously knitting as they walked, and so on up the steep mountain with its magnificent view of the Breconshire hills until I arrived at the heap, on the biggest stone of which, having inflicted a harmless knock for the terror its grey old face and moss whiskers excited thirty years ago, I returned by the way I came to a dinner-tea of ham and eggs, and was fairly ready for my twelve tumblers at six o'clock the next morning.

The excursion to Builth is a more popular one, and no wonder that it should be so. Here you may see the Wye, not as it is by Ross and Tintern Abbey, flowing on with a gentleness akin to Haydn's descriptive pastoral, but fretting itself "in foamy agitation" as it dashes its spray over steep ledges of rocks, hurrying

its swelling flood from one impeding rock to another, and forming innumerable cascades of surpassing beauty. The scenery of the Wye and the beautiful river itself are attractions sufficient to many tourists, although a few from Llandrindod who happen to have a weakness for fishing, cannot let the opportunity slip of having a throw above the bridge for a Builth trout. The generous river still yields plenty of fish as pleasant to invalids as anglers, both of whom crowd the little town during the summer season. There are mineral springs here also, and if nauseousness be any test of their strength, they are certainly stronger than those at Llandrindod. They are very much patronised by those who desire to combine the life of a thoroughly Welsh little town with their course of medical treatment. The town of Builth is simply one long street filled with shops, over the doors of which are names as Welsh as can be found anywhere. Style of architecture there seems to be none; an ugly clump of ill-built houses seems set down in the most beautiful and romantic country that perhaps South Wales can show. Every shopkeeper appears to be a butcher, for there is scarcely a shop of any kind in which you will not see meat exposed for sale. The people for the most part speak Welsh, and here the English tourist will meet with plenty who will repeat to him the only two Welsh words he happens to remember for any purpose of anecdote telling, "Dym Sassenach," or "No English." The church in Builth is well worth looking at, if only out of respect to the town's-folk who are very proud of their church, although not too many of them are ever seen in it on Sunday. Nor must you forget the Castle, which was formerly of some consequence. Did not Reynald de Bruse, in the year 1217, who had joined most cordially with Lhwelin ap Jorwersh in opposition to King John, come to terms clandestinely with Henry III, and did not the indignant prince turn his arms against his faithless ally, and spoil him of all his possessions, except the Castle of Builth, which

was so well provided with the means of defence, as to venture on resistance to the summons of its superior lord? And did not Lhwelin ap Gruffyth, in the year 1221, take this castle in the night without opposition or bloodshed from Roger de Mortimer, who then possessed it, and adhered to the English king, contrary to his solemn promise? And was not the fate of this prince the last of the high-minded race, who contended even to death for their natural rights, known to have been accelerated by the "traitors of Builth?"

All which historical information, which has been gathered from Mr. Benjamin Heath Malkin, of seventy years ago, produces no very exhilarating impression upon Brown, the tourist's mind, when it is told him, and he asks wearily, "Is there anything more?"

"Not much indeed, good Sir, look you, unless hur cares to see Nant yr Arian?"

"What *does* that mean?"

"Nant yr Arian, look you, is Money Brook."

"Is there money in it, then?"

"Deed no; but when the plague was in Builth years ago, people from the country used to put their baskets of food down at Nant yr Arian, iss they did, indeed; and the Builth people dropped the money in the 'bruck,' iss they did, to prevent the infection spreading; iss they did indeed."

Jones submits to a visit, and then Builth has been "done," and the horses heads may be turned towards Llandrindod once more.

Too much of this excursioning will defeat the object you had in coming to the Wells, and produce physical conditions unfavourable to the efficacy of the medicinal springs. It need hardly be said, however, that many people visit Llandrindod who have really nothing the matter with them, who merely want a little change to set them all right. These choose the place as being a quiet home in the midst of the most delightful scenery, and go hither and thither with a fund of robust health always accompanying them for which they ought to pay forfeit to

all genuine drinkers of the waters. I cannot follow the course of these excursionists further, but it would be inexcusable if I did not mention one notable place within hail from the Wells,—I refer to Rhayader, the approach to which by any of the roads is truly grand. Nowhere, perhaps, in South Wales is there such scenery as between Builth and Rhayader; the tributaries that fall into the Wye, one of them leaping down from a glen of well-nigh savage beauty, if there can be such a thing, the hills and rocks on either side, the abundance of foliage, present an ever-changing scene of the most majestic beauty. At times you lose the river, but you hear it hoarsely murmuring in the deep and shady woods through which it is rushing; anon it is with you again, broader and stronger than ever. The Wye, at Rhayader, is a spectacle which when once seen can never be for-

gotten: I have never seen anything approaching its truly awful grandeur on any river in England or Wales.

But after all, to get real good from a visit to Llandrindod do not go gadding about too much. Keep within its charmed enclosure. Rise early, drink its waters regularly, keep free from all excitements, walk about its grand old moor, read quiet restful books, attend its decayed old church with a roof letting in the day, just such an one as Mr. Connybear has described in one part of his charming essay on the Church in the mountains, or if you please, go to the most curious of Baptist chapels, and at the end of your visit, by God's blessing, you will come back to London ready for a long year's work, through the loudest din of which some sweet remembrances of Llandrindod Wells will be heard murmuring, musical as its rippling river and mountain breezes. E.

BIBLE PICTURES OF CHRIST.

No. 1.—"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

BY THE REV. W. LANDELS.

It is our belief that all the titles of our Lord are significant and appropriate. We cannot imagine that He who is the end of prophecy, and the centre of Revelation, hath any name applied to Him in Scripture in the loose random way in which names are often given among men. Nor can we imagine that in His various titles there is only a general appropriateness—that though each finds something in Him which answers to itself, it is not used at any time with reference to the qualities which it specifically denotes, but indiscriminately when another or a number of others would be equally suitable. We cannot for a moment entertain either supposition. It is possible we think to show, not only that every name denotes some part of His nature, or some feature of His character, or some portion of His relations or His work, and that all are required to give us a full

representation of what He is and does; but also that in every use of every particular title, reference is had to that part of His nature, or character, or work, or relations which it specifically denotes; so that were we to use them in a scriptural manner we should not use them indiscriminately, saying now, "Son of God," and now "Son of man," without any corresponding variation of thought, but in all cases employ that particular title which most precisely denotes the thing in our Saviour which is present to our minds.

This will suffice to indicate our method and purpose in this series of papers. We select a few of the titles of our Lord that we may enquire into their specific meaning, and shew to some extent how one differs from, while it fits into and supplements, the others. In this way our papers may contribute to a

full-orbed view of the Saviour's character and work, and enable our readers to use His different titles not as sounds without sense, but as signs of things, each having its own significance and answering its own end.

The titles we select denote the most prominent features in our Saviour's character and work, and give us opportunity of presenting those truths in relation to Him which it concerns us most to know. That which stands at the head of this paper may fitly introduce the others. It will prepare the way for, and assist us in, our study of the others, when we understand in what sense He is called, "The Light of the World."

We do not know how the Saviour could more clearly assert His claim to Divinity than by the assumption of such a title; and we are at a loss to know what consistent explanation can be given to it, if His Divinity be not recognized. It seems to us to compel the acknowledgment that He was either more than man, or did not possess that perfection of character which is generally attributed to Him. If He be nothing more than His outward circumstances proclaim Him to be—if His manhood be the whole of His nature, then considering the training that manhood received, the circumstances amidst which it was developed, and the few advantages it enjoyed, we cannot regard such a pretension as this, save as a display of the most offensive egotism. It evinces not only that ignorance of Himself which disqualifies Him for being a teacher of others, but that ostentatious and presumptuous vanity which is a glaring defect in character, and never fails to expose its subject to the pity or the derision of mankind.

For who is it, on this hypothesis—on the supposition that He is a mere man—who is it that makes this pretension? A youthful Galilean peasant—the son of a carpenter, who until lately had remained under His father's roof—the native of an obscure village of bad repute, in an inferior province of a despised country—one who has had no

education beyond what is common to His class, no access to books, no intercourse with the learned either of His own or other lands! And what does He claim to be? *The Light of the World!* Not the oracle of His village merely—that might be possible. Not merely the prophet of His own country—though, considering the great names to which she lays claim, that would seem presumptuous enough, and certainly without parallel in any that preceded Him, wise and gifted as they were. *But the Light of the World!* Not the teacher of one, but of every nation, though there must have been many of whose existence He was ignorant—surpassing all the teachers who had gone before, though He did not know even the names of some of them, and still less their systems of doctrine—anticipating the discoveries of all who might come after, though some of them would be men of the mightiest minds, and would profit by the labours and intelligence of their predecessors. *The Light of the World!* In the spiritual and moral world what the sun is to the natural—enlightening the intellect, purifying the heart, transforming the character; and performing these functions, notwithstanding all future advances and discoveries, until the end of time! Could anything be more preposterous than such a claim put forth by any man, not to say a man of the stamp we have described? Why, no language can be strong enough to denounce such pretensions. We speak mildly when we say that it is either the raving of insanity or the blasphemous effrontery of an unblushing impostor.

And yet, strange to say—strange if He be only a man—no candid reader of the New Testament receives such an impression of the Saviour. Even those who deny His Divinity, so far from applying to Him these epithets, are constrained to admit and admire His matchless excellence. To every such reader there is nothing either startling or surprising in this lofty pretension. It appears perfectly natural when made by Jesus of Nazareth. We are not shocked; we do not wonder

attit. Solittleremarkdoes it occasion, that we hear it seldom referred to either favourably or unfavourably. And in this very fact that it appears so natural, may we find, would we only receive it, unmistakable evidence of the testimony which the Scriptures bear to His Divinity. It is because they uniformly represent Him as being something more than man—as being one with the Father, that no candid reader is either startled or surprised to hear Him saying, what in any other man would be unspeakably arrogant and absurd, “I am the Light of the World.”

It may be too—we need not, and are not disposed to, deny it—that one reason why we are not surprised at the Saviour's claim is that an examination of His teaching and character, and of their influence on the world, proves it to be well-founded.

On the mountains, in the fields and streets of Palestine, among His peasant followers, or surrounded with the multitudes of the common people who occasionally flocked to hear Him, or in conversation with individuals, or at the fireside of His friends, He uttered words, few in number—(all the record we have of them is contained in the Gospels, and forms but a small portion of these)—but words more fraught with significance than anything the world had ever heard—words which have passed already into many languages, and are imperishably embalmed in them now as the most precious treasures they contain—the source of all that is brightest and best in the prospect of nations or the lives of men. Such words may well be compared to light. *Like light they penetrated.* The dullest intellect could understand them. They laid bare the secrets of the heart. *Like light they beautified.* The commonest objects were invested with a new charm when He touched on them in His speech, raised them from their obscurity, and made visible their infinite relations. *Like light they were diffusive.* Those who received could not conceal them. They passed from one to another till now they

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are filling and transforming the world. *Like light they were indestructible.* Though received into corrupt hearts they could not be corrupted, but remained pure and purifying as the sunbeam. *Like light they were revealing.* They announced truths of which the world was ignorant; they clearly defined those which men had vaguely imagined; they gave certainty to those which had been only conjectures. We do not say *all* His teaching was new. Moses and the prophets had preceded Him. Philosophers of other nations had instructed their disciples previous to His appearing. But the Old Testament writings, as interpreted by the Jews, were obscure, and the philosophers' teaching uncertain, and both of them partial and incomplete, when compared with His. He did not destroy, but fulfil the law and the prophets—He illuminated and completed them; set them in a brighter light, gave them a greater fullness of meaning. He did not contradict all that had been said by the teachers of antiquity, but while He gave certainty to some of their guesses, He corrected others, and shed light on regions of thought into which their eye could not penetrate. The prophets were like stars heralding the dawn. The philosophers, like *ignes fatui*, playing fitfully amid the darkness. Christ is the full-orbed sun, filling the world with light.

The manner harmonized with the nature of His teaching, and bore apt and striking resemblance to the approach and introduction of light. *How unobtrusively the light advances.* By what a gradual and imperceptible transition the morning chases away the night. No trumpet sounds to herald the approach of the monarch of day. There is no clangour heard when the brazen gates are opened for his coming. We hear not the rumbling of his chariot wheels, nor the prancing of his fiery steeds. With silent step

“The morn in russet mantle clad
Climbs o’er the dew of yon high eastern
hill.”

If the mountains rejoice, the

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valleys sing, and the trees clap their hands before the rising of the sun, the sunbeams themselves are silent. Their presence is manifested only by their results, and their results are attested by no voice of their own, but by the gladness which attends them. And how unobtrusive in the manner of its introduction—unobtrusive even as the light was the revelation which the Saviour brought. His own coming—how little there was in it to strike the outward eye, how little to appeal to the outward sense. No portentous signs heralded His advent. There was, indeed, darkness over the earth like that which sometimes precedes the dawn,

and here and there watchers expected the appearance of some illustrious personage to solve the problems which had long perplexed the world; but even they did not anticipate the manner of His coming. With no pomp of circumstance, no royal robe or retinue, did He burst upon the world, dazzling it by the splendour or startling it by the suddenness of His approach. The heavens shook not when He came, the earth did not tremble. Except for the supernatural phenomena which were visible to a few favoured ones, His coming into the world was like that of any other peasant's child.

"Thou wast born of woman, Thou didst come,
O holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in Thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunder strewed
Was Thy tempestuous road,
Nor indignation burned before Thee on thy way.

* * *

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air,
Nor stooped their lamps the enthroned fires on high;
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky."

And how much the manner of His teaching accords with the circumstances of His advent. He does not strive, nor cry, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street. As a rule, He shrinks from notoriety. Unlike those teachers who must have a lofty pedestal and a huzzaing crowd before they will consent to open their mouths, it was in humblest circles, on lowliest occasions, as well as in simplest speech that some of His sublimest truths were uttered. The commonest objects—the shepherd on the mountains, the sower in the field, the fisherman on the deep, the woman in her domestic engagements, are employed to illustrate the principles of His kingdom. The raven, the sparrow, the grass of the field are made to teach the lesson of trust in Providence. It was to a villager of Bethany, by the side of her brother's grave, that He made the marvellous declaration, "I am the resurrection and the life." It was to a woman of blighted reputation, whom He met

by the wayside, that He revealed the spirituality of the Divine nature and the only acceptable manner of worship. It was when associating with outcasts, and when taunted with the fact, that He gave the fullest and most touching exposition of the Father's yearning over a rebellious race. And while thus unobtrusive in manner, He was no less authoritative. As the light makes clear and defines the objects on which it rests, so He spake on all subjects with precision and certainty. There is no guessing, no hesitancy. Manifestly, too, He is not indebted to man for His knowledge. As the sunbeam comes visibly from above, so there is in Him a remarkable absence of everything which might indicate that He had learned from any human teacher, or been a disciple of any earthly school. Nor does He speak as if, in any case. His utterances were the result of investigation or reflection. He does not seem, like other teachers, to reach truth by any mental process,

as the conclusion of a train of reasoning or the climax of successive steps. He speaks as if it lay all folded up in Himself. He discourses of the Father not irreverently, yet confidently, as if He dwelt in His bosom, and knew His most secret thought; of immortality, as if it were all open to His gaze; of human duty, as if His own will were its law. In strict accordance with this He does not, as a rule, argue in support of His utterances, but leaves them to make their appeal to the inner consciousness of men; confident, to all appearance, that they will find their verification there. This is because, like the light, His words are *self-evidential*. As nothing is needed to manifest the one, so nothing is needed to verify the other. Their own nature is the best testimony to their truthfulness. An impostor could not have conceived, an honest man could not have fabricated them. They tower in immeasurable superiority above all human utterances. Even from adversaries they extort the confession, "Never man spake like this man." Meet them where you may, in whatever association, they are recognizable by their own inherent lustre,—“they assert their high lineage; they clear a space for themselves, like shining angels among a crowd of men.”

But it is not only by His teaching that the Saviour enlightens the world; His life was a revelation no less than His utterances. Such a being could not walk the earth and mingle with men without shedding light on human duties and relations. As perfect man, He is a guide and a pattern for all times. His own life shews men what spirit they should breathe, and on what principles society should be based. By His preferences He reveals the relative value of the various objects which appeal to human choice, the purpose for which men ought to live, and the blessings better than life for which life and all lesser things may be sacrificed. As God manifest in the flesh, He reveals the Divine character. Being one with the Father, His actions are the most expressive exponents of the Divine feelings: more clearly even

than His words they shew us what is in the Father's heart—the propensions of His nature towards us—His displeasure against sin as the defacement of His own image and destructive to the happiness of His children—His yearning compassion for the wretched—His readiness to receive the penitent—His eager desire for and His willingness to minister to the welfare of all. We have only to look to Him that we may learn in most impressive manner what God is, for *He* is God: “I and my Father are one.” We can understand His feelings, for they are our own—He is one with ourselves. And yet they are the Father's feelings. In His case the human feeling is but the medium and manifestation of the Divine. Thus from this one life do we learn more of God and of man, immeasurably more than from all books and from all teachers combined. It is radiant with its own purity and beauty. Its beams are seen from afar. It shines with excessive brightness throughout all history, far as its record is known. The world will not be without light while its memory is preserved; nor can that memory ever die. The record of that life will never pass away from history. The image of it will never be effaced from the minds of men. While the world lasts souls will turn to it wistfully and thankfully, as nations turn to greet the rising sun. And the ever widening knowledge of the Saviour's name, and the ever growing admiration for His character, will give ample fulfilment to the promise of His title, and prove more fully how worthy He is to be called “The Light of the World.”

It is impossible in our limited space to enter minutely into the *matter* or *substance* of our Saviour's teaching; but there are a few of the more prominent truths which require to be glanced at more particularly, in order that we may see clearly to what extent the world is indebted to Him for the light which it has. Passing by the testimony which He bears to the existence of a future state, in respect to which it would be easy to shew that while men

speculated about it prior to His appearing, some affirming, others denying its existence, their conceptions were all so vague and their conjectures so uncertain, that they cannot be said to have had any practical belief in it, whereas He, by the clearness and certainty of His revelation, has "brought life and immortality to light." Passing by, too, the testimony which He bears to the dignity of the human soul, the natural brotherhood of man, and the fraternal bond which should unite them—the universal spiritual kingdom under His own rule which is yet to be established in the earth; passing by these and other minor truths, we confine ourselves to the revelation which He gives of the Divine Being, and here, where truth is so momentous and concerns us so infinitely, little consideration will suffice to shew how truly He could say, "No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him."

As to the Divine existence, we do not find Him arguing for nor formally affirming it. No such proposition falls from the lips of this teacher. But, what is far more important. He assumes the fact which our nature recognizes, and makes us feel by the intimate manner in which He speaks of God not only the reality of His existence, but of His relation to ourselves. You cannot listen to Him and lose the idea of God, for He is recognized in all His speech. He is the one great reality ever present to His mind. He prays, and how real is the Being to whom He speaks. He discourses of Him to others, and how real the style, how sincere the spirit of His speech. Yea, "there is reality," as has been remarked, "in the very attitudes and occasions: He sits down weary by a Samaritan well in a summer noon, and talks of the worship of ages with the woman who comes to draw; He points, as He walks on, to the sparrow which the Heavenly Father feeds; He stoops and plucks a lily, and shews it clothed of God in a glory passing the imperial splendours of Solomon.

As to the nature of God, He re-

veals His *unity*, as opposed to the Polytheism of the nations, who have their lords many and gods many; His *spirituality*, as opposed to the material forms in which their gods are clothed, and the gross and sensual passions which are oftentimes attributed to them; His *personality*, living, warm, intelligent, as opposed alike to the Fatalism of ancient and the Pantheism of modern philosophers. This one God, who is a Spirit, is no blind Jove, no fixed law, no cold lifeless principle, nor even a great first cause merely, who has originated the world and then left it to itself. Though as the Infinite Spirit He is far removed from all human weaknesses and passions, He is not without interest in our concerns. On the contrary, He is presented in our Saviour's teaching as having to do with all our ways. Our outgoings and our incomings, our sorrows and our joys, our work and our worship, and even our play, our relations and our circumstances, all that we do and all that affects us, are matters of interest to Him without whose knowledge a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, and who numbers the very hairs of our head.

As to His character, how clear and attractive is the revelation which the Saviour gives! He appears in His teaching as He does in the Old Testament writings, as a God of holiness and rectitude, of justice and faithfulness; but He appears also and more especially as a God of love. He hates sin—He cannot look upon it; He regards it only with loathing; He turns away His face from it. But He has pity for sinners, for all, for the worst. Men could not have conceived such a combination of severity and goodness. Either their gods are harsh and stern, vengeful and vindictive, without any of the softer qualities which commend them to our affection: or if kind, their kindness degenerates into weakness, and they are sentimental and maudlin without any of the strength and firmness which become the God. In our God, as Jesus reveals Him, both qualities are harmoniously blended. The severity does not infringe upon

the goodness, the goodness does not weaken the severity. And yet, the severity is never harsh, and the goodness is never weak. The severity is, in fact, but another form of the goodness. The goodness is severity when it abjures temporary weakness that it may secure its ultimate end. Such severity is truest goodness, for in dealing with evil, to be weak is to be unkind. The designation which Jesus chiefly applies to God is one in which these qualities of character are naturally embraced. The paternal relation comes out in the Old Testament, and the appellation Father is there applied to the Divine Being. But it is Jesus who especially reveals this relation, and familiarizes us with this endearing name. With Him, God is the Father. My Father, He calls Him; Our Father, He teaches us to call Him; He speaks of Him generally as the Father—His and ours—the Father of the race. He came to reveal God; and this is the revelation which He brings—*God is the Father*. He is a king, no doubt, or to speak more correctly, He is all that is implied in being a king, but He is more; for the paternal relation is more comprehensive than the kingly. He is not a king by virtue of election to that office, nor is He a despot with whom might is right. His kingly authority springs out of His paternal relation. He is a king only because He is a father. He is possessed of all kingly qualities, for how else could He govern wisely and righteously the myriad members of His household? But besides all His kingly qualities, besides power, besides wisdom, besides rectitude, besides immutability; there is an infinite tenderness in His nature which pertains not to the kingly office—the tenderness of a father. His heart is the heart of a Father for all His rational offspring. The element in which He lives and reigns is paternal love. It is true, many of His creatures are not acting towards Him like children, they are not regarding Him with childlike feelings. They are in a state of unnatural rebellion, hence the disorder and wretchedness

of their condition. But He acts towards them a Father's part. He cherishes towards them a Father's feelings. He looks after the wanderer with a Father's eye. He regards the wretched with a Father's pity. He receives the penitent with a Father's gladness. And if He must needs banish the incorrigible, it is with a Father's reluctance that He performs the strange work. He invites their return, He waits to welcome their return. It is to effect a reconciliation that the Son has come; by revealing the Father's true character, He seeks to captivate their affections; by His suffering He vindicates the Father's righteousness, while He gives free scope to the Father's love; and when, believing His message, men return to the Father through Him, the Father greets them with a free and generous pardon, while all the unfallen members of the family are bidden to rejoice, because of the son who was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found.

Such truths as these are the light of the world. They meet the wants of our nature, they satisfy its cravings; they solve its most perplexing problems; they scatter the darkness which brooded over the nations. The world can never more be dark where their light is diffused. The clouds which hung over the condition and destiny of the race knit themselves up and roll away. The ways of God to man are vindicated. Humanity after all its fruitless and weary wanderings finds rest in the paternal embrace. It walks in the light of God's countenance, it exults in His approving smile. It lies down to its long sleep without any fear, for it anticipates a joyful waking when a brighter morn shall usher in the everlasting day. And whether we think of the drooping hearts that have been cheered, or the homes which have been gladdened, or the nations that have been blessed, or the deathbeds that have been divested of their gloom through the glory shed on them by the life, and death, and teaching of our Lord—whether we think of any or

all of these things, we see how well His influence answers to His title—how free He is from presumption,

how well established is the claim He makes, when He says, "I am the Light of the World."

THE PRIDE OF THE LATYMERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "FROM DARK TO DAWN IN ITALY," ETC.

XX.

THE WANING STAR.

THE bailiffs men, waiting outside the thatched cottage, after they had noosed their prey, nudged each other slyly in congratulation on the easy manner of the capture. "Knew 'twas the only plan, to change the county and come on him unawares, away from home. Faix, the tinants would never allow the Queen's writ to run in Kyle, more especially for the master himself."

"Rayther we'd ha' had to run," responded the other, who held a straw in the corner of his mouth, as if he was trying what sensation it might be to chew the cud. "An' I've no partikler taste for 'atin' the parchmant, as long as I can help it." "Come in, my men," said the bland voice of their prisoner, "I have a letter to write and send. You can sit in the kitchen."

They sidled one after another awkwardly into the house: the long low kitchen was flooded with firelight from a ruddy mass of turf on the open hearth. Accustomed to be regarded with enmity because of their profession, they had acquired sneaking manners, and an air always as if they were never wanted anywhere, and rather expected to be kicked out. The servants, knowing no ill, saluted them with, "Save ye kindly," and invited them to draw up to the fire. But they had first a telegraph of grimaces and finger-signs between themselves, which ended in Miss Latymer's being startled by the apparition of a shaggy head thrust into the sitting-room without the preliminary of knocking. It winked portentously, and had a finger beside its nose.

"I say, sir, axin' yer pardon an' the young lady's, but—honour bright, you know!"

"What do you mean, fellow?" The grin became shaded.

"Why sir, yer honour, if me an' my pardner is to sit in the kitchen wid the doors shut—"

"Oh, I understand: you need not be afraid that I shall attempt to run away."

Spoken with the very greatest majesty that Mr. Latymer could put into his voice. The fingers pulled the forelock of the shaggy head obsequiously ere it disappeared. And presently "pardner," still chewing the cud, received a whisper: "It's my belief, Peter, that he'd go and put himself into jail now sooner than serve us a dirty dodge; bein' one of the real genteel sort, an' no mistake." Thus comforted in their minds, they ate supper as if it were composed of stolen bakemeats; for suspicion was the breath of their nostrils.

Mr. Latymer, in his helplessness before this sudden stroke, might be likened to a star gazer who with eyes steadfastly on the vault of the skies, comes upon his face by reason of some obstacle in his path. He could only write to Mr. Etough to set him up again, and because the cross-country posts were uncertain and roundabout he hired a fleet foot-messenger (Hibernicæ, gossoon) who should deliver the letter into his agent's own hands.

All night the men in the kitchen (they would not try an extemporised bed in the hayloft, but remained by the ruddy turf) knew that their prisoner was wakeful too, by the restless footstep over head. He walked till dawn, poor gentleman, very regardless of the full noon of the moonrise which had so charmed him at sunset: and when he came down to a late breakfast, Berensford (round whose eyes were dark rings also) could have declared that his

hair was greyer than on the day before, as if he had been subjected to the pelting of a winter snow-storm.

Again Beresford had been driven to God during that sad night. The worst had come upon her, suddenly, at an instant. Alas! that we will not go to the Divine Helper till earthly props fail and earthly sunshine is darkened! The reality of God about our path, and about our bed, and spying out all our ways, is the great lesson taught in times of trouble.

Next day was passed in a sort of dull suspense: they never spoke of the thing which engrossed every thought of each. Beresford tried to read to her father, and then tried to listen to his reading, wondering the while at all the lines that had grown or deepened on his dear face so suddenly, until about the same time of evening at which the bailiffs had appeared, four and twenty hours previously, when the expected sounds of an arrival were heard, a car driving very rapidly through the sandy village street, and Mr. Etough's voice, as he gave the reins to his groom. It was the same "nice bit of horseflesh" with which he drove into this story.

"My dear sir!"—his deferential bow was low as ever, and he shook hands (how smooth the grasp!) as if it were not with a virtual bankrupt. "I was shocked to receive your letter. You will do me the justice to believe that I came as fast as I could, after arranging some business. For you know, sir, my maxim, business first, pleasure afterwards; capital maxim for men of my sort, sir, born without hereditary fortune or influence of any kind. And this is pleasure!"

Was it to see the crest-fallen greatness of the Master of Kyle, or only to assist him? Beresford thought there was a dubious glistening of the eye. Mr. Etough rubbed his smooth hands together satisfactorily.

"Now for this disagreeable affair. I shall settle with these people at once, before I eat or drink. Nay, not a word, my dear sir,"—though it

is to be doubted if Mr. Latymer had any idea of preventing his laudable intentions—"I cannot leave you with this incubus for five minutes longer."

He read aloud items of the writ placed in his hands, "One hundred and seventy-five, sixteen, and ten-pence ha'penny; at suit of Ashlar and Hodman, contractors. For the new building, I suppose?"

A slight colour suffused the debtor's pallid face at this half-audible comment. And now while Mr. Etough went to settle with the bailiffs, Beresford made a request which had all day been seething in her mind.

"Papa, he will want to talk over business matters with you, and I want you to let me be present, and not only so—"

"Present! certainly, if you wish it; but I imagine you will find it very stupid, terribly stupid; I always do, though I am the person most interested."

"I want leave also to speak,—to say anything that occurs to me; mother could tell you that I have not a bad head for household matters, dear papa!"

"You will hear nothing agreeable, I warn you; and if your head is clever enough to comprehend Etough's statements,—" he finished his sentence with a hard laugh, which had no mirth in it.

A moment after he turned quickly to her. "Beresford, remember I particularly desire that your mother should never hear a word of this—this arrest; not a syllable. I hope it will never come to her knowledge. She, with her high connexions—she has never been able to understand embarrassment, though, unfortunately, suffering from its consequences. It is not right that she should be harassed about such things: she is not born to it.

"I shall be silent," said Beresford. "But, dear papa, what I want, because the boys are not at home—neither of your sons are at home, you know, whose natural place it would be to make investigation—but I want you to get Mr. Etough to tell us clearly the condition of the

estates. We ought to know the worst, now that things have come to such a pass. And you said you thought that contractors' debt was discharged long since."

It happened that "knowing the worst" was just that for which Mr. Latymer had hitherto very pitifully wanted courage. And apart from his cabinet of neatly-docketed papers, he scarcely knew how he, the owner, could figure in such an examination: yet a spasm of resolution came upon him at his daughter's words: he looked at her shining eyes, and saw in them not the helpless girl but the helpful woman.

"Let it be as you wish, dear," he said, with a wearied air. "I dare say it is right: perhaps I have trusted the man too blindly. I will ask him some questions."

Thereupon he began to note, in his methodical way, upon the back of a letter, what these queries should be. Father and daughter felt like conspirators when the sleek-handed attorney re-entered with a jovial air.

"I congratulate you, my dear sir: you are your own man once more. It must be a very distressing sensation to be otherwise. I am so happy to have been in a situation to relieve you!" And he shook hands again.

"We will have tea," said Mr. Latymer, not at all with answering cheerfulness. "You must need refreshment." Perhaps he thought that he had only changed his creditor.

Mr. Etough was quite ready to enter on business after the meal. "But Miss Latymer will find it very uninteresting," he remarked: "I know how young ladies look on these matters."

"On such matters as a father's well-being or ruin?" exclaimed Beresford, flashing up and failing utterly to thread her needle in consequence. She was angry with herself for betraying emotion, and more gently added, "I assure you I take the deepest interest in papa's affairs, Mr. Etough."

"My mistake was in supposing

you an ordinary young lady," he observed, insinuatingly; and forthwith began his explanation of Mr. Latymer's circumstances, looking a great deal upon her, and laying down facts before her with that faultless filbert nail on his outstretched finger.

Did he intend to be lucid? It seemed so: yet Beresford soon felt herself in a labyrinth, and as if she had turned fifty corners successively. "Lawsuits gather about a decaying estate as fungi about decaying wood," is a quotation apt in this place. The young lady had never in all her life heard half so much about judgments, and mortgages, and entail, and Chancery suits, and proceedings in Common Pleas, and fee-simple, and fee-farm grants, and a host of other bewildering terms, to but few of which did she attach right meaning. He saw the cloud of non-comprehension gathering in her face.

"You see, Beresford, my dear, it is as I told you."

"But it is rather hard, papa, that a man should be ruined in a totally unintelligible manner. What is this mesh of intricacies, out of which no honest purpose can see a way?"

"Ruin!" smiled Mr. Etough, unbelievably. "No, a long step from that yet." He shook his head slowly and softly. "A Latymer of Kyle!"

"I can never feel secure after the occurrence of last night," said poor Mr. Latymer, looking as helplessly majestic as any fallen Bourbon. "I shall return home to-morrow, — I —"

"My dear sir, a mere trifle! why I have clients to whom the transaction is as familiar as eating breakfast. I will not say that it is a characteristic of high honour."

"Just so," said Mr. Latymer. "We will leave the subject, if you please. Beresford, my dear, you must be fatigued."

He rose to hand her from the room with the high-bred courtesy he would have used towards a duchess, and never failed in towards his own daughter: and the which Mr. Etough could not have successfully

self, it's twice as pleasant, wid only that tidy little girl to wash the dishes." For lately the household had been curtailed to these modest dimensions, chiefly through Mrs. O'Leary's own representations that she "hated youngsters about under her feet," and would sooner do a thing herself than see it spoiled by another.

"As to the housekeepin', Miss Berry," she went on, "we'll have geese and turkeys enough, I'll bargain, to supply the table till the New Year, av the fox—bad scan to him—don't get at the fowl-house through that hole in the roof, as he did last sason. (An' I'm always intindin to have it mended, only it goes out of my head; there's a furze-bush stuck through it now: but I'll put a knot on my apron, so you needn't look that way, Miss Berry)." For orders had been given for the needful repairs long since.

"And the praties—God bless em!—never looked so handsome as they do this minute, wid all their white blossoms a-smilin' up at the sky. There'll be hundreds of barrels of 'em in the home-garden, and that's kitchen-mate for many a day, Miss Berry. I think meself I'm stronger since I left off the drop of washy tea, barrin' going to bed."

Nurse's household economies (chiefly such as would press on herself and Devlin) were endless. Beresford pressed the faithful old brown hand, horny with working for "the family."

"No, dear, 'twas somethin' me and Devlin noticed about the Masther: an' we thought maybe if 'twould be any comfort to him to know that any spalpeen ov a bailiff that sets foot inside the gate, aye, or as much as axes the way to Kyle, will get his skin full of broken bones d'rectly, you might tell it to him, Miss Berry."

"Why, Nurse?"

"Ah, sure we have our two eyes, honey, an' we notice the masther never stirrin' out beyond the garden, except of a Sunday alone."

"Nonsense! that must be your imagination, Nurse: why should he go out more on Sundays than weekdays, unless, indeed, to church?"

"See, now, how innocent the child is!" was Mrs. O'Leary's wondering rejoinder, lifting up her hands. "Isn't it a pity she can't stay so? An' didn't ye ever hear of a Sunday's man, darlin'?" Then altering her tone to a whisper—"It's because he couldn't be arrested on Sunday—nobody can. Them spalpeens,"—in which term she included all administrators of the law—"have that much regard for the blessed hours. But you may tell him, Miss Berry, that the men will never let a bailiff inside the park, Sunday or Monday: all days of the week are aqul to them: an' if he was took itself, there wud be a reskie (rescue) that would rise the barony." Having said so far in a very warlike spirit, Mrs. O'Leary threw her apron over her head, and began to cry bitterly. It was for the departed glory of the family. She could remember the kennel full of hounds, and the stables full of steeds, and the dilapidated house fresh and full of company, though even then Nemesis was coming: and whatever was wanting to her own memories, was supplied by tradition from her fathers.

Lately also, Mrs. Latymer, surmising that affairs were growing darker, took to the pen in a very unavailing form, yet one in which the generality of women have much confidence—that of writing letters to her great relations. Lord Barinister was sorry for Latymer's misfortunes, and suggested that perhaps the best thing he could do would be to whitewash. The nobleman condescended to employ this synonymous term for the Insolvent Court. It was almost the only practicable hint that came anywhere in reply to the lady's epistles: for "the poor pursueth his friends with words, yet are they wanting unto him."

Sympathetic Mrs. Splints, visiting the Doctor's customers as usual, and making herself intensely agreeable wherever she went, displayed much ebullition of kindly feeling in the Charleys' drawing-room. "But they always held their heads so high—some people said all this was a judgment on them; Mrs. Splints

he had been utterly forgotten. The old gentleman was busily engaged in counting and putting aside the eggs of his fancy fowls, for he particularly prided himself on his pursuit of poultry breeding, and believed that he served his country in some mysterious manner by rearing the most hideous feathered creatures that could be seen, and sending them in due season to prize exhibitions. A young man, who seemed a sort of superior personal attendant, was writing the history and lineage of each egg on a paper, wrapping it round, copying the same from a ledger, according to marks and dates given therein. And nothing could surpass the absorbing interest taken in the performance by Sir Nevil. He would as soon eat a baby as one of those eggs.

"Person from Mr. Brown's, eh? That's true—got my last liveries from Brown; wore well, I think, eh, Fidler?" who was the young man writing. "Ten Purple Emperor Cochin Chinas—are you sure, Fidler? Thought there were only nine. Just count them again, will you? I suppose Mr. Brown would like a fresh order, eh? But you see he didn't plump for us last election, eh, Fidler?" That attendant believed not. "Seventeen Victoria Dorkings. Ought to be more, Fidler; hope there's no foul play; when eggs come to be worth three guineas a dozen, one must look sharp;" and, with double glasses to his eyes, he investigated the contents of the drawer.

"Dear sauce," thought Hugh. And then the baronet was thrown into a flurry by finding the undoubted egg of a new species of Muscovy duck in the compartment sacred to hens; an occurrence so startling that Hugh was thenceforth no more noticed than one of the oil portraits on the wall. After some time he tried a modest cough.

"Sir Nevil," suggested Fidler, putting his pen behind his ear, "if you dismissed this person's business—"

"Well, young man, and what do you want?" said the old gentleman,

looking testy. "Be quick, for I am busy, as you may see."

"You were kind enough, sir, to approve the exertion I made to secure for Narraghmore the first sewing-machine ever set to work in Ireland," began Hugh, trying to look pleasant.

"Ah, yes; the affair that stitched cloth so fast. I remember now. Fidler, you ought to go and see it—a real curiosity—works faster than ten women's fingers, and without the clack of their tongues." Being an old bachelor, Sir Nevil often indulged himself in a sneer at the sex which did not brighten his home. "Got a wife, young man? So much the better," to Hugh's negative rejoinder. "Expensive article—millstone round a fellow's neck. I never could afford a wife. Better to marry a sewing-machine, in fact," and he laughed stertorously at his own wit.

"Just what I wish to do, Sir Nevil, with your good help," said young Luke, seizing his humour very aptly, "I'm ready to take it for better for worse, under your powerful patronage."

"You're a sharp fellow," said the old baronet, looking at him with one eye nearly closed. "What do you want me to do?"

"I wish to introduce into the town a branch of manufacture hitherto unknown, which must enrich the inhabitants."

"And enrich you first of all. Don't be ashamed, my lad; that's what public spirit generally means, only people don't like plain-speaking, eh? Now if you succeed, and become a great employer, you'll have the papers praising you for your public spirit, displayed in condescending to make yourself a fortune, eh? Isn't it the case, eh?"

"I hope they may have the opportunity, Sir Nevil. And as a first step, I have come to solicit your encouragement of native manufacture; I want you to give me the preference in clothing your regiment of militia, instead of throwing open the matter of English competition."

Instantly Sir Nevil assumed all the colonel, and looked so grave and cleared his throat so portentously, that Hugh's heart sank. "You are aware, young man, that this is a matter of public business and of public expenditure. Nothing of favouritism can attempt to intrude on the efficient execution of such a contract. You must be prepared to give securities for due performance, and suffer penalties in case of failure."

"Certainly, sir; I want a fair field, and no favour, except that I, who have no name, shall not therefore be refused a trial, because army contractors who have a name will be sure to enter the lists. And even this I would scarcely venture to ask, except that you were good enough to promise me your patronage, unsolicited, on the day that you saw my little machine at work."

"Made a promise, eh! Then it shall certainly be kept," said Sir Nevil; "Fidler, write down the young man's name and the nature of his application in that memorandum-book of mine. Of course, you'll make a tender, and be ready with securities, and all that; I'd be sorry not to give my interest to benefit my townsmen; though, confound it!" he added, energetically, "every attempt to raise this unfortunate Ireland seems only to leave her deeper in the slough."

"Because her people don't pull together, sir." Hugh made his bow and repeated his thanks, and came away; meeting at the front entrance with his mother's acquaintance, Mrs. Lectern Lychgate, who had come in her quality of archdeacon's widow to elicit a subscription from Sir Nevil. She was very blandly gracious to him, with that description of graciousness which always made his undisciplined flesh tingle; and after he had shaken himself loose into his working-man's stride down the avenue, she explained to Sir Nevil her reason for the cordiality.

"Bless my soul, good family, is he? Then he must be taken by the hand, Mrs. Archdeacon, he must be taken by the hand; I'm glad I

said what I did to him—very glad." The lady would also have been glad to know what it was; but Sir Nevil Firebrace was not to be pumped, and all her address was required for the matter of the subscription.

Now to persuade solid, prosperous Mr. Brown, the draper, to hang capital on this solitary hook of a promise! Hugh had his own terms of partnership settled in his own mind; though Brown's money was an absolute necessity to him as a *point d'appui*, he would not bind himself down by any agreement which might hamper his future movements, and clip the wings by which he hoped to soar. He intended to be a great success, a power; he dreamed of wider contracts, ascending from the silver-laced militia to the gold-laced line, the cavalry, Indian troops, foreign armies; and woke to find himself a dusty man on a dusty road, with the lowest step of his ladder yet to achieve.

Misfortune offers many more salient points for story-telling than prosperity, and is much more interesting to a reader. And besides, this ambition of Hugh Lake's seems perhaps as pitiful as to see an eagle spending all his energies to reach the topmost perch of a cage, while he might soar into the blue boundless empyrean, with his eyes upon the sun.

Hugh had a powerful ally in young Brown, who was still laying siege (not by regular strategic approaches so much as by a dumb blockade) to that pretty provoking maiden, Bessie Lake. Anything that drew the families closer, and identified their interests, seemed to the young man a most desirable object. His father (whose own commercial spirit was at last stirred) yielded to the speech—"Why, my lad, it's all to be thine, some day; and if thee likes to risk in trade what's clean out of danger now, here goes!"

"Mother, I'm to be a master-tailor."

Thus alarmingly did Hugh Lake announce at home the change in his prospects, and shocked their

genteel sensibilities before he laid salve by the large words "army contractor." For though it is extremely the reverse of genteel to make clothes on a small scale, (as is proved by the treatment which Snip receives in general from fast undergraduates, reckless subalterns, and the like accurate judges of what is noble or ignoble in human pursuits) it is, nevertheless, compatible with the highest gentility to do so on a large scale, such as turning out the equipment of a regiment at one time; and this Mrs. Lake knew by that uncompiled and unprinted calendar of respectability which circulates among struggling folk of her degree, and troubles them not a little.

But Mrs. Pennywether of the almshouse, coming in cover of the dusk next evening, to take tea with the friend whom she regarded as fallen from a higher estate, found in that friend an inexplicable alteration of mien. Mrs. Lake was not at all struck on this occasion with the condescension of the barrister's widow in visiting the back-parlour of a shop, and partaking therein of a comfortable meal. Mrs. P. felt somehow off her vantage-ground, and could not suitably deliver herself of the established phrase, that circumstances should make no difference to the warmth of her friendship. A glimpse of the delicious feeling of possible patronage was coming back to her hostess's mind, which had so long been patronized. Mysterious hints of changes to come—of things which might or might not be done—of brightening prospects, etc., spoken with eyes looking past Mrs. Pennywether into vacancy, puzzled that good-lady exceedingly, and set every fibre of her elderly imagination quivering. Could the Lakes have got a legacy? Could the fortune of Countess Nessuno have become any way available to her relatives of the half-blood, in consequence of her marrying a foreigner, for instance? There was a recklessness in Mrs. Lake's tea-table this evening, a spreading of delicacies which seemed to savour of improved circum-

stances; she dealt out the sugar and sweets with the lavishness of one to whom cost was become of no consequence, and surely the tea was finest gunpowder. Mrs. Pennywether had broken sleep that night, whether from the excellence of the tea, or the speculation of her ideas.

And how amused was Hugh, a few days afterwards, to find his dear mother similarly "queening it" to Mrs. Lectern Lychgate, without apparent available reason? The broken-spirited demeanour was changed for a dignity which became her amazingly; "She's like my Uncle Latymer after all," thought the son. But Mrs. Lake had long ago seen that one of her besetting sins was pride; she believed that much of the chastening of her life had overtaken her with reference to it; she would not fall again into the snare; surely it was allowable to be elated and thankful, because of her dear son's abilities!

As to Hugh's proceedings:—an old store was hired for a nominal sum, as it stood in danger of falling to pieces from sheer idleness: rough fittings were put in, and a dozen sewing-machines set to work on the contract, which was one of the partners' sole capital. Sole! except for the ever-restless brain that wrought unceasingly likewise: and what figures can represent the monetary value of thought? Hugh had a mechanical talent, and he was always amending or inventing somewhat. Never was man more engrossed with business; the shortness of his sleeping hours terrified his mother; his meals were altogether secondary matters; he knew not the name of recreation. His motto seemed to be—"This one thing I do;" but it was not a quotation according to Paul.

This went on till he was successful—the contract was finished in an incredibly short time, thanks to the new method of manipulation; and Sir Nevil Firebrace, addressing his newly-clothed corps in the broad barrack-yard, from his two sticks (with an apology that it was not from horseback) termed the uniform,

and, in 1611, was purchased by Thomas Sutton, Esq., a rich bachelor citizen, for £13,000. He endowed the hospital and school with fifteen manors and other lands, yielding annually the sum of £4,493 19s. 10½d.; but the income has since enormously increased. "In 1773, the Charter House maintained eighty pensioners, besides which forty-four boys were supported in the house, well-lodged, and classically educated."

But St. Bruno is scarcely so celebrated as a prelate of his name, the famous "Bishop Bruno," whose story Southey tells in the form of a

ballad. He informs us how the bishop, who did not apparently live in the odour of sanctity, dreamt a terrible dream or rather succession of dreams: how he rang the palace bell, "and the sound it gave was his passing knell." How he turned himself round and slept again, and again rang at the palace gate, and, lo! death was his porter. How, presently, he went forth to dine with the emperor, how the people thronged to see his pride, and made their obeisances to him, "but nobody blest him as he went." Then, as he went on stately and proud, how he heard a voice saying:—

"Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno, you travel with glee,
But I would have you know, you travel to me."

At which appalling words the bishop
grew cold with fear, as well he
might.

And again, as he blessed the meat,
the same unearthly visitant accosted
him:—

"With the emperor now you are dining in glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup with me."

The wine-cups, however, restored
the affrighted prelate to his accus-

tomed state of jollity, and the bal-
lad ends thus:—

"When he sat down to the royal fare,
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there;
But when the masquers entered the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from 'amid the masquers' crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud:—

'You have passed the day, Bishop Bruno, with glee;
But you must pass the night with me.'

His cheek grows pale, and his eyeballs glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristles his hair.
With that there came one from the masquers' band,
And he took the bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call,—
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall."

A German legend, however, says, that the voice spoke to him as he was sailing on the Danube with the Emperor Henry III, and that he was shortly after killed by a rafter, which fell upon him as he sat feasting at the imperial board in a certain castle. The legend calls him Bishop of Herbigolitanum, where-

ever that may be. And his story remains in black-letter chronicle and in modern song, a warning to all proud, pompous, pleasure-loving prelates.

Saint Denys, one of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and the patron saint of France, stands next in the calendar, October 9th:—

"St. Denys had his head cut off, he did not care for that,
He took it up, and carried it two miles without his hat."

St. Denys was beheaded with some
other confessors of the faith at

Montmartre, in the neighbourhood
of Paris. *Montmartre* being indeed

King of England, and last of the Saxon race, who died in 1065. The Pope who caused the name of the royal dead to be entered in the catalogue of saints, issued a bull to the Abbot Laurentius and the Convent of Westminster enjoining, "that his body be honoured here on earth, as his soul is glorified in heaven."

But among our local saints, there is perhaps none whose history assumes a more ludicrous aspect than that of Saint Etheldreda, to whom the seventeenth day of the month is dedicated. This lady, more commonly known as St. Audrey, or St. Awdry, was the daughter of one of our East-Anglian kings, and was born about 630, and took the veil at an early age, at Coldingham Abbey, in Yorkshire. But notwithstanding Etheldreda's vows, she was twice forced by her parents to marry, yet the Romish breviaries style her, "twice a widow and always a virgin!" Her first husband was a nobleman named Toubert, or Touberecht; her second spouse, Egfrid, king of Northumberland. After the departure of this gentleman, she again returned to a religious life, and became Abbess of her convent.

Now she took to rigorous ways, renounced the use of water, except as a beverage, "and became,"—we quote from an article on "Paint, Powder, and Patches," in the "Cornhill," for June, 1863—"covered with spots about the neck and face, to her infinite peace of mind and general satisfaction."

These spots, which were far from beauty-spots, born of meagre diet and dirt, St. Audrey laid to the charge of her former luxuries and vanities: "I was once too proud," quoth she, "of those splendid carbuncles which my mother gave me when I married poor Touberecht, and now I have an assortment of them which I think more beautiful still!" She had been famous for brilliant necklaces, it seems, in her courtly days. But her nuns, shut up with her in their damp convent of Ely, wished she would cover

people who ventured very freely to censure her uncleanly habits; whereat St. Thomas of Ely was excited to unreasonable anger, and he exclaimed, "Fie upon your washing! fie upon your washing! Besides, Etheldreda washes every hour, though ye know it not!"

To which the stubborn folk made answer, "then it was certainly *not* her face!"

"Face here! face there!" retorted St. Thomas, his choler waxing hotter; "the good queen and saintly lady washed her heart hourly; what profit would there have been to her in washing the body after that? None! and the water never touched it, except it fell upon her in the form of rain!" Well, we think it would have profited her greatly, since we really cannot perceive the connection between filth of body and spirituality of mind, rather believing that, as a rule, dirty habits and sin keep each other company; and so we cannot agree with St. Thomas of Ely, to whom the renunciation of the simplest toilet-duties seems to have appeared as one of the cardinal virtues, significant of most exalted piety. We are sure St. Etheldreda must have secretly rejoiced at being caught in a thunder-storm, and it is a pity her nuns did not push her into one of their own meres, once and again, and give her the comfort of an involuntary bath! She died at her convent, in 679, and sixteen years afterwards, on the 17th of October, her relics were removed or *translated*, as it is called in ecclesiastical chronicles, and therefore it is on this day that her festival is commemorated. At an annual fair, kept in the Isle of Ely, and called St. Audrey's fair, much cheap and showy lace was usually bought by the country-lasses, and this lace soon became proverbial as *St. Audrey's lace*. Very soon the word *Taudry*, a corruption of *St. Andry*, was used to denote something of gay exterior and little value, hence, of course, our own word *taudry*, which we commonly apply to orna-

if the season be mild, many lingering blooms shed their sweet, sad beauty on the foliage-strewn lawn and moist black mould, but anon there comes a frosty night, and in the

morning red and yellow leaves are on the turf, the branches stand up thinned against the grey autumnal sky, and—

“Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chill;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.”

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELD.

If distance lends enchantment to the view, and sometimes makes Christian heroism more beautiful because of the perspective in which it is viewed, this is no reason why we should be unaware of the triumphs of faith and work at our own doors. And within the last few weeks a “brief narrative of facts” has been placed in our hands, which, for the romance of Christian incident and for instructiveness to every Christian heart that ponders them, have, we venture to think, been unsurpassed in the annals of modern Christian enterprise.

A “Brief Narrative of Facts” is the modest title of the pamphlet that lies before us. Yet what facts are here! Lowly in the world's esteem they may be reckoned; but to the eye of faith the little becomes great, and the last first. “Without anyone having been personally applied to for anything” by the writer, he can tell how the liberality of the Christian Church has enabled him during two-and-thirty years to provide board, lodging, and secular and religious training for altogether 16,000 children and others; how more than £233,000 have been received for their use; how that spot has been a centre from which have gone forth and are aided in their work 120 ministers and missionaries of the Gospel in many of the counties of England and many of the lands of the earth; and how 27,000,000 of books and tracts have been put into circulation; and all this under the immediate guidance of one presiding mind, the secret and strength of whose soul is this—that

he believes in the might of the prayer of faith. Need we say that we refer to George Müller, and to the Orphan Houses at Ashley Down?

But let us look a little more closely at these wondrous annals. The work he has carried on is not without its grave anxieties and difficulties. Let us see how they are dealt with. “During the past year,” writes Mr. Müller, “it pleased the Lord to exercise our faith greatly with reference to scarlet-fever and the whooping-cough. In Sept., 1865, the scarlet-fever broke out at the New Orphan House No. 2, in which house there are 200 infant girls and 200 elder girls. It appeared among the infants. The cases increased more and more. But we betook ourselves to God in prayer. Day by day we called upon Him regarding this trial, and generally two or three times a day. At last, when the infirmary rooms were filled, and also some other rooms that could be spared for the occasion, to keep the sick children from the rest, and when now we had no other rooms to spare, at least not without great inconvenience, it pleased the Lord to answer our prayers, and in mercy to stay the disease.” Many were ill, but “all recovered.” At the end of the year 1865, the whooping-cough appeared among the 450 girls of the New Orphan House No. 3. This disease was very general in Bristol, and many children died in consequence. Parents and others, who have an affectionate heart, and who feel for the suffering of children, can easily suppose how our hearts were affected when we heard these dear children labouring under this

"£1,000, a tribute to the memory of a departed sister;" "From Hampton, £5; instead of insuring the donor's cows against the rinderpest;" "£40, by sale of articles on a Christmas tree;" "£4 11s. 7d., being a penny per pair for each pair of boots sold for cash during the past year;" "£6 0s. 9d., in lieu of insuring my house, &c.;" "£100, in humble acknowledgment of special mercies vouchsafed by Almighty God to the donor, five other officers, several servants, and camp followers at Mhotoor, in Central India;" "A message boy sends you for the use of the orphans, 1s. 6d., being the first three weeks' rise of sixpence per week on his wages;" "£7, as a thank-offering to the Lord for preservation from bad debts;" "£210, from a shipowner, instead of insuring his vessels;" from Monmouthshire, £1 with this statement, "I give a small portion to you as God's servant, out of that which I have received from Him. I put by a penny from every pad of bloaters I sell, also twopence on each box of oranges, and threepence on each box of eggs, &c." And one more may be added: "A poor afflicted widow who has to work for her living at her needle, has by the help of her heavenly Father been enabled to put a little into the savings' bank, against sickness and want; but since reading your twenty-fourth report given me by a lady, I feel constrained by the love of Christ, who has done so much for my soul, to send you the widow's mite, to help His great work in your hands, to be used as most needed. And may He give me grace to put my whole trust in Him for all my temporal supplies, who has promised by Paul to supply all our need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Hoping the Lord has enabled me to do this in a right spirit, and that you may safely receive post-office order for £10, and that our Heavenly Father may long spare you to be His faithful servant, will pray your afflicted sister in Christ." Who can doubt that an institution that is nourished with such prayers, and watered with such

tears can do otherwise than bask beneath the golden sunshine of the Saviour's smile!

But all the successes of the past do not relax Mr. Müller's endeavours after ever-extending usefulness. Two new orphan houses are in contemplation. In consequence, however, of increased cost of labour and materials, the tenders for these buildings leave a balance of £8,000 yet to be received before the erection can commence. On making this discovery, what (says Mr. Müller) was to be done? "My decision was made instantly. My heart longed to build two more houses to the honour of the Lord for the benefit of poor children bereaved of both parents by death; I had brought before the Lord many thousands of prayers during the past five years; there were many hundreds of orphans waiting for admission, and their number daily increasing (for during the past year alone, as stated before, 611 were applied for to be admitted); but I could not contract debt: I would not sign contracts, which I had not money in hand to meet. Should it be said, 'But your work is so manifestly the Lord's work, it is surely according to His mind, that destitute children, who have lost by death both parents, should be cared for, so that you need not be afraid to build, though you have not yet all the money in hand, for God will surely help you,' my reply is this: Just because it is the Lord's work, and manifestly His, therefore I can wait, patiently wait His time. When His time is come, He will give to the last shilling all I need. . . . If it shall therefore please the Lord by the 1st of January, 1867, to give me about £7,000 more than I have now in hand, the contract for No. 5 will be signed; but I cannot go in debt. For this amount I look and wait on God, and doubt not that He will help further, as He has always done. If it pleases the Lord to exercise my faith and patience, yet I will by His grace continue to call upon Him, being fully assured that in the end I shall have enough."

We have space only to add that

strong and lively a pulse towards our own dear native land as ever. We rejoice when she rejoices, and we mourn when she weeps."

The sympathies of English women may well be kindled at the condition of their own sex in heathen lands. A Wesleyan missionary in Natal says that though the position of the native girls in that district is comparatively easy, yet that no sooner do they approach womanhood than they are sold as wives, and are worked for the rest of their days as slaves. But now to men and women alike is the word of that salvation sent which can redeem body and soul, bond and free, male and female. "A few Sundays ago," says the Rev. T. Kirkby, of Verulam, "I went to visit a chief in this neighbourhood. I arrived there about eleven o'clock in the morning, and found the chief in his hut, with a considerable number of his people, who were met together to drink a fermented treacle and water, most maddening in its effects upon the brain and nervous system. The chief took me into one of the huts close by; and, after some conversation, I enquired if there were a shady place near, in which I could preach. He sent a boy with me to the spot, while he went to tell the people. On arriving at the place I took up my position under a tree, while my hearers were sitting in a semicircle below me on the hill-side. The scene from the place where I stood was lovely. Wherever I turned my eyes, they rested on some scene of natural beauty:—the wooded kloofs, burying the sight, but not the sound, of some little stream; green hill-tops peeping through the dwarfed bush that covered their sides; and here and there round patches of Indian corn, just in that state of growth which precedes the change to ripeness. Everything seemed to tell of the goodness of God. A fine opportunity, I thought, to preach from the glorious text, "God so loved the world," etc., which I spoke upon for about half an hour. The people listened to me with great attention while I spoke to them of the many expressions of that love, . . . I

spoke of the great gift of the Father, and their attention was unwavering to the end; and I earnestly pray that in the last day I may not have laboured in vain on that Sabbath."

We have already mentioned that the sovereign of these realms had graciously employed her personal influence in securing favourable terms with the Queen of Madagascar for both British and native Christians in that island. In the treaty that has just come to hand we learn that British subjects shall be "allowed freely to exercise and teach the Christian religion," and shall "receive the protection of the Queen and her officers, and shall not be persecuted or interfered with. Her Majesty the Queen of Madagascar, from her friendship for Her Britannic Majesty, promises to grant full religious liberty to all her subjects, and not to persecute or molest any subjects or natives of Madagascar on account of their embracing or exercising the Christian religion."

The places of worship are technically to be "recognised as the property of the Queen," according to the theory of Malagasy law which vests the fee simple of all land in the sovereign; but the treaty guarantees that the buildings "shall be applied for ever to the special purposes for which they shall have been built."

The "Church Missionary Record" reports progress in many lands. Concerning one mission—in British Columbia, we read: "How different thirty years ago was the spot! Then heathenism, in all its terror, held dark dominion. Beneath the soil of Mr. Duncan's garden many skulls and human bones were exhumed; but this was not the burial-place of the Tsimshians. These were the bones of slaves murdered on feast-days to display power and wealth. It was a saying that every chief's house was planted on the dead bodies of slaves. The slave body was cast out unburied, to be the food of dogs.

"Now all is changed: no sound of heathen revel or dark magic is ever heard at Metlahkalah. The

“ And when I wear my wings
 An angel I shall be ;
 And when the violet springs
 I will come back to thee.
 Thou wilt not see me then, my mother dear,
 But thou wilt feel thy child is watching near.”

And now we stand and gaze,
 And almost think to catch
 Thine opening eyes' first rays ;
 Thy mother seems to watch,
 As when, in days gone by, she fondly pressed
 A living child to her warm, loving breast.

We have known many a woe ;
 Many a tear we've shed
 Since thou didst early go
 To join the quiet Dead.
 Thy rest is won ! We could not wish again
 That thou should'st mingle with life's grief and pain.

Perchance in hours of gloom,
 Inaudible, unseen,
 In the dim silent room
 Thy visitings have been !
 Smiling to think how sweet the time will be,
 When all thou lov'st from sorrow shall be free.

We thank Thee, Oh, our God,
 That *Thou* hast taken home
 Our child to Thine abode,
 From evil days to come.
 A little while,—and on the eternal shore
 Her smile shall greet us—fading nevermore !

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHETLAND SHAWL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

BUTTERFLIES and moths are not the only children of creation who rejoice in a chrysalis state during their early youth. I, for one, have gone through many a transition stage ere I donned my present fairy form ; and I am no insect, but rather an enemy to that branch of animated beings. Like the child whose memory carries no recollection of infancy to riper years, I have no remembrance of when my life began ; or how the first few months of my existence sped. I clad the form of a little playful lamb, whose chief ornament and comfort I was, but my recollections of that time are too

hazy to bear description on paper ; besides having nothing to do with the tale which I am about to relate.

It was summer-time, and the creature whose body I adorned was feeling the rays from the mid-day sun to be rather uncomfortably warm. He wandered up and down in a restless manner, and at last scampered off to the sea-shore, whose cool waves came softly up among the slippery stones, and curled about the white lamb's feet. So deliciously cool and enticing did the pure water feel, that the heedless animal ventured out a bit on the shining sand in pursuit of a retreating wave. Presently he came to some small rocks, covered with deli-

crew. "It is only a seal basking," said one. "A child," suggested another. "A ship's sail," quoth a third. But old Maunce soon gave it as his opinion that the strange object was nothing more than a sheep or lamb that had been washed from the shore. "If it is a living thing, then of course we have nothing to do with it," remarked one of the crew.

"Why you don't mean to leave the poor creature to be drowned?" indignantly exclaimed Olaf. "And you don't mean to say you would bring bad luck to us by saving from the water a half-drowned animal?" replied his laughing comrades. The flush of anger rose to Olaf's brow, but Maunce laid his hand on the young man's arm, saying, "Your kindness of heart does you honour, Olaf, and not for the sake of an idle superstition shall the poor dumb animal be left to die." The skipper ran his boat alongside the skerry. Olaf jumped out, and lifting the lamb in his arms he returned to his seat, amid the laughter and jests of his companions. "What do you mean to do with the precious kid now you've got it?" said one lad. "You will get as much wool from it as will make you a comforter," chimed in another. "I think the first thing to be done," said Maunce, "is to take it to the Laird, for undoubtedly the creature belongs to the Ness, and must have fallen over the low cliffs."

"I shall certainly offer it to the Laird, but I don't think he will take it again," replied Olaf. "And if the Laird bids you keep the worthless creature, as is most likely he will, what then?" questioned his gay companions. Olaf's cheek crimsoned a little as turning to Maunce, he said in a low tone, "With your leave I will offer it to your daughter Vaila; I heard her once express a wish for a pet lamb." Maunce looked earnestly into the young man's face and reading there the secret of his heart he kindly took Olaf's hand and thanked him in his daughter's name, saying he felt sure his girl would be proud and glad to receive such a gift from Olaf. The flush of gratified pleasure and love deepened on the young fisherman's brow, but his companions were too kind-hearted to take verbal notice of his joyful embarrassment, and the boat reaching her destination just then put an end to all further conversation. The fishers were

speedily surrounded by their female relatives, who had hastened to the beach at the first call from the couch-shell. They came to welcome back their fathers and husbands, sons and brothers, and to assist in the carrying home of the spoils of the deep. Maunce Scholla was met by his eldest daughter and her two little brothers, and Olaf's mother was there to greet her son. It was a matter of much surprise to the good widow when she observed the little half-dead lamb which her son lifted tenderly from its place at the bottom of the boat, while Vaila's curiosity overcame her shyness for the moment, and she ventured close to Olaf's side that she might take a near look at the animal in his arms. Maunce drew his boys away, and would have liked that Olaf's mother had retired to a distance from the young couple as well. But the widow Suneva was not so disposed to leave the lovers to themselves, and therefore lingered by Olaf's side, much to her son's annoyance and Vaila's evident disappointment. Thus the little party journeyed until they reached the hamlet which held their respective homes, and then the brief words of adieu were said, and Olaf was obliged to leave the maiden's side without making her acquainted with the tacit permission which her father had given to their courtship. Like most lovers, Olaf was hot and impatient, and his mother's manoeuvre to keep him from communicating with Vaila did not improve his temper, and consequently my snowy hue was anything but improved by the mode in which Olaf tossed the trembling lamb on to a heap of soft peat dust which lay in a corner of the cottage.

Suneva was not long in observing the cloud on her son's face, so hurried about to prepare some food for him, speaking cheerfully the while of such trivial things as had occurred during his two days' absence at the haaf. When her little chronicle of events was exhausted, Suneva enquired "what do you mean to make of that lamb, Olaf?" "Give it back to the Laird to be sure," was the somewhat curt reply. "Oh! but he won't take it again I am certain," replied the mother.

"Then," said Olaf, "I shall do as I proposed to Maunce; I shall ask Vaila to accept it as a keepsake from her sweetheart." Whatever Suneva might

Olaf's visit was short, for Vaila was soon missing, and the young man speedily followed. He hurried from the cottage to the sea-beach, which lay a very little way below the hamlet, and at their usual place of meeting the maiden was awaiting him. A few sorrowful sentences served to tell Vaila of the trouble that lay so heavy on her lover's heart. Her bright smile and confiding clasp of the hand made him almost forget his care.

"We can wait, Olaf," she murmured, "wait and look up to the great God who has heretofore guided us with such love and tenderness. I do not despair of making your mother love me very much by-and-by; who knows, if I am *very good* she may come to care for me almost as much as she does for you."

These and similar simple but encouraging words soon revived the light of hope in Olaf's breast, and the hour he spent in sweet Vaila's company completely dissipated all his sorrow and anger.

The next day the boats went off again to the haaf, and Suneva's heart was light, for her son's parting kiss was one of perfect reconciliation.

Vaila accompanied her father to the fishing station and stood on the beach, with her little pet lamb by her side, watching the fragile bark until it became like a mere fleck of snow on the distant ocean. Then, when it sank and melted into the surrounding waters, and the eye could discern it no longer, Vaila turned to go home, and, to her amazement she found Suneva standing motionless a short way behind her.

"It is not after your father you stand watching thus," were the first words the jealous mother said. A soft blush flitted over Vaila's modest face, but she quietly answered, "Not altogether,—I was thinking of Olaf just then."

"Thinking of Olaf! and you can tell me so, girl? you are bold for such a child in years!"

"You know we are engaged," replied the gentle maiden.

"An engagement which can never prosper while a mother's blessing is withheld from it."

"But we hope to have your blessing, and we mean to wait for it," was Vaila's mild but firm answer.

"You will wait long then," replied Suneva, who turned angrily towards

her home, having been defeated in her project, which was to arouse a feeling of pride in Vaila's heart, which would make her renounce her lover. Oh, Suneva, Suneva! you parted with your young neighbour in anger that night, but methinks your words would have been more tender had you known what grief would come on the morrow to wash away in an overwhelming flood of anguish and despair the wrath of the previous evening.

The cotters were aroused from their deep and healthful slumbers about midnight, for the Storm King was out on the ocean, and his mad gambols reached the ears, and thrilled to the hearts of the sleepers on land. The evening had been so fair and promising that all the boats had embarked for the far haaf, so that scarce a man was left in the island but the sick and old. The mild grey light of morning broke on a fearful scene; the great grand cliffs were wreathed with seething foam, and the deep dark waves were foaming and bubbling and breaking everywhere; while along the rocks were gathered groups of white-headed men, venturesome boys, and frenzied, heart-breaking, wailing women. What to them was the spray dashing up the face of the cliff, and drenching them where they stood! Those poor despairing creatures could see nothing, and feel nothing, think nothing but the *one thing*. Fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, out on that awful ocean!

The kind-hearted Laird had ridden out and was now moving from group to group trying to cheer the hearts of some and soothe the excited feelings of others.

Presently there was a shout and a rush to the beach, for a closely-reefed sail had emerged from the mist and gloom that brooded over the sea, and was bravely holding on for the landing place. How nobly the little craft rose upon the crest of the wave, how gracefully she curtsied down into the hollow, then rose again and proudly dashed the spray to either side, heeding nought, stopping for nought, but hurrying, as if pursued by flying fiends, to the haven of hope. Soon, in her wake was descried another boat, coming on as gallantly and well. The second was followed by a third; then there was a long interval, and then a fourth came; and then—no more!

as possible, especially when it costs so little, *presents* of game being frequent at this time of the year. A carelessly served dinner, however nicely dressed, loses to many people, *especially to husbands*, half its *goût*.

40. **POTTED PHEASANT, PARTRIDGE, GROUSE, &c.**—If the gentlemen of your family shoot, you have sometimes more game on hand than you can cook in the regular way; potting them is then your best resource. In the first place, take care that the meat is fresh; let it be carefully boned, and make a forcemeat, in the proportion of a quarter of a pound of fat bacon chopped very fine, cleared from sinewy or stringy bits, &c., to a quarter of a pound of fillet of veal. Beat your forcemeat in a mortar, with a little spice, salt, cayenne, or white pepper to your taste; but, in adding salt, remember that your bacon is already salted. Put in a little butter, and place a layer of forcemeat at the bottom of your pot, then put in your birds, well stuffed with the same; line the sides of the pot with very thin slices of bacon, cover all with the forcemeat, and bake in a *slow oven* for an hour and a quarter. Some cooks say that a little calf's liver chopped up with forcemeat is a great improvement. When quite cold pour melted lard and mutton suet, in equal quantities, over the top of the pot, and carefully cover down.

41. **MOCK TURTLE SOUP.**—Parboil in separate large sized pans well filled with water, half a calf's head with the skin on, and half a pig's head; constantly skim the water in which the first is boiling. Take both out, and cut the meat off in oblong squares, about an inch and a quarter long, and slice the tongues. Then put the bones of both into the liquor in which the calf's head has been boiled, with a tablespoonful of sweet herbs in powder, the juice of two lemons, and the peel of one chopped very fine; half-a-dozen cloves, a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, or mushroom powder, if you have it, and a shalot chopped fine, and let all simmer slowly over the fire for a couple of hours, then pour the liquor through a sieve, and let it grow quite cold, that you may remove all the scum and fat. Have ready two dozen of savoury forcemeat-balls, and a dozen eggs boiled very hard, and put the skimmed liquor, which ought to be in a moderate stiff jelly, into a stew-

pan, with the balls, the meat, the yolk of the eggs, a spoonful of salt, cayenne to taste, and half a pint of sherry. Stew for an hour and a half, and it will be fit for table. This preparation is an excellent imitation of real Turtle.

42. **LEMON PUDDING.**—Take half a pound of fine bread-crumbs, a quarter of a pound of well chopped suet, a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar; add the rind of two lemons grated, and the juice of one, or else the juice of three and no rind, but the juice must be strained; beat up two eggs most thoroughly; mix together, and boil for three quarters of an hour.

43. **MACAROONS.**—Blanch and beat half a pound of sweet almonds in a mortar, with a spoonful of water, till quite fine, gradually adding the whites of eight eggs whisked or beaten to a froth, then mix in half a pound of loaf sugar finely powdered. Spread sheets of white paper on your baking-tin, and over them the proper wafer-paper; lay the paste on it in pieces about the size of a walnut, and sift fine sugar over. Bake carefully in a moderately hot oven, and when cold cut the wafer-paper round. If you choose you can lay two or three almond strips on the top of each cake as it begins to bake.

44. **ALMOND BISCUITS.**—To one pound of loaf-sugar *roughly* crushed, add two ounces of sweet almonds, chopped, (not too fine) two eggs well beaten, and a little essence of almonds. Mix with as much fine flour, added gradually, as will make it into a stiff paste that can be stirred with a spoon. Drop on tins floured, but not buttered, and bake in a very slow oven. These biscuits are a cheap and good substitute for macaroons.

45. **BROWN BREAD-BISCUITS.**—Break six eggs, keeping the whites and yolks separate; add to the yolks half a pound of pounded sugar, four ounces of brown flour, three ounces of Jordan almonds, pulverized without being blanched, also three drops of the essence of bitter almonds; and work all these well together for twenty minutes with a wooden spoon; then mix in the whites, previously whisked till quite stiff; and with this batter fill as many square or oblong paper-cases as you may require. Sugar over and then bake in a moderate oven. This is a wholesome and elegant biscuit for dessert.

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THE EMPEROR JULIAN AND THE KING OF KINGS; OR, THE
ANSWER OF GOD TO AN INFIDEL CHALLENGE.

THE Emperor Julian was one of the strangest mortals who ever wore a diadem. Shaven on the crown, but otherwise covered all over with hair like a wild man of the woods, with lofty forehead, bright eyes, and a long, ill-kempt beard, dirty as an egyptian monk, and proud of his black hands and uncut nails, he carried to the throne of the Roman Empire a figure such as had never before stood upon that lofty pinnacle of earthly splendour and power. Sole relic of the royal house of Constantine, he had been spared in his youth from a massacre of the imperial princes, through the intercession of the beautiful Empress Eusebia, who was charmed with his genius. Exiled from Constantinople, the newly-founded capital of the east, he was dismissed to Athens, the great University of the Mediterranean, full of the monuments of antiquity; and there spent in retreat the best years of his youth and early manhood. At Athens he developed an intellectual ability which drew around him in friendly association the philosophers who still haunted that brilliant seat of ancient wisdom, and matured into fixed hostility and unbelief under their influence the impulses and leanings of a

nature at the farthest remove from the simplicity of the Gospel. His intercourse with the schools of learning had served to educate in equal proportions a genius which revolted at the puerilities of the Christian hierarchy, a pride which would brook no subjection to Divine law, and a hatred for the very name of Christ, which he thought to justify by the vices and crimes of a degenerate Church.

When, therefore, at the age of twenty-five, he was adopted as the Cæsar by the Emperor Constantius, shown on an occasion of great ceremony to the people at Milan, and then sent into the West to assume the viceregal government of Gaul, he had formed the secret resolve to do his utmost, should events ever raise him to supreme power, to subvert the religion which had, during the last fifty years, so marvellously supplanted the ancient traditions of the State. It may appear almost incredible that a person who had been educated in the Christian faith, and for twenty years had been familiar with the Scriptures and customs of Christendom, should have deliberately revolted to the Pagan superstitions. But that such was the procedure of Julian, there

is no reason to doubt. A few moments' attention to the circumstances of the times will shew that such an apostasy was not so impossible in that age as a relapse into heathenism on the part of a modern European would be in our own day. The Christian religion had been engaged in a fierce conflict for three hundred years with the religion of the Roman Empire. At the beginning of the fourth century, when Julian was born, this conflict was far from ended. Up to the close of the previous century, the force of public opinion was sufficiently strong on the side of Paganism to ensure the heathen character of every prince who wielded the sceptre of the empire. Not twenty years before, Diocletian's "fiery sword" had "worked busy as the lightning" against everything that bore the Christian name; and a furious persecution of ten years had revealed the hatred that still burned in the hearts of men against the doctrine of the Gospel. In the following age, the victory of Constantine had given a sudden and unexpected advantage to the Christian cause, and resulted in the profession of the faith by the new Emperor. But parties were still almost evenly balanced. The burnt churches were restored; the hierarchy was exalted; the Cross was made the symbol of the imperial dominion; but the conversion of the populations who dwelt around the Mediterranean Sea was still far from complete. The world was full of ancient Pagan temples, in which the ceremonies of the old superstition were still magnificently solemnized. The air was yet filled with heathenish influences. The worst part of mankind still clung obstinately to the rites which sanctioned their vices, and to the unholy gods whom their fathers had adored. And a haughty philosophy lent its most earnest support to the ancient religion, by glorifying and explaining the fables of Grecian poetry and the Roman traditions. It was by the aid of this perverse philosophy, working upon a mind intensely pagan in all its notions of virtue, and in all its fierce impulses of

glory and ambition, that Julian found himself able to cast off the Christianity of his childhood, and to place himself in alliance with the remaining heathenism of the world.

Christianity can afford to render justice to its foes. It is not necessary to depict every opponent of the Gospel as a person stained with sensual vices, and rendered hostile to the Divine truth by unbridled passions. Certainly, such was not the character of Julian. In some aspects of his life, he was a person fitted to draw, through good desert, the admiration of mankind. In an age of unlimited luxury and almost Asiatic softness, he presented the image of a genuine stoic, and asserted the superiority of his genius over all the seductions of power. Leading a life of celibacy, eating but little, and of the coarsest food, sleeping on the ground, and but for a few hours at a time, indefatigable in his industry, both literary and political, sometimes dictating to two secretaries at once, he won the esteem and even the affection of the world by a force of character unusual in modern, and almost unknown on ancient thrones. There is no reason to doubt that he was devoted, in his proud and haughty way, to the welfare of those who were placed beneath his sway. He seems to have understood that the moral vigour of the State depended in no slight degree upon the personal character of the ruler, and resolved to exhibit in his own life a revival of the virtues of antiquity and the self-command of the imperial sages of the early empire. When he assumed the diadem, his first proceeding was to sweep clear the palace at Constantinople of the whole immense array of its liveried satellites, of its "thousand cooks, its thousand cup-bearers, its thousand barbers," and its innumerable eunuchs. He sought to relieve the distress, and to appease the murmurs of the over-burdened people, by the immediate and complete extirpation of a system of court luxury which was more costly even than the maintenance of the legions. In his severity, he even forgot to pro-

circumstances, and no definite opinion on the nature of the result.

The question being somewhat entangled with difficulties arising from the allegation of miracle, it is necessary to be exceedingly particular in the weighing of the authorities on which we depend for our information. The sources of our knowledge respecting Julian's enterprise against Christianity are these: first, there remain to us the Emperor's own works—his letters to his familiar friends, his letters to cities and states, his public proclamations, his works on the history of the Cæsars, the *Misopogon*, his orations, and his elaborate work against the Christian religion, the last of which was composed in the long nights of the two winters which he passed as Emperor at Constantinople and Antioch. In these writings, Julian has drawn his own strange intellectual and moral likeness with a fullness and distinctness which forbids the idea of imposture or forgery. Among these writings of Julian is his proclamation to the Jewish people scattered throughout the world, in which he invites them to return to Palestine to rebuild the Temple, and promises them all the aid of imperial munificence and imperial power.

Next, there is the contemporary history of Ammianus Marcellinus, the philosophic friend and companion in arms of Julian himself, the admirer of his character and the historian of his reign, who was personally conversant with him during all the period of his brief sovereignty, and who was present with him when he died in the camp at the end of the Persian war. *And this Ammianus, as appears from his work, was a heathen*; he shared Julian's dislike for, and disbelief in, Christianity. This is a matter worthy of special note, since this circumstance gives great weight to a testimony which he delivers respecting the issue of the Emperor's attempt to re-edify the Temple of the Jews, in a passage whose genuineness is quite indisputable.

Thirdly, there is the oration of Gregory Nazianzen against Julian,

the fellow-student of the Emperor at Athens, published in the very year of the occurrences at Jerusalem, which was the year of Julian's death.

Fourthly, there are the sermons of Chrysostom at Constantinople against the Jews, and of Ambrose at Milan, at the distance of perhaps twenty-five years from the event, in which the facts recorded by Ammianus and Gregory are spoken of as notorious and undisputed throughout the world.

After these come the historians. Socrates, Theodoret, Sozomen, Rufinus, in the fifth century, who repeat the narrative with a few additions, but with no material variations.

What then is the sum of the things which we learn respecting Julian's enterprise at Jerusalem from this unexceptionable company of witnesses, heathen historiographers, contemporary bishops, famous orators and scribes of the same generation, both orthodox and heretical, brought into unison on this subject solely by the evidence of truth?

We need no other or better witness than Julian's own writings that no object was nearer to his heart than the exaltation of philosophic Paganism, and the subversion of Christianity. The spite which he felt towards the religion of the "Galileans," as he terms it, was of a virulence unworthy of a philosopher. Certainly he is entitled to whatever excuse, for this virulence may be derived, firstly, from the terrible persecution which in early life he had endured at the hand of nominal Christians; and, secondly, from the fearful caricature of pure religion presented in the aspect of ecclesiastical affairs in his own time, at once in the luxury of the people and in the turbulent ambition of the bishops, headed by the audacious Athanasius of Alexandria. But Julian was too well acquainted with the Scriptures to be wholly ignorant that such corruptions derived no divine authority or support from the standards of Christianity, and we can attribute his steady and sleepless malignity to the Gospel ultimately to no other

cause than the hostility of a remarkably arrogant and mystical intelligence to the humbling doctrines and precepts of Jesus Christ Himself. In carrying out the impulses of this hostility he seems to have been given over to the belief of his own philosophic lie, and to have imagined that he was doing a good work for mankind in restoring and adorning the Paganism of antiquity.

Julian understood enough of the structure of the Christian faith to be well aware that it rested upon the fulfilment of prophecy; and of the prophecies on which it reposed and through which it made its chief progress among mankind, the most striking were those which related to the Jewish people. In Julian's opinion the God of the Jews was one of those subordinate deities, whose existence might be real for aught he knew, but whose power was limited. And as to the reality of prophecy, evincing that the God of Jews and Christians was the supreme and absolute Lord of Nature, to the exclusion of every other object of worship, he scouted the idea with unbounded indignation. He determined, therefore, to show the superiority of his own system of all embracing heathenish Pantheism, by demonstrating the falsehood of the Jewish and Christian prophecies. There was no statement more explicitly made by the Jewish prophets than that the Jews should be scattered among all nations until the appearance of their Messiah to regather them. There was no statement more explicitly made by Jesus Christ Himself, that the Jews should be "*carried captive into all nations, and that Jerusalem should be trodden down by the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles were fulfilled.*" These predictions seemed to imply that it should not be in the power of any man to restore the Jews or to rebuild the temple, until there arose some one who bore a special commission so to do from the mouth of the God of the Jews Himself. Julian utterly disowning the authority of this "Jewish God," resolved to show that he, a heathen, and a worshipper of the host

of heaven would, nevertheless, restore the Jewish nation to Palestine, and would rebuild the temple of Solomon in its primitive splendour.

He seems to have concealed his ulterior spiritual designs in his public proclamations, especially from the Jews who were to be the instruments of his infidel enterprise; but there can be no reasonable doubt that he sought, as Sozomen remarks in the following century, to use the Jews and Judaism as the means of overthrowing the faith of Christianity, and that he designed afterwards to clip the wings of Judaism itself; so that at last, after a conflict of 300 years, the worship of the gods of Rome, and of the Powers of Nature should survive in permanent ascendancy.

The proclamation in which he invited the Jews to return to the land of their fathers and to rebuild the temple, still remains to us. The superintendence of the whole design was committed to Alypius, one of his most intimate friends, a learned and highly-cultivated heathen, who would spare no pains to carry out his master's plans, and whose abilities in administration had been exercised in the government of Britain. The call of Julian to the Jews was responded to with a burst of enthusiasm throughout the Roman empire. Dean Milman, himself no believer in the miraculous quality of the subsequent events, says in his history, "The whole Jewish world was in commotion: they crowded from the most distant quarters to be present, and to assist in the great national work. Those who were unable to come envied their more fortunate brethren, and waited in anxious hope for the intelligence that they might again send their offerings or make their pilgrimage to the Temple of the God of Abraham in His holy place. Their wealth was poured forth in lavish profusion, and all who were near the spot and could not contribute so amply offered their personal exertions. Blessed were the hands that toiled in such a work, and unworthy was he of the blood of Israel who would not unlock at such a call, his

most secret hoards. Men cheerfully surrendered the hard-won treasures of avarice, women offered up the ornaments of their vanity. "The confidence and triumph of the Jews was unbounded; some went so far in their profane adoration as to style Julian their Messiah. The Christians looked on in consternation and amazement. "Would the murderers of the Son of God be permitted to rebuild their devoted city, and the temple arise again from the 'abomination of desolation?' Materials had now accumulated from all quarters; timber, stones, lime, burnt brick, and clay were heaped together in abundant quantities. Already was the work commenced; already had they dug down to a considerable depth, and were preparing to lay the foundations, when suddenly flames of fire came bursting from the centre of the hill, accompanied with terrific explosions. The affrighted workmen fled on all sides; and the labours were suspended at once by this unforeseen and awful sign." (*Hist. Jews*, iii. 185).

We have given the account of this extraordinary occurrence in the words of Dean Milman, partly because he sums up with admirable fidelity the points in the story in which *all* the ancient writers agree, including Ammianus Marcellinus himself, the heathen friend of Julian, and partly because the less suspicion will attach to the words of a writer who immediately proceeds to suggest a natural explanation of the supposed miracle. Other circumstances are added by some of the authors previously referred to. Most of them agree that there was a frightful storm and an earthquake accompanying or preceding the phenomenon of the outbreak of fire, and one or two assert that marks in the form of a cross were left upon the clothes of those who were present at the catastrophe.

Not to insist upon the latter circumstance, we may say that there is no reason to doubt that there was in the year A.D. 363, a vast assemblage of the Jews at Jerusalem, who had made immense preparation of material for the rebuilding of the

temple, and that when the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone was about to be performed, in the presence of the people (the Christian party looking on in consternation from the opposite hill of Zion, where stood the Church of the Resurrection), the work of the Jews was hindered by some terrible phenomena which overcame the determination of Julian's lieutenant Alypius and the enthusiastic resolution of the Jews themselves; so that the enterprise was abandoned, and Christianity was considered to have been sanctioned anew in the most signal and public manner as by a sign from heaven.

We shall now proceed to examine more closely the nature of the phenomenon which was attended with these extraordinary results.

The words of Ammianus Marcellinus, the friend of Julian and the heathen annalist of his reign, are these: "When, therefore, Alypius was bent resolutely on the work, and was assisted in it by the governor of the province, terrible globes of fire, frequently breaking forth near the foundation, burnt some of the workmen, and hindered the rest from approaching, and this eruption of fire obstinately continuing, the work was forced to be laid aside." (*Ammianus*, Lib. 23.)

The words of Rufinus (i. 37.) in the next century are these: "There was general expectation on both sides, and behold in the night which now alone remained before the solemn commencement of the work, there was a great earthquake, and not only were the heaps of stone prepared for the foundation projected far and wide, but every structure in the form of a house on the whole site was levelled with the ground. Vast public sheds in which the multitude of the Jews engaged in the undertaking, had taken up their abode, were brought to the ground, and all the Jews beneath them were covered with the ruins. When day broke the whole multitude of the Jews in the neighbourhood ran together to seek for those who had perished in the earthquake. There was a chamber sunk in the

quished. It is simply *true* that these things happened, that they were reported immediately over all the world, were proclaimed as facts in the pulpits of Constantinople and Milan, and that they have never been denied by the *Jewish writers* from that day to this. We must limit our "explanations" by these undoubted facts.

What then was the nature of these extraordinary explosions, of these spheres or "globes of flame," which, breaking from the ground, desisted not until the work of rebuilding of the temple was relinquished? Michaelis and Dean Milman, followed by nearly all contemporary writers, say that this phenomenon was the natural result of opening the subterranean caverns of Jerusalem, filled with "foul and inflammable air," which was set on fire when the outlets were unstopped after 800 years. Let us now turn aside and see this great sight, why the builders of the third temple were burned, so that the Jews ceased from their labours.

The first remark which we have to make upon Dean Milman's theory is that it betrays great inattention to gaseous chemistry. We have made it our business to inquire of the most competent chemists into the various kinds of inflammable gas, and into the species of gases which are found in caverns and inclosed chambers. The gas which nearly always is found in wells, vaults, and closed chambers in the greatest abundance, is carbonic acid gas, a gas which is fatal to animal life, and the special extinguisher of fire. If, therefore, the caverns of Jerusalem had become, as is supposed, full of gas, of which there is *no evidence*, the probability is that it would have been carbonic acid. The weight of this gas is so great that it sinks to the bottom of any well or cavern in which it is found. If, therefore, when the caverns of Moriah were opened at the top, by the Jews and Pagans of the fourth century, this gas had *risen and exploded*

any other believed in by the Christian contemporaries of Alypius and Julian. We may safely conclude that carbonic acid gas could not have confounded by a fiery outbreak the enterprise of the Roman emperor.

The second gas which is inflammable is carbonic oxide, formed of the same elements as carbonic acid, mixed in different proportions. But this gas which is not generated except under heat, as in a lime or cement kiln, does not burn with explosion, does not burn at all with violent movements of "globes of fire," and moreover is never found in caverns which have been closed for 800 years.

The next gas which may perhaps serve the purpose of explaining this wonderful story is phosphuretted hydrogen. This is a really inflammable gas, and it takes fire without the application of flame, simply on meeting the atmospheric air. This is the gas which arises from decaying animal and vegetable matter, and it burns with a pale blue gleam like a phosphoric light, moving and wandering gently over morasses, &c. This is the "Will-o'-the-Wisp" of the nursery tales. But it does not answer to the description of the explosions and "fiery globes" of Jerusalem. Even if we can suppose that decaying animal matter had caused the caverns of Moriah to be full, after 300 years, of phosphuretted hydrogen (although when re-entered in our own time, after centuries of repose and inclosure, these same caverns were found to be full of *pure air*, and the floors covered with *pure water*) still it is plain that a "will-o'-the-wisp" would not have killed the Jewish workmen, or frightened away with its pale gleam, almost invisible in the Syrian sunlight, the Roman governor and the whole people of the Jews.

Lastly, there remain sulphuretted hydrogen or fire-damp, and carburetted hydrogen, the inflammable and explosive gases of coal-mines, and of commerce. These gases

length, in this crisis of the whole empire's opinion on the reality of the revelation of God, the government of the civilized world falls into the hands of a pagan, a philosopher, an apostate. This singular personage sets himself like a man possessed, with a zeal and an ability seldom exhibited by the rulers of mankind, to the work of inclining the balance of the world's opinion to the side hostile to Christianity. He himself undertakes to prove to mankind the falsehood of the "Galilean" Christ, the falsehood of the Christian Scriptures, by regathering the Jews, by rebuilding the temple which Jesus had said should be desolate and trodden down until the times of the Gentiles were fulfilled. He assembles the Hebrew nation, he collects materials for the re-edification of the temple. He commits the work to his *alter-ego*, his dearest friend and companion, Alypius. He is seconded by all the enthusiasm, the fanaticism, the determination of the Jews.

The whole world is looking on. Julian's enterprise is a direct challenge, before all nations and all succeeding ages, to the God of the Christians, if He be a real power, superior to the gods of Rome, to assert His dominion, to confirm the words of Jesus and of the prophets, and to hinder the fulfilment of the undertaking. Had his work succeeded and prospered, there would have ascended one universal shout of triumph over the Gospel from the four corners of the Roman empire, the infidel emperor himself leading the outcry of victory. It would have been proved to the satisfaction of all that Christ's words of "prophecy" were untrue, and with that conviction would have fallen the Christian faith from pole to pole.

It was, therefore, an occasion, so far as we can see, even more worthy of a Divine intervention than when in order to decide the halting faith of the remnant of Israel the Deity answered by fire the challenge of the priests of Baal.

The phenomena described by all the witnesses of the fourth century agree fairly with nothing else than such a miraculous interference of Heaven for the confirmation of the words of Jesus, and for the preservation of the faith of the world. And such was the practical effect of this dreadful revelation of Divine wrath against the "foolish builders" of the Jewish nation. When the "glory of the Lord," (for such we cannot doubt was the "fiery sphere" which traversed the temple plateau) dispersed the whole company of infidels who were engaged in an attempt to prove the Son of God an impostor, and asserted the divinity of the Gospel, there was afforded to mankind precisely that timely confirmation of the Christian religion which secured the speedy downfall of Paganism, and triumph of the Cross.

One thing at least is certain—that the Jews desisted at once from their enterprise; they have never dreamed of its renewal; and to the present day they have no explanation to offer of their defeat under the auspices of Julian, except that supplied them by the chemical science "falsely so called" of Dr. Milman, of defeat by the explosion of gases which are absolutely unflammable, or by the phosphoric play of an *ignis fatuus*, or by the simple terror of a lightning-storm. *Credat Judæus*, we say, of such explanations. The defeat of Julian by the hand of Almighty power seems to us notwithstanding our indisposition to believe in post-apostolic wonders, to have been as real, as decisive, as useful, and as necessary, as the defeat of Pharaoh, or the answer written in letters of fire to the challenge of Belshazzar. For a mere accident of nature occurring at such a crisis in the world's religious history, and attended by such results, would be almost as great a wonder as a direct interference by the hand of Heaven itself.

E. W.

dying day in refusing to see her and her husband? It is a miserable affair, Janet, and I cannot hope that any good will come of it; it will never be a happy marriage; God will never bless it! My poor misguided child! does she imagine she can ever pluck pleasant fruit from branches that spring from a guilty root? Alas! she has sown the wind, and most assuredly she will reap the whirlwind. God grant that in the time to come when, as I foresee, sorrows and darkness will compass her about, she may kiss the rod, and find peace and shelter in the arms that are stretched out to receive every returning erring one. She must suffer—for suffering is the inexorable doom of the sinner—only I pray that whatever be her trials on earth, her heart may so be fixed on her Father-God, her hope in Him so sure and steadfast, and her consolations in His love so perfect, that she may even rejoice in tribulation, and be content to bear awhile—even for a life-time, if *He* see fit—the burden she has helped to lay upon her own poor, weary shoulders."

"Has she written again?" asked Agnes.

"Yes! this morning, one of those letters I so dreaded yet longed to see, arrived. Sir John proposed that it should be opened and read. I was only too willing, you may be sure. I could not read it for tears—happy tears though, for all the pain that was in my heart. She is penitent, my poor foolish child; she confesses her great sin, 'her crime of disobedience,' she calls it, and she implores to be forgiven; but she again affirms that we are mistaken in her husband. He loves her dearly, she says, and she only needs our pardon and restored affection—as if she had ever lost *that*!—to be completely happy."

I saw a strange expression flit over Agnes' grave face, something like scorn marred for a second or two the sweet serenity of her countenance. I thought she pitied and half despised the woman who *could* be happy as Mr. Gower's wife. Elizabeth could never be to her what she was to me, and it was

quite natural, all things considered, that Agnes should hold in contempt the vacillations she had witnessed, and the soul that could content itself with Vivian Gower. And I too echoed silently the words, "completely happy!" And my heart said, "No! never, Elizabeth Gower! never will you be that man's happy wife! And a bitter, bitter price will you pay for the mock happiness you have so rashly grasped. A strange dark future is before you, if Vivian Gower do not belie the expectations of friends and enemies! Happy? no! never, never in this world, while he lives." Later in the afternoon Agnes and I stood upon the marble terrace facing the sea. The perfume of orange-flowers was on the soft, light wind. Groves of myrtle and ilex swept upwards to the dales of the hill. White mountain peaks rose piercing the blue sky; and like a glassy lake, with scarce a ripple on its azure bosom, lay at our feet the tideless Mediterranean. And on the distant Alpine heights Agnes' pensive gaze was fixed. I asked her what she thought of the present aspect of affairs; whether she felt that Sir John was treating the culprit with more leniency than she deserved.

"Than she deserves—yes!" was the reply: "but oh! Janet, if we only met our deserts, where should we be? It is best as it is; and I am glad, honestly glad, that all will be made right, or rather, smooth between parents and child, for right it can never be again. I must confess, that at the first I could not rejoice with you, but now, I think I shall be pleased to see poor Elizabeth again in her old place in her father's arms, and by her mother's side; but Janet, I did not like to ask—will her husband accompany her?"

"I have no doubt he will; it would be vain to offer only a partial indemnity. You must remember that Mr. Gower has now power as well as influence over Elizabeth, and he would never let her come here without himself. Unless I greatly mistake, poor Elizabeth will have to learn now what obedience means, if she has never learned before. She

has found her master, I feel well assured."

"Say rather her tyrant! A woman who truly loves is always willing to acknowledge her master, her king among men! But Vivian Gower will be no gentle ruler, commanding by force of excellence, and wisdom, and pure affection. Obedience he will claim as his unceasing due. He will employ no silken bands of love, but rather a rod of iron to *compel* his wife to subjection. Men of his stamp only regard women as toys and slaves. There will be a terrible struggle, for Elizabeth is unused to the yoke, but sooner or later she will succumb."

"We hear nothing of Cyril Denham?" I said presently. "I suppose he is alive!"

"He is probably married by this time; I almost think, Janet, the less we know about him the better. I am afraid we could hear nothing that would give us any pleasure."

"I am afraid not; besides, I cannot help feeling indignant; his conduct towards Sir John, towards Lady Ashburner, towards yourself, has been inexcusable. He seems to have taken a dreary sort of pleasure in visiting on us, as a family, Elizabeth's caprice and faithlessness."

"I do not look upon his estrangement in that light; indeed, though I blame him for thus alienating himself from his true friends, I cannot be very angry with him. Janet, do not think me silly, if I say I know him better than you do—better even than Lady Ashburner knows him!"

"I believe it, Agnes, but I scarcely see how he can be exonerated from the charge of ingratitude."

"And I could not explain to you, Janet, upon what grounds I exonerate him from so serious a charge, and yet from my inmost soul I do! Cyril is proud, and shy, and sensitive,—

"And weak, pitifully weak," I added, emphatically.

"I will not contradict you, only modify your statement. Janet, Cyril's weakness is the growth partly of temperament—inherited temperament, I should say—partly of untoward circumstances. Some day,

mark me, he will rise superior to that temperament—to those adverse surroundings and second causes. If God spare his life, Cyril will triumph yet."

"Even with that Laura Somerset for his wife."

"Even so, if he only persevere in striving for the right, in looking and struggling ever onward and upward, God will bless him, and make all turn to his good. Even this union, which seems to us so disastrous, may be a means to an end, and a joyful end too!"

"You have great faith, Agnes."

"No, only a simple faith to take God at His word. He promises help to all who seek help. Those who strive lawfully He will bless and succour. One may wait long for the dawn, and waiting only, is harder work than doing, but there is no night, thank God! save the eternal night that does not end in morning!"

"Thanks, Agnes, for that word; *always* the morning, the longest, blackest, chilliest night will turn to day, in God's good time."

"Yes, that is just it. When we poor, trembling, dreary watchers, least expect it, we unclothe the aching lids we have shut for very sadness and despair, and lo! the darkness is not so thick as when we closed our eyes, and cried out of the depths of that cold, rayless gloom. Dimly we see the path our tired feet are treading; there is a streak athwart the eastern sky that broadens and brightens every minute. A little while, and we know it is the dawn; there is not only pale, faint light, but flushing colour; rosy clouds are surging on the mountain-tops; the ruddy crimson changes into dazzling gold; the sun arises; all the earth awakes; flowers waft abroad their incense; the lark begins his matin song; light and beauty clothe the world as with a garment! Only, one must *wait*—wait patiently!"

"But, Agnes, God does not give to all men. I think He gives to few women the desire of their hearts. There are some who sigh in vain for the morning. With some, on whom His chastening hand is laid, it is never

more than twilight—twilight, pale and chill!"

"And such, I think, have often an inner sunshine of their own; besides, they see further than others; they catch betimes the first glimmerings of the heavenly dawn of that day that is all sacred, high, eternal noon! And they hear the angels' song, when those who walk ever in the gay, warm sunshine, listen only to the sounds of earth. That pale twilight, Janet, is offer the borderland of heaven: and often I fancy one may say:—

'These border-lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades:
And my heart welcomes them, until
The light of life's long evening fades.'

"Yes, one may say so sometimes, often indeed! but there are dismal hours, when the heart is weary of its long monotony, when, as it were, it appeals against the grey life that circles it around. There is no warmth, no colour in twilight, you know, after the sun has gone down, and the sunset clouds have faded into gloom. All nature wears sad neutral tints; a grey world stretches all around us: and there is no horizon."

"Oh, yes, Janet! the horizon is there, though the shadows of night-fall hide it from our view, and the shadows are but for awhile; the morrow's sun will give back warmth, and light, and brilliancy of hue."

"In nature it is so, certainly. Without any philosophic research we can calculate to a minute or so the time of the sun's uprising. We know that at such an hour the ruddy dawn will cheer the dwellers upon earth. But we never know how long the soul's twilight may continue."

"That is part of our needful discipline, surely; that is to teach us faith and patience. But, Janet, the darkest night may be radiant with stars; all the wide arch of heaven may be spangled over with those wondrous orbs of glory; instead of one sun, we may see more than we can count, and worlds unknown shining forth in the wide fields of illimitable space. And by-and-by rises the morning star, and we know that

it will not set, but melt into the light of perfect day."

A few days later, Elizabeth herself arrived, and with her, of course, Mr. Gower. I did not see the meeting of those who had been so painfully separated. Agnes and I purposely absented ourselves, that the sacredness of that reunion might not be disturbed by anyone. We took a walk among the hills, and watched the courses of the noisy Paglion, swelled by the melting of Alpine snows to a deep and rushing river. We gathered flowers and ferns, and talked to the dark-eyed *contadine* gathered about the shrines; but we spoke little to each other, and not a word was uttered when in the decline of the beautiful spring afternoon we found ourselves at the great gate of Villa Santa Lucia, and knew by the bustle of men and horses and dogs in the usually quiet courtyard, that the expected travellers had arrived.

We enquired of the servants, and learned that Mrs. Gower was in my lady's room, that Sir John was there also, and that Mr. Gower was in the *salon*. Thither we went, feeling that for Elizabeth's sake it behoved us to treat this man with all courtesy; as for meeting him cordially, that was out of the question. It was Elizabeth's husband, not Mr. Gower, that we went to greet and welcome to the best of our ability. He came in from the *loggia* as we entered, and haughtily extended his hand, first to myself, then to Agnes. He was a person of unusually quick perceptions, and he knew perfectly the nature of our feelings towards him; indeed, Elizabeth had enlightened him at a very early period on this subject, and Agnes' extreme aversion and distrust had been openly discussed. I soon gathered that Mr. Gower simply disliked me, but that he hated Miss Craven, and yet concealed this intense hatred, which he certainly nourished in his heart, under an external of frigid politeness and courtly polish.

Of course, after the fashion of English people, we discussed the weather, and we satisfied ourselves that the Gowers had had a very

Street, that I know of a certainty."

"Why dismissed?"

"Ah! that I cannot tell. But it is easy to divine;—negligence, idleness, probably a little impudence, and a host of peccadilloes coming to light settled the question. At any rate, they threw him over—without much ceremony either; and I should say he is going to the dogs as fast as he can go!"

Had Mr. Gower communicated all this to his wife, we wondered, when we were again alone? Surely the picture of the wreck she had had so great a share in making, must have wrung her to the heart. Surely she must feel infinite compassion for the friend of her childhood and early youth, for him who had once been her dearest friend, even her favoured lover. But when, at last, I met Mrs. Gower, and when with nearly all her old impetuosity she rushed into my arms, I could think only of the beautiful bright face that I had seen last on that eventful night at Forest Range. A lovelier face than ever it was that nestled itself upon my shoulder, and sweeter than ever was the dear familiar voice that whispered, "Cousin Janet! it is so nice to be with you all again. Can you forgive me for doing as I did?"

Of course, a general amnesty having been already signed and duly attested, it was not for me to hold out, neither did my heart prompt me to be implacable. It was the Elizabeth of old time, my pet! my pretty darling! whom I held once more in my arms, and I could only seal our perfect reconciliation with tender kisses on the ruby lips that sought mine, at first almost shyly, and then confidently, till I began to fear we were enacting a scene that might prove too much for our beloved invalid. And yet it was only in the first minutes of our renewed intercourse that I thought Elizabeth unchanged. I soon found out that she was no longer Miss Ashburner even in manner or feeling: that she was every inch Mrs. Gower, and very well she wore her matronly honours,

more to cultivate society. For we had lived a life of unbroken retirement since our arrival at Nice, neither making visits nor receiving guests, partly because of the trouble into which Elizabeth's own conduct had plunged us, but chiefly because Lady Ashburner was so exceedingly unwell as to render the most perfect repose essential; and both Agnes and myself found ourselves fully occupied with her.

I had hoped that the restoration of her daughter might work some saving change that would at least prolong the life so fleetly waning to its close, but it was far otherwise. For a day or two after Elizabeth's arrival, Lady Ashburner rallied, and seemed almost herself again. For a whole week we rejoiced in the visible improvement, and then came a sad reaction. A little longer, and we knew that the fiat had gone forth. It was no more a question of weeks but of days, perhaps of hours. Sir John sent distractedly for every eminent physician for miles round; he would, had it been practicable, have summoned his old friend, Dr. Alickson, from Southam, but all was in vain. Quietly and almost painlessly that gentle life was passing away from earth; and to us, who watched in that still chamber, it was as if for a little while we were permitted to approach the very threshold of the higher world. It seemed to us as if so far we might go with her upon the heavenly way; as if we might see the golden gates unclose, and even catch a glimpse of the brightness therein, and some strains of the great chorus they sing in those celestial courts, and then perforce turn back again to earth, with all its pains, and griefs, and imperfections.

Calmly and serenely she had lived, and calmly and serenely she died. In the sweet April evening, with the breath of violets and mignonette stealing in from the balcony, and the sinking sun flushing the broad waters of the blue Mediterranean, and rosy lights, and purple shadows, and golden glow among the mountain

tenderness towards others, he is never gay; for his light of earthly life went out on that fair Italian shore, and it can never be re-kindled! And calmly, and in patient trust he waits for the hour when God shall restore all precious things that the waves of time have swept into eternity.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MORNING STAR.

AGAIN it was the month of May, and the London season was setting in most brilliantly. The bleak east winds of early spring had blown themselves away, and gentle southern breezes fanned the gay laburnum tresses, and ruffled, as if in kindly sport, the silvery balls of the snowy Gueldres roses. Lilac and hawthorn blooms scented the air, and half the people in town went out to Bushey to see the famous avenue in all its floral beauty. The squares and parks were looking their very fairest in their rich liveries of tender green, as yet undefined by dust or London smoke; and not only were the horse-chesnuts gorgeous with their delicate, rich spirals, but the sycamore was hanging out its emerald tassels, the mountain-ash was brilliant with its many creamy cymes, the poplar showered upon the fresh upsprung turf his crimson stamened catkins, and the noble plane cast green and golden lights through his leafy branches on happy children playing in the shade.

And carriages rolled along the busy streets, and Rotten Row was once more in its glory, for it was the annual festival of May Fair, and wealth and rank and beauty met to sun themselves once again in the warmth and brightness of "society!" But how with those who held no rank, whose purse was nearly empty, whose home was not at the gay West-end, but in the hot and noisy city, or in the dreary eastern suburbs, where pestilence so often lights, and lingers long and fatally? How was it with those who had to toil for subsistence, for common food from day to day, and

for barest necessities of mere maintenance? What was it to them that the sun shone brightly, that the sweet spring-tide was blooming into early summer? What to them were the smiling faces, and the high-born beauties in the parks; what to them the delicate robes the *modiste* furnished forth, or the priceless gems that night after night flashed upon the queenly brows of England's loveliest, proudest daughters? What to them the rose-red heart of the horse-chesnut's pure white petal? What to them the fragrant hawthorn, the perfume of the lilac clusters, and the odour of the lilies? Such blessings are for the favoured children of Belgravia and its lordly environs, for the aristocratic dames and maids of Kensington and Kew, and far-famed Richmond Hill, and not for the sons and daughters of Spitalfields or Bethnal Green, or the pale children of many a sordid region on the Surrey side.

Something like this Cyril Denham had written for an ephemeral "weekly," that had suddenly sprung into existence, and was boasting great things of its powers and prospects, and rising circulation. Cyril had had the good fortune to be retained on the staff of this new bantling of the fourth estate, and he was thankful indeed for the engagement, which had been secured quite unexpectedly, for this was all the regular work he had, for which he was duly and regularly paid. It kept the wolf just outside the doorway still, albeit the grim beast often howled so ominously that Cyril's heart sank within him, and his pen fell from his tired fingers, while he bowed his head in all the desolation of despair. He had left Arundel-street by this time, Mrs. Stalker's chambers being far too expensive for his reduced resources. He had taken one room only in a dingy house, in a dull and dingy street in Clerkenwell; and he was living most abstemiously, working hard, and practising all kinds of self-denial, such as he had never dreamed of in his happier days.

He was very weary now, for he had been working all day at his

the more impetuous and eager runners!

It was a relief to Cyril's mind that no tradesmen would suffer through him: he would go to the debtor's prison, owing no man anything; but oh! if only he were clear of that miserable bill, of that cruel obligation entailed upon him by a fraudulent adventurer! Then he thought he could be content: he would willingly work for small gains now, and hope for golden success some day, if he toiled on painstakingly and perseveringly year after year. He would not murmur at the fate that shut him up in the dreary by-ways of the City, that gave him coarse and scanty fare, that denied him what he deemed necessary raiment. He would joyfully live hard and lie hard—any kind of bed and board should serve him—if only he might be once more free from this galling and intolerable load of debt he never could discharge. He had dreamt of finding hidden treasures, of stumbling over bags of gold; even of the fateful Cordillera and Alleghany Mining Company coming to the rescue, and pouring out at his feet all the marvelous riches of the accidental world! But he always woke to find the pleasing vision flown, and the perplexity and dread, in which now he always lived, undiminished.

And the evening deepened into night, and still he sat with the empty cup before him, and the gaslight from an opposite window casting long dim rays on the cracked, uneven ceiling. He felt weak in mind and in body, stunned, helpless, despairing! He must needs go on his way, and he could not see any traces of a path; like Israel of old, he stood between his foes and the deep waters of a wide, dark sea; and bitterly he said to himself, "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me!" Then he remembered Sally's last words: "We cannot see the way now, and perhaps for a long time there will be clouds and darkness, but light *will* come at last; only look for it, wait for it, and be

patient and trustful." He saw again, through the darkness, that gentle, fading face, those dim eyes, that quiet brow, sealed with the impress of that peace which this world giveth not, and he knew that she had spoken to him out of the depths of her own experiences. And then his thoughts wandered away to Agnes, as he had seen her last; and through the stillness he heard her saying, oh, how earnestly: "Take courage, my brother, go on in the straight path, keep innocence, and strive lawfully in God's holy name, and peace will come at last, even here on earth!"

"But," he cried aloud, as if Agnes were there to hear his confession, "I have not kept innocence; I have walked in evil ways, I have defiled my soul with sin—such sin as I should have deemed impossible in the happy days when first I knew you, Agnes. Had I been warned then against such guilt and shame, I should have said, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?'"

And the sense of degradation came smiting upon him, and he felt as if he could stretch himself upon the earth, and grovel there, scarcely in penitence perhaps, but in lowliest abasement and deep remorse. And yet Cyril had broken no law of the land: he had only been what is apologetically called "fast" and "wild;" he had joined in the laughter of fools; he had mingled in the revels of those whom he would have shuddered to see in the pure presence of the women he esteemed. Lady Ashburner, Minnie Rattenbury, Agnes, Janet, even his faithless Elizabeth!—he would not breathe their names, while other names yet trembled on his lips, names he never wished to hear again, names that had been coupled with his in unholyest companionship, though only for a little while. Thank God, only for a little while! And thank God, too, that he had not been left to sink lower and lower, that in the darkest hours a still small voice had ever whispered to him, "Come back! Come back, poor child of sin and sorrow; come back to the pleasant paths of purity and peace."

The peace that passeth all understanding filled all his soul; his pardon had been signed and sealed, he knew; henceforth he was the Lord's—henceforth he was vowed, body, soul, and intellect to the Master's service. But his worldly circumstances were unaltered, and still the prospect of a debtor's prison loomed before him. Well, never mind! "stone walls do not a prison make," when the soul is free. Through weakness, not through actual sin, had he incurred this responsibility; therefore he need not be so bitterly ashamed. His punishment would be the wages of foolishness, not of wickedness; thank God for that! But now that his heart was at rest, now that the great load of guilt was gone, he could look his temporal affairs more fully in the face. At first he had thought he would let things take their course; now he began to perceive that cowardice was unworthy of a Christian: he must know exactly the ground upon which he stood, and make such arrangements as were best; now he had a Guide, a Counsellor to whom he could apply in all extremity, saying, "Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up my soul to Thee."

All private and personal liabilities were discharged: he paid for his lodgings from week to week, and for his small marketings, when he made them; there was only this "little bill," about which Mr. Somerset had talked so lightly some months before, and he was only legally, not morally, responsible for that. Was it quite impossible to meet it? He sat down seriously to think about it. He had no money certainly, save the small sum he earned from week to week, and that was barely sufficient for meagre board and shabby lodging, to say nothing of incidental expenses, which every man and every woman who does not live as a hermit in a mountain cave, or upon the top of a pillar like St. Simeon Stylites, *must* incur. What then remained? A few books he had ardently hoped he might be able to keep; a set of diamond-studs and a coral pin he had hoarded as a sort

of fund in case of illness, or being disabled from work; also a few trinkets of his mother's, valuable chiefly as remembrancers of her. Then there was the state bed from the Cedar Chamber, and the cabinet and the antique dressing-table which yet were left to him from the wreck of Monkswood: it would be very hard to part with these, family relics as they were; and strange to say, up to that moment he had never thought of them as available property. But now it struck him that a Wardour-street dealer might be glad to give him a fair price for articles of such undoubted merit: perhaps the sale of the venerable furniture, which was still in the old house in St. Mildred's Close, in the care of Mrs. Dunstan, and the proceeds of the jewellery and the books, among which were several rare and valuable editions, might bring him in a considerable sum of money; and *perhaps* if he paid down all he could get together, his creditor, Mr. Solomon Jacobs, would kindly wait a few months for the residue of his account. Cyril's experience of Jew money-lenders was altogether new; but still he fancied they must be open to conviction, and possess some amount of human feeling, especially if forbearance were required for a small sum only, and not for the whole amount of the second bill, which exceeded the original document by rather more than £150!

As for his literary prospects, they were rather at a standstill: true, there was his engagement with the *Belgian Flâneur*, but Cyril's wits had been sharpened of late, and he had learned to read the signs of the times more clearly than in the old, idle days at Forest Range and Monkswood; and he stood greatly in doubt of the solvency of the West-end *Flâneur*, and was quite prepared for its sudden dissolution. His novel in three volumes had been offered to several famous literary houses in succession, commencing with *Smith & Elder*; now, it was in the hands of a firm of far lower reputation, and was not yet accepted. *Longman & Co.* had not

seen their way clear to publish his *Southam Cathedral*; they had returned the MSS. with their usual courtesy, and "they declined at present, &c., &c." *Masters* and *Rivingtons* returned the copy very speedily; *Seeley* would have none of it; it was out of *Moxon's* way; *Virtue*, and *Bell & Daldy* coquetted with it for a little while, being tempted with the idea of beautiful illustrations, but in the end "respectfully declined." And at the present moment it was safe in Cyril's desk, for he had not the heart to let it go courting favour at inferior hands, as had been the fate of the *Historical Romance*. He began to consider seriously whether authorship was really his vocation: would it not be wiser—was it not his duty—to seek some situation as clerk or tutor, where industry and such abilities as he had would certainly secure him a comfortable living?

But before he considered this question, it was absolutely necessary to settle the matter of the "little bill." An insolvent debtor, liable to arrest, could scarcely with propriety seek any kind of "situation." Literary employment seemed at present the only feasible resource, and he resolved to work steadily and painstakingly at authorship; at least, till he could see his way to something more dependable, taking for his motto words of equal wisdom, whether applied to the concerns of this life or of that which is to come: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and again, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."

Several days had passed since that eventful morning when he had watched the paling star of dawn hiding herself in the effulgence of the early sunshine, and having no urgent literary work on hand just then, he resolved to go into Wardour-street, and endeavour to find out what the Cedar Chamber furniture actually was worth. He went accordingly, and sought out one of the most respectable of the dealers in the antique, and found that by the sacrifice of these time-honoured family relics he really could obtain

a sum of some importance, though not nearly enough to meet his liabilities. How great a sacrifice it would prove he scarcely knew, till after making certain arrangements with the broker, he turned to go back home, feeling as if he were severing the last link that bound him to the inheritance of his ancestors. And yet this sacrifice was certainly his duty; it was right, and therefore he must not flinch, but go manfully through the whole business, as prudently and promptly as might be.

The next thing to be considered was the sale of the diamond studs and the coral pin; and while he was settling in his own mind to what jeweller he would offer them on the morrow, it occurred to him that there might be a trinket or two in his mother's jewel-box which also could be converted into cash. There was not much of any account, he knew; for gems and fine gold had never been in Mrs. Denham's way, and such ornaments as had come to her on her marriage, had long since been disposed of. Cyril perfectly well remembered his mother parting with her diamonds and a splendid *parure* of emeralds years before, when some terrible embarrassment arose in the family affairs. Other jewels she had also sold at different times, so that he could not expect to find anything of considerable value; still, even a few pounds, or even a pound or two, would be important in the present state of his finances. He brought out the ebony casket, and gazed almost lovingly on its antique silver filagree: he had not opened it since Sally brought him a few rings and brooches, soon after his mother's funeral, to be put away in this very jewel-case, which stood upon the dressing-table in the Cedar Chamber.

He unlocked it slowly, handling it almost reverently and tenderly: this sole relic of the old Monkswood life he at least would keep, in sacred memory of those earlier days; all else should go,—only this venerable jewel-case, of such rare workmanship, and an heirloom of the brides of the Denhams for at least several

key, and lifted the lid, and first of all were the few ornaments placed there by his own hands just after Mrs. Denham's death. He raised that tray, and found another, empty of everything save a broken dress-comb, which looked as if it had once been set with brilliants;—now only the fractured tortoiseshell remained. Another tray, and yet another, and nothing but trifles scarcely worth the trouble of taking to the jeweller's. There were heavy mourning rings, quaint cornelian brooches, brooches, too, containing hair, set in old coppery-looking gold; a Scotch-pebble bracelet, and a large topaz seal—the only article that seemed of any real value. The gold settings and the seal *might* be worth several pounds, Cyril thought; at least he would try what they would fetch, so he carefully wrapped them in tissue paper, of which there was quite a little store under the lowest tray; and was proceeding to restore the rejected trinkets to their long undisturbed repose, when it suddenly struck him that the bottom of the casket must be of immense thickness, since the depth of the case, measured from the interior, was quite an inch and a half less than that of the outside. Could there possibly be a false bottom, a secret drawer or hiding-place? and if so, could there be any more jewels there concealed?

"Hardly!" Cyril decided. "Long ago my poor mother parted with all her valuable jewels; even the ruby heart my father gave her before their marriage was sold to meet some unforeseen expenses; and the turquoise set and the Venetian chain, I know Lucretia claimed upon her wedding-day. Poor Lucretia! where is she now, I wonder? But still, this difference of measurement: there must be a space here,—it can never be all solid bottom; and if a space, it surely must contain something!"

And carefully he examined the casket, pressing all the silver bosses, and going over the delicate filagree-tracery with a magnifying-glass;

his suspicion: still, the mystery remained impenetrable, the secret would not be disclosed; in vain was his patient search for spring or slide, and he could not bear the idea of injuring the beautiful old casket, though by forcing away either the inner or outer bottom alone could he satisfy himself. As for giving up the enquiry, it was not to be thought of.

In each corner of the casket, where the lid joined the margin when closed, were four little silver nobs, fitted into four little cavities formed in the margin of the lid itself. These he had pressed again and again, but not one yielded; and just as he was about to give up the quest in despair, for that day at least, it occurred to him that he had not tried if they could in any way be raised. Once more, but with scarcely a hope of success, he lifted up the lid, and endeavoured to pull or screw out the little silver nobs. The first two were certainly immovable, but, oh joy! the third, after a little careful handling, began to move from its position; with another touch or two, it turned round easily, and could be drawn out, when it proved to be the head of a long solid pin, which pierced the whole depth of the casket. And now Cyril saw that the counterfeit bottom was partly—but only partly—loosened, and so he tried the remaining corner, and with the like result. The two pins, which screwed tightly into their holes, being laid aside, there was no difficulty in taking out what had seemed to be the bottom of the case; and the first thing Cyril saw in the tray beneath was a quantity of fine white cotton wool.

That being cast aside, his astonished eyes beheld—a diamond necklace, of rather antique setting certainly, but composed of stones of tolerable size, and apparently of the first water! Well he remembered having played with this necklace years ago, when as a child he had been permitted as a great favour to inspect the contents of the

Elizabeth Ashburner, being in some sort, with the approbation of her parents, contracted to the said Cyril Denham. I do not regret that the family jewels have disappeared from the jewel-casket, for gold and gems are but dross, the vanities of this world, which I, as a Christian woman, have renounced. I therefore, in case I do not live till the contemplated marriage of my son Cyril takes place, bequeath this necklace to his *wife*, as a mark of my regard for her, and for her parents, whom I love and esteem, though to a great extent the god of this world has blinded their eyes; and not to pander to the foolish vanity which would please itself in the putting on of apparel, and in wearing gold and costly ornaments. 'Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.' Proverbs xxxi. 30." The tears rose in Cyril's eyes when he had finished reading this most characteristic document: he fancied he could hear her saying all that the senseless bit of paper said for her; they had been far apart always—he and the mother who had never understood him, as she had never understood his father; but still, she was his mother, and the filial instinct had been strong in Cyril's heart; and now that she was gone her failings were unremembered, and her genuine excellencies were borne in mind. Often, in the sad, solitary hours he had known of late, he had yearned even for a harsh word from those lips sealed in the great silence of the grave; cut off

from all kindred ties, very dear to him was the memory of her who had given him birth, and nursed him through a sickly infancy, and a feeble, languid childhood.

He kissed the little document, and laid it back reverently whence he had taken it, and restored the diamonds to their quiet resting-place.

The next day they were carried to a jeweller in Regent-street, with whom Cyril had had dealings in the days when he thought more of buying than of selling costly trifles. He had not deceived himself as to the worth of the necklace: the person to whom he offered it, a tradesman of undoubted rectitude, was willing to pay him on the spot £550.

No such person as Elizabeth Denham existed, or ever could exist now, therefore the jewels were his own, to do with as he would: and with a lightened heart, that could have broken out into songs of joy, even in bustling, noisy Holborn, he returned to his obscure lodging in the grimy street in Clerkenwell.

Three days afterwards the claims of Mr. Solomon Jacobs were fully satisfied, to that gentleman's intense and unbounded wonder; and he immediately signified his readiness to accommodate "*Misster Denham*" for the future, whenever he had a "little bill" to do, or whenever he wanted "shemporary accommodation!" But Cyril had had enough of "little bills" and "accommodations." Never again, he trusted, would he fall into the clutches of a Mr. Jacobs.

OUR NOVELISTS.—GEORGE ELIOT.

GEORGE ELIOT is by universal consent placed in the foremost rank, if she is not regarded as the first of living novelists. Her works depend for their success upon no meretricious charms, but upon the depth of her thoughts, the keenness of her philosophic insight, the natural and touching poetry with which she clothes many of her scenes, the singular truthfulness of her portrai-

tures, and the wonderful purity of her style. She interests different classes of readers by the breadth of her views, the practical wisdom of her comments on men and things, the reality which she gives to her narratives, and the power which she possesses of awakening some of the truer sympathies of the heart. She does not attempt to compete with Miss Braddon in ministering to

mere excitement, nor does she at all rival Mr. Wilkie Collins in the elaboration of her stories. Her plots are generally extremely simple, and often open to deserved criticism. Whenever she is diverted from her own proper line, and attempts the introduction of sensational elements, her failures are so egregious that nothing can more clearly indicate the excellence of the other qualities which her novels possess than their power to overcome the unfavourable impression which these episodes cannot fail to produce. If, for example, "Felix Holt" had not been a work of marvellous power, that improbable and offensive story of Mrs. Transome's early intrigues with her family solicitor, would of itself have been sufficient to have condemned it to oblivion, and as it is it prevents it from taking that high rank which otherwise it so well deserved.

In this, as well as in some other respects, George Eliot resembles Charles Dickens. Not that there is the slightest trace of any tendency to imitation, or that his writings have influenced her more than those of others, but in her love of common scenes and ordinary characters; in her desire to do justice even to those who play the worst part in her stories; in the absence of the commonplace villain of the stage from her *dramatis personæ*; in her love of quiet humour, and in her tender pathos, she often reminds us of the creator of Sam Weller, and Paul Dombey, and Little Nell. She has happily, however, escaped some of the errors into which he has fallen, partly perhaps owing to the fact that only in one instance have her tales appeared in serial portions, a mode of publication presenting temptations to mere clap-trap against which few writers are proof. The necessity of making some hit in each part is tolerably sure to lead either to the introduction of sensational incidents on the one hand, or on the other to the exaggeration of those little peculiarities of individual character which are likely to make the strongest impression. It is in this last way that Mr. Dickens has chiefly erred. His portraits are

often so strongly and broadly drawn as to be little better than caricatures, and the idiosyncrasies of the actors who are intended to provoke a laugh, so exaggerated and distorted as to become unreal, and their small jokes repeated until they become wearisome. There is too a mannerism in style, which, whatever its original merits might have been, becomes at last so strained and unnatural, that it loses any charm which it once possessed. These are the faults which have very materially diminished Mr. Dickens's well-deserved popularity, and have caused many to ignore or deny his real power. Happily for herself, George Eliot has escaped such evil tendencies. Her books appear in general to have been produced with great care, and though there are some points in style which might be improved, all candid readers must admit that it is extremely finished, and marked for the most part by clearness, simplicity and beauty. Her portraits especially are done with similar truthfulness and skill, and where there are peculiarities they are not unduly thrust upon us. Perhaps, to take an illustration, Mr. Micawber is as clever a conception originally as Mrs. Poyser, but having made a good point, Mr. Dickens seems unable to exercise any restraint, and so Mr. Micawber is continually "turning up," until at length he becomes nothing better than a bore, whose appearance we dread. "George Eliot" knows better than thus to throw away her strength, and has never committed a similar error unless it be in the case of Maggie's three aunts in the "Mill on the Floss," whose vulgarity makes them so essentially disagreeable that we feel disposed to let our acquaintance with them be as slight as possible. Mr. Poyser, Mr. Holt, or Mr. Lyon's servant Lyddy are always amusing. They talk a good deal, but there is a freshness and raciness which prevents the reader from feeling anything like tedium. The immortal Sam Weller is in some points a more extraordinary creation, but with that exception we doubt whether Mr. Dickens has produced any portrait

of the kind worthy to be compared with Mr. Poyser or Mr. Holt.

On the whole, too, George Eliot has more catholic sympathies, and a wider field of observation than Mr. Dickens. He draws for the most part from certain phrases of London life, and in depicting them he is almost unrivalled. George Eliot, though her circle also is restricted, has far greater knowledge of various sides of our social life. She could not have committed so grave an error as that into which Mr. Dickens has been twice tempted, partly by his love of broad humour, partly by his utter ignorance of religious people, partly (we fear) by a willingness to pander to an unworthy feeling among readers of a low and degraded taste. "George Eliot," who has seen more, has more, to say the least, of that philosophical insight which enables her to form a truer estimate of the characters even of men with whom she may have no real spiritual sympathy, seeks, when she draws portraits, to let them be representative of a class rather than overdrawn pictures of extreme men. She has on more occasions than one introduced us to clerics of no very high stamp, but they are none of them such miserable impostors, such low, vulgar, sensual hypocrites, whose very grossness would seem to make it impossible that they could succeed in deceiving the most unwary, who furnish Mr. Dickens with the originals for his clerical pictures. A Stiggins or a Chadband would have been as impossible to her as we fear a Rufus Lyon would be to Mr. Dickens. How far she is entitled to the respect of religious men for her representations of them and their doings we shall consider presently. Certain it is that she understands them, has taken more trouble to appreciate even their minute points of belief, and has done more justice to their motives and principles not only than Mr. Dickens but also than Mrs. Oliphant, who has professed to give us so complete a view of the penetralia of the religious, and especially of that dissenting religious world which she appears to regard as the "Ultima Thule" of English civili-

zation, if indeed it does not rather belong to the "outer darkness." The general fairness with which George Eliot writes is to be attributed largely to the fact that she is possessed of a more philosophical temper. Dickens is miserably superficial. In no case does he seem to have gone down to the roots of a question, or succeeded in understanding the foundation of a really strong, noble, and generous character. He says many true and manly words, but you always feel that they are the utterances of vehement impulse rather than the expression of ripe, well-considered and matured convictions. Rarely, if ever, have we anything of that profound wisdom in relation to human life and character, which is the result of a many-sided experience and deep reflection, and which form one of the most distinctive features of George Eliot's writings.

She has found her material chiefly in the lower strata of the middle classes. Very commonplace people, people who have neither that beautiful rustic simplicity which some persist in believing to exist in the peasantry, nor yet the refinement and elegance of the "upper ten thousand," whose homes have neither the romance that is thrown around the cottage nor the charm that ever belongs to the stately aristocratic mansion, who are of the most prosaic, some would say, vulgar stamp and lead the most tame and unattractive lives, form the group of characters to whom she introduces us. Now and then we have glimpses of a loftier region, from whose favoured dwellings rare visitors occasionally flit across our paths, but of them and their associates and their doings we are permitted to know very little, and that little rather disposes us to rejoice that we are not more frequently introduced into this exalted society. In truth, our author hardly seems at home in its scenes herself, and we would far rather accompany her when she takes us to the lowly home of Adam Bede, or Dinah, or the poor study of quaint old Mr. Lyon, than when she enters the more select

circles of Transome Hall or Freby Manor. Her views of the highest art of the novelist correspond very much to those of Wordsworth relative to the poet. Purposely has she chosen her style of character and story. Others may think that there is interest only in those powerful tragedies which are the result of fierce passion, and whose spirit-stirring scenes awaken intense excitement in the mind of the spectators. She prefers to depict more tranquil scenes, played out by those who are pre-eminent neither for goodness nor for badness, but ordinary mortals whose virtues are not without some alloy, and whose vices are not without some relief. Such tales must certainly come nearer to the general experience of life, and so yield the most instruction. Her own account and justification of her method in one of her earliest stories, is very interesting. She is writing in relation to Rev. Amos Barton, whose "sad fortunes" form the subject of the first tale in "Scenes of Clerical Life."

"Perhaps I am doing a bold thing to bespeak your sympathy on behalf of a man who was so very far from remarkable,—a man whose virtues were not heroic, and who had no undetected crime within his breast; who had not the slightest mystery hanging about him, but was palpably and unmistakeably commonplace; who was not even in love, but had had that complaint favourably many years ago. 'An utterly uninteresting character!' I think I hear a lady reader exclaim—Mrs. Farthingale, for example, who prefers the ideal in fiction; to whom tragedy means ermine tippets, adultery and murder; and comedy, the adventures of some person who is quite a 'character.' But, my dear madam, it is so very large a majority of your fellow-countrymen that are of this insignificant stamp. At least eighty out of a hundred of your adult male fellow-Britons returned in the last census, are neither extraordinarily silly, nor extraordinarily wicked, nor extraordinarily wise; their eyes are neither deep and liquid with sentiment, nor sparkling with suppressed

witticisms; they have probably had no hairbreadth escapes or thrilling adventures; their brains are certainly not pregnant with genius, and their passions have not manifested themselves at all after the fashion of a volcano. They are simply men of complexions more or less muddy, whose conversation is more or less bald and disjointed. Yet these commonplace people—many of them—bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their unspoken sorrows, and their sorrows, and their sacred joys; their hearts have perhaps gone out towards their first-born, and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead. Nay, is there not a pathos in their very insignificance,—in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share? Depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul, that looks through dull grey eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones."

Bold thing as George Eliot may have supposed it, this venture has not proved too confident or presumptuous. Despite all the influence of "Women in White," "Dead Secrets," "Footsteps in the Dark," and "Aurora Floyds," with the whole host of their feeble imitators, we have not yet become such miserable Philistines, so reprobate in taste, so ready to swallow all sorts of wild fictions, so incapable of appreciating anything which is free from sensation, that we cannot relish the simpler fare which George Eliot has provided for us, and with which we are sorry she should ever have thought it necessary to intermingle more highly-spiced viands. Those simple, modest portraits of hers in which nevertheless there is so much of condensed force, of true originality and of highest artistic power, whose thoroughly human character is felt at once by those who study them have won for themselves a place in the minds and hearts of many denied

to such extraordinary creations as those with which Miss Braddon loves to entertain the public. She has made many additions to the picture-gallery of fiction, and one or two which are not unworthy to stand beside some of its great masterpieces. Her "Scenes of Clerical Life" though they appeared anonymously, though their stories are of the slightest possible construction, and though they have less of that humour which we find in many of her subsequent works, early attracted attention, and especially among that class of minds by whose sympathy and praise a writer is most encouraged. They exhibited a power of dealing with the most unpromising materials, an almost instructive perception of the workings of the heart, and a keen and subtle discrimination of the different shades of character, a tone of earnest and thoughtful reflection, and a skill in imparting living interest to stories which were little more than the development of character which indicated the presence of true genius. Still they can hardly be said to have prepared the world for "Adam Bede," although, looking back to them, we can find there the germ of all those great qualities which produced that extraordinary book. For though it may sometimes have been over-praised, though there is in it a grave moral defect, of which at first its admirers, carried away by much that commanded their sympathy, were hardly conscious, an extraordinary book it certainly is, and in some respects unequalled by any of its successors from the same pen. The "Mill on the Floss" did not deserve and did not secure so wide a popularity. Even had it been fully equal to its predecessor it would have been more keenly criticised, for the public, half-jealous of the success of a great and original work, is in general prone to test the second work of a popular author too severely. A first-class writer, indeed, to some extent creates his own difficulties for his own work, and raises the standard to which all his future productions are expected to conform. But the "Mill

on the Floss" is unquestionably inferior to "Adam Bede." The plot is less probable, the characters are less attractive, and the moral tone is even lower. The defiance of the general ideas of society in the episode of Maggie's boat adventure is perfectly wanton, and the improbability of the whole only serves to render the author's offence less excusable. It was hardly to be expected that a second work should contain another series of portraits equal to those of Adam and Seth, Dinah and Hetty, and Mrs. Poyser, and therefore some falling off in this respect would easily have been forgiven had not the cardinal fault been repeated in an aggravated form. "Silas Marner" is remarkable for its concentrated power. terse, pithy, eminently suggestive, it is one of the writer's most successful though imperfectly appreciated works. "Romola" is too foreign to attract the majority of readers. It was certainly a strange thing to find one who had hitherto been dealing with middle-class life in English villages and small towns in the nineteenth century, suddenly transporting us to Italy in the days of Savonarola. Admitting, though we freely do, that "George Eliot" has shown surprising versatility and skill in her treatment of a subject so far removed from her ordinary line, and especially admiring her noble portraiture of the great Reformer himself, the book is not one that has greatly attracted us or that greatly enhanced the writer's reputation.

"Felix Holt" is the novel of the day. Everybody reads it, or at least everybody talks about it. It was fortunate in the adaptation of its title and subject to the all-absorbing topic of the day. Just at the very time when England was in the throes of a Reform struggle, the novelist with great art, if it was designed, with singular good fortune if it was only a happy coincidence, invites the reading public to follow the fortunes of "Felix Holt the Radical." Many would be interested in trying to learn something about the opinions of so keen a thinker on the disputed question of popular rights: others would hope to find in this

story of a past Reform struggle some new light on the conflicts of the present, and so a political story was sure, in the peculiar circumstances of the times, to command a large circle of readers. Then the extent to which religious men are introduced, and the pre-eminence given to the Independents in particular, was sure to attract the attention of a large class who for the most part pass by the light literature of the day with little notice.

Nor will these readers be the worse for learning something of the light in which they are regarded by the literary class of which George Eliot is so distinguished a member. Few in her circle appear to have a better understanding of their ways and opinions, few seem less disposed to adopt the current cant about Dissent and vulgarity, or take up the common parable against the crying sins of small shopkeepers; she writes, on the whole, in a kindly spirit, and though of course there are some points in which they would not agree yet some of her quiet hints are worth consideration. At all events, these sketches of Dissenting life, which in the main are fair enough, have contributed to the popularity of the story. Most people have a liking to look at their own portrait, especially if drawn by a tolerably impartial hand; and besides, there is a kind of notion abroad in some superfine circles just at present that these Dissenters are rather curious people, about whom it is as well to know something. Altogether, it seems to us that in the book, "George Eliot" has very happily met the taste of the day.

But it is to its substantial merits rather than to any adventitious circumstances of this kind that "Felix Holt" is indebted for its success. The mere story is uninviting and in some points improbable enough. The complicated arrangements of the Transome property; the relations between Mr. Transome and Jermyn; the very absurd conduct of Felix Holt at the election, when he undertook to play the part of Richard II. to Wat Tyler's followers, and to restrain the mob by becoming their

leader, and we must add, the love-passages of Felix and Esther all indicate to us that, great as she is, in many respects, George Eliot does not excel in the constructive art. It is when we come to study her characters and to take some of her scenes that we learn the secret of her power. In "Felix Holt" what a number of striking portraits; there is Harold Transome, who has sometimes been rather hardly criticised, the type of the haughty, somewhat arrogant and yet high-minded, aristocrat, trained to luxurious habits and to the exaction of implicit submission in others by his foreign residence, bent on the realization of his own projects and yet too fastidious in his tastes, nay too honourable to relish altogether the means by which his election was to be secured. There is Mr. Chubb, the innkeeper, a fair specimen of a class to whom our present electioneering practices have given an undue importance. Indeed, all these political agents are well done, and their proceedings, we fear, give a true idea of what goes on among constituencies who are not open to the vulgar seductions of bribes. Mrs. Transome, with all her sins and weaknesses, is after all an interesting study. She has evidently been drawn with considerable care, and once admitting the probability or even possibility of the dark event that has shadowed her life and paralyzed all the better feelings of her soul, exceedingly true to nature. The description of her disappointment on the return of her son, and her discovery of her altered relations to him, is in George Eliot's best style. Felix Holt and Esther Lyon are masterpieces, and their reciprocal influence is depicted with great beauty. Mr. Holt and Lyddy need no commendation. They awaken the interest and live in the memories of all the readers.

Few writers have drawn so many clerical portraits as "George Eliot," and her present work adds no less than three to the series. We cannot profess even to give a sketch of the various worthies whom she has depicted, from Rev. Amos Barton down to "Parson Jack," but a brief

glance at some of them may give some idea of her range of observation, and of the spirit in which she has dealt with a class whom some novelists of the day are only too prone to treat with hostility or with a condescending pity that is infinitely worse. To real goodness she always does reverence, even when she does not thoroughly comprehend the spirit from which it springs; to the free and easy, open-hearted man, who by some strange freak has found his way into the sacred office, and has by one of the strange anomalies which live on among us, as if in defiance of all criticism, managed to get installed in the cure of souls, she extends a great deal of indulgence, but to the mere pretender, who assumes a show of piety without its reality, she is not very tender or merciful. Poor Amos Barton was her first attempt. He was of the Evangelical school and not a very favourable specimen. His education was as defective as his resources were limited. He preached Low Church doctrine—as evangelical as anything to be heard in the Independent chapel, and he made a High Church assertion of ecclesiastical powers and functions. "His oratory resembled a Belgium railway-horn, which shows praiseworthy intentions inadequately fulfilled." Not altogether an inviting personage, and yet George Eliot has contrived to engage our sympathies in his career, and before we separate from him we have learned to forget his shabby appearance, his lapses in grammar, his unfortunate tendency to miss the right note both in public and private exhortation," and to look with respect and affection on the sincere, gentle, simple-minded man. Mr. Gilfil belongs to an earlier school that did not care to preach doctrine, and who made very slight demands either upon the intellects or upon the hearts of their hearers. His sermons "amounted to little more than an expansion of the concise thesis that those who do wrong will find it the worse for them, and those that do well will find it the better for them," and the result of his ministry is very pithily

indicated in the fact that "to Mrs. Patten who had listened to him for thirty years, the announcement that she was a sinner appeared an uncivil heresy." Mr. Tryan is a much more elaborate portrait, and in it George Eliot has given a very correct picture of the prejudice and passion against which Evangelicalism in its early days had to contend, and of the way in which in one case they were overcome by the faithfulness and devotion of an earnest man. "Parson Jack" is unique, in his *bonhomme*, his indifference to all notions of clerical propriety, his broad rollicking humour, his many popular qualities, that served to mark him out for anything but a clergyman. As different as possible, and yet as perfect in his kind, is Rev. Augustus Debarry, a faithful representative of the aristocratic clergyman, very dignified, very respectable, eschewing everything vulgar and *outré*, who might be safely trusted never to transgress against the most rigid ideas of decorum, who had a high sense of honour and a strong attachment to his Church, both of which qualities come out in correspondence with Mr. Lyon, but who was as unfit for the clerical office as "Parson Jack" himself. These two men serve to bring out in bolder relief the high qualities of Rev. Rufus Lyon, the humble but learned, devoted, earnest Independent minister, a man utterly unfitted to shine in aristocratic circles, but possessed with a passion for his work, and winning respect by his consistency and devotion. A contemporary critic has ventured to describe him as an anachronism, but "George Eliot" knows much more about Independents than the reviewer, whose own circle of Dissenting acquaintances appears to be very limited. It is somewhat amusing to find a writer assuming to speak with authority because he had "experience of a pedagogue of that (the Independent) denomination from 1820 to 1822." With him and the brethren who came to officiate for him, we are told "there was an abundant flow of florid rhetoric garnished with frequent quotations

from Dryden and Goldsmith, not a word of conversion, nor an approach to the normal state of religious thought which 'George Eliot' seems to imagine natural among the Independents." Well, however this was in 1822, all we can say is that our own knowledge enables us to say, that in 1834, of which George Eliot writes, it was very different. Then, certainly, Independents believed in conversion and talked about it, and if they were not upholders of high Calvinistic doctrine, "there were certainly to be found a large class among their ministers, whose views did not differ very widely from those of Rufus Lyon. The reviewer's friend must have belonged to a bygone period, and Rufus Lyon of course is not like the Independents of to-day, he is very different, perhaps, from ministers holding more prominent positions in 1834, but he is a very fair representative of what a learned and devout man placed in such a neighbourhood as that of Freby might have been expected to be.

In nothing are George Eliot's books more valuable than in the thoughtful, earnest, simple, and yet original and suggestive reflections, which are scattered through them. Our authoress is not disposed to sermonize, but there is in her a vein of thoughtfulness from which very precious ore is continually to be extracted. An example of what we mean is found in the very brief, and as we might fancy till we look at it more closely, the very commonplace observation that "in every parting there is an image of death." Surely in this there is a truth not often recognized. George Eliot has seen, (and it is in this power of recognizing the wisdom to be derived from very commonplace things, that a good deal of her strength lies) how intimately related is the feeling with which the mother who has just committed her only daughter to the trust and keeping of the man she loves, visits the deserted chamber of her darling, to that with which she might have entered "had it been desolated by the hand of death," and how continually these partings and

changes are keeping before our minds the thought of that final parting of which present separations are an image. We must not, however, stay to comment, but content ourselves with giving a few passages, taken mainly from her earlier works, which exhibit the characters of which we are speaking, and which make her works specially attractive to the higher class of minds. Here is a quiet reminder by which many might profit: "While we are coldly discussing a man's career, sneering at his mistakes, blaming his rashness, and labelling his opinions—'he is Evangelical and narrow,' or 'Latitudinarian and Pantheistic,' or 'Anglican and supercilious'—that man, in his solitude, is perhaps shedding hot tears because his sacrifice is a hard one, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word and do the difficult deed."

How eminently true is the following: "That is a deep and wide saying, that no miracle can be wrought without faith—without the worker's faith in himself, as well as the recipient's faith in him. And the greater part of the worker's faith in himself is made up of the faith that others believe in him. . . . Thank heaven, then, that a little illusion is left to us, to enable us to be useful and agreeable—that we don't know exactly what our friends think of us—that the world is not made of looking-glass, to shew us just the figure we are making, and just what is going on behind our backs! By the help of dear friendly illusion, we are able to dream that we are charming—and our faces wear a becoming air of self-possession; we are able to dream that other men admire our talents—and our benignity is undisturbed; we are able to dream that we are doing much good,—and we do a little." What pathos is there in this: "Alas, alas! we poor mortals are often little better than wood-ashes—there is small sign of the sap, and leafy freshness, and the bursting buds that were once there; but whenever we see wood-ashes we know that all that early fullness of life must have

been. I, at least, hardly ever look at a bent old man, or a wizened old woman, but I see also with my mind's eye, that past of which they are the shrunken remnant, and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and significance, compared with that drama of hope and love which has long ago reached its catastrophe, and left the poor soul like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden scenes and fair perspectives, overturned and thrust out of sight." For one more only can we find space. "I never smiled at Mr. Lyon's trustful energy without falling to penitence and veneration immediately after. For what we call illusions, are often, in truth, a wider vision of past and present realities,—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces,—a movement towards a more assured end than the chances of a single life. We see human heroism broken into units, and say, this unit did little—might as well not have been. But in this way we might break up a great army into units—in this way we might break the sunlight into fragments, and think that this or the other might be cheaply parted with. Let us rather raise a monument to the soldiers whose brave hearts only kept the ranks unbroken, and met death,—a monument to the faithful who were not famous, and who are

precious, as the continuity of the sunbeams is precious, though some of them fall unseen and in barrenness."

The higher our admiration for "George Eliot's" genius, the deeper our regret that she so needlessly interferes with the beauty and effect of her stories by her mode of treating the relations of the sexes. She seems to have a pleasure in defying the highest kind of public feeling by introducing passages and incidents which not only shock the right-minded, but are sure to work mischief by abating the sentiment of aversion with which such sins should ever be regarded. The subject is an unwelcome one, and we do not care to pursue it further here, beyond saying that in some points of view the offence in "Felix Holt" is more needless, and more aggravated than in either "Adam Bede" or the "Mill on the Floss." A clear-sighted, large-hearted, genial writer, whose tendency is to lead different classes to cherish more mutual respect, there is a good deal after all which disqualifies her from becoming a trusted teacher of the age. Her religious opinions are very undefined, and though she paints religious men fairly it is rather with artistic skill than with sympathizing spirit; and in the point to which we have referred above, there is a lowness of moral tone greatly to be deplored, which must prevent her from wielding the best kind of power.

THE BIRD, THE INSECT, AND THE PLANT.

THE celebrated Logan Stone, near the Land's End, as Cornish tourists are duly informed by the guide-books, is a mass of granite, weighing over threescore tons; yet it was formerly poised upon its natural pedestal so delicately, that it might be easily rocked to and fro with the hand. A stupid lieutenant, in order to prove an old local tradition in the wrong, obtained the assistance of a party of sailors, and succeeded in dislodging the stone from its resting-

place. This praiseworthy exploit having come to the ears of the Admiralty, Mr. Lieutenant was informed that if he wished to keep his uniform he had better put the Logan where he found it. The crestfallen meddler had no alternative but to comply, and after a considerable expenditure of money and muscular force, the huge mass was replaced on its rockers. But the nicety of its equilibrium had been for ever destroyed, and though still

a curiosity, the Logan Stone is certainly less remarkable than in former days.

Equally delicate, and far more complicated, is the "balance of organic life" in the world around us. Every keeper of a parlour aquarium knows that the practical question of management most difficult to determine is the due proportion of plants and animals. But it is not always remembered that the balance of life in the aquarium is a miniature representation of that outside, where the countless tribes of vegetable and animal existence have their assigned places, the one over against the other. A marvellous array of forces is there; counteractive, yet intimately allied and mutually interdependent. The animal receives from the plant its necessary supplies of vital air, which, altered and combined, is by-and-by restored to the plant again. Herbivorous animals depend *directly*, carnivorous ones *indirectly*, upon the vegetable kingdom for food. The former check the too rapid multiplication of plants, and are themselves restrained from excessive increase by the predaceous instincts of less prolific tribes. And thus the vast machinery of organized existence is maintained in equilibrium.

But man steps in to disturb natural forces, and overset the balance of life. Regarded as a power *above* nature, he needs must interfere. His interests conflict with those of the lower creation, and must be secured at their expense. Hence, he cultivates one kind of plant and uproots another: here, he sows a particular grain or vegetable; there, he cuts down a forest. So with the animal kingdom. Some tribes or species are taken under human protection, and carefully guarded from their natural enemies; others are made the objects of relentless and persevering attack, and in course of time suffer local or complete extermination. Man has received a commission thus to "subdue the earth," and to have dominion over the herb yielding seed, "and every living thing that moveth upon the earth:" a commission which he has executed

with energy if not with wisdom. "Not all the winds and storms, and earthquakes and seas, and seasons of the world, have done so much to revolutionize the earth as MAN, the power of an endless life, has done since the day he came forth upon it, and received dominion over it." *

But man's rule over the lower world has been too often a blind despotism. Ignorance and caprice have swayed him when knowledge and prudence were urgently needed, and the most mischievous blunders are still committed for want of a right understanding of the relations which are to be disturbed or modified for human gratification or benefit. The title of the present paper points to a field in which folly and perversity are conspicuously exemplified.

The wholesale destruction of small Birds by "sparrow clubs," and similar products of ignorance and petty cruelty, is a practice against which the warning voice cannot be too loudly raised, and which has a practical interest for every lover of "the big loaf."

It is quite true that some kinds of birds are graminivorous, and the important service which they render in disseminating the seeds of wild plants was referred to in a former paper. Their action is to check the too abundant growth of plants over a given area; while at the same time they distribute seeds, sometimes over a very wide surface,—dropping them hundreds of miles from the place where they were originally picked up. But a vast number of birds—almost every species of our perching and song-birds—are insectivorous to a greater or less extent. They may attack our fruit-trees, and devour a portion of our grain, but to a far less extent than is generally supposed. The amount of grain and fruit which they consume is infinitesimal compared with that which they preserve from destruction by devouring the insects which infest our fields and orchards. Rooks "follow the

plough," not to steal corn, but to capture the cockchafer grubs which eat the roots of the wheat, as well as lay waste our meadows when not kept in check by birds. And the proscribed sparrow benefits his worst enemy in a similar manner. A single pair, it is computed, will carry to their nest above *four thousand* caterpillars in a week. With such facts, which may easily be multiplied, it is easy to see that it would be utterly impossible for the agriculturist to make head against the ravages of insects, were it not for the feathered hunters, which willingly aid him when he has sense enough to abstain from injuring them.

Man has an undoubted right to kill and eat fowls as well as quadrupeds or fish; though even here his destructiveness should be limited by prudence, lest the balance of demand and supply should be destroyed. He has also a right to protect his garden and wall-fruit from the depredations of birds, when they multiply to excess, as will occasionally occur, partly at least because the gun has destroyed the rapacious kinds, which would have restrained such increase within due limits. But nothing can excuse the suicidal folly of seeking to exterminate tribes which, with scarcely an exception, are useless as food, and whose instincts are exerted almost entirely for man's advantage. We now come to the *Insect*.

Undoubtedly, man's intentions towards the race of creepers and crawlers are not one whit more pacific than those which he entertains towards the birds; yet, strange as it may seem at first sight, his activities tend to diminish the latter and immensely multiply the former. Agricultural operations foster the increase of those species which attack leaves and fruit, and as civilization advances new races are brought from other countries, imported plants carrying with them their insect inhabitants, often in the egg state, but sometimes as larvæ or chrysalides.

Notwithstanding these disturbing

influences, nature would in course of time provide counteractions to these foes to our field produce. But in order to hasten the process, science has of late taught the agriculturist to import even from distant countries animals by which the balance might be restored. In most cases, it is the bird whose alliance has been discovered to be so necessary; and in Hungary, as a recent writer informs us, the poor sparrow have been eagerly encouraged to return to districts where they had been formerly destroyed.

But there are numerous kinds of beetles and other insects which hunt for caterpillars with as keen a zest as any of their feathered associates, though from their operations being mostly carried on at night, their influence is not appreciated. The black beetles which lurk under stones in our gardens and by our waysides are mostly carnivorous, and it would be well for us, before we crush the life out of them by a hasty foot, to reflect on the salutary agency which we are thus contributing to destroy. It is a mere fancy which protects the pretty lady-bird from the usual fate of its tribe; for it is not generally known that these gaily-spotted beetles are unrelenting destroyers of that pest of the greenhouse, the "green fly," or *Aphis*; and an unusual abundance of the latter seems to be followed by a corresponding increase in the numbers of the former. Yet Kirby and Spence relate an instance in which a multitude of lady-birds created such consternation among some Kentish villagers, that the aid of a parish-engine was hastily invoked to repel the dreaded invaders. But the *Ichneumonide*, or Ichneumons, a tribe of four-winged flies, are perhaps the most formidable of the enemies of the caterpillar. The females are furnished with a remarkable appendage of bristle-like form, called an *ovipositor*, or egg-placer. It is an instrument of wondrous construction, consisting of a hollow borer, protected by sheaths, and by means of it the insect is enabled to pierce the bodies of living caterpillars, and deposit its

eggs beneath the skin. The Ichneumon grubs, being hatched in due time, feed upon the fat contained in the body of their seemingly unconscious victim, which, nevertheless, is thereby caused to perish before reaching its perfect condition.

The distribution of insects is largely determined by that of *Plants*. This is evidently the case with vegetable-feeders, but is also, indirectly, in that of many predaceous kinds. An excess of caterpillars has been observed to be followed by an abundance of Ichneumon flies; and the destruction of the former in any locality would doubtless bring about the disappearance of the latter.

Plant-feeding insects do not always restrict themselves to one particular kind of tree, flower, or vegetable; but some appear to confine their attacks to a single species. The oak is thus computed to sustain two hundred different sorts of insects, and the humbler nettle to furnish food to thirty or forty; many of which will not live on another kind of plant. Hence local forms of vegetation are accompanied by local forms of insect life. One of our prettiest native butterflies, the swallow-tail, is confined to the fens of the eastern coast, where the progress of drainage and reclamation threatens it with extinction at no distant period. And the rapid extension of the big metropolis, together with the "cutting-up" of woods and plantations by railways, awakens well-grounded apprehensions in the minds of London insect hunters.

The attacks of wood-boring beetles upon decaying timber and other vegetable matter, furnish another example of the relations of insect life to that of the plant. Such operations facilitate the work of decomposition, and speedily convert the noxious into the harmless, by

changing dead material into living flesh. But the most remarkable, perhaps, of all these relations, is the agency of insects in fertilizing certain plants. In some trees, for example, the organs of reproduction are placed on different individuals, and the insect visiting the blossoms for its own purposes, is made the bearer of the fertilizing dust, or *pollen*, from the one kind of flower to the other. But in that singular tribe, the orchids, whose fantastic forms attract the notice and excite the wonder of the most unscientific observer, the fructification is absolutely dependent upon the entrance of insects into the flower. The able and most interesting investigations of Mr. Darwin have shown this to be the case in some thousands of species of orchids; and other tribes of plants exhibit similar phenomena. Thus do the varied forms of life which deck the world in which we dwell, manifest the harmonious workings of one mighty plan.

The practical bearing of the facts which have been familiarly touched upon in the present paper would seem to be this:—That it is our interest and our duty, whether or not we lay claim to scientific tastes, to obtain some acquaintance with the plants and animals by which we are ordinarily surrounded—their properties, uses, and habits; to make a stand against vulgar prejudices, which would extirpate creatures whose operations are beneficial to man; and lastly, to abstain from all *needless* and *purposeless* destruction of vegetable or animal life. For, as a thoughtful writer most truly remarks:—"We can never know how wide a circle of disturbance we produce in the harmonies of nature, when we throw the smallest pebble into the ocean of organic life."

W. H. GROSER, B.Sc., F.G.S.

THE PRIDE OF THE LATYMERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "FROM DARK TO DAWN IN ITALY," ETC.

XXII.

AN ARRIVAL.

THE blow had at last fallen: Kyle was in the hands of its real owners, the creditors of the estate. And Mr. Latymer was in prison.

His wife and her children took refuge at Bar-sinister castle, as per invitation accorded by her noble relative. It was not much to the Earl that one of the dozen suites of apartments for visitors in his great empty house, should, during his Parliamentary absence, be occupied by his kinswoman in her trouble. Her ailments became so exacting as quite to preclude her visiting her husband at the horribly low place where he was held in durance. She occupied herself chiefly with writing those letters in a very fine Italian hand, outpourings of complaint which she believed would do something towards retrieving affairs somehow. Many were to Mr. Etough, lucidly explaining matters which that gentleman understood very well, and it is to be feared he did not invariably read them to the end. They were a simulacrum of employment to the poor lady, and passed her time just as well as the real thing. One lengthened appeal was addressed to the Countess Nessuno, at the office of her man of business: for of herself they had lost all trace since she went on the Continent with her bridegroom, the perfidious Pescara.

But Beresford wished every day more and more to be with him, the parent she had ever loved best. She thought she could comfort him in some way. The idea of his lonely days was constantly pressing on her affectionate heart: I daresay she thought the prison more like a mediæval dungeon than a modern Marshalsea. The petition about "all prisoners and captives" made her cry bitterly on the only Sunday she ventured to the little church in the park, when she was so thankful

for the velvet curtains round the peer's pew.

And in truth, whether it be altogether just that a man for debt shall be visited with the penalty of a man for crime, may admit of doubt: perhaps also of legislative remedy, some day.

At last Beresford carried her point, and found herself, in consequence, one bright, sharp March noon, outside a grey stone building of great strength and gloominess, and no external windows whatever, which had a gate of mighty bars, and a mighty studded door within, high enough to admit an elephant, but which practically gave entrance only by a wicket in one corner, whereat Oliver rang a bell with a hammerlike handle, and Beresford clung to the lank arm of this stripping brother with a strange sense of wanting his protection. The clangour of the bell died in a deep silence.

The jail was situated outside the town, and from the gate was visible a reach of level country, dressed in the faint colouring of early spring: gently undulating hills lay on the horizon, tinted of a tearful blue. The suggestion of unlimited freedom was almost too much for Beresford, but she resolutely kept back any expression of feeling, and thereby lowered the feeling itself; while Nurse O'Leary's demonstrative face (for she had also come to be her young lady's escort) quivered in a very curious manner. Presently the great bolts were shot back by a vigorous hand, and the squarely-cut face and figure of a turnkey in blue uniform became visible.

"Prisoner's friends? Beg pardon, sir; step this way, sir, please:" and he touched the badge on his cap respectfully as he saw the lady with her thick veil. They were now beneath a massive archway, with rooms at each side in its thickness; and another heavy grating between them and an inner square, which again

was as the moat to a central tower. The wicket was locked with a heavy clang.

"The ladies, sir, can wait here till I send for my wife; you must be searched, ma'am, please."

Never had Beresford expected this, and she actually thrilled through at what seemed the indignity. The boy Oliver's face flushed painfully. "'Tis well my mother did not come," he muttered; "but never mind, Berry, probably it's a mere form."

Nurse O'Leary attempted a protest. "This young lady isn't used to the ways of jails, and she mustn't be frightened," she observed in a wheedling manner to the turnkey, outside the room where Oliver and Beresford waited in company with a cat and a fire and a newspaper, besides the fixtures. "And is it Miss Latymer, of Kyle, to be demeaning herself by consalin' drink or tobacco like the vulgarians? No, nor her noble father wouldn't thank a person for doin' it. Search meself as much as ever ye likes."

"That'll be done too, never fear," was the reply, with a short laugh. "Rules are rules, missus, an' it's as much as my place is worth to forget one of 'em." So Mrs. O'Leary could only comfort her charge by whispering—" 'Twill be over in a minit, mavourneen; av the Queen herself kem here, or the bishop of the diocese, they couldn't escape; but I'll stand by you—an' sure where would they learn manners, the spalpeens!" Most ferociously did Mrs. O'Leary regard the very respectable wife of the turnkey, who apologised for the necessity of her office, touched the pocket of the young lady's dress, and asked her to say that she carried nothing contraband: thus the search was over, and its instrument made friends with Mrs. O'Leary by narrating some marvellous anecdotes of smuggling.

The debtor's prison had a small separate yard in front of its building, containing two or three stone benches, and even an attempt at a flower-bed in one corner, where some common yellow primroses were blooming as fairly as under the

beech-trees of Kyle; truly they "made sunshine in a shady place."

"That would be papa's favourite corner," thought Beresford, as they turned into an open doorway and up a common stair; on the top step of which, having seen her young master and mistress pass into a room with a big padlock outside, the poor "old follower of the family" sat down and cried, quietly, into her crossed arms upon her knees, that the pride of the Latymers should have come to this! As much as the retainers of the House of Hanover love Bismarck and the King of Prussia, so did she love the law and the detaining creditor just then.

Mr. Latymer was placid and majestic as of old. He had got accustomed to his evil circumstances, and wrapt himself up in his dignity, and was declared by the turnkeys to be the finest gentleman they ever had in charge; a deal finer than the rollicking young honourable whose much-enduring father paid him off, or than the Major at present in the opposite room (commonly called Seringapatam) who in some unaccountable way had brandy to offer his neighbour, and would come in of evenings to talk about his service and sport in India, with a bundle of dingy cards in his pocket, which he had not hitherto cared to produce in Mr. Latymer's presence. Beresford was quieted from many of her fears by seeing her father so composed and cheerful (the very worst is never so bad as any of us expect) and his quarters so humbly comfortable; but the snow of the winter storm upon his hair was manifestly thickening.

His present object of interest was a remarkable moth. "Found him last evening on the garden seat"—for so had he euphemised the bench in the paved yard. "See how curiously marked his wings are; I have been trying to find out his order in this volume of the Encyclopædia—lent me by the governor. (Perfect gentleman, the governor; grants me every indulgence compatible with duty). I am in great hope it is an undescribed species—

our Irish entomology is in such a defective state."

The moth-martyr to science was spread out with big pins on a card, under an inverted tumbler, and appeared to have some Hebrew letters stamped in black upon the grey velvet of his wings. Beresford blessed him for his opportune capture, when she saw how it interested her father.

And so Mr. Latymer was making the best of it in jail. True philosophy, no doubt; but his daughter could scarcely stand it when he bade her get him some seed of scarlet runners, which he meant to train on the ugly bars of his window as a trellis. Already he had a hyacinth, sent him by the governor's wife, a lovely pyramid of pale pink bells, whose gentle odour filled the room. And he wished Oliver to come every day while he should be in town, to read Horace with him; he should be always ready for study at two o'clock, and requested equal punctuality on his son's part. He might have been Louis XVI. in the Temple, the fallen Bourbon air was so strong.

Why, he scarcely wanted company, or comforting! Beresford felt chilled, she knew not wherefore, for was it not an excellent thing that he should be so apparently satisfied? But there seemed to be a settledness about his arrangements that struck her as strange; evidently he did not contemplate any release for months; she wondered how long "they" could keep him in, and wished very much, but could not find it in her heart to ask such a question.

There were a couple of auriculas in the solitary flower-bed, and he was experimenting on modification of their colour by culture; he thought he should like to try such annuals as did not want much sun. And while they were looking at the two or three blossoms, Mr. Etough came up so noiselessly that nobody was aware of his presence till he spoke.

"Ah, an unexpected pleasure, Miss Beresford," as he took off his hat. "How pleased my friend Latymer must have been to see you!

And you also, Mr. Oliver. Growing apace, I see, still! Where do you intend to stop?" The youth being in no humour for facetiousness of the sort, growled something unintelligible. "Well, Miss Latymer, and I hope you have been reasoning your father out of his absurd project?"

"My daughter knows nothing of the resolution which you are pleased to call so, Etough," interposed Mr. Latymer; "and I should prefer that it were not discussed before her. Beresford, my dear, it is time you should go home. Remember that I shall always be glad to receive you when you are at leisure;" and he accompanied them to the gate.

In the meantime Nurse O'Leary dried her tears, and being a woman of practical expedients, she slipped away from her station on the stairs, and went on an exploration of her own, discovered the woman attendant on the debtor's chambers, and set about a system of "soothing" that personage, to the end that she should be specially attentive to the needs of Mr. Latymer. The Irish heart is always susceptible to impressions of fallen greatness, and Nurse had a great deal to say about that, and made out, moreover, that she herself was sister-in-law's second cousin to the female warder. Having laid this foundation for confidential intimacy, she entrusted sundry coins to her new friend for the purchase of delicacies suitable to Mr. Latymer's palate, promising to bring the articles themselves next time; and this harmless bribery and corruption was scarcely at an end when Mrs. O'Leary received a summons of departure.

"I wonder what Mr. Etough alluded to," were Beresford's first words to her brother when they were again on the bleak road. "I wish papa would not have so many secrets from us; I am sure we have his interest more at heart than that man."

"I know I wish I was grown up, or Lancelot was at home, or something," said poor Oliver, recoiling with a sense of helplessness. "Hugh would only make matters

worse, he's so extravagant. I tell you, Berry, it makes a fellow feel wicked to see a man like my father in such a place!" His eyes could scarcely hold back the suffusing tears of hurt pride and affection; his lips quivered uncontrollably. Beresford pressed his arm close; adversity was drawing this sister to this brother, hitherto known chiefly as a troublesome cub.

The "something" came to pass that very evening.

Oliver was sitting at the window of their little lodging in the dusky hour before candles came, and while Beresford was finishing a letter to her mother, which he was to take to the post. For not yet had receivers abolished in this town the good old usage of walking best part of a mile in all weathers to the office.

"There's a lady," remarked Oliver, "who has been up and down the street twice knocking at doors; now she's coming straight here, and staring at me as if I were Medusa. Let me off, Berry, this instant. You know how I hate visitors, especially ladies;" and he stood before her for the letter.

But he was captured in the passage, and kissed soundly on both cheeks by the objectionable lady, who further took away his breath by saying—"And this is my nephew, Oliver!"

He was led back by the arm, staring hard. "Your aunt Beresford, my dear—Madame Nessuno, of whom I am certain you have heard enough. And this is my namesake, I suppose? I saw your mother to-day, and she told me you were here."

Beresford had really no words for this surprise, and she never had seen her aunt in her life; she had presence of mind just to place a chair, and could not help glancing at the open door, expecting the entrance of her Italian tutor. But Pescara did not appear from the shades.

"What brought me here? No wonder for you to be astonished, my dear; we were on the Rhine when your mother's letter found us, and I insisted on coming home; and here

I am, I hope a wiser woman than when I went. Your poor father—I suppose he is very low?"

"Better than I expected to find him," was Beresford's answer. "You know papa has so many resources for passing the time."

"He always had very nice tastes; coins, and beetles, and that sort of thing. Now, my dear, will you order lights, that we may see each other properly."

The excuse brought in Nurse O'Leary, who had been dying of curiosity, which the imperfect information she could pick up by eaves-dropping at the end of the passage only whetted. And with a delighted curtsey she recollected plenty about "her honourable ladyship," and discovered several remarkable family likenesses, and was utterly at a loss by what title to address Madame Nessuno; and afterwards built the most outrageous castles in the air all night.

Now there were several things about her aunt altogether differing from what Beresford had ever heard of her; no dress of ultra-fashion, no assumption of youthfulness, no false complexion, no darkened hair; but very decidedly grey bands laid along decidedly worn and pallid cheeks. What had come to her? What bitterness had wrought this reformation? Had her ambitious and silly marriage taught Madame Nessuno the hardest of all lessons—"nosce te ipsum?"

It had certainly dissipated many a delusion. But not until long afterwards did Beresford know the sufferings and the sacrifices resulting from that most foolish act; or become aware that even the noble lineage ascribed to Pescara was false, he having been only an actor of very questionable character and the lowest origin, ennobled by a sovereign duke of no character at all, though the highest origin, and was one of the favourites whose misdeeds helped that court to its fall. A heavy account lay against him in Italy, of which he best knew the items, and how far they justified his flight and nervous dread of discovery in England.

"Yes, my dear," said his wife, noticing the steadfast gaze which her niece could scarcely repress. "I am a regular old woman, older than your father." Had the truth been forced upon her in the amenities of conjugal altercation? "I won't say I am glad of it, for of course I had rather be as young as you are, but it is useless to pretend, and after all I had my day." She was positively blushing now, for the weakness could not be at once overcome; and Beresford felt uncomfortable, and blushed likewise.

"Be off, sir, and post your letter"—which was sufficiently manifest, dangling from Oliver's fingers. "I'll take care of your sister. Now, Beresford, as to these apartments."

She looked round the little drawing room, which was indeed over a shop kept by one of Nurse O'Leary's numerous kin, and as snug and stuffy as it could be. Vast pink-lipped shells dwarfed the small mantelshelf, on which a blooming china shepherdess was the centre-piece; and above her hung a most remarkable work of art, framed and glazed, which presented three different pictures according to the spectator's point of view. Stand in the centre, and you beheld a young lady with azure eyes and a rosebud smile, bearing a generic resemblance to the shepherdess below; stand well to the left, and a ship in full sail was cleaving the stormy billows; stand well to the right, and Windsor Castle appeared stable as the rock on which it is founded. How and why these transmutations were produced, were inquiries which had occupied Oliver a full hour that afternoon.

Madame Nessuno scarcely glanced at these adornments, or at a libellous portrait of Cardinal Wiseman, representing his Eminence with a decided faculty of seeing in two directions at once. "No, Beresford, the rooms are not good enough for me, and of course not good enough for you. I shall send Tammadge to take proper apartments for us all to-morrow."

And to-morrow Mr. Latymer was astonished in his turn; he scarcely

believed his eyes, as they gradually assured him that this elderly, much-wrinkled woman (for cosmetics had seamed every particle of her ill-used skin) was indeed his half-sister, the acquisition of whose title had so much provoked him. She would not be baffled on the subject of his affairs, and ere long sifted his design of magnanimously enduring perpetual imprisonment rather than take the benefit of the Insolvent Act.

"That is what I call Quixotism," was her brief comment; "and Quixotism without the least good to anybody."

Taking Oliver's arm, she proceeded from the prison straight to Mr. Etough's office, and astounded him most of all.

"I tell you what, Berry," was Oliver's narration afterwards, "she's a brick. Maybe she didn't badger old Etough with questions! Of course I don't mean that she said anything unladylike, but she made him see she wouldn't stand any stuff, you know. And just guess what papa's secret is? He wants never to come out of jail—never, because he says it is wronging the creditors in some way."

"My chivalrous father!" exclaimed Beresford.

"If you were to see her peering into the deeds with that gold eye-glass of hers, and asking old Etough to explain this or that!—I tell you his face was not a bit pleasant."

"But papa's staying in prison. Oliver—what a frightful idea!"

"Pooh! she won't let him do it. She'll find out some way of making all right. I tell you I have changed my opinion about women—they are of some use, after all." For the young gentleman had been accustomed to "rile" his sister by sundry reflections on the inferiority of her sex and the high-mightiness of his own.

But truly now that Madame Nessuno had shaken off the slough that disfigured her best years (or rather it had been burnt away by such fires of suffering and contempt as leave scars for a lifetime), she showed herself a woman of no mean ability, and of a kindly disposition.

That she suffered still was easy to see; suffered as does a person who wears a concealed fetter eating into the flesh of a limb; and soon Beresford longed to be admitted to be a comforter. But she never spoke of her husband; only once or twice, when letters came in the writing which Beresford recollected in the corrections of her Italian exercises (and post-marked from gambling-towns on the Rhine), they certainly did not conduce to Madame Nessuno's happiness for that day. Tammadge might have told much, but Tammadge had the inestimable faculty of holding her tongue. Indeed, she had only returned to her post as companion for the last few months, since Madame Nessuno had discovered that her husband was the last person who wished to fill that place, and that he thought her function of supplying him with the cash of a reckless expenditure sufficient object for her existence, and sufficient pleasure for her contemplation. Fortunately she had settlements so stringent that but little of her money was within his reach. She had been wise enough to reserve the power of the purse over him; she had bought the privilege of coming to see her brother, and was likely to have to buy every other privilege of a free agent. But then, she was Madame Nessuno, a married woman, with a foreign title to boot. Let us hope she obtained comfort from these undeniable facts, and found them worth their price.

XXIII.

RESIGNATION.

That little flower-bed in the debtor's yard was a sort of chronometer of the time of year to the inmates. The spring-flowers had faded, the crinkled primrose-leaves were done putting up their creamy cups, and a solitary rosebush was budding a suggestion of approaching summer, when one day Mr. Etough, with a brow so darkened that it might have chilled that poor floral corner, marched by and sought Mr. Latymer's room.

He was received with the olden dignity which nothing could crush—no, not the week's allowance of coals piled behind a newspaper screen, nor the uncurtained truckle bed, nor the iron kettle so palpably prominent in the fender. Yet confinement had certainly shaken the prisoner, and rendered him less able than ever to cope with the bugbear of business. There was something almost nervously apprehensive in the glance which rested upon Mr. Etough's infallible bundle of papers, from which, on the present occasion, however, only one was selected for prompt dealing, and the rest returned to that breast-pocket which held so much.

"I—I don't understand this," said Mr. Latymer, turning over the blue sheet after he had read it, as if he could be helped to comprehension by looking at its blank back. "I—I really don't understand it, Etough."

"The meaning is sufficiently clear, then," said the other, who had been watching his client narrowly; "a resignation of the trust which you were pleased to confide in me thirty years ago—or whatever the time may be."

"Yes, I see that. But why—I don't understand—why?"

"It is only a short time sooner than it would have gone from me in the natural course of events, by the sale of the estates."

"But why not continue to act until then? I am so utterly unprepared." He looked as helpless as any Bourbon in a revolution.

"Madame Nessuno may be able to arrange for you," said Etough, with a scarcely-concealed sneer. "Or the ally whom she has lately brought into the field—Mr. Hugh Lake, my former clerk, who yesterday threatened me with a Chancery suit."

"I assure you—" began Mr. Latymer.

"And besides all this, it no longer suits my plans to retain the agency," said Etough, laying quite aside the sleek obsequiousness, which indeed he had scarcely worn latterly towards this patron in misfortune. "It is

my intention to bid for Kyle in the Courts, whenever it shall be put up for sale."

Mr. Latymer turned over his sheet of paper again, and folded it carefully, probably without knowing exactly in what his fingers were busied. He looked up with a sickly effort at a smile. "You must have been a prosperous man, Etough!"

"Oh yes. And would it not be strange if the event should so turn out—to have poor Emily's brother the owner of Kyle?"

"I thought that agents were precluded from bidding," said Mr. Latymer quickly, as if he would cut short the last subject.

"Just the reason why I resign now, and have kept a copy of that letter, in case any question should arise. But, as I was saying—if it does turn out as I wish, what an instance of poetical justice!"

"I thought you were too hard-headed to deal in poetry," observed Mr. Latymer, with an attempt to appear at ease, which signally failed.

"Perhaps I was too early and too deeply concerned in tragedy, you would say," was the rejoinder. "Poor Emily! How many years ago is it, let us see?"

"I cannot imagine," said the debtor, in an altered voice, "why you persist in bringing up a subject that must be so painful to both of us!"

"Painful? yes." He was standing up now on the rug, his square shoulders in his ears, and his hands deep in his pockets, and an unpleasant gleam in his eyes. "Only that I never was able to understand why you gave yourself the pain, when it might so easily have been otherwise. A small sacrifice of family pride, that was all!"

"These things are of such old date," almost pleaded Mr. Latymer. "They are utterly irremediable now. And I tried to make up to you whatever injustice you thought—" he hesitated. "I promoted your interests in every way; I was your security with the Grand Jury; I gave you a footing in this county—"

"And all was not enough, if you

hoped thus to cushion the truth, and cure your conscience. But what mattered the broken heart of a pie-beian girl, compared with keeping intact your family line? I vow to heaven that the sight of your wife where *she* should have been—rolling in a grand carriage past the little lodging where she lay dying—do you think it helped me to more zeal for your interests? Do you think I ever forgot it? Do you think I love the man who was her murderer?"

"Be merciful!" said the other, covering his face. "You know I foresaw no such terrible result. If I had known the depth of her feelings—but it is idle to talk. I don't know indeed why I should stand this sort of thing," he added, as if recollecting himself, and rising slowly, "You have chosen a safe spot in which to insult me, Mr. Etough," and he looked round his little prison-room. "I cannot even order you out!"

"No necessity for that," and he buttoned his overcoat. "I only wished that the extraordinary obtuseness of your pride should hear the truth for once, and should know that it has duly worked out its own retribution."

Without further farewell, he walked down-stairs and away. Passing Hugh Lake at a little distance from the prison, he thought proper to look at him steadily without returning his salutation. "War to the knife," was Hugh's not inadequate translation of this cut direct. "He defies me," thought the successful young man. "We shall see!"

But coming to his uncle, full of his discoveries of unrighteous dealing, and his design of a motion in the equity courts, he encountered opposition wholly unexpected. Mr. Latymer would have none of it; he would be no party to any lawsuit. In vain Hugh Lake reasoned, in vain he offered to risk the expenses in the first instance, in vain he was perfectly certain of success. Then he put it upon moral duty; such a rascal ought not to go unpunished! All his arguments were as the idle wind.

"Why, sir, it seems to me," said the nephew, "that if he had been your mortal enemy, systematically endeavouring to injure you, he could not have gone more effectually to work!"

Mr. Latymer said, "Perhaps so," and gazed into his fire in a preoccupied way.

"It was useless to try and rouse him," said Hugh afterwards to Madame Nessuno. "Heart and spirit seem alike broken."

Now Mr. Lake being young and combative, would have desired no better recreation than hunting down the unscrupulous attorney through every maze and mesh of his crooked doings that were traceable; and he certainly felt aggrieved that his well-meant endeavours to right his uncle's affairs should not be seconded to the utmost. He thought himself returning good for evil in spending his precious time at all about them; only at Madame Nessuno's persuasion had he interfered. That lady's roused conscience had caused her to seek out her long-neglected half-sister, and the breach was much the more easily healed in that she found the Lakes on a good footing of independence; the shop (considerably developed) made over to somebody else, leaving behind a nice sum for good-will; and themselves resident in a neat little villa just outside the town. Hugh was in full tide of prosperity as a rising man; his factory overflowed with work and busy hands, especially after the revelations of the Crimea had forced government to suppress the "clothing colonels" and their abuses, which had been a disgrace to the British army since Queen Anne's time. Contracts thrown open to public competition dressed the soldier much more durably than when half-a-dozen parties had a direct interest in the badness of the material supplied; the powerful pen and crayon of Monsieur *Punch* helped largely to this reform.

Many in the little town wondered at young Lake's rapid success, and detraction was not wanting as well as applause. It was whispered that his partner Brown ought to look

sharp—for Lake had been in an attorney's office once—and by the way, the public were not fully informed of how he happened to leave it. The public ought to know these things after a man has dared to prosper unexpectedly. And Mrs. Lake's family had never recognised her; there must be a sufficient reason for that also. On the other hand, Mrs. Lectern Lychgate had always seen something promising about that young man. It was a pleasure to her to think that she had stood by her friend in even the darkest hour (being the shop-keeping epoch). And Mrs. Pennywether, of the Almshouse, was very proud to come to an early dinner, in open noon, at the cottage which Hugh had threatened to name "Sewing-machine Villa."

But it was the prudent mothers and far-seeing fathers of the community who fixed their eyes admiringly upon Hugh Lake as an object of interest. Mrs. Tourniquet, helpmeet to the fashionable doctor, who had seven daughters (some small enough to have been once taught music by Bessie Lake, and some old enough to be growing anxious), left cards from her green chariot, after the advent of Countess Nessuno had come upon the sleepy little town like a comet. To say that this arrival was a galvanic shock to Mrs. Lake's friends, is not beyond the truth. Half of them had never heard of the wealthy sister, for Hugh's mother was reticent as a lady ought to be; and a sister with a title! They doubted whether Mrs. Lake had any right to be silent as to such a creditable relationship; she might have confided in each of them severally. But the affront was quickly got over, and the visiting-cards at the villa thickened. Likewise the prefix "poor," which had actually grown incorporated with Mrs. Lake's name in the mouths of her kind friends, was dropt as unsuitable, now that she could no longer be comfortably pitied. It is a title we always give to people we patronise, and presupposes a superior condition in ourselves.

The widow of the music-master went to see her brother in his fallen

estate, whom she had not seen since before that exasperating love-match so many years ago. Such interviews, even between the nearest kin, have always something of embarrassment about them, and are unsatisfactory at the time. The more so, if conditions have become in any degree reversed, as here; and Mrs. Lake being eminently tender-hearted, had much ado to conceal her feelings, and cried at intervals all the evening afterwards, telling Bessie on her remonstrance, that *she* could not remember—of course it was not expected from *her*—but as to herself, Mrs. Lake, she would be harder than a millstone if old times did not come back with redoubled power to her mind. Bessie was heartily glad they could return in no other way.

Mrs. Latymer had now joined the party, and was supremely gracious to her sister-in-law Lake and her children. The latter—simple-hearted woman!—really came to imagine that it was all in a great measure her own fault that family friendship was not made up long ago. "It was what your poor father often said to me," she remarked to Bessie. "He used to say—'Sarah, you are too retiring; you never will make your way in the world;' and surely it was time! I never had any cleverness, never." And then her daughter would kiss the dear worn face, and stroke the whitening hair, and declare that she had what was far better than all the cleverness in the world—goodness and gentleness.

"And then you see God made

our Hugh so clever; my dear, I would be afraid of my own son sometimes, only ~~he~~ ^{she} is so kind and obedient. I think he might get tired of his silly old mother, perhaps; but I would be perfectly satisfied, if only I could see his mind turning sometimes to the things of God. It is natural enough he should be wrapt up in his business, especially when he is so prosperous; but who gives him the prosperity, Bessie dear? And we are so often told that God is a jealous God: He cannot permit Hugh to continue absorbed in this world. I am sure people can bring misfortunes on themselves, by forsaking and neglecting God. If He loves them, He must arouse them to thoughts of Him, even by sorrow and trouble. That was the way He brought me to Himself, for I loved your dear father so much that I was in a kind of paradise, and never would have sought my Saviour, only for being so very badly off. And when I see my Hugh carrying all before him, prospering in everything, I get afraid for him, Bessie dear, and pray to God a great deal."

Such were some of the outpourings of the mother's heart, as she watched for her son's soul: and could earnestly have joined with St. John in the desire, which (accomplished in due proportion) would make most of us so sickly and so poor. "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."

THE PILGRIM'S REST.

PILGRIM! way-worn, faint, and weary,
Canst thou find no settled rest
On this earth, now bright, now dreary?—
Seek a fellow-pilgrim's breast,
Faithful, firm, and undeceiving;
There thou may'st thy head repose,
Trusting all, and all receiving,
Till thy journey find its close.
Though earth boasts its thousand treasures,
None can match the faithful friend
Who deals not his love by measures,
For 'tis deep, and knows no end.

Art "seeking, but in vain" to find
Such a one as here portrayed?
There is One near, more true—more kind,
Whom all may own—be not afraid.
The best like thee are poor and frail; [die
Their heart, like thine, may change, will
Seek Him whose loss thou'lt ne'er bewail.
Whose gift is immortality.
He loves thee more than any brother.
No want hast thou He will not tend,
Hast thou but Christ, *thou'lt need none other*
He is the pilgrim's rest and friend.

A. G. M.

ANGELS.

"Then said I to myself, 'Sit thou down here. Tell me, mine heart, of angels. Let us commune of them.' Then it answered and said, 'Angels are.'"—THOS. HOOD.

Yes! angels *are*. It is no fable, no myth. No poetical fancy; *angels* are! Not such as poets create, but such as *God* creates! The poet above quoted raises the mother and sister into the spiritual region of the heavenly host. And *like* unto angels they may indeed be in their homes. Sweeter, dearer than aught else in nature is a mother's love! No dearer names under heaven than mother, than father! Let us then preserve these best names and substitute none other for these, God's most precious gifts. At once divine and human are such sweet and holy bonds as mother, sister, friend, given in time for eternity—relationships begun here to be perfected in a higher, brighter, happier existence—corn sown in the earth to bear fruit *upwards*; but these are not *angels*. It is confusion of word, confusion of thought and feeling, to substitute one idea for another: and instead of gaining by this, we lose both ideas—we lose the human idea of earthly love and sympathy, we lose the heavenly idea with all its hope and brightness. "But," said my friend, "Why do you believe in angels?" "Because," I replied, "I feel the want of them, because I read of them in the Scriptures, and because I find the idea of their existence harmonizes with the whole theory of the universe." "But to take your ideas in order," observed my friend, "you say you feel the want of angels. Tell me in what way, for *I* do not." "The thought of angels," said I, "has so blended with all my ideas of heaven, that I find it difficult at first to examine my own belief; but I will try. First, then, If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, we must attach to the thought of our Divine Redeemer the idea of personality, and that requires the idea of an actual locality. When my friend is absent,

I may be ignorant where he is, but I involuntarily picture to myself some place where he lives, moves, speaks, exists; I may be mistaken in the picture I form to myself, but I never doubt that in some *place*, *he is*. I believe it quite as firmly as if I saw him. So of the departed. We know that they *are*, and we naturally assign a locality to all existence. But, through our ignorance, hardness of heart and blindness, we have fallen into heathenish follies and superstitions. Metaphysicians have assigned to the spirits of men, *air* as the proper elements for spiritual existence; gloomy minds have assigned subterranean abodes to the departed; but the earnest, honest, affectionate heart, naturally rebels against all such phantasies; therefore, such hearts in all ages have naturally looked up to a heaven, and believed, that up above, somewhere in the bright blue ethereal expanse, exists an actual abode for the blessed, and we ask reverently and earnestly 'where are our beloved, and in what society are they?' 'In the society of just men made perfect, and in one of God's many mansions,' we may answer. "Are *these* then the angels?" asked my friend. "Yes, I think they are angels: at least, I think their nature has been purified and exalted so as to be *like* unto the angels. I believe that they listen and obey like angels; I believe that they pity, love, rejoice as angels; but they are not the *only* angels, I believe that there are also hosts, the Lord's hosts of angels, inhabitants of that place where the Lord Himself dwells in bodily presence, who minister to the sons and daughters of the living God. These angelic spirits live to know and do God's will, more fully than we in mortal frames can conceive; and thus I say, my soul wants angels as truly as my heart wants objects of

natural affection; without angels it appears to me there would be a great void in creation; a great chasm between the finite and the Infinite, a poverty in the social system of the universe, such as I should feel in national society if there were no steps between the Queen on her throne and the tradesman in his shop. Angels seem to me to be the *aristocracy of the unseen world*, to which we may all innocently, virtuously and wisely aspire. When we part with some dear friend, some sweet child, how universal is the hope that heavenly angels have comforted, befriended, blessed, spoken with, graciously ministered unto this beloved one! Ministered with sweet tenderness that heavenly Father's love, the depth and intensity of which is reflected from the mother's heart, when she surrenders the care of her child so unwillingly even to angels. For the greatness of our sorrow is the true measure of our love.

"This is as far as a few imperfect words can relate what I mean by saying, 'I want angels,' and why I rejoice to believe that

'Angels are.'

"I cannot contend with your feelings," said my friend. "The belief evidently makes you happy, and I should not be unwilling to believe, if I *could* believe. Tell me, then, your scriptural reasons for your faith." "To do that," I replied, "I must reflect on the various passages where angels are mentioned." "Let me remark," observed my friend, "that the word angel simply means 'messenger,' and in many places do we not wrongly attribute to the scriptural word angel the idea of a supernatural being? In some parts the word is clearly used symbolically, in others, as is commonly believed by the most able students of the Bible, errors have crept into the text." "The last remark," I replied, "I am not learned enough to confute, and I quite admit your first and second observations. Still, I think, no one can honestly read the Bible and not say that from the first to the last chapter, there is a prevailing idea that in other spheres,

there actually and truly, substantially and objectively exist, hosts of beings called in Holy Writ, *angels*, who are interested in man, who convey messages, and watch with interest and feeling the concerns of man, pity his fall from virtue, rejoice in his penitence and restoration, and are ready to receive his soul into regions of bliss. The interpolation of a few passages here and there would not affect my faith in the least, if *proved*, for I say no one can read the Bible and not feel assured by that sacred book, not only that there is a God and a Redeemer, but a heaven filled with hosts of adoring angels, and that man's allotted work on this earth is preparation for a future state. Here he consciously, or unconsciously, fits himself for some place, and each will be guided to his own proper place. But to mention a *few* passages only that occur to me. We have angels mentioned as conversing with Abraham (Gen. xviii.) and with Hagar (Gen. xvi.) Two angels appear to Lot (Gen. xix.) Again (Gen. xxii.) an angel stayeth the hand of Abraham. An angel appears to Balaam. An angel appears to Manoah. Hosts of angels are seen by Elisha, and by his servant (2 Kings vi. 17.) The angel of the Lord is spoken of in various parts of scripture, as smiting sinners. The angel appears to Zechariah and to the Virgin Mary. An angel delivers Peter from prison. An angel appeared to Cornelius. St. Paul discouraging all the fabulous imaginations of men respecting angels, says of them, speaking grave and sober truth, 'Are they not ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?' (Hebrews i. 14.) Angels ministered to our Lord after His temptation. An angel comforted Him in His agony. Angels appeared to the sorrowing women. The Book of Revelation is certainly in a great measure symbolical;—still, we learn that He who brought the Revelation to St. John, was himself a prophet who had dwelt on earth as a brother man, though he now appears as an angel, and worthy of the apostles' worship; and the throne of God is represented as surrounded by count-

less hosts of angelic beings quite distinguishable from those ministers of churches that are addressed as 'angels.' I think there can be no doubt that the Scripture declares there are countless myriads of beings, who exist in a different condition to any known on earth, whose happiness consists in superior obedience and superior intelligence, and that these hosts of heaven are the constant friends of humanity, rejoicing to do God's will and conveying peace on earth and good-will to man, as sung by the angelic choir at the birth of our Lord.

"Once more, to refer to the words of our Saviour Himself. He speaks of the angels of children beholding the face of their Father in heaven. He speaks of the righteous, that they shall be '*As the angels.*' He rebukes the Sadducees for their unbelief, for they believed neither in spirit nor in angel; in the parable of the Prodigal Son, our Lord speaks of the angels rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth. You ask why we do not see angels? I have often asked the same question. I think it possible that we who do not see them, are not in a fit state to see them. I also think it possible that some who assert that they have seen them, may really have done so; but I hope we may hereafter be found worthy to join the angelic choir in praising God with joyful life.

"You do not answer; perhaps you think what I say is not so much argument as statement of belief. So it must be in things entirely beyond our experience. But I will proceed to say, thirdly, why I find the idea of the actual existence of angels, is in harmony with the whole theory of the universe. And here I must refer to my favourite author, Professor Oersted, who is so well known in the scientific world and whose discoveries led to the use of the electric telegraph. His views are entirely from a scientific point. 'We have not yet alluded,' says Professor Oersted, 'to the idea which is suggested by the stars, of the existence of inhabitants of other worlds; but in considering what an innumerable variety of beings endowed with

reason, may be distributed throughout this vast space,' &c., &c. (Oersted's 'Soul in Nature,' Bohn's edition, p. 52.) Man neither occupies the highest portion, nor can he be the only being endowed with reason. When we regard the development of the earth, we behold a succession of eras. Our system is indeed but a small part of a higher system, with which it has been developed under similar laws. The same fundamental idea of the globe and of man, must be repeated in each, though borne out under different conditions; and must we believe that in none of these planets, similar or dissimilar to our own, reason has been awakened to self-consciousness? If we regard the whole of existence as a living revelation of reason, in time and space, we can conceive that the most varied degrees of development may be found distributed through all time. Is it possible that through the whole of this long period there was not a single being capable of perceiving and apprehending his own existence? Let every one search if such an idea can bear investigation. He who is convinced by the proofs mentioned that living beings are distributed through the whole of existence, will contemplate the stars with very different thoughts and views, and have a far wider field for the scope of his imagination, than he who is ignorant of these secrets of nature.' (Oersted's 'Soul in Nature.') Bohn's edition, p. 53—55. These passages are too much abridged to show the force of the reasoning, but it is enough for my present purpose to state the scientific conclusion of such a man as Professor Oersted, to show how consistent with the whole theory of the universe it is, that there should be myriads of reasonable beings in different states of development, different orders of intelligence, some perhaps inferior to man, others superior to man in his present terrestrial state; and this is the scriptural statement. Let us for a moment consider what we have lost by limiting God's creative and redemptive mercy to this planet, which we call the world. We can imagine our loss by seeing what England was

in days of Druidical barbarism, when there was no world beyond Albion's white cliffs and the opposite shores for these savages—a glance suffices; her children were burned in idol worship, for there was no importation of food for the increasing population, no exit for the miserable. Even in the days of Henry VIII., the laws condemned 'sturdy beggars' to be hanged by hundreds, if not by thousands, because there was no country to which they could emigrate. The discovery of America and other countries brought some relief. But has not imagination suffered much in the same way by the limitation of God's mercy to this one planet? Destroy the idea of other worlds, other places habitable by reasonable beings, and the metaphysician disposes of the spirits of men by supposing them to be dissolved into ethereal existence; whilst another class of thinkers has in fancy banished the departed into subterranean regions to make room for the few elect on this earth.

"Alas for man, if God their heavenly Father had not ever been carrying out His own divine will, revealing it to those who would listen, and search and believe. To such has He ever revealed a progressive life, an *eternal*

life, of which they might partake through the Redeemer. To those who loved Him has He ever revealed by the Comforter, that mortality means *transition*, that, to the loving heart, to live or to die unto Him, is to be translated from stage to stage of an ever-blessed existence. To the pure in heart He has ever shown Himself, pure, and good and gracious, and by the revelation of His mighty magnificent purpose, He would at once comfort, humble and exalt us, lifting us from the dismal ideas of the nothingness of death, into the full enjoyment of His creative and redemptive work, in *planting* the earth and the heavens and filling every chamber of the vast universe with beings who can appreciate and rejoice in life. The more we consider the works of His hands, the more freedom shall we obtain from dismal thoughts and superstitious fears—we shall more and more rejoice in the gospel which makes us *free*, and be able from the heart to join in Dr. Arnold's beautiful words, 'O Lord, may I join with all thy people in heaven and on earth in offering up prayers to thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And in giving glory to thy holy name for ever and ever.'"

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

YOUR O. C., dear Editor, has, as you know, attended the yearly "gathering of the clans" of the Social Science Association, from the first in London, "unto this last" at Manchester; and spite of his distinguished literary brethren, —Messrs. Groull and Snarll, of the *Saturday Reviler*,—and others of that ilk, he still begs to record his humble opinion that there is no more pleasant and profitable way of spending a week of one's autumn holiday than is presented by said gatherings. He only begs you will send him to the next meeting, and also allow him to be the cicerone of a party of fifty others, after the

fashion of Mr. Cook the excursionist. Your O. C. is, as you know, "a plain man, dwelling," if not exactly "in tents," still only in a ten-roomed house in Great Decorum Street, Russell Square; and it does not ordinarily fall to his lot to meet such men and women as are gathered together under the banners of this Association. He thinks it fine for so "umble a person" as he to be able in one short week to attend some twenty meetings under the presidency of such men as Brougham and Shaftesbury—to hear some fifty papers read or discussed by such men and women as Chadwick, Lankester, Hill, Anna

Jameson, Mary Carpenter, and Bessie Parks—to meet them at some half-dozen brilliant soirées and at dinner—and to receive a handsome volume wherein the above doings are recorded—and all this, too, at a cost hardly equal to that of the dress-coat he goes in.

Not only do these meetings suit your O. C.'s small purse, but also his much smaller amount of brains and culture. He has more than once tried to "do" the meetings of sundry other scientific bodies; but, spite of his profound reverence for all the "ologies," from entomology downwards, he found said gatherings quite too much for him—an utter weariness both of the flesh and spirit. He must confess that even Professor Foodle's recent brilliant paper on "Lunar Green Cheese" appeared to his uncultivated intellect slightly unpractical; while half of Dr. Pterodactyle's paper on the "Rudimentary Tom-toes of Tittle-bats" was unintelligible: even to this very hour he is not quite sure whether endosmosis is the name of an animal or of something to eat. Such, and so limited, are your O. C.'s scientific attainments; and, at his time of life, it is not likely they will ever be much greater.

The Social Science Meetings are very much more in his way. Even he can understand and take interest in papers on the education of his boys and girls, the draining of his house, and the ventilation of his study.

Even Mrs. O. C., too, though she, being a woman, of course, is not up to much, has been greatly interested and edified by certain of the papers on the management of servants, the health of children, and the wants of her poor neighbours.

Your O. C. likes this Association, moreover, because, unlike some other scientific societies he could name, its apostles do not think it necessary to disparage the Revelation which he—old-fashioned individual that he is—regards as the deepest and truest social science. Spite of all our boasted progress, he has a profound conviction that we have not yet learned nearly all that

is to be learned from the Book which lies on every cottage shelf: he has not found that even the recent disquisitions upon our grandfather gorilla, can supplant it; nor that the foundations of his faith are overturned even by the flint pickaxes of Abbeville. He still goes on believing as he used to believe, that in the crucified teacher of Nazareth "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge;" and that all science which disparages or contradicts His Revelation is "science falsely so-called." Apart from all other considerations, this Association deserves honour because it has among its leading workers men and women of high Christian attainments; because the commencement of each of its sessions is a religious service; and because its papers and discussions are always free from the semi-infidelity which is so common among scientific men.

This Association also deserves honour from the fact that it is the only scientific body which has yet given full practical recognition to the great verity that in the Christian kingdom "there is neither bond nor free, neither male nor female"—that among the other emancipations which our King came to accomplish, is the emancipation of women from the false conventional restrictions which have hitherto debarred them from the moral and intellectual privileges which belong alike to every human being independent of sex. In England this truth has been so falsely represented and vilely caricatured that it has never received popular recognition. Nevertheless, among all advanced thinkers, from Stuart Mill downwards, it is rapidly gaining ground: every day the little Canutes who sit by the sea of life, saying to the ever-advancing waves of women's hopes and attainments,—“Hitherto shall ye come and no further, lest ye wet your sovereign's feet,”—are obliged to move their thrones further back: every day the truth that women's sphere of action must be limited only by their own capacity, is approaching the land of recognized truisms. This desirable result is to

a great extent attributable to the Social Science Association. From its first meeting to the last, it has always given a most honourable place to women. For nine years one of its most efficient secretaries was a lady—it is almost needless to write the "household words" Isa Oraig. A large number of distinguished women, including Florence Nightingale, Mary Carpenter, Bessie Parkes, Maria Rye, and Elizabeth Garrett, have contributed papers, and have in many cases read them, and taken a prominent part in the discussions. This Association is, too, so far as your O. C. knows, the only scientific body which has even admitted ladies to dinner with it, instead of giving them the usual honour of being shut up in some little dark pen "to see the lions feed."

The merits of the Association were perhaps never more manifest than in its recent gathering in the city of spinning-jennies. At no former meeting have more valuable papers been read, or more eminent persons been present, both as officers and as private members. It would be indeed difficult, if not impossible, to find a fitter president for such a meeting than Lord Shaftesbury—a man of high moral and intellectual attainments, who has made social reforms not only the study, but the constant practical work of his whole life. It would be difficult, too, to find a fitter president of the Council than Lord Brougham, the veteran statesman and scholar, who has done more for the amendment of the law, and the promotion of education, than any one of his contemporaries. Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, Mr. George Denman, Q.C., M.P.; Mr. Henry Austin Bruce, M.P.; and Dr. Farre, too, the presidents of the sections, are all men of unquestionably high standing in their several departments; especially is this true of Dr. Farre, who has, through his wise and zealous labours in the preparation of the Registrar-General's Reports, probably done more for the advance of sanitary reform

and of statistical science than any living man.

The special sermon before the Association, which was preached by Canon Richson, was one of unusual excellence, proving the reverend gentleman's superiority to that weak prejudice which would exclude matters of practical every-day interest from the pulpit; and exhibiting a manly breadth of sentiment in relation to at least one important question of the day; he expressly declared his approval of the "Conscience Clause," maintaining that the will of the parents should be supreme in determining the religious instruction of the child; and thus emphatically condemning the opposition which is raised against the clause by so many of his clerical brethren.

For once in a while, your O. C. agrees with the leading weathercock in thinking that he "has seldom heard a more useful inaugural address than that of Lord Shaftesbury." His range of topics included nearly all the most important which claim the attention of the Association; and without saying anything particularly original, he talked eloquently and effectively about things which can hardly be repeated too often to such an audience as the one before him, and upon which, indeed, we all need "line upon line, precept upon precept." He made some most admirable remarks upon the wretched domiciliary condition of the poor, expressing his belief that it "lies at the root of nineteen-twentieths of the corruptions that beset our social state, and forms the crowning abomination of the whole." Would that there were fifty Lord Shaftesburys to talk in this strain! Then perhaps your O. C. might, before he dies, have the felicity of seeing landlords house their Christian brethren almost as well even as their foxhounds and hunters; alas, that horseflesh is so dear, and human life so cheap!

The address delivered by Lord Brougham, as president of the Council, was invested with much pathetic interest from the fact that the noble speaker's great age, and

evidently declining powers, reminded his hearers only too forcibly of a thing they would fain have forgotten. He began to read with much of his old vigour; but it soon flagged, and the larger part of the address was mere dumb-show to most of the audience. Still, nothing could prevent "the old man eloquent" from kindling now and then, when some old war-cry stirred him. The energy and emphasis of his declaration that the resignation of the late ministry was "wholly unnecessary," drew cheers from many who entirely disagreed with the statement. He also spoke very energetically on the subject of electoral corruption; and asserted that bribery should be made felony. Send those who give, and those who receive bribes to the treadmill, said the honest old statesman; to which proposal your O. C. gave a hearty amen, and at the same time resolved to send his lordship a barrel of "Yarmouth bloaters" for his own private gridiron the very next day.

The papers read in each of the four departments were more than ordinarily valuable and interesting; and in the manner of conducting the subsequent discussions there was a marked improvement upon any former occasion; "accidents *will* happen in the best regulated families:" and bores *will* talk even in the best regulated Social Science meetings; but your O. C. certainly never had the felicity of seeing them so vigorously snubbed; he himself prudently took warning, and refrained from discussing anything.

On selecting papers to be immortalized by mention here, your O. C. finds himself in the predicament of the school-boys at the pastry-cooks, when they do not know which of the many good things to take. Being, too, a plain man, he begs to be excused from saying much upon the papers in the great department of "Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law:" English law, in fact, appears to him so utterly lawless that he is afraid if he attempted to write about it his brains would soon

become in as great a muddle as his subject; with regard to the "Amendment of the Law," he can only say, with Hamlet, "I pray you reform it altogether," taking for your basis Matthew instead of Moses. He has supreme satisfaction in recording that Mr. David Dudley Field, of New York, delivered a very admirable address on "International Law," in which he suggested that a Committee of the Association should prepare the outlines of a new code, and should then invite other bodies, such as the French Institute, the professors of universities, and the most renowned jurists, to discuss and perfect the system so prepared; and that the Council have engaged to act upon this suggestion before the next annual meeting. Admiring papers on the codification of the whole of the English laws also were read by Mr. J. F. Macqueen, Q.C.; Mr. A. Waddilove, D.C.L., and Dr. Pankhurst. In the subsequent discussion, Mr. Field, Sir Eardley Wilmot, and Mr. Joshua Williams, Q.C., expressed themselves in favour of the proposed codification. Perhaps, therefore, at some time between now and the millennium, Englishmen and women may have a chance of learning something of the laws under which they live; instead of being, as now, nearly as ignorant of them as the inhabitants of Saturn or Jupiter.

In the inaugural address of the president of the department, Mr. George Denman, Q.C., M.P., he gave the most prominent place to the subject of electoral corruption. He expressed an opinion that we are now more liable to this evil than at any previous period, from the fact that, with the astonishing advance of wealth and prosperity among our mercantile classes, with the increased power of the lower House of Parliament, and with its growing connection with commerce, has arisen an increased probability that wealthy men engaged in commercial pursuits will be tempted to use a portion of their wealth in the purchase of a seat. The only remedial suggestion which Mr. Denman ventured to make, was one that has

not hitherto been much discussed:—that a list should be made out, by anticipation, of constituencies fit to take the place of those who may hereafter be proved to have forfeited by corrupt practices their character as proper representative constituencies; so that places from time to time declared unfit, should be placed at the bottom of the list, and the rule be "*detur digniori*." The great obstacle to the adoption of this plan would be the present want of any tribunal fitted for the impartial performance of the required functions. Mr. Denman thinks, however, that such a tribunal might easily be provided. Electoral reform was also discussed in very able papers by Mr. Thomas Hare, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Noble; so it may be fairly affirmed that the Association is endeavouring to give due prominence to this important and urgent question.

Mr. Roundell, late secretary to the Jamaica Commissioners, read an unusually able paper upon the question—"What is the duty of the mother country as regards the protection of inferior races in her colonies and dependencies?" He referred in the following terms to the events which took place in Jamaica, in October and November, 1865:—

"I cannot close this paper without referring to the verdict of public opinion upon recent events in Jamaica. In what I have written, I have advocated the supreme exercise, at all times, and towards all—even the most lowly—races subject to our dominion, of a moral and humane national influence. But if, indeed, as is alleged, there is one law for the European and another for the African; if, indeed, public opinion reverses the rule of Christian morality, and acts towards the humble negro not as it would act and be acted towards, in the case of a civilised nation,—then all that I have written has been written in vain. The capital question, then, before us at the present time is this: 'Is the heart of the nation right in this Jamaica matter, or is it not?' Notwithstanding appearances to the

contrary, I venture to think that it is right and sound to the core. I will go further, and even assume that those who err, err not so much from degeneracy from the old English spirit, as from ignorance of facts,—culpable ignorance it may be, but still ignorance of the common facts which a Royal Commission has authoritatively established. Those facts are before the nation: and the ultimate appeal in this great national inquest lies, not to a few literary cynics, but to the warm heart, and rough, but true instincts of the mass of the people. If I do not read the national verdict amiss, I read in it a record of burning indignation and shame unutterable at the deeds of blood which, most unnecessarily, were perpetrated against an inferior race during the hell-like saturnalia of martial law."

The majority of his audience cordially assented to these statements.

In the inaugural address delivered by the president of the department of education, Mr. Henry Austin Bruce, M.P., he recognized the fact that our present educational system is a failure. He proposed that the provisions of the Factory Acts should be extended to all children—that any child under twelve or thirteen years of age should be prohibited from working for wages, unless at the time of his engagement he produces a certificate that he can read and write. With regard to the great demand for male labour, which renders the managers of boys' schools so often unable to obtain a good master, except at a higher salary than they can afford, Mr. Bruce suggested that women should be employed instead. He remarked that in the United States of America, the work of education, both in the elementary and in the advanced schools, is carried on mainly by women. In the schools of Massachusetts, for example, he stated that there are 9,340 female teachers to 1,544 males; and that in other States a like proportion exists: in the city of New York there are 2,057 female teachers to 203 males. If a like arrangement were adopted

in our English schools, it would not only diminish the cost of education, but would also open an honourable field of labour to thousands of young women, who are now without suitable occupations. Moreover, the effect of women's influence upon the morals and manners of the boys would be exceedingly beneficial.

The address was followed by three papers:—one by Canon Toole, advocating the teaching of religion in all schools and to all scholars; another very able one by the Rev. John Oakley, advocating a secular system, supplemented by voluntary religious teaching; and a third by the Rev. W. J. Kennedy, one of her Majesty's inspectors of schools, in which he strongly urged the Church to accept a "conscience clause," as the least the State could exact, and the most the clergy could expect.

In an able discussion which followed, an opinion was generally expressed that most of those who talked of religion as essential to education, really meant theology; that most of those who objected to the incorporation of religious instruction in the school curriculum were also only thinking of theology; and that while the schoolmaster might teach those great fundamental doctrines upon which all Churches agree, it might be left to the clergy of every denomination to inculcate their own special creed. All the speakers agreed that the present system is only temporary, and the whole of the debate showed that when once the people are thoroughly interested in the subject, and force it upon the Legislature, there will be no difficulty in effecting a compromise by which the religious obstacle will be removed, and a good education given to every child in the country.

The Rev. Nassau Molesworth, of Rochdale, read a very interesting paper on the "half-time system," which raised considerable discussion. The reverend gentleman contended that half-time schools give a better elementary education than the middle-class schools—in other words, that the working classes get for 2d. a week a better article than

that for which the middle classes pay 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. The facts adduced in this paper clearly proved that in many cases half a loaf is better than the whole—that a child can learn more in three hours, while his mind is fresh and unwearied, than when it is fatigued and overstrained by lessons extending over twice that time. In the subsequent discussion, Dr. Lankester, the coroner for central Middlesex, expressed an opinion that many children are physically injured by being compelled to spend an undue amount of time in mental training. He also strongly urged the importance of making gymnastic exercises a part of education.

Dr. Farre, M.D., F.R.S., the president of the health department, delivered an inaugural address, full of the valuable statistical and sanitary data for the collection of which he is so deservedly famous. He gave a very interesting statement of the relative sanitary condition of the principal European nations. From this it appears that Russia occupies the lowest place; the mean lifetime of its inhabitants is only twenty-five years, and their death-rate thirty-six per thousand annually. In Italy, the death-rate is 30 per thousand; in Austria, 30; in Prussia, 29; in Spain, 28; in Holland 26; in Denmark, Sweden, France, and England, 22; and in Norway only 17.

Elizabeth Garrett, L.S.A., the lady who has so nobly, though hitherto ineffectually, endeavoured to obtain a medical degree in England, read a paper upon "Volunteer Hospital Nursing," which excited so much interest that the court was crowded, and a large number of gentlemen and ladies who desired admission were unable to obtain it. Miss Garrett described the volunteer method of nursing by ladies, and said there could be no doubt of its benefits to the patients; but, she still questioned whether it was advantageous to the whole community for ladies to employ themselves in such work, which, in her opinion, is not much more appropriate for them than cooking or dusting rooms. She

said that hospital nursing can be well done by women of inferior rank and culture: and, that therefore it is not desirable that ladies should spend their time in doing it. She considered, however, that the post of superintendent is appropriate for a lady, and can, in fact, be properly filled by no one else. In the discussion, Dr. Stewart, of London, said that Miss Nightingale had been obliged to give up lady nurses, because she found there were very few of them who would submit to the drudgery and unpleasantness of the training necessary to qualify them for their duties. He expressed his conviction that if proper wages were given, there would be no difficulty in finding a sufficient number of good nurses among the women of the middle and lower classes. Seven other gentlemen also discussed the paper; Miss Garrett replied; and the president of the department praised both her paper and reply. The president of the jurisprudence department also spoke of this paper as the most interesting which had been read in the sanitary section. Your O. C. has special pleasure in recording all these apparently unimportant facts, for he feels sure they are indications of a great change of thought and feeling in relation to the work and position of women in this country.

Dr. Angus Smith read a very valuable paper on the "Smoke Nuisance." In the course of some very interesting remarks upon the evils of the dull, dark atmosphere produced by smoke, he said that "not one among us can fail to have his spirits tinged by this darkness of the sky. I found this strangely corroborated lately. One of the best business men in Manchester informed me that on an atmospherically dull day no one would give a high price for goods—no one had the courage to give it; but, on the other hand, they could buy goods at a lower price—the seller had not the courage to hope for better. These dull days are caused in part by the climate, but their remarkable oppressiveness is unquestionably due in great part to the smoke. We do not consider

that by the smoke we make we are affecting our own spirits and clouding our own judgment. It is my belief that this effect on the spirits is the most powerful of all objections to smoke, even in the minds of those who believe themselves above such feelings."

Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, the president of the department of economy and trade, delivered an inaugural address upon the "Laws of Social Progress, illustrated by the Growth of the Freedom and Political Capacity of the Manual Labour Class in England." The speaker gave a very elaborate sketch of the social and industrial position of the manual labour classes from the time of the Norman Conquest to the present day; dwelling at considerable length upon their trade-unions and other industrial organizations. Your O. C. was glad to find that on this subject—the *bet-noir* of so many small and timid statesmen—the speaker was not afraid to express himself as follows:—"I have been concerned to find that some capitalists, and most prominently the ironmasters of Staffordshire, are so alarmed by the formidable strength of the trade-unions as not to believe that their socialistic errors are consequences of an ignorance which instruction would remove, and are therefore jealous of that increase of the power of the manual labour class which would undoubtedly be the result of a well-ordered system of education. They do not bear in mind how many social and economic truths have already been slowly implanted by experience among the workmen, and have become the best security for the progress of improvements in machinery, and correctives of some of the worst features of the trades' unions."

Madame Bodichon, the well-known artist and the wife of Dr. Bodichon, author of "*De l'Humanité*," contributed a paper on "The Extension of the Suffrage to Women." The author asserted that such an extension was desirable. She did not make the claim on the ground that it had any reference to

class interests, but simply because under a representative government any class which is not represented is likely to be neglected. It is easy to show that this is really the case in legislation with regard to women, though to give proof in detail would be a long task. It is well-known that girls have a comparatively very small share in the educational endowments of this country, though no one would now maintain that education is more necessary for boys than for girls. Many of the old foundations have been reformed by Parliament, but the desirableness of providing with equal care for boys and girls has very seldom been recognized. In the administration of charities, the same tendency to postpone the claims of women to those of men prevails. Madame Bodichon also stated that landlords are often unwilling to let their farms to women, because of the loss of political power which results from having tenants who cannot vote. She named cases in

which widows had even been ejected on this account. Whatever may be the foundations of this lady's claim, she has at least the consolation of being supported in it by the greatest living writer on representative government, John Stuart Mill.

A brilliant paper on "the Employment of Women" was read on the same day by Dr. W. B. Hodgson. It was an eloquent appeal against the false judgment of society in confining "respectable" occupation for women to one over-crowded and underpaid employment — that of teaching. No debate ensued on this paper; but the reception it met with showed that the opinion of the meeting was strongly favourable to a wide and liberal extension of the field of women's labour. Many other papers well worthy of notice were read, but for them your O. C. begs to refer to the forthcoming volume of the Association's transactions, for he feels that, for so "umble a person" as he, his article is already too long.

LIGHTED LATE.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

"But, though my lamp was lighted late,
There's One will let me in."

A WEARY, world-worn woman watched the daylight fade away,
The cold dark shades of Autumn-night upon the landscape lay;
The weird wind whistled through the trees, the leaves dropped silently,
The leaden clouds looked coldly down and saw the short day die.

"How the strong wind comes sighing up, like the distant rush of waves,
And how the sere leaves flutter down to their dark and sodden graves;
No sun has shone this dreary day, but the fog has wrapt me round,
My life is like the Autumn day, setting in gloom profound.

"And yet how I have loved that life, and bartered everything
For that which brought a transient good—a pleasure on the wing;
Ah! weary miles of time away, are the days of light and love,
And only night is left me now, around, beneath, above.

"Not night with silver-crested moon, and many a shining star,
To show where blessings linger still, where home and heaven are,
But still, and thick, and ebon-night, and I have let it in
Upon my soul, and in my heart, with the ready hand of sin.

"But other souls on this dark night are flooded o'er with light,
And other lips as old as mine drink cups of rich delight,
One stood and knocked before our doors with the life-lamp in His hand,
Some opened, but I kept mine closed and let Him waiting stand.

"Now if I call He answers not, I may not see His face
He takes from my weak memory His messages of grace,
He sought me in the happy spring, and summer of my life—
His unregarded lamp burns out amid the winter's strife."

The weary, world-worn woman watched the daylight die away,
But a little child stole in with her from his hour of evening play.
The untouched bloom was on his cheek, and in his violet eyes
There lay a shadow of regret and a look of strange surprise.

"The lamp of God goes never out, is always burning bright,
I think it may be better seen upon the darkest night;
I know the virgins' oil burnt out upon that marriage day,
But Christ can give us better light—so, grandma, let us pray."

A simple, childish little prayer! But the woman's worn-out mind
Could understand the little thoughts—the wishes well defined,
He clasped his tiny round white hands, and closed his sunny eyes,
She clasped her withered fingers and her dim eyes sought the skies.

"'Let there be light!' Child, what is this? 'The Lord will not forget.
I've missed His love for fourscore years, and see, He loves me yet!
Saviour of sinners, speak once more, say to me 'go in peace,'
Ah! morning comes to this tired heart, and night's dark terrors cease."

The weary, world-worn woman watched her one life die away,
And lifted up her eager eyes to the light of deathless day;
Quickened her trembling footstep as she saw the angels come,
And only whispered restfully "'Tis sweet to be at home."

Late, late, and yet not quite too late, for the love of Christ is long,
'Twere better to have served Him when the heart was warm and strong:
Yet let not those whose aged feet are trembling at the gate,
Turn back in dark despair to die, it shall not be too late.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NOVEMBER.

"Next was November: he full grosse and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem;
For he had been a-fatt'g hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In plant'ng ecke he took no small delight;
Wher'oon he rode, not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron bight."—SPENSER.

NOVEMBER, according to the old reckoning, the ninth month of the year, as its name implies, was called

by the Anglo-Saxons "*Wint-monat*," signifying wind month, "whereby we may see," says Verstegan, "that

our ancestors were in this season of the year made acquainted with blustering Boreas; and it was the ancient custome for shipmen then to shrowd themselves at home, notwithstanding the littleness of their then used voyages, untill blustering March had bidden them well to fare." Also, our ancestors called this month *blot-monath*, or *blood-month*; because it was the season when they were wont to kill abundance of cattle for winter

stores, or according to some antiquaries, for the purpose of solemn sacrifices to their deities.

The first day of November is well known as *All Saints' Day*, being thus recorded in almanacs, and in the calendars of the Romish and the Reformed Churches. John Keble, so lately gone "those elder saints to meet, gathered long since at Jesus feet," has a beautiful and appropriate hymn for this day. Let us quote the two first verses:—

"Why blow'st thou not, thou wintry wind,
Now every leaf is brown and sere,
And idly droops, to thee resigned
The fading chaplet of the year?
Yet wears the pure aerial sky
Her summer veil, half drawn on high,
Of silvery haze, and dark and still
The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.

"How quiet shews the woodland scene!
Each flower and tree, its duty done,
Reposing in decay serene,
Like weary men when age is won,
Such calm old age as conscience pure,
And self-commanding hearts ensure,
Waiting their summons to the sky,
Content to live, but not afraid to die."

The first of November was considered by the ancient Welsh to be the conclusion of summer, and it was celebrated with bonfires and other ceremonial observances. In some parts of Wales, the custom is still, in some sort, retained, and

Ireland also has the same kind of commemoration. In the sixth century, certain triplets were composed by a Welsh bard, named *Ilywarch Hen*, relating to this subject. Dr. Pughe has translated them literally from the original:—

"On All Saints' Day blustering is the weather,
Very unlike the beginning of the past fair season;
Besides God, there is none who knows the future."

"On All Saints' Day, bare is the place where the heath is burnt,
The plough is in the furrow, the ox at work;
Amongst a hundred 'tis a chance to find a friend."

There are five more of these singular triplets, each one, as was the custom of the ancient Britons, concluding with a moral maxim, which has no relation to the subject of the song itself. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the fifth of November commemorates the well-known "Gunpowder Plot," the history of which is familiar to every school-boy, and needs not therefore to be recorded in these pages. Years ago, the observances of this day were of far more importance than now they are, and persons of all ages and of all conditions deemed it incumbent on

them to join in the religious services appointed by the Rubric, and also in the fun which followed. It was the great holiday of the year with school-boys, and long before the important day arrived, they made provision of fuel for the burning of the *Guy*, who was paraded about all the morning and afternoon, and burnt at night. Much damage to fences was frequently done in the "good old times," when the effigy of *Guy Fawkes* was in every parish solemly committed to the flames; old gate-posts disappeared, decayed hurdles mysteriously vanished, loose

timber was unscrupulously appropriated, and the wood-pile and the coal-stack were frequently invaded. Then came the grand display of fireworks at night, for which all the little ones sat up, and the "letting off" of which was the grand achievement of the evening;—wheels, squibs, serpents, rockets, and Roman candles, to say nothing of back-rappers that leaped, about like fiery dragons, to the infinite satisfaction of the lads, and the discomfiture, real or pretended, of the girls. Twenty or thirty years ago even, children used to look forward with eager delight to the fifth of November: now the ancient festivities are discontinued by the authorities, it being forbidden under certain penalties, to let off fireworks or make bonfires in any public place.

The bonfire in Lincoln's Inn Fields was formerly one of the greatest scenes of uproar and disorder. Fuel kept arriving all day long, in properly guarded carts, and old people have declared that in their youth, upwards of 200 cart-loads were brought to make up and feed this celebrated bonfire, where more than thirty "Guys" were burnt upon gibbets between eight and twelve o'clock at night. The butchers of Clare Market also had their own especial fire, and large parties of these sons of slaughter from all the markets paraded the streets, with marrow-bones and cleavers, ringing peals that overpowered the clashing of the bells. "By ten o'clock," says *Hone*, "London was so lit up by bonfires and fireworks that from the suburbs it looked in one red heat. Many were the overthrows of horsemen and carriages, from the discharge of hand-rockets, and the pressure of moving mobs inflamed to violence by drink, and fighting their way against each other. This fiery zeal has gradually decreased."

And if it had decreased at the time when this paragraph was written (1838), it may now be said to have fallen nearly into desuetude, since "The Form of Prayer with Thanksgiving to be used

yearly upon the fifth day of November, for the happy deliverance of King James I. and the Three Estates of England, from the most traitorous and bloody-intended massacre by gunpowder," is no longer in force; the said "Form of Prayer," with three others, being abolished by Act of Parliament. Still, every year, as the day comes round, the boys talk about fireworks, and "soon as the evening shades prevail," if it be not unluckily a pouring wet night, squibs and crackers are alight, rockets soar into the air, and wheels are privately exhibited.

The fifth of November is also memorable on another account; it is the anniversary of the landing of King William III. at Torbay, 1688. The fourth of November, which was William's birthday, as well as his wedding-day, was Sunday, and sail was slackened during part of the morning, and divine service was performed on board the ships; but in the afternoon and evening the fleet held on its course, the Prince designing to land at Torbay. The morning of the 5th (Monday) was hazy, and the pilot being unable to discern the sea-marks, carried the fleet too far west, and there was great danger that the landing would be opposed. The peril was eminent, and Russell, afterwards Earl of Orford, exclaimed to Burnet, "You may go to your prayers, Doctor: all is over." At that moment, Macaulay assures us, the wind changed, a soft southern breeze sprang up, the mist dispersed, the sun shone out, and at noonday the fleet turned back, and passing the lofty cape of Berry Head, rode safe into the harbour of Torbay.

Thirteen years afterwards William again was landing on British shores. He was returning from the Hague, and he disembarked at Margate early on the morning of the fourth of November, and great preparations had been made in London for welcoming him back to his capital on the following day, the anniversary of his landing at Torbay. But a journey through the metropolis would have been too

much for his enfeebled frame, and accordingly he lay that night at Greenwich, and thence proceeded to Hampton Court without entering London, though the populace still persisted in celebrating his return with every sign of joy and enthusiasm. "The bonfires blazed, and the gunpowder roared all night. In every parish, from Mile End to St. James's, was to be seen enthroned on the shoulders of stout Protestant porters, a pope, gorgeous in robes of tinsel, and triple crown of pasteboard; and close to the ear of his holiness stood a devil with horns, cloven hoof, and a snake tail."

A fifth of November demonstration long to be remembered, must that have been in the last year of William's reign, 1701,—for on the eighth of March in the next year, the King expired at Kensington Palace.

The 9th of November is remarkable as being Lord Mayor's Day; it is not necessary to describe the semi-barbaric splendours of the pageant which annually excites the mobocracy of London, and tires the patience of the respectable inhabitants of the city. Every body, in these days, has either seen, or heard or read of the state coach, the golden chain, the costly lace, and the rest of the paraphernalia which goes to make up the grandeur of the "show." Formerly the swearing-in of the Lord Mayor was observed on the 29th of October; it was changed to the ninth of November on the alteration of the style; and the last Lord Mayor who rode on horseback at his mayoralty was Sir Gilbert Heathcote, in the reign of Queen Anne.

The first account of this annual exhibition known to have been published, was written by one George Peele, for the inauguration of Sir Wolstone Dixie, Knight, on the 29th of October, 1585. In the procession there were dramatic representations of an allegorical character, children being dressed to personify the City, Magnanimity, Loyalty, the River Thames, &c., &c. A soldier, a sailor, and a bevy of nymphs also presented themselves,

with appropriate speeches. In the show of 1659, it is recorded that an European, an Egyptian, and a Persian were personated. As for the description of the pageant of 1680, Sir Patience Ward's show, it exceeds all others chronicled before or since, concluding as in the present day, with a dinner at Guildhall.

It is rather curious that the first morning lesson appointed by the Rubric, and coming in the ordinary course, is the 31st chapter of the Apochryphal Book of Ecclesiasticus, which from the 12th verse to the end, abounds in admonitions to temperance in eating and drinking, and on due decorum at table, and contains much advice on the subject of hospitality.

The 11th is dedicated to St. Martin, by Romish writers called "The great St. Martin, the glory of Gaul." He is supposed to have been born early in the fourth century, somewhere in Lower Hungary, and he first appears upon the stage of saintly legend as a common soldier, who being importuned by a beggar, and having no money, cut his cloak into two pieces, giving one half to the mendicant, and retaining the other for himself; whereupon in the next night, our Lord Himself appeared to him, wrapped in the half he had charitably given away, asked Martin if he knew it, and said to the angels who surrounded him, "Martin has given *Me* this garment!"

This vision, or dream, caused him to embrace what is called a religious life; he entered the church, and was made a famous exorcist by St. Hilary; and, after working many miracles, he was chosen bishop of Tours in 371. He died in 397, and his shrine worked the usual miracles. It was about this time that cows, oxen, swine, &c., were mostly killed and cured for the winter; and "Martlemas beef" was beef dried in the chimney, as bacon, and so called because it was usual to kill the beef for this provision about the feast of St. Martin. This day is a great festival on the continent, and is differently observed in various

countries. In the north of England, and particularly on the Borders, it is a regular thing to date events as occurring, at, or so long after or before *Martinmas*. In some of the old church-calendars, the celebration of this day is called "Mar-

tinalia, a general feast, when wines are tasted of, and drawn from the lees." There is an old ballad entitled "*Martilmasse Day*." After recounting the day's sports and revellings, it says :—

" Martilmasse shall come againe,
Spite of wind and snow and raine;
But many a strange thing must be done,
Many a cause be lost and won,
Many a tool must leave his pelfe,
Many a worldlinge cheat himselfe,
And many a marvel come to passe,
Before return of Martilmasse."

" St. Martin's Little Summer," is a term applied to the five genial days, which so often occur in the

beginning of this month. Shakespeare alludes to it in the play of Henry IV. :—

" Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell,
All-hallow summer!"

And still more expressively in King Henry VI. :—

" This night assuredly the siege I'll raise,
Expect St. Martin's summer halcyon days."

But the term " St. Luke's Little Summer," is also applied to the soft brilliant weather which we occasionally enjoy about the middle of October, near upon the 18th, which is the festival of St. Luke; and it seems to me that the first quotation from Shakespeare rather refers to this period than to the later one of St. Martin; though in nowise do I profess myself an authority on such a point.

" Apples and pears are very good cheer,
St. Clement's comes but once a year."

Why St. Clement should be thus associated with these familiar and useful fruits it is difficult to explain. Also, he appears to be the patron saint of blacksmiths; there is likewise a tradition that assigns to him the invention, or discovery of *felt*; and hatters in Ireland and in other Roman Catholic countries still hold their festival of St. Clement's Day. Romish writers claim for him the distinction of having filled the papal chair; some say that he was martyred, some that he died a natural death. Those who maintain the former supposition assign him an anchor as a badge of distinction, because, as they allege, he was cast into the sea with an anchor round his neck, and two of his disciples, desiring to

We are not allowed to forget St. Clement's Day, on the 20th; for children make the rounds of the parish or district in which they live, begging and clamouring for pears or apples, wherewith to keep their evening festival. In Warwickshire, one hears betimes in the morning song, half chanted, half shouted beginning,—

recover his body, assembled a multitude to pray for their success when, of course, a miracle was the result. " Immediately the sea retired for the space of three miles or a league, in such sort that they could go into it for all that space as upon dry land; and they found in it a chapel, or little church, made by the hands of angels, and within the church a chest of stone, in which was the body of St. Clement, and by it the anchor, with which he had been cast into the sea."

All we really know about this saint is contained in a very few words of Holy Writ. He was evidently a follower and coadjutor of St. Paul, who writing to the Philippians, mentions him by name :—
" Help those women which laboured

with me in the Gospel, with *Clement* also, and with other my fellow-labourers, whose names are in the book of life." The church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, London, is dedicated to him.

Though St. Catharine figures both in the Romish and Anglican calendars, it is very doubtful whether she ever existed; legends and breviaries, however, attribute to her miracles so unblushingly apocryphal, that even her chief biographers have hesitated to attest that which they nevertheless narrate. According to Alban Butler, she was beheaded under the Emperor Maxentius, but first she was fastened to a wheel, or rather an engine composed of four wheels, all stuck with sharp-pointed spikes, with which her body was to be torn to pieces; but the wheels fell asunder of their own accord, and the martyr's bonds were at the same time invisibly loosed by an angel. Hence the name of "St. Catharine's wheel." There are some legends connected with this mythical lady of so blasphemous a nature that we prefer to leave them unrecorded here. She is generally represented in paintings as standing by a wheel, and in one instance, the tyrant Maxentius is lying under her feet. Also she is esteemed the patroness of spinners, and to be "left to braid St. Catharine's locks," means to be left to a life of single blessedness. The 25th of the month is dedicated to her in the calendar.

The 30th and last day of November commemorates St. Andrew, apostle, who is affirmed to have suffered death in the year 69, in Achaia. Tradition declares that he was first scourged, and then fastened with cords to a cross in the shape of the

letter X, in which position he remained, "teaching and instructing the people all the time," until his death, at the end of two days. A part of what was said to be this cross was carried to Brussels, by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Brabant, who in honour of it instituted the Knights of the Golden Fleece, who for the badge of their order wear a figure of this cross, called St. Andrew's Cross, or the Cross of Burgundy. The Scots honour St. Andrew as their patron saint, and it is even asserted that, in 369, a certain abbot, named Regulus, brought from Constantinople some relics of this apostle, which he deposited in a church built to his honour, with a monastery called Abernethy, where now the city of St. Andrew's stands. The Muscovites also claim him as the principal titular saint of their empire; they affirm that he preached among them, and Peter the Great instituted the first order of Russian knighthood under his name.

The beauty of Autumn sometimes lingers on nearly to the end of this month; though many trees are bare, some yet retain abundance of foliage, and the woodlands are still bright with the vivid hues of the sere and yellow leaf. In the gardens, the delicate China roses still glow in all their waxlike loveliness, and the lustrous red berries of the pyracanth cluster richly on the walls of cottages and mansions; and the crimson fruit of the spindle-tree sometimes lingers on the ruddy branches throughout November. But as the month draws to a close, cold, and damp, and frost increase; the hibernal season sets in in good earnest, all nature mourns, and we lament with the poet—

"The year's in the wane,
There is nothing adorning,
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;—
Cold winter gives warning!"

Courage! the icy winter hath its uses and its joys as well as the sweet spring-tide, and the rosy summer; and in due season we shall pluck the flowers again, and

hear the wild birds sing. Patience, then, till God shall bid the south winds breathe once more upon the earth.

NOVEMBER MUSINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

. . . . "The Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body."—PHIL. iii. 20, 21.

STILL are the woods all rich with hues,
 And gorgeous dyes like radiant gems,
 Yet every breeze around us strews
 The yellow leaves; while boughs and stems
 Show bare in the autumnal sunset's glow,
 That gleams with soft and transient light on all below.
 The reapers' toil is over now,
 The gleaner gathers not her corn;
 The scarlet poppy doth not blow;
 And o'er the hills the hunter's horn
 Wakens lone echoes, and wild gusts arise,
 Sweeping the crimson leaf that in the forest dies.
 It seemeth but few days ago
 Since meads, and vales, and woods were green;
 All glittering in vernal show,
 Yon brooklet shone thro' flowery screen:
 Then came full summer-tide that knows no night,
 When e'en the darkest hours caught some sweet rays of light.
 But that fair time has passed away,
 The year is growing pale and old;
 The groves sink gently to decay,
 The evening mists are damp and cold;
 Shorter and shorter grow the sunny hours,
 More sere the branches wave, and all the woodland bowers.
 And murmuring sounds of change and death,
 And dreams of hopes long laid aside,—
 The golden visions of young faith,
 That long ago have drooped and died!—
 All these seem whispering in the parting day,
 In the wet fallen leaves, and thro' the heavens grey.
 I read in every withered leaf,
 A token, prophecy, and sign
 That even so,—as frail and brief,
 Must be this earthly shell of mine:
 Soon must I bid the world a last farewell,
 This glorious world of flowers, where yet I love to dwell.
 But not with bitter grief and tears,
 Shall I from this dim life depart;
 Death brings no tremors and no fears
 To this poor failing, human heart:
 My outward man will slumber in the tomb;—
 Yet the Archangel's Trump shall pierce the grave's dark gloom.
 These woods will all be green again,
 And in their depths the birds will sing—
 The lark will pour his lofty strain
 Through many a future budding spring.
 And I too wait my spring—the spring of joy,
 Where nought the expanded flower shall canker or destroy.
 Oh! wonder, glorious and strange!
 Sin, sorrow, exiled evermore!
 Our Lord Himself shall work that change,
 When mortal strife and pangs be o'er.
 Like to our Master's shall these bodies be,
 Bright, incorruptible—to live immortally!
 Blest Saviour! grant us now Thy grace,
 Now bid us hear Thy gentle voice,
 That when at last we see Thy face,
 Our spirits may in Thee rejoice:
 And when upon the dying world we gaze,
 Teach us to muse on Thee, and on our latter days.

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELD.

IN the far south-west of Hindustan, separated from Travancore by the jungle-clad mountain ranges of the Ghauts, stretch the sand-fields of Tinnevely. The population numbers a million-and-a-quarter—the descendants of ~~an~~ old aboriginal race of Tamils, and also of certain Brahminical colonists who long ago swept over and subjugated the land: the two peoples at length fuzing into one, and speaking, though not without a Sanscrit element in their words, the Tamil tongue. Tinnevely is the Indian capital of the province, and Palamcottah, lying three miles to the east, is the European.

Towards the close of the last century Schwartz laboured in this region; and in the year 1800 the Christian Knowledge Society founded a mission, the results of which have been encouraging. Ten years ago the number of Christians was less than 50,000, now the Protestant converts, raised up through the labours of Church of England missionaries, are estimated, in addition to those belonging to other denominations to have reached 60,000, who are under the instruction of eleven European missionaries, and of more than 250 native pastors, catechists, and readers.

But the mere mention of numbers does not convey an adequate conception of the work accomplished. In more senses than one the prophecy has been fulfilled—"In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." Thus, for instance, a new station was commenced in 1830, among the Shanars of Tinnevely in a village situated in the midst of a desert of sand, enlivened only by the palmyra-tree, the castor-oil and thorn bushes, and here and there a banyan. When the land-winds parched the ground, and wrapped the village in clouds of dust, and sand, and dead leaves, it had an appearance desolate enough. But this spot soon became an oasis. Wells were dug. The soil yielded water. "Streams, pouring forth in

abundance, rescued it from sterility, so that vegetables and flowers, trees and fruits, of the very best kind and quality, were brought forth in abundance. There the rose and the jessamine displayed their beauty, and shed abroad their fragrance; the cocoa-nut tree rose in its gracefulness, and the plantain, the grape, and the pine-apple, rendered their glad tribute to the missionary, and repaid him for the labour which he had bestowed on them. The wilderness has become a fruitful field. Instead of idol temples, Christian churches rise in their simple beauty and fair proportions. Instead of filthy and degrading rites, there is the pure influence of Christian ordinances. Instead of exciting multitudes full of Satanic frenzy, men are to be found sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. In the once bare and repulsive desert there are trees of righteousness of the Lord's planting. They are bearing pleasant fruit, and responding in grateful services to the compassion of Him who sent forth His servants to bring glad tidings of good, and publish salvation, and who, by an agency which the world despises, has wrought changes so marvellous, that instead of the thorn has come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar has come up the myrtle-tree; 'and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign which shall not be cut off.'"

Of the circumstances of the converts the Rev. W. Clark remarks: "Many have supposed that the Christians of Tinnevely are a very low and outcast sort of people. This opinion needs much modification. The Shanars, of whom the native Church chiefly consists, were formerly poor and greatly oppressed, and the Pallars and Pariahs were slaves. But now the former class have risen considerably in the scale of respectability. Some of them have accumulated much property, and exercise no little influence. The latter, too, occupy a better

position than formerly, and have begun to acquire wealth. They are, it is true, generally regarded as among the lower classes; but they are by no means a degraded race. In my own district the Christians are chiefly Shanars," most of whom are palmyra climbers; others are cultivators of land, which they farm for two or three years; and a few are owners of land and trees.

Concerning the consistency of their character, he says: "They are simple and firm in their faith, and, I think, would be steadfast in time of trial. The attention to religious duties, and liberality to religious and benevolent objects, is in every way commendable, and their conduct towards their neighbours just and honourable. Besides all this, the people at large have been prepared for the future reception of the gospel, whenever a time of awakening shall occur. They have heard the gospel, and know something of its doctrines, especially its leading characteristics, and would know how to act should their old religion lose its hold on them. In short, a large number are so far acquainted with Christianity, and have such a general appreciation of its excellence, that the only thing required to induce them to embrace it is a sense of sin. There is enough knowledge: a sufficiently powerful motive is all that is wanted. If that were felt, many would be ready to become Christians in a day. Further, an efficient system and suitable agency are in full working, and the latter are becoming more and more fitted for their work. This is an important result. All know how long it takes to organize a good system and adapt it to the work to be done, and how much labour is required to get proper persons to work it. To have accomplished this, then, is to have done a great and really important part of our work."

In reviewing the labours and the results of another year, the Rev. E. Sargeant, who has charge of the Church Missionary district at Palamcottah, remarks that, if any are asking for signs of the power of the gospel—"In God's sanctuary here

such doubts are put to silence. Here the sight, Sunday after Sunday, of the multitude of devout and intelligent worshippers from all classes of the Hindu community around us, many of whom have had to contend with the strongest prejudices, the bitterest opposition, and the severest family separations, at once testifies that the gospel is now, as in earliest times, the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Over the dark mountain ranges of the Ghauts are the beautiful lowlands, the wide-spreading backwaters, the numerous isles, the rice-fields, and the mango and coconut-groves of Travancore. The people of this kingdom are as diversified as is their scenery. There are high and low, the haughty and the despised, the gentry and the servant-classes, and amongst these strangely-mingled races the missionary work has been carried on for half-a-century. The first efforts were directed to the instruction of the Syrian Christians—as they were called—"to repair the candlestick which had been broken down, and kindle again on it the light of truth. If this were done, then it was hoped that this Church would become as a light in a dark place, and be competent to the evangelization of the surrounding heathen. But she would not be instructed. She declined the friendly efforts of the missionaries, and, when they persisted, rudely closed the door upon them. Accordingly, they began to make known the Gospel to all classes of the population, whether Brahmins, or Nairs, or Syrians, or Chogans, as opportunity presented itself. As converts were gathered in, they were formed into congregations, and had a pure form of worship; and in due time they had pastors, raised up from among themselves, many of whom, thoroughly competent for their duties, are dispersed over the country in charge of the native congregations.

It is gratifying to learn that the prospect is presenting itself of a large extension of the native ministry of the Christian Church in

India. Hitherto the progress in this most important matter has been slow, but recently several young men have been ordained, and there are now a goodly number, well educated both in the English and native tongues, under training for this advanced position among the agents of the London Missionary Society. The directors have also lately received from the district committee at Madras the application of two of their evangelists to be ordained to the ministry, and the answers which the two young men gave to the questions put to them, written in excellent English, are deserving of high commendation.

As the eye wanders over the mighty field of Indian Missions, extending through a country fifteen times the size of Great Britain, and as large in extent as all Europe, excepting Russia; as we remember the peril to health, and the sacrifice of life which have to be incurred by European or American Missionaries in the prosecution of their work, it becomes a matter of paramount importance that a native ministry should be raised up who can speak to every man in his own tongue the wonderful words of God.

We have already noticed the safe arrival of the "John Williams" at Port Adelaide. We now learn that she has also reached Melbourne and Geelong. The reception granted to both the vessel and to her passengers shows that the same interest thrills through kindred hearts both of young and old at the Antipodes. The ship subsequently set sail for Hobart Town.

From Amoy we hear that the inconsistencies of some of the members of the Church have necessitated the exercise of discipline. Eleven new candidates had, however, been admitted to Christian fellowship. One of these converts, named Tin-to, had been a Roman Catholic, and had eagerly listened to the instructions of the priests. But his earnestness of inquiry led him still further, and he attended the preaching of the Gospel by

Protestant Missionaries, and also read the Bible for himself. By degrees he began to see that there was no Scriptural foundation for the Romish doctrines of purgatory, of the advantage of masses for the dead, or of prayers to the Virgin and the saints, and eventually he was led altogether to reject Popery, and to identify himself with the institutions and ordinances of the Protestant faith. It appears that in these parts of China the priests of Rome keep in abeyance some of the demands they make, and some of the rites they practise in Europe. For instance, they found that the attempt to induce women to come alone to the confessional raised such a commotion in Amoy that the attempt dared not be renewed, and it is now understood that the husbands, or other nearest relatives are to make confession for the women. It is also stated that the priests do not demand money for saying masses for the dead, and that they do not burn incense upon their altars.

The reports of our Baptist brethren are, perhaps, this month, scarcely so full of interest as usual. But they tell us of visits to the Santhal district, and depict the evangelist, mounted on his tiny pony, with a bottle of tea slung on his bridle-arm, taking his simple meals of boiled rice and pulse, and preaching the Gospel in village after village. "I am convinced," writes the preacher, "that unwearying labours amongst them, giving a prominent place to the Gospel of Christ, coupled with the prayers of our friends in England, will bring down a blessing upon the ignorant, but open and candid, Santhal heart." We read also of the evangelistic labours of Madame Cajoue, the Bible-woman, at Jacmel, in Hayti, in the West Indies; of labours renewed on the spots in Jamaica which were so recently the scene of what Mr. Rouldell, the secretary to the Royal Commission, calls the "hell-like saturnalia of martial law;" of 3,000 persons in Canada, who, after many years' patient toil, have been released from Romish superstitions,

and at least 1,200 of whom have been brought under the power of Divine grace; of successful efforts at Bible circulation and native preaching in Trinidad; and of the "most satisfactory state" of "all the stations" at San Fernando.

And while we thus muse upon these distant fields of missionary enterprise, and try to tell the triumphs of the Cross, is there not a reciprocation of interest and prayer from those converts and communities? We have "wrestled and prevailed for them;" have they no concern for us? Yes. "The wilderness and the solitary place is glad" for us. Their Christian love to God is not unattended with gratitude to us. "As the newly-reclaimed savage retires to his bush, as the Sabbath-bell gathers the attentive crowd into the sanctuary, our land is not forgotten, nor our benevolence unreturned. 'The blessing of Him that was ready to perish comes upon us.' 'They bless us out of the house of the Lord.' Who would not be the object of those simple, fervid petitions—of the abundant thanksgivings to 'God, who put this earnest care into our hearts for them'—of 'their prayers for us, who long after us for the exceeding grace of God in us?' On every wind now swells this votive intercession, and it comes wafted to us in pulses which break over our heart."

But though eighteen centuries have rolled away since the great missionary enterprise of the Church began, the words are still true that "the harvest is great, and the labourers are few." Our missionary societies are yet in need of more labourers to send into the harvest. "The parable of our Lord," says one who wrote as few have written on this high theme, "has again and again been realised. See the ripened harvest. It invites the sickle. It bends down with its own luxuriant weight. It waves before the breeze. The sky lowers. The wind moans.

The air chills. The season will soon be past, and the opportunity be expended. But, where hundreds of hands should seize the spoil, and hundreds of voices should swell the carol, a labourer is seen here and there, breast high, mocked by the hopeless impracticability of the work, and dispirited by the cheerless solitude of the separation. Where are our ardent youths who will jeopardize their lives in the high places of the field? Where are the fathers who will part with their heirs?—where the sisters, with their brothers?—where the mothers with their sons? 'Tell me not,' said Cornelia, addressing her boys, 'that I am the daughter of Scipio; do something that may be styled the work of the Gracchi!' Alas! for what poor acquisitions and low honours is the flower of our youth stricken into the foreign grave! Parents can surrender them to the contagion of idolatry, vice, death, for pelf and bauble! They are surrendered, with little struggle, for traffic and for war! Nothing unreasonable is felt, and we are the farthest from imagining it, when philosophy seeks its experiments amidst distant climes—when a *Banks* traverses the South Sea, to mark the transit of a planet over the disk of the sun—and a *Herschell* fixes his telescope on the sands of Africa, to watch the double stars. But is motive wanting to the missionary, then—to him whose work concerns the immortal mind? the mind which survives the crazing of those heavens, with all their mechanism of beauty and wonder? when the fair star of dawn and eve shall not herald another interval of time, and those stellar twins shall break from their common axis, and revolve no more! Let the household, let the sanctuary, let the altar, reverberate the appeal: "WHOM SHALL I RESPOND, AND WHO WILL GO FOR US?"—*Dr. Richard Winter Hamilton.*

THE ALPINE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PART II.—A SUNDAY IN THE HIGH ALPS.

SINCE the appearance of my first paper in this Magazine, I have accomplished a long and leisurely tour amongst the Swiss Alps and the Swiss and North Italian Lakes. On my return I resume my pen, while I lay down my pilgrim's staff; and I now present to my readers a second selection from the Alpine Pilgrim's notes.

It occurred to me, when thinking of my readers in the mountains, that as so many of them are Christians, they would like to know my experiences and thoughts during the Sabbaths I have spent in the heart of the Alps. To those who dwell in cities and towns the incidents and sentiments connected with a Sabbath-day are much the same in every instance; but those who have spent Sundays in the very interior of the Alpine valleys, remote from all towns, and encircled by the wild sublimities of the huge snow-capped Alps, have cherished thoughts and feelings peculiar to such localities, and quite distinct from the trains of thought which throng around the same persons in their own homes, and when seated in their own quiet and orderly sanctuaries, amongst sympathizing fellow-worshippers who hold the same cardinal doctrines with themselves, and who thus diffuse over the whole day a solemn aspect and a holy character.

No more striking contrast to the whole of this can be felt than by a sojourner for one or more Sabbaths in the strange solitudes of the Swiss mountains. No friendly faces, no heartily grasped hands, no kindly enquiries, no Christian courtesies invest the return of the day with a sanctified gladness. On the contrary, the traveller is thrown back at once upon his own mental resources—upon his inmost self. I have never really understood what solitude was until I spent Sundays in such quarters. I can now call to mind at least a dozen Sundays so spent, and some of the lines of thought which my mind busily tra-

velled over during those lonely yet not unprofitable days. One may be selected as a present example, and I will single out the circumstances associated with it in a locality where not many Englishmen have preceded me, so far as I know; a locality the very name of which will be strange to British ears, and even to Swiss tourists, and probably to most ordinary Alpine adventurers. Few Englishmen have seen Zinal on a week-day; very few, indeed, have spent a Sunday there. At places so frequented as Chamouni or Interlacken, a Sunday is only to be remarked as being spent abroad; for in the season hundreds of English here confront you in all directions, and in full and proper costume. At Zinal, however, you may count an Englishman as a curiosity, and if you earnestly desire to be alone with Nature—that is, with the Creator—and to commune with your own spirit undisturbed, but yet animated by one of the grandest scenes in the Pennine Alps, then go to Zinal,—a hamlet not very difficult to reach,—at least by fair pedestrians; and not easy to forget by those who have once reached and rested at it, and explored its stupendous mountains and glaciers.

Multitudes ride down the long valley of the Rhone to the Simplon route, totally ignorant that the Val d' Anniviers lies on their right hand, a little below Sierre, and contains scenery scarcely surpassed in any of the valleys which are better known to fame and to innkeepers. The entrance to it is so concealed and withdrawn that none but those who seek it will find it, and scarcely then unless guided to it. A river has cut its hardly won course through rocks which seem to gather over and frown upon it for its audacity and its subtle success. Quite down in the bottom there are defiles which remind you even of the celebrated Via Mala, but these defiles are not a highway like the Via Mala, and they can only be found by diligent exploration. Were

there any lodging-places, the whole valley might be leisurely examined with great delight, but knowing that you can only sleep at Zinal itself, and that after about seven hours' good walking from Sierre, you do not feel bold enough to linger too long by the way. When, if ever, this long valley shall come to have one or more intervening inns, then moderate pedestrians may tread it as thickly as they now do the Valley of St. Niklaus, *en route* to Zermatt.

Several little villages are found, the inhabitants of which speak a French *patois*, unintelligible to foreigners. Hard-worked, rough, poor, but civil are all these people, unaccustomed to tourists, and therefore not beggars and bold petitioners for alms or gifts. Outwardly most religious, I found one of their chapels crowded to and beyond the doors, while a few peasants were kneeling on the ground outside, within sound of the inharmonious intonation in the interior, as I passed it on a Sunday morning. A miserable living is wrung from the stony soil by these poor valley folks, and, in addition, they have the usual trade of cheese-making in the chalets which dot the mountain side in all directions.

You may slowly wend your stony way through the several villages of Nivue, Vissoie and Ayer, to Zinal, and in each village halt awhile to glance at the strange, out-of-the-world looking appearance of these knots of poor hovels. Vissoie is the principal hamlet, and here the nomadic life of the neighbours seems to cluster into a most queerly aggregated set of old houses. There is no inn here, but strangers may find a lodging with the *cure*. Nothing but the most saintly self-denial can endure this, for one tourist who tried it from necessity assured me that its dirt and discomforts were intolerable. Above Ayer there are no winter dwellings at all. The numerous hamlets consist only of *mayens*, or summer hovels, used for cattle and hay and fodder, and for those human beings who are in summer concerned with these things. Finally, after having walked about eighteen or twenty miles as the road

runs, and some two or three miles more, as the wanderer turns aside at various spots, he arrives at Zinal itself, which is a mere cluster of hovels in the very heart of mountains and great rocks. Inquiring as you best can of the natives, for the auberge or inn, you are directed to a house of very small dimensions and pretensions, over the outside stone stairs of which you may discover a swinging board, thus inscribed. "Hotel des Alpes."

I first arrived there on a Saturday evening in August, expecting to find a bed-room, and food a *discretion*, and all the small requisites of an Alpine pedestrian. I had been warned to expect little, but I found less. Four so-called bed-rooms can be made up, but it would be more correct to say that four boxes can be uncovered and the upright lids, called *doors*, let down upon them again. Two of the bed-boxes are spacious enough to receive a short man—the other two will accommodate a short man with his head, and a tall man without. I had no conception that any traveller would be already in occupation, but alas! I found the two best boxes occupied, one by a husband, the other by his wife—both English, both old travellers, and both short in stature. I am compelled to be personal enough to confess to tallness and leanness—the latter an Alpine advantage, the former not so. Never did I find my tallness more inconvenient than in the third bed-box at Zinal. I could not lie down at full length, and I could scarcely stand upright at full height. By dint of a semi-curved process (the nature of the curve being unmathematical) I managed to get nearly into the trunk, and to close the door, but scarcely to close my eyes. Two other Englishmen had walked up with me, and a disagreeable German obtruded his company upon us. My guide also was with me, and how we were all boxed and bedded in the Hotel des Alpes I could not conceive. The horrors of that sleepless night have not yet faded from my memory. I am now in imagination lying in that lidded trunk, hot as an oven

but having a little slide styled a window, which I threw and kept open. I could almost put one hand out of window as I lay in box, or bed. I did not sleep two hours out of the eight. I lay there, heated, feverish, excited, quick-thoughted. I felt all kinds of strange ideas thronging through my brain, and I fancied all kinds of noises around me. It was a most unlikely place for noises, for the eternal silence reigned there in Nature—not a voice came from the big mountains, not a sigh from the cold glaciers, not a murmur from the great masses of rock and stone, which stood like hills about the place. Chilly, unconscious lifelessness reigned there by night as well as by day, as it had done for thousands of years before.

Nevertheless, there were unmistakeable noises, and I lay for hours endeavouring to conjecture what they could be. I analyzed them, and resolved them by logical process into their component elements, and then regarded them in combination. I applied every kind of auditory analysis to them, but in vain. I could distinguish the sound of running or rather rushing and roaring water right beneath my bed; but there was an accompanying thumping and bumping which perplexed me, until I thought of a heap of boulders over which the water might be crashing: and this conjecture proved to be right. But there were besides human, or more properly inhuman sounds above my bed and close at my head—these thoroughly puzzled me. They varied through every note in the gamut, and gambled about sonorously in the most capricious combinations—such as moaning, stuttering, squealing and prolonged groaning; deep final long groans being always the end of a strain. The squeals and scratches came about the middle, and then starts and stutterings were introduced as an overture. These were the noises close at my head, and almost in it. Above my head there was a rumbling and rolling of a more occasional and dully heavy kind.

After three or four hours of this torture, I felt exceedingly ill and

nervous, and found my brain was affected by unusual vagaries. Whether I slept a half-hour or so I know not, but I certainly did not sleep an hour together, and I resolved at the first streak of dawn to rise and walk out in the air till full daylight. A year appeared to elapse before the dawn paled faintly into my box by the slide. Up or out I rolled; and huddling on my habiliments, hastily opened the door, and in the dimness stumbled over a heap of something shapeless and bundle-like that lay outside my door. So soon as I got up, shaken and rather frightened, I stooped down and examined the shapeless lump. It was at first sight a lump of wood, wrapped up in rags and clothes. Pushing it roughly on one side I heard a moan! Still more nervous, I knelt down and removed one of the rags. The lump moved—slowly unrolled itself, and as slowly lifted itself half-up. I started up, and so too did the lump, a minute afterwards,—What was it? Simply my guide! He had no box, no spare corner, so therefore, at midnight he had flung himself carelessly along outside my door. There he had snored the night through as only thoughtless men can snore. Every extraordinary sound which had perplexed me, had proceeded from him quite unconsciously, and I had suffered a waking martyrdom, while he had revelled in dreams of abundant franks from English mountaineers, and copious libations of sour wine. I will only add that the sounds overhead came from the elderly invalid already in occupation of the best box, who moved about restlessly all night.

Shaking the shapeless lump of humanity at my door into decency and erectitude, I crept forth to inhale the chill, cheerless morning air. The rushing river was thumping away over big stones, and dashing onward by day as restlessly as by night. By its bank or margin I wandered, until I recovered some degree of calmness, and then returned to the inn for breakfast. Strange commencement this of a Sabbath-day!

The elderly invalid was, I think, a clergyman of the English church, and his faithful wife was, I inferred, accustomed to manage for him during his journeys. She was kind and assiduous in her attentions to him, and he was gentlemanly, though reserved and taciturn. Being Sunday, I instinctively felt disposed to fraternize with them, and to exchange a few general Christian sentiments. They did not, however, thaw much more than the neighbouring glaciers, and though I walked with them the first half of the day, I found it more pleasant to spend the latter half in solitude.

About mid-day I stood with my guide high up on the Mont de la Lée, on the opposite side of the river, and there I worshipped in silence Him who by His strength setteth fast the mountains, and who built up the everlasting hills. What mountains are there now in distinct sharp recollection before me! I see them all, and even call them all by their names. They form a stupendous amphitheatrical assemblage rarely equalled, and certainly not surpassed anywhere in their way. There are at least four peaks exceeding *thirteen thousand feet in height!* There are the Rothorn, rising 13,855 feet above the level of the sea; the Gabelhorn, rising 13,363 feet; the Dout Blanche, rising 14,318 feet; and the Grand Cornier, attaining 13,022 feet. The steepness and proximity of this mighty range greatly enhance the effect. Not as in some other imposing Alpine views do these mountains loom in the distance, but they are here full in front view, face to face with you, and if you can but climb up for some distance upon the Zinal Glacier you may stand in the very midst of them, while they glance down upon *you*, an atom of helpless, wondering humanity—ready to crush you by loosening one stone, or one avalanche!

Projecting buttresses of rock descending from these peaks divide the subjacent snow-fields into separate bays and glaciers, each of which has a distinctive name. One of these leads up to the Trift Joch

(Trift pass) or Col de Zinal, formerly reckoned amongst the most difficult of Alpine passes, especially when made from Zermatt, on the other side. But in order to bring strangers along this route, a ladder has been fixed to the rock, and towards the summit an iron chain, seventy feet long, helps the climber over the most awkward part of the pass. Anyhow, it is a very laborious adventure, and not without some danger. In the earlier part of the season the crevasses in the glaciers are not so open as in the later, but the climb is as arduous. Wonderful, however, is the ice and peak scenery here beheld; the ice-rapids come down like frozen cataracts: the peaks sharpen to sword-points right over the traveller's head, and all the adjuncts of the ice-world are here in full and formidable display.

A very remarkable obelisk of bare rock, named Lo Besso, rises to the immense height of 12,057 feet above the level of the sea, from the eastern bank of the Glacier of Zinal. It is too steep to permit the snow to lie upon it, and in this respect it stands distinguished, like a naked pillar amongst the snow-covered adjacent heights. Were Lo Besso perched up high on a ridge like the Matterhorn, it would become nearly as imposing, but it comes like a huge sugar-loaf straight out of the glacier, to which it appears to stand sentinel.

I crossed on the Monday following over to the other side, and climbed up to the Arpitetta Alp, from which there is a view of the western face of the lofty Weisshorn of the most imposing character. In truth, there are but three other similar views which can be compared with it in the Alps. An enormous bastion of perpendicular rock rises up wall-like to the skies above you, and you feel that this bastion is beyond all human scaling, beyond all conceivable power of any being but the one Architect who erects even these magnificent masses with a word of His power.

There are two prime requisites to the full enjoyment of such extraordinary scenes—first, a *firm foot*, and secondly, a *firm faith*.

It is useless to attempt the Arpittetta Alp, or the Mont de la Lée without a firm and sure foot. You cannot proceed at all without it, and if you are troubled with doubts and trepidations, stay below. I do not so much mean that you need youth or robustness, as ordinary health and a resolute mind. The first principle of an Alpine mountaineer is to see where he means to put his foot, and to put it there boldly and speedily. So if you desire to mount still higher than the highest Alps, you require a firm foot. To reach heaven you must see where you ought to place your foot, and there you must resolutely place it. The Delectable Mountains and the high Alps have analogies of this kind which perpetually suggest themselves in scenes like those now described.

Secondly—a *firm faith* is a veritable adjunct to a firm foot. Believe that you *can* reach the desired summit, and you will reach it in time. Take a guide for the track, one who knows it well and had trodden it before; one therefore, in whom you can repose implicit confidence—and then believe, and be sure that you will be at the summit soon after him. Many unforeseen difficulties disclose themselves on the way; high rocks have to be scaled or doubled, soaking brooks or broad morasses have to be crossed, innumerable sharp, jutting, and jagged stones will cut, and pierce, and thwart you. But you must and will go on, on—upward, upward!—with panting breast, with parched tongue, with stumbling feet, with every limb hanging as loose upon you as though it were about to drop off, and your whole frame feeling like a mere mass of *disjecta membra*, with head hanging down and heart beating like a mill-clapper; still, if you have firm faith, soon your guide will exclaim—"This is the summit," and you will stand rejoicing upon it.

For myself, the first sentiment I experienced amidst such indescribable grandeur is one of depression.

What am I, that the Maker of all these mountains should heed and uphold me? I am not only a mere atom, but a sinner—a forgetter of the great God—I have a load of guilt upon me greater than all these up-piled masses could represent. If I were to imagine all the sins of my life and individuality summed up and physically imaged, then all these works and rock-bastions might stand before me as if in token of the mighty burden. But have I firm faith?—then it will remove mountains, even such an aggregate of them as this. Have I firm faith?—then I have a Saviour—the God-man—the Creator-Saviour, by whom God made the worlds—made these very mountains. That adorable Saviour died for me—He bore the sins of the world. On the cross He sustained a load of human guilt which these enormous piles may feebly intimate to my contracted mind. As my eye now takes in all these masses so His vicarious sacrifice took away all those sins. Well, then, let firm faith in Jesus Christ sustain me.

I am here alone, not a friend who knows my name, not a human being who cares one jot for me. A false step may precipitate me to instant destruction, a falling stone may crush me, a fever may slowly slay me: in short, any one of a multitude of mishaps may suddenly or slowly deprive me of life. Yet I am confident that He to whom I have committed my soul is able to keep it against that day. I feel persuaded that my Redeemer knows me, loves me, watches over all my wanderings, and is preparing a mansion for me amidst the everlasting hills which the scene now before me, though most magnificent, does but feebly represent. Yet in some measure this scene may represent the future mansion—at least by its unearthly purity and its unlikeness to the ordinary world, but though it elevates my thoughts, it cannot adequately illustrate the glory that is to be revealed.

J. R. L.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHETLAND SHAWL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

OH! who can try to paint the scene which followed the arrival of those four small vessels. Of course it was impossible to say *who* were in the boats until they had actually touched the land, therefore *all* hoped and almost believed that it was *their* boat, and as each bark neared the strand a crowd flew to meet the men. *Some* women with tears and thanksgiving received back their darlings from the deep, but the *many*, alas! turned away to watch for the next arrival. Oh! when will such things cease to be; when will the poor smile more and weep less? It is a cruel, cruel sea which girdles our islands, and that morning will long be remembered in Shetland as the darkest that ever rose upon it. Each boat which reached a station brought a tale too terrible to repeat. Each told of some fellow-skiff foundered, upset, overwhelmed, stove in! No matter how death came, every boat which sustained an injury was lost, and every man perished. No help anywhere! The death-cry rang in the ears of comrades and relations helpless to save, and where sixty boats had embarked, but thirty-five came back. The storm held on for two long days, but no boat arrived after the first evening had passed. Still the shores were thronged by heavy-hearted females hoping against hope. Among those who yet lingered on the high cliffs were Vaila, her mother, and the widow Suneva. It was strange to see how different was the mien of each of those women. Poor Vaila! Her first sorrow had so crushed and torn her inmost soul that she stood like one turned to stone. She never spoke a word or shed a tear, but only looked and looked with a startled, awful wistfulness that was very affecting to the beholder. Her mother was roaming restlessly from spot to spot talking and weeping by turns, often startling the eager watchers by a wild declaration that she despaired a sail which must be Maunce's. A few seconds of painful expectation, and the "sail"

proved to be but a curled and crested wave. Still the poor creature would not believe that now there was small chance of Maunce returning. "He had been out on many a worse night," she said; "if weaker boats and less experienced men had come back in safety, of course *he* would," and so she wandered about, hoping still and straining her tear-dimmed eyes in a vain, vain vigil. Suneva, on the contrary, had given up all hope of seeing her precious boy again, and with resignation she bent to the blow. Still she could not bear to go back to her desolate home, and seated on a low stone with her head bent, the forlorn mother lifted up her heart to the Friend who is never far from one in trouble.

"It is the Lord," she murmured. "I loved him *too* well, my bonnie boy! I might have known that the cruel sea which had robbed me of so much would never rest until it had taken my last and best. Oh! my God, forgive and comfort me. *Thy* will be done, not mine. I bend! I bend!"

These broken sentences Suneva repeated over and over to herself for hours, never altering her position, or taking any notice of the people that were gathered around her. Presently, as if some new thought had struck her, she started up, and looked hurriedly around as if in search of some one saying in a whisper the while, "Poor girl! Poor thing! It was hard of me to speak so; where can she have gone?" Suneva climbed to a little eminence close by, and looking around, she at last descried the object of her search, which was no other than the ill-fated Maunce Scholla's daughter, Vaila. The gentle girl had wandered away (with no companion but the mute and timid animal which was now her constant follower) to a point which jutted far out into the sea, and she had seated herself on a wet stone by the beach altogether oblivious of the fact that the waves were washing her from head to feet. Her dejected

attitude and helpless, grief-stricken appearance fell remorsefully on the widow's heart, and hurrying up to where Vaila sat, she laid her hand on the weary head, and said softly, "My bairn, God has punished me and forgiven my hard words, can you?" A violent shiver shook the girlish figure—she could not speak, but clasped Suneva's hand in both her cold ones. "Will you not speak to me?" pleaded Olaf's mother. Vaila lifted her stricken face, and tried to utter some words, but an hysterical sob was all that burst from her lips.

"My poor bairn!" Suneva went on, "this is a sair trouble to you. I have had my trial before now, and God has sustained me, and so I know how to bear this, and how to see the bow in the cloud; but, oh, such a stroke comes hard on a young thing like you!"—she folded her arms fondly about Vaila, and whispered in her ear, "My darling's love! My Olaf's unwedded bride, I cast you off in the hour of my pride, but I pray you be my child now I have none else. *He* loved you well, Vaila, and his mother will love you too. My bairn, my bairn, you must console and uphold the *two* lone widows, and may God comfort you and us." As if to second this earnest appeal, Vaila's pet lamb laid its tiny head on the girl's knee, and bleated plaintively. The wail of her little favourite touched the chord of tender recollection. Vaila's lip quivered for a moment, and the tears so long sealed up came gushing to her eyes, and as she warmly returned Suneva's embrace, she felt a ray of consolation enter her heart, which had seemed dead to all feeling so short a time before. It was now the third evening since the boats had left the island, and the storm had quite died away, and the darkness was falling fast, so that but a few of the bereft and heart-broken women remained on the rocks when Suneva and her young friend turned towards their dreary homes. When Vaila entered the cottage, she found the children all in bed, and her mother bustling about putting things to-rights, and making up a hearty fire, as she said, "Just to have all things nice by the time Maunce comes. Now, Vaila," she exclaimed, as soon as her daughter entered, "you just go to bed and get some sleep, for when I have put on the

supper, I am going to run over the hill, and see if our men won't be coming from Burra by the way."

"Oh! mother dear, are you still hoping thus?"

"Well, indeed, to hear you talk, Vaila! just as if it is not what your father has done many a day—run into Burra, when it blew too hard to make this harbour. I am as sure as possible that they have landed there, and will be coming now that it is smooth enough to cross the sound!"

"Indeed, mother, if such had been the case, poor father would have returned this morning, when James Isbester and his men came over."

"He might have been tired."

"Then he would have sent a message."

"Nay, now, Vaila, don't say another word, for I mean to go, and I feel sure I am right." Poor Vaila sighed and wept bitterly. "At any rate," she said, "I will go with you, for I cannot sleep, and it will be but lonely here by myself."

It was almost midnight when the mother and daughter stepped out of their cottage for their dreary wander over the hills. The clear, cold stars were shining down on the sea, which heaved as softly and reflected their brilliant forms as calmly as if it were always as true and tender a friend as lately it had proved itself to be a merciless, all-powerful, and most treacherous foe. No sound was to be heard anywhere, save when the wanderers passed some half-shut door, and the moan from within told of the bitter heart-throb some poor soul had lately felt. With their shawls muffled about their heads, the two passed rapidly on in silence. They soon left the hamlet behind and were out on the lonely moor, where the melancholy wail of the golden plover took the place of the rippling murmur made by the waves on the beach. No word passed between the mother and daughter, but they walked very quickly, and the hopeful light in Martha's face almost woke a like feeling in Vaila's heart, so that both bent on with eager swiftness, peering far into the night—for what?

So wildly and so carelessly had they gone forward that it was not till nearly an hour had elapsed that they discovered by some familiar landmarks that they had gone in quite a different

direction from what they had intended. To retrace their footsteps and reach the opposite hill was the work of hours, for both were tired; and despite the fire within it was hard work to walk quickly over stony and miry ground. The dawn was softly touching the hill-tops when Vaila and her mother found themselves half-way across the common, which stretched for dreary miles between their home and the ferry for whence they were bound. Poor Martha was showing signs of extreme weariness now, though uttering no word of complaint. "Don't you think you might sit down on this hillock, mother, and rest a bit?" said Vaila. "Well, just for a moment," replied the mother, sinking down on the dewy ground, where Vaila would have thrown herself as well, had not her quick eyes discerned some dim outlines of approaching forms, which set her heart wildly beating. She stilled all outward emotion, however, and telling Martha to rest while she went on a bit, the heroic girl sped onward with swift and eager footsteps. The shadows she had seen came nearer and nearer, and at last she could see that it was three men who were approaching. A few moments more, and with a shriek of mingled feelings Vaila had thrown herself into the arms of Olaf Oyason. It was only for an instant that she received his caress. With a conscience-stricken movement she turned to embrace her father, but he was not there, and the sorrowful looks of Olaf and his companions told her that she was an orphan. "Oh, my poor mother," Vaila moaned, "how will she bear it?" Her question was soon answered. The scream which had burst from Vaila's lips on recognizing her lover had reached poor Martha's ears. Too readily had she interpreted her daughter's exclamation into a joyous call of recognition, and with noiseless footfalls she had hurried to the spot to welcome back her husband. The mother's white and anguish-stricken face was the answer Vaila received to her piteous exclamation, "Mother, mother, don't look so. Oh, Olaf, she is dying—dying!" shrieked Vaila, and she would have clasped her arms about her mother, but Martha pushed her away, and without uttering one word or sigh, turned to walk back to her home. Silently and fearfully the others followed her, not daring to

address a word to the poor widow. It was a bright, beautiful morning, when the party reached the shore where they separated to seek their several homes. Olaf's male companions hurried across the fields, and were in their father's house once more. Vaila lingered but a moment to say adieu to her betrothed, then followed her mother into the home from whence the stalwart form of the bread-winner had departed for ever. Suneva was sitting by her solitary fire, drawing comfort from the Book of Life. Her heart had found much peace while so occupied, and in clinging so close to her Father's hand He had shown her *His face*. A smile of peace and holy faith was on the widow's lips as she looked up, wondering who it was that came to see her so early. Ah! hold him fast, mother! Wrap him in those tender, loving arms; kiss the salt spray from his cheek, and read his face again and again. It is no vision, no phantom, but your very own son, your Olaf, whom God had sent again to show you that your pious resignation and Christian meekness has found acceptance above.

The day was half spent ere Olaf dreamt of leaving his mother's side even for a visit to Vaila. Then Suneva proposed that they should together go and see their bereaved neighbour. It was a threshold darkened by the shadow of the mighty spoiler's wing that the mother and son crossed at their errand of sympathy and love. The little children were crying in all corners of the cottage, and Vaila was sitting by the fire weeping as abundantly, but in silence. Her mother was reclining on the humble bed with her tearless despairing face turned vacantly up to the rafters. Suneva spoke to her but received no answer, not even a look that might say that Martha had heard what was spoken to her. Then Olaf came and sat by her, and with tears that did no shame to his manhood, related the hairbreadth adventures he had passed through unscathed, but which had cost the lives of half the number of his companions, and one of those the brave old Maunce. Unmoved did Martha listen to the harrowing tale; unmoved she heard how her husband had been swallowed up by the angry sea; unmoved she heard the wails of her fatherless children—nothing could touch her now.

The "pitcher was broken at the fountain." She but turned her head away as if she had done with life, and so in truth she had. A couple of days passed in that unnatural crushing grief, and then without even a look of parting love for her helpless little ones, Martha went away, and the husband and wife met, after so brief a separation, in the better land. It was some time after her mother's death ere Vaila fully realized the bitterness of her loss and the distresses of her situation. Five helpless children to care for was no light task for a young and inexperienced girl. So many of her acquaintances were mourning for their nearest and dearest, that none came to offer help or advice to the solitary orphan. But for Olaf and his good mother, poor Vaila must have sunk beneath the weight of her responsibilities. One short year saw sad changes in the once happy household, and ere the grass was green on Martha's grave her children were among the poorest on the island. It is scarcely necessary to say how this change came about. Although Vaila worked hard, she was but one frail maiden, and utterly unable to take that care of the farm and livestock which they of course required. The consequence was, that during the severe frosts in winter the ponies died one by one, and from want of proper precautions, disease got among the sheep, whose numbers speedily dwindled down to the "one pet lamb." Then the cows had to be sold to pay the rent, and to make the old saying, that "misfortunes never come singly," hold good, the bank failed wherein Maunce had kept his little savings, and thus his poor children were left utterly destitute. Vaila tried hard to keep up the fight against adversity, but every thing seemed to go wrong, and her shrunken figure, careworn smile, and pallid cheeks told a tale which words were vain to deny. Olaf did not mark this sad change unmoved, and often did he urge his suit and pray Vaila to give him a brother's right to work for the children. It was hard to refuse, for her yearning heart pleaded strongly in the lover's cause, but the stern sense of duty within her spoke louder than love, and so Vaila put the fond temptation from her.

"Do not offer it, Olaf," she would say, "I have no right to allow you to take on you such a burden," and she

nobly held to her resolution despite all that the young man could urge. There was just one thing of the past that Vaila still had in her possession, and that was the pet lamb: but I had begun a separate existence then, so can give no authentic account of what became of my parent animal. Perhaps you want to know how I became acquainted with all the facts of this tale: all I shall tell you is that "a little bird whispered to me," and if you ask me how I came to call a story in which I play a very small part by the egotistical title of "autobiography," I reply like the naughty children, "shan't know." So I am afraid you must just take my tale as you find it and be content. And now to return to the lamb. I had been shorn from his coat and carefully laid aside to be spun and knitted into a comforter for Olaf at some happy future time; but one day, poor Vaila came with tears, and opening the box where I lay in my embryo state, she took me in her hand, and sitting sadly down by her mother's spinning-wheel quickly transformed my curly locks into threads of the most minute and delicate texture, far too fine and airy for making into comforters, so that I at once conjectured my fate would be a higher one than that of enveloping the throat of a sturdy fisherman. In a few days I was altogether spun up and twisted threefold, and then when all the children were in bed one evening, Vaila took out her knitting-needles, and the threads of white and finely spun wool began to assume a new form under the rapid motion of the maiden's nimble fingers. It was far into the night ere Vaila laid her work aside and sought her bed, and evening after evening, the same thing was repeated. Sometimes Olaf would come in and sit by Vaila while she knitted, and then I always fared best, for the golden dreams of the lovers became woven as part of my existence, and I always found that Vaila made me of more beautiful pattern when Olaf was near. I was in her hands like a picture under a painter's brush, and when her thoughts were sad my pattern was uneven and ungraceful, but when rainbow hues danced before her eyes I became a garden of beautiful designs. Thus my growth progressed until at last Vaila's task was ended, and I became, like those of my sisters you

have seen, a piece of lovely fairy lace which even the fairest of princesses might be proud to wear.

It was only when the last stitch was taken and the last fold made, that I learned what my fate was to be,—I was to be sold, and Vaila was to receive in exchange for me some little comforts for one of the boys who was ill just then. I was half fretted at thinking she was so ready to part with me; but when she wrapped me neatly up in a white handkerchief and dropped a tear on my graceful edge of pointed lace, and even gave me a parting kiss, I was quite satisfied and knew she was not selling her dream-work without a pang. Ah! fair ladies, laugh if ye will! It was as hard for Vaila to part with this (so linked with tender memories and sad associations) as you would find it to be if you had to barter the ring of your betrothal for the necessities of life.

As the maiden turned to leave home on her generous errand, she was accosted on the threshold by an elderly man, who seemed a stranger to the place. He gazed anxiously at the wondering girl, and asked in broken accents if Maunce Scholla did not reside in that house. "Alas, sir," said Vaila, "my father has been dead these three years, he was lost at sea." The stranger seemed much shocked and moved by this intelligence, and having asked permission to enter and sit down, he remained quite silent for some minutes and in an attitude of deep dejection. Vaila stood wonderingly, and presently her visitor asked if Martha then were not alive. The orphan's tears began to flow as she sadly told of her mother's death.

"All, all gone! I might have known it would be so!" exclaimed the man. "Doubtless, my girl, you wonder at all this: did your father never speak to you of his brother Ned, who left home when but a boy and never sent a word to tell that he was alive, thus leaving his friends to suppose him dead?"

"Are you uncle Ned?" cried Vaila, in great excitement. "Yes! and I am punished as I deserve. After roaming the wide world over, amassing wealth and smothering home-thoughts until I almost forgot my mother tongue, I rightly deserve to come back in my old age and find strangers where my kindred were, and graves where my kindred are."

Vaila's tender sympathy was deeply awakened at beholding her uncle's grief, but by-and-by, he was able to listen to all the particulars of his brother's death, and Vaila, glad of some one to tell her troubles to, artlessly related how she had struggled, and how poorly she was circumstanced. "That is all over now, my dear," said her uncle, "I came home hoping to share my wealth with my brother, but his children shall take his place, and in providing for them, I may perhaps wipe out some portion of my debt of ingratitude and want of duty."

The news of Ned Scholla's return was not long in finding its way throughout the island, nor was the fact of his wealth forgotten by the gossips, and one and all rejoiced in the great event for Vaila's sake.

A whisper soon got about that the faithful lovers were at last to be united in holy wedlock, and this report was verified by the fact of "Uncle Ned" freighting a boat to the little town of Lerwick, and returning in a week's time with a very suspicious cargo of feminine adornments.

There was an unusual bustle too in Suneva's cottage, and the good widow was often seen holding mysterious consultations with Vaila, who was seldom caught out of doors, and then in the most stolen way imaginable. All this looked wonderfully like a wedding near at hand to the good wives of the neighbourhood, but all doubts were put to flight on Sunday, when the banns of marriage between Vaila Scholla and Olaf Oyaason were called out in church.

And Vaila—sweet Vaila—did not part with her lace shawl, the work of her own bonnie, dainty fingers, after all. Who was so proud as I on the wedding-day, when Olaf draped his pretty bride in my airy folds?—and thus I am still in her possession, and hope ever to be so! I occupy an honoured corner in Vaila's best trunk, and am never taken out of my comfortable quarters except on rare occasions when I serve to enfold a little bit of mortality on its way to be baptised. I perform the same office on the road home again from church, and then I am tenderly returned to my resting-place until—next time!

"CYNTHA."

THE FAMILY VISITOR.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S MISCELLANY.

46. HARE, TO ROAST. To have your hare in perfection, it should hang some time. It keeps longer and eats better if not opened for four or five days; but if the paunch be already removed, wipe out the inside every day, and sprinkle over it a little pepper and ginger, which prevents the musty taste which often affects the stuffing. Also, put in a *large piece of charcoal*. An old hare should be kept as long as possible, if you choose to roast it: it should also be well soaked. After it is skinned, wash it thoroughly, and let it soak in warm water for an hour or more to draw out all the blood: if old, let it lie in vinegar, but wash it well afterwards in several waters. Scald and scrape the ears, which must be left on; cut off the feet or pads just above the first joint; wipe the hare dry with a clean cloth; fill the belly with good stuffing (see following receipt), and sew it up securely. Gather up the legs under, as if the hare were in a sitting posture, set the head between the shoulders, and stick a small skewer through the neck and shoulders; skewer the legs in place, and wrap a yard of string round the body, crossing it over from skewer to skewer, and tying firmly on the back. Put it down at a distance from the fire, or the outside will become dry and hard before the inside meat is cooked; baste it well with milk for a short time, and afterwards with butter, or lard, or good beef dripping; but baste without intermission, as your success in roasting game or poultry largely *depends on this*. When nearly done, froth it well with flour and basting, remove the string and skewers, and send it up with a little proper gravy in the dish, the rest in a tureen; also red-currant jelly, an indispensable adjunct to roast hare. A middling-sized hare requires from one hour to an hour and a quarter, a large hare from that time to two hours.

47. HARE STUFFING. Shred two ounces of ham or lean bacon, chop a quarter of a pound of suet, and the rind of a lemon, *very fine*. Add a teaspoon-full of well-minced parsley, another of

minced sweet herbs, seasoning of salt, pepper, and mace, to taste, and blend all thoroughly together with six ounces of bread-crumbs. Some persons add a very little onion, minced extremely fine; and the liver, if quite good, should be par-boiled, chopped very fine, and mixed with the other ingredients. Beat and strain two eggs, and work up the stuffing with them: it should be when cooked, of sufficient body to cut with a knife, and yet not dry nor heavy, and no one flavour should predominate. This stuffing also answers for veal, turkeys, and fowls. If you want the forcemeat for *balls*, make them up the size you want, fry them of a nice brown in boiling lard, and bake them on a tin for twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

48. CURRIED FOWL, RABBIT, &c. Put two ounces of butter into a stew pan, more, if you choose not to count the cost too accurately, and when it is dissolved, lay in the fowl or rabbit cut into small joints, three common onions, or one Spanish onion thinly sliced, and an apple, peeled, cored, and minced. When the meat becomes brown, pour in one pint of stock—veal gravy is best, but it is not indispensable—and stir for twenty minutes. Then rub down one tablespoonful of curry-powder, and the same quantity of flour, with a little gravy, and a very little salt; make it smooth, and add to the stew. Simmer gently for rather more than half an hour, and just before serving add one tablespoonful of lemon-juice and four tablespoonsful of cream, or, if it cannot be had, good milk. Serve with boiled rice heaped round the dish, or separately. Where economy is studied, water may be substituted for the stock; but the meat and onions must be very nicely browned. This curry can be made of cold chicken, &c., but it is far superior of undressed meat. I learn on good authority that the finest of all curries can be made of *cow-heel*; and the meat being cut up into small pieces no one detects the staple commodity of the dish, which you may call by any grand name you choose.

49. OYSTERS, STEWED. Scald the oysters in their own liquor, then take them out, beard them, and strain the liquor carefully from grit. Put into a stew-pan one ounce of butter, with enough flour dredged in to dry it up; add the oyster-liquor, and a blade of pounded mace, a little cayenne, and a very little salt to taste; stir it well over a brisk fire with a wooden spoon, and when it comes to the boil throw in your oysters, say one dozen and a half, or a score, and a good tablespoonful of cream, or more if you have it at hand. Shake the pan over the fire, and let it simmer for one or two minutes, but not any longer, and do not let it boil, or the fish will harden. Serve in a hot dish garnished with sippets of toasted bread. A professional cook tells me, on the authority of Mrs. Beeton, that the flavour is improved by boiling a small piece of lemon-peel with the oyster-liquor, taking it out, however, before the cream is added.

50. OYSTERS, SCALLOPED. Beard

and trim your oysters, and strain the liquor. Melt in a stewpan with a dredging of flour sufficient to dry it up, an ounce of butter; add two table-spoonsful of white stock, and the same of cream; the strained liquor, and pepper and salt to taste. Put in the oysters and gradually heat them through, but be sure *not to let them boil*. Have ready, scallop-shells, buttered; lay in the oysters, and as much liquor as they will hold, cover them well over with bread-crumbs, over which drop some tiny bits of butter. Brown them in the oven or before the fire. *A simpler way is to prepare the oysters and put them in a scallop-shell, or saucer, in layers, and between each layer, sprinkle bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg.* Place small pieces of butter on the top, which should be formed of sufficient bread-crumbs to make a smooth surface, entirely covering the oysters. Bake before the fire in a Dutch oven. They take about a quarter of an hour.

THE FADED LILY.

My little lily-blossom lieth low,—
Stricken by the storm-wind's cold and bitter breath;
Where once the light kissed living petals fair,
Rests now a faded flower, watch'd o'er by death.

Oh! lily, lily! never more on earth
Shall glad dreams close or ope thy tender eyes;
Ne'er from beneath those darkly fringed lids
Shall the sweet light of hope and love arise.

On thy fair bosom, lying now so still,
All meekly folded is each small white hand;
And on thy lips a smile of peace doth rest,—
A sun-gleam from the everlasting land.

I ask not *why* thy Spring on earth is o'er,
Perfect heaven's summer will my blossom make;
I will look ever upward through my tears,
Strive to rejoice, be glad, for thy sweet sake.

HOPE DOUGLAS.

THE
CHRISTIAN WORLD MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1866.

M. DE PRESSENSÉ'S LIFE OF CHRIST.*

THE Protestant Church of France is small in respect of numbers, and neither by the wealth nor the rank of her adherents does she impress the popular imagination; but in the whole Protestant sisterhood of Churches there is none which holds a more honoured place. M. Guizot and the Rev. E. De Pressensé are her most illustrious names. Both have attained a European reputation as leaders of the higher intellectual movement of the age, a movement which has for many years been assuming more and more of a religious character. M. Guizot, after obtaining renown as a statesman, and enriching the literature of his country with a large number of works, every one of which bears marks of scholarly method, industrious research, and consummate ability, has concentrated his attention upon the religious phenomena of the present time, and published one or two books counteractive of philosophical scepticism, by which he has earned the thanks of the entire Christian world. M. De Pressensé is one of whom it is not easy to speak without enthusiasm. In the most irreligious of European cities—in sensual, frivolous, chattering Paris; with superstition on

the one hand to suggest contempt for all devoutness, and scientific infidelity on the other to allure by the most refined blandishments to materialism and atheism; he has preserved the simplicity, the fervour, the childlike exultation of his faith, and has exhibited Christianity in combination with a vivacity of genius and a range of acquirement which extort the respect of every class. Liberal in all the right senses of the word, both intellectual and political, and scorning to bow the knee before that brazen image of Cæsarism which has been set up in his country, he is too deeply aware of the dignity becoming a man to launch into those extravagancies of speculation by which the flightier spirits among his countrymen think to display their courage and assert their freedom. Recognising and sympathising with the scientific progress of the age, he is prevented by the deep-lying spirituality of his nature from contracting his faculties into a mere machinery for the investigation of matter, and from the fallacy of believing that the material universe is greater than the spirit of man which looks out upon it. Not only tolerant of diversity of opinion, but cordially appreciating all that

* Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

is excellent in an opponent, he never dips his pen in gall or shows that rancour for which, unless the proverb does them wrong, theological controversialists have been remarkable. In one word, his mind is chivalrous in all its tones, and he is in every respect that aristocrat of the world—a Christian gentleman. He is acknowledged on all hands to be a man of rich and mature scholarship, and he has applied his erudition to the august and momentous task of demonstrating to a scientific and a sceptical generation that the historical basis of Christianity can be removed only by sacrificing all faith in human testimony, and sweeping away as incredible every record of the past. We feel that it is a duty, as well as a privilege and a pleasure, to hold out to such an one the right hand of fellowship; to cast into utter oblivion the few superficial differences of opinion which may divide us; and to hail him as one of the foremost champions, one of the burning and shining lights, in that Christian Church, which is gradually embracing within itself, and reducing to invisibility, those boundary lines of sect which remain in Protestant Christendom.

M. De Pressensé is careful to inform us that his book upon the life, times, and work of Jesus Christ is not the result of any particular circumstances, or intended as an answer to any contemporary book. It forms a natural part of his series of works on Primitive Christianity, and it was always his intention to write it. Circumstances which have occurred during the last few years have, however, induced him to enter on the undertaking sooner than he intended. The religious question has become the supreme interest of the day; and the form in which the religious question is put has been—"What think ye of Christ?" M. Rénan, "one of the most brilliant spirits of our age," has, M. De Pressensé admits, "contributed to this revival of interest," and his *Life of Jesus* has "given an impetus to thought, and fired the public

mind with an enthusiasm for questions which twenty years ago would assuredly have been pronounced superannuated." The popularity of M. Rénan's book is manfully recognised by M. De Pressensé as carrying a severe lesson to the defenders of the Gospel. "Why," he exclaims, "have they left it to their adversaries to bring Christ near to man, by representing Him in the historical setting of His age? No doubt, under pretext of restoring to Him His human character, these have deprived Him of His divinity and His sanctity. But he had been too often presented as an abstract dogma; here we have only exaggeration carried to the opposite extreme, and a romantic fiction substituted for a theological treatise." Truly and beautifully he observes that the Divine beauty of the Redeemer shines forth more gloriously upon the background of a real human life "than from the golden nimbus which encircles the passionless face of the conventional Christ." He claims for the humanity of Christ a frank and full recognition. "Too often"—these are his words—"the manhood of Jesus has been entirely sacrificed to His Godhead; divines have forgotten that the latter is inseparable from the former, and that the Saviour-Christ is not God hidden in a human form, but God made man; the Son of God humbled and become obedient, in the bold language of St. Paul; a Christ who veritably submitted Himself to all the conditions of human life." Feeling that the success of merely humanitarian representations of the life of Jesus constituted an imperative call upon him to bring forward a delineation of the Saviour embracing His divinity as well as His humanity, M. De Pressensé offers this book to his contemporaries as a complete and therefore substantially a correct view of the life and character of Christ.

Our opinion of the work as a whole, formed after careful examination, is that it is beyond comparison the most satisfactory book on the subject which has

appeared in our day. In interest it vies in some parts with Rénan's daringly blasphemous yet strangely fascinating romance, while the solid reasoning, accurate representation of fact, and thoroughly Christian spirit, which pervade it, render it, in all the more important points of view, infinitely superior. It stands out in strong contrast with the book of Strauss, whether in its earlier or later form. Strauss gives ingenious but extravagant theory, spinning his webs with a patience and a skill known only to the genuine German book-maker, but he is bent all the time, though perhaps he does not confess the fact to his own soul, much more upon working out his own hypothesis, and performing an astonishing literary feat, and becoming the wonder and admiration of the universities of Fatherland, than upon ascertaining and setting forth the simple, everlasting truth. The author of "*Ecce Homo*" has not yet presented to the world his complete view of the Saviour, and we are not among those who will judge a man until he has been fully heard. But we have no hesitation whatever in admitting that the account of our Lord, set before us in this work of M. De Pressensé's, is greatly superior to that part of his conception of Jesus and His work which the author of "*Ecce Homo*" has already given to the world. We pronounce M. De Pressensé's book, therefore, the book of the occasion; the book called forth by the crisis; the statement, in view of infidel or partial representations, of what the Christian Church believes respecting her Lord and Master. We by no means affirm that M. De Pressensé's effort has been completely successful; there are a few of his particular opinions which we might require to qualify or to reject: but to him and to the Protestant Church of France is due the high honour of having produced the book to which Christians may point as practically an adequate and conclusive answer to the question so often of late put to them, "What think ye of Christ?"

The first general characteristic which appears to us to deserve commendation in M. De Pressensé's book, is the ardent and unaffected love for the Lord Jesus by which it is pervaded. M. De Pressensé believes heartily in the Christianity he teaches and in the Christ whom he adores. He recognizes that a strong wind of scepticism is blowing this generation further and further from simple faith in Christ. He believes that "this icy wind sows seeds of death on its passage, and blasts all on which it blows." He believes that, if our Christianity passes away, all our best blessings will pass away with it. "Liberty, social justice, generous care for the feeble and the fallen, will all be lost on that fatal day when the cause of Christ shall suffer shipwreck; for — for the honour of humanity be it said — this transitory life of earth owes all its grandeur and beauty to that higher world whence man came." He does not despond, but has a firm faith in the issue of this crisis. "I believe not only in the triumph of Christianity, but in the purification of the Churches by the fire of conflict." And the foundation of his faith in Christianity and in the future of the race is his faith in Christ, a faith which goes forth continually in love. The closing words of the volume express with beauty and pathos the feeling which M. De Pressensé breathes into its every page. "At the close," he says, "of this long contemplation of the Divine model on which I have been gazing, in the earnest endeavour to reproduce some of its features, I feel overwhelmed with the sense of my powerlessness. 'I would fain, O Divine Son of Mary,' to use the words of one of Thy noblest confessors,* 'feeble as I am, have said something great of Thee.' At times I have seemed, in the brief illumination of some blessed hour, to see Thee in Thy Divine Majesty—Thy brow radiant with love and grief, and crowned with that spotless purity which has terrors only for the proud, because it is inseparable from Thy sovereign love.

* St. Augustine,
D D 2

I have seemed to see Thee on the shore of the lake Thou loved'st, or in the villages of Galilee, in the midst of that retinue of the afflicted and despised, who formed Thy guard of honour in Thy royal progress of mercy! But when I have sought to fix the holy vision, the pencil has trembled in my unskilful hands, and I have only been able to give a dim outline of that which had bowed me in the dust in adoration before Thee. What are we to describe Thy holiness?" This spirit of reverent affection is that which alone becomes those who treat of this sacred subject.

In the next place, those preliminary questions, which must be either discussed in detail or tacitly accepted as settled by all who draw up what purports to be an historical view of the life of Christ, are admirably handled by M. De Pressensé. He sets out with a bold avowal of his belief in the supernatural, and of his conviction that God's supernatural revelation of Himself is essential to the salvation of man. "The supernatural," he says, "is the freedom of God," meaning that, in supernaturally revealing Himself, the Divine Being shows His power to choose what mode of self-revelation appears to him best. He takes up the objection of the theist, namely, that God, being infinitely powerful and infinitely wise, needs not "to retouch His work as a poet corrects his verses, because they are defective." His answer is that the objection would hold good if we were in a world of necessity and not a world of freedom, or if man were still the sinless and sorrowless being whom God pronounced very good in Eden; but that it has no force after evil has been introduced upon earth. "The divine poem of the creation, to borrow the image of a father of the Church, has been interpolated; the determination to be free has had fatal consequences for man himself and for the earth which, given to him as the theatre of his activity, has become that of his perpetual chastisement, till he mingles dust with dust. It is not, then, His work that God has to correct, as if

it had been originally imperfect and wanting; it is a helping hand which He holds out to a creature lost and miserable through his fault." Against the optimism, "as superficial as it is untenable," which would deny that man is fallen, he eloquently and pathetically protests. "To all whose eyes are not blinded, the human race appears a thing fallen and debased. It has its joys, its grandeurs and gleams of nobility: its miseries are the miseries of a lord of creation; it is not a *parvenu* animal, but a being celestial and divine fallen from its high estate, and still mindful of it. In spite of spring with its smile, and youth with its enchantment, in spite of short felicities and glowing dreams, we see the race panting under its load of suffering, till one by one its children yield up their breath in a last agony. For the majority of men, existence is one long battle with hunger, in protracted ignorance and thankless labour. Bread is a conquest always dearly bought. To all death is preceded by a long procession of bodily ills, and to some it appears almost a remedy, so has their life been smitten and wounded. One mighty groan has been rising for 6,000 years from this earth, watered with sweat and tears . . . And were all outward forms of suffering removed, the soul would raise to heaven a yet more despairing cry, because she would then be delivered wholly to the inward torture, consumed by the thirst after righteousness and the infinite; like Rachel, she will not be comforted because her God is not, or rather because she is no more her God's. All great poetry is in its essence the poetry of sorrow. . . . Thenceforward the supernatural is only the restoration of true nature, a return to the truly natural order; it loses thus all semblance of arbitrariness . . . You admit that God is free master of the creation which He called out of nothing, and to this free God you yet deny the right to arise from His rest to restore His fallen creatures, because, to this end, He must needs break the chain of cause and effect, and

introduce a novel fact in history." But if He cannot save, how could He then create? Creation is apparently an act of love which reveals the depth of His being. If you question His sovereign right to save His creature when fallen from happiness, you refuse Him that which is the very essence of His being; you level an aim at his moral immutability, which must be in nowise confounded with immobility or inertia. The supernatural is, then, not only the freedom of God, it is also His love." We have never seen the possibility of miracle, from the theistic point of view, more ably argued; but it is perhaps best, after all, to say that man can understand neither the natural nor the supernatural exertion of God's power,—that the bringing of the green blade and ripe ear out of the seed-grain is as much beyond man as the instantaneous creation of loaves and fishes,—that speculation on the subject is therefore superfluous, and that the grand question for man, is always not what is the philosophical explanation of God's action, but whether God has, in a particular case, acted or not. Every fact discovered by science is impossible until it is known; that is to say, the combination of processes from which it arises was hidden and the cause being hidden the effect remained, so far as man could perceive, impossible. All facts, natural and supernatural, must be tried by the evidence required to establish fact, and by that alone.

Brief, clear, masterly, is M. De Pressensé's exhibition of the grounds on which the Evangelical records of the life of Jesus are proved to be historically unimpeachable. Believing in the inspiration of Scripture, he is nevertheless careful not to trammel himself by any mechanical theory on the subject, and is keenly alive to the advantage which modern criticism has given to Christians by demonstrating that the Gospels occupy the very highest position in respect of historic authenticity. Nothing indeed has startled infidels so much in recent times as the almost unbroken unanimity with

which critics of the highest order acknowledge the historical character of the Gospels. The learned and audacious critics of Tübingen, bent upon fitting Christianity into their scheme of world development, in accordance with the philosophy of Hegel, expended all their energy in an attempt to show that the Gospels originated in the second century. But it is now universally admitted that the Tübingen critics failed in their attempt, and the best critics agree that the four Evangelical narratives assumed their present form in the first century. The importance of this circumstance will be appreciated by the unlearned reader if we say that its practical result is to bring Jesus Christ and His disciples, as it were, visibly and audibly before this generation, to bear their testimony to the miracles and the teaching of the Lord. The resource of the infidel always was to interpose a curtain of mist between the Gospel narratives and the present time. Anything would be conceded if only the strict historical verity of the Gospels could be denied, and it was easy to represent Christians as staking all upon their theory of inspiration, and shrinking from the dry light of history. It is a new thing for infidels to be forced to acknowledge that, in the narratives of the Evangelists, we have the testimony of the Lord Jesus Himself to His miracles as explicitly as we have Caesar's testimony on the subject of His Gallic campaigns. M. De Pressensé points out with admirable force and pertinency that the Jews were providentially prepared for the task of transmitting to other times a vividly distinct and minutely accurate account of the sayings and doings of Christ. He proves also in a convincing manner and with a fine glow of eloquence that no theory which has been advanced to account for the origin of Christianity, apart from its having come down from God out of heaven, admits of being established. Neither the sceptical, sophistical, Sadducee, nor the Pharisee bound hand and foot in the cere-

ments of the law, nor the argumentative, brilliant, voluptuous Greek, nor the stern, organizing, hard-brained and hard-hearted Roman, nor the dreaming Essene, nor the mystical Pythagorean, nor the Platonist floating on a haze of glorious words,—whether we take them apart or throw them into any conceivable combination,—could have suggested to Jesus of Nazareth that Gospel, divinely simple, everlastingly true, adapted to supply every want, to develop every capacity, to remove every sorrow of the human race, which will one day bring the bloom of Eden back to our world.

But the characteristic in respect of which M. De Pressensé's work is most conspicuously superior to its rivals is its comprehensiveness. Those others presented single aspects, all more or less interesting, all more or less deserving of attention, of the human nature of the Saviour. M. De Pressensé endeavours to delineate Him as what He was, both God and man. He deliberately accepts that view of Christ set before us in the fourth Gospel, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word *was* God." But while fully acknowledging the Godhead of Christ, he endeavours to grasp in its fulness, its reality, its tenderness, His human nature, and to make us feel that our Saviour, very God of very God, was also very man. We could quote passages enough to fill this whole number, illustrative of the truth and depth of sympathy with which M. De Pressensé enters into those scenes and incidents by which the human nature of the Saviour is brought into vivid manifestation. The intercourse of Jesus with the family of Bethany is described with a faithful and loving minuteness, and an unostentatious felicity of sentiment and imagery, which are beyond praise. The account of the breaking by Mary of the alabaster box of ointment upon the feet of Jesus, though not in any respect superior to a multitude of similar delineations, may be taken as a fair sample of M. De Pressensé's manner:—"In the midst of the feast Mary entered.

This quiet woman, who in the ordinary course of life would have shrunk from anything which might attract attention, brought an alabaster box of very precious ointment. She anointed the head of Jesus, then broke the vase over His feet, and wiped them with her hair; the impulse of her heart was as impetuous, as oblivious of the judgment of men, as that which had drawn the weeping sinner of Nain to the same feet. Gratitude and repentance burn with a kindred flame on the altar of deep and ardent hearts. It is, beside, of the very essence of adoration to ignore conventional limits; it breaks in a manner the common forms of human speech, like another alabaster vase, and finds its fittest expression in the groanings which cannot be uttered. Adoration pours out the soul before God in words and burning tears; it throws us on our knees, overwhelmed with His greatness, blinded with ineffable glory; it calls forth glad sacrifices and unmeasured gifts, and can find nothing precious enough to make an offering to Jesus. Mary, the sister of Lazarus, remains for ever its most beautiful and touching type. It is the glory of adoration that it is madness in the eyes of dry and selfish souls, which count the cost of an impulse of holy love, and carry into divine things their utilitarian prudence. 'To what purpose is this waste?' say some of the disciples, moved by the spirit of Judas. To no purpose, in truth, but to express that which is inexpressible. This objection, repeated in all ages of the Church, has not withheld the sacred muse from multiplying her hymns, which are neither law nor doctrine; the slender spire of the cathedral, which serves no purpose of shelter, still springs aloft into the air, and the pencil of holy art ceases not to translate the soul's ideal, and to lavish its useless marvels! in short the Christian heart will never be restrained from pouring out its treasures before God with no other purpose than its own unburdening. The vase of ointment is perpetually broken over the feet of Jesus, and

this waste serves to show that direct utility, even in a religious point of view, is not the whole of piety; that beside the doctrine which points out the right way, the correct faith

which walks in it, and the practical activity which sows the good seed, there is in the soul a deep need of love for its own sake, which requires infinite expansion."—PETER BAYNE.

THE FORTUNES OF CYRIL DENHAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WANTED, A SITUATION.

AND now, this terrible weight lifted from his mind, Cyril felt himself strong enough for any effort. He did not know, or rather did not realize, how bitter had been to him the house of bondage, till by the mercy of God he had wholly escaped its thrall. He felt sometimes like one who having long wandered in subterranean vaults, hopeless of again returning to the upper world, finds suddenly an outlet, through which rejoicingly he rushes into the warmth and glory of the dazzling noonday sunshine. His heart swells high with gratitude and praise; but the transition is almost more than he can bear!

When everything connected with the "little bill" was legally concluded, and Messrs. Solomon Jacobs and his emissaries mingled no longer with his visions of the future, Cyril felt as light as air, and he only wondered how, under so severe a pressure, he had been able to carry on any kind of literary occupation with even the feeble and fickle measure of success which had attended his labours. And his dingy rooms in Clerkenwell looked no longer so dreary and forlorn; life was no more so utterly distasteful; fresh hope sprang up within his heart, fresh purpose, fresh energy; and he felt himself strong to go forth once more and battle with the world.

But with another strength than that which had animated him at the outset of his career: experience had shown him his own weakness, and defeat had taught him to be humble.

He trusted in his own prowess no longer; he sought now a Guide, who should control his vacillating will, and lead him in the righteous paths of wisdom. And looking back upon the events of the last two years, he wondered greatly at his own blindness and perversity, and yet more at the Divine patience which had borne with his wanderings and wilfulness so long. Now he could be thankful for the heavy discipline which had been his lot, and now he saw very clearly that nearly all the troubles and perplexities which had befallen him had been of his own seeking.

"Ah!" he said to himself, one evening, when his articles for that week's *Flâneur* were all completed, "had I been wise, I should, years ago, have taken what the world would call 'my fortunes' into my own hands. I should not have been content to lead the dreamy pleasant life I led at Monkswood and at Forest Range; I should never have ventured the little I possessed in that bubble of a mining company. I was willing, nay anxious, to be rich, to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the Denhams; but instead of setting strenuously to work, instead of seeking at the first some solid ground upon which I might patiently and honourably toil, I preferred rather to trust to a chimera, a mere gambling speculation, that could not promise aught but ruin to any one who chose to be involved. Then that failed, as any one with ordinary sagacity might have foreseen; then came my poor mother's death, the sale of Monkswood, and Elizabeth's unfaithfulness; a cloud of sorrows which came not at my bidding, and which I could not chase away. But

I can now discern that even those pains and difficulties were sent me for my benefit, to rouse me from my visionary musings to carry me, rather to urge me out of the land of the lotus-eaters into the commonplace but far healthier world of honest, lawful labour. Then I had a chance; but as Rattenbury said, I quarrelled with my bread all ready buttered; I flung away a golden opportunity. In a moment of infatuation I entangled myself with those unfortunate Somersets, and then, to drown the misery of self-reproach that everywhere pursued me, I plunged into a life of sin and folly; and then God's curse seemed to rest upon me, and I could not prosper. Thank God that I could not; thank God for all the privations and cares that have been my lot. Had I thriven it would have been the worse for me, I should have grown more and more hardened, I suppose, and have sunk deeper and deeper into the mire of iniquity—and it would have been for a time only, the success and prosperity I so ardently desired; for the way of transgressors is hard, even though for long years they go on their way unrebuked, and the face of the Lord is against them that do evil. In the end I should have eaten to the full of the fruit of my own way, and I should have been filled with my own devices. Blessed be God that I had not my own way!"

And now Cyril felt that he could forgive Elizabeth, and even his enemy, Vivian Gower, and he longed to write to Agnes, and tell her of the change which had passed over him: but we had left Montone, and were spending the summer months in one of those quaint picturesque grey towns which nestle on the breezy slopes of the Apennines; rather was it a village than a town, for its power and splendour had long since passed away, and only a few cottages and several villas clustered under the shadow of ruined fern-grown walls, mossy towers, and heaped-up shattered battlements. It was a beautiful place though, and the peasantry were so kind, and we liked our isolated position so well

that Sir John left us there while he went for his health on a yachting expedition with the Gowers; they were going to Greece, and from thence Sir John intended to visit Egypt and Nubia, and, probably the Holy Land. Our confidential servant, Roberts, remained with us, and we were at any time, if we felt disposed, to return to Forest Range, or to join some relatives of Agnes, who were somewhere in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg, comfortably domesticated in an ancient ghost-haunted *Schloss*, hired for an indefinite period.

Agnes had written to Cyril directly after the arrival of the Gowers at Villa Santa Lucia: she would not have done so but for the miserable report which Mr. Gower brought us of Cyril's rapidly-sinking fortunes, and we both thought that as a simple act of Christian charity, it was only right that he should feel that from him all human sympathies had not yet slipped away, that for him all ancient bonds of friendship had not been dissolved. Agnes pressed me to write the letter, which we both agreed ought to be sent immediately. But I knew well that her influence over him was stronger than mine; I felt too that it was her right, for Cyril Denham was not, and could never be, to me, what, alas! he was to her. Weak, vacillating, even, as he afterwards confessed, unworthy as he had proved himself to be, she would still regard him with that strong, still, deep affection which had grown to be a portion of her nature, of her very self. But the kind, sisterly epistle never reached its destination, that is to say, it was never received by him for whom it was intended; just as we had begun to watch and wait for the expected answer, which we fondly hoped would refute some of Vivian Gower's allegations, Agnes's letter came back with "not known here" inscribed upon the cover.

She had addressed it to Arundel Street, and Cyril, with his usual want of forethought, had not given Mrs. Stalker any directions respecting the letters which might arrive for him after his departure, and he.

on his part, as it afterwards appeared, wrote both to Agnes and to myself, letters which would have cheered our hearts and comforted us greatly had they ever reached us; but by some strange fatality, some mistake probably in the address, or some irregularities of the foreign post, they were lost, and we were left in entire ignorance of Cyril's proceedings so long as we remained abroad.

In the meantime the summer reached its meridian, and the heat even in England was most oppressive, and Cyril's health, which had hitherto been but very slightly impaired began to decline apace. The close atmosphere, the meagre diet, and the long anxiety began at last to tell upon him; perpetual headaches made his work a burden; languor and drowsiness overpowered him when he fain would have had all his faculties in brightest order; his appetite became dainty and capricious, his nights were restless and disturbed by miserable dreams; and morning after morning he awoke unrefreshed and unfitted for the labours of the day. He could not command his thoughts, his right hand seemed to lose her cunning; and hour after hour, he would sit wearily leaning over an article that under other circumstances would not have occupied him half as long, his brain swimming, his limbs aching, and the pen falling often from his nerveless hand. It was very clear that he must quit his present quarters, and secure at least a purer and more invigorating air; and after several rambles in different suburban quarters, he found lodgings at last in a dull but clean house in the neighbourhood of Kennington. His new landlady was a kind, motherly woman, and she took a liking to her pale, sad-looking lodger, when he came to ask the rent of her apartments; she even hated a shilling of her usual weekly demand, because, as she afterwards told her special friend, Mrs. Jones, "he seemed so lone and lorn-like, and looked so ill, and had the manners of a person who had seen better days," and Mrs. Jones, whose nature was of a coarser

mould than Mrs. Morris's, immediately replied that he was probably "some young blade who had wasted his substance and injured his health, like the prodigal in the Gospel, by riotous living, and she hoped Mrs. Morris had had the sense to ask for a respectable reference;" which piece of prudence Mrs. Morris, in her compassion for the gentlemanly invalid, had quite overlooked; "but then," as she assured herself, "his face was all right, and she could always tell whether people might be trusted, from their faces, and he was a gentleman every inch of him, and spoke like one too; and if he had been a prodigal and got through all his property she was certain he was repentant, and willing to return to better ways."

And so Cyril took possession of two small, comfortable rooms, in Mrs. Morris's house, and won all her heart at once, on the very evening of his arrival, by his gentle speech and courteous demeanour. "Why, he opened the parlour door for me as if I had been a duchess," said the good woman to her niece and coadjutor down-stairs; "and I tell you, Mary Jane, that only a real gentleman would trouble himself to show politeness to such as me: your imitation, stuck-up gents. would be glad enough to bow a fine lady out, but they'd never concern themselves about a plain, elderly body, with a tray in one hand, and a kettle in the other. And if he will only keep to hours, and not bother for a latch-key, like that young Sampson, with his flashy ties and his glittering ring, or that miserable Lawson that never ate nothing, because he was always a-drinking, I shall say I've got a treasure! If only now, it turned out that he had experienced religion!"

Mary Jane shook her head; she had arrived at rather an uncharitable conclusion respecting gentlemanly, well-spoken young men; she never gave them credit for "experiencing religion," but attributed to them all kinds of infidel opinions, and believed that the best of them were only moral, and never truly pious. Mary Jane was a very proper young wo-

man, and held herself to be a model of female excellence, and it was part of her creed to shun young men, and especially to frown on her aunt's lodgers as on noxious animals who must be endured, but never for one moment's space encouraged. The only man whom Mary Jane deemed worthy of a passing thought was a certain popular young preacher, who took his turn, with several others, at the little chapel which she attended regularly twice on Sunday, and on several evenings in the week; and for him she would willingly, she confessed to herself, lie down and die, if only he might be benefited by such an act of self-devotion. But the youthful pastor was ambitious, and looked higher than Mrs. Morris's niece; he was evidently paying court to the only daughter and heiress of a thriving tradesman who had his shop near the "Elephant and Castle," and who drove a pushing, bustling trade in common groceries, butter, cheese, bacon, and provisions generally; and this fact coming to the knowledge of poor Mary Jane, considerably soured her temper, and set her against "the whole male sex," except, indeed, the one who had involuntarily won her virgin heart. So she prepared herself to wait on Cyril under protest, resolved to check his first attempts at entering into conversation, and to let him see that she took him for a wretched, unregenerate sinner, with whom she could not hold the least communication.

But she was somewhat disappointed when, day after day, Cyril never accosted her, never spoke to her unless it were absolutely necessary, and then in as few words as possible, and with a demeanour grave enough, she averred, "for the most solemn preacher on the circuit." It was impossible to snub him, or to impress him with a sense of her own stern virtue, while he seemed unconscious of her presence, simply thanking her without a glance for her services, yet always, as a matter of course, opening the door for her when her hands were full. He would talk sometimes

with Mrs. Morris, but when a month had passed away, Mary Jane was compelled to own that he had never once given her an opportunity of "checking him," or "teaching him his place." Indeed, she began to think that he knew it only too well, and she grew out of all patience, with his imperturbable reserve and aggravating taciturnity.

The fact was very much as she divined, for Mary Jane was a girl of excellent perceptions: Cyril never thought at all about the young woman with red arms and a shining face, who generally laid the cloth at meal-times, and swept up the hearth. His mind, too, was so thoroughly preoccupied, and his time so well employed, that he had scant leisure to think about young women at all, and certainly the one whom he saw from day to day, though undeniably neat-handed and notable, gave him only the impression of having a fiery temper of her own, which it would be quite as well not to rouse even inadvertently. Also he perceived, without exactly remarking that he did so, that she used very strong soap, and plenty of it, since her countenance shone as if it had been polished much as tables and bureaux were polished in the good old times, by dint of "elbow-grease" and force of arm. Also she held herself very erect, and would march in with the tea-tray very much as if she were advancing to the cannon's mouth, with dauntless air and soul that scorned to shrink. Mrs. Morris herself, be it known, stood not a little in awe of her highly proper, highly virtuous niece, who was supposed to be the very flower and pride of the Crocus-street chapel community—only the Rev. Samuel Pumphrey could not perceive it.

One day, that which Cyril had for some time anticipated, came to pass—the short life of the "*Belgravia Flâneur*," came to a close; it gave up the ghost ignobly, without a struggle; and the proprietor immediately went abroad without thinking it incumbent on him to pay certain persons who had been on the staff of the deceased journal. Cyril was among the creditors, and

his occupation was not only gone, but his purse was un replenished. He was better in health, but he had a doctor's bill to pay; he had no certain source of income, and only the residue of the price of the diamond necklace at his command, and he began to think very seriously whether it did not behove him to abjure literature as a profession, and seek some situation where he could be certain of remuneration.

How deeply he now deplored the senseless, sinful folly which had led to the loss of his excellent post in Parliament-street. To regain that was out of the question, and, indeed, he began to fear that without proper references it might be very difficult to procure employment of any kind, save the lowest. And then no one seemed to need such services as he had to offer; he answered countless advertisements, but only a few of the persons advertising thought it worth their while to appoint an interview, and always he was unsuccessful. He had never been in a merchant's office, or in a broker's office; he had never kept any books, and he obviously knew nothing of trade. It was true he could *learn*, and he doubted not that he would quickly master all the intricacies of the wonderful science of the business, but no one seemed inclined to let him try his 'prentice-hand in his counting-house; no one seemed willing to pay for what was obviously yet to be acquired, for that, indeed, for which *premiums* were generally paid. And Cyril began to despair of prospering in his quest. True, he had in one case been offered fifteen shillings a-week in a nondescript sort of office, where they appeared to do all kinds of queer business; but the hours were from eight to eight, and the office itself a wretched, unsavoury little hole in Godliman-street, St. Paul's. Cyril did not believe that his health, still delicate, would stand the close confinement and the unhealthy atmosphere, even though he continued to pass the nights at Kennington; besides, the salary was utterly insufficient; he paid Mrs. Morris ten shillings a-week for his lodgings,

and it was obvious that five shillings weekly could neither board him comfortably, nor dress him decently, to say nothing of incidental claims upon his pocket. He would have to leave Kennington soon after seven in the morning, and it would be nine at night, or perhaps later, before he returned thither, so that Sunday would be his only season of rest, and it was certain that no stray half-hours would remain for the prosecution of his literary schemes.

But he did not, with his wonted impulsiveness, at once reject the semi-merchant, semi-ship-broker's proposition; he had learned at last to dread his own rashness, and to distrust his own judgment; and it was not till he had given the matter his most serious consideration, and sought counsel and guidance of One who knows all our perplexities, and "careth for us," that he finally declined the situation. Still, he had made no advance, and though present necessities were provided for, the future loomed upon him drearily. And again he tried his pen, and again was unsuccessful; he had *no name* in the literary world, and he was jostled aside as he tried persistently to set his foot even upon the lowest rung of the ladder of fame; slowly the conviction stole upon him that authorship was an excellent and ennobling recreation for the man to whom the sordid question of "pay" was a secondary consideration; that it would help to make the rich man richer, and would even condescend to supplement a very moderate income; but rarely, oh! very rarely, would it deign to make the fortune of a man who is steeped both in poverty and in obscurity; nay, very rarely would it satisfy his humblest needs. Now and then, indeed, the Muses, who are certainly the most coquettish ladies in the world, will smile upon a lowly aspirant, and will at once stretch out the hand of encouragement and raise him at once to a goodly height upon the ladder so many vainly seek to climb; but such capricious favours are few and far between, and where one neophyte suddenly sets the world aflame with his genius, a thousand toil and strive

in vain, and die at last without leaving their mark upon the age.

One reason why we hear of so many luckless climbers of that same literary stair, which like Jacob's ladder, seems to stretch from earth to heaven, is doubtless because hundreds—nay, in this scribbling nineteenth century of ours, *thousands* are puzzling their weak brains and inking their fingers who would be infinitely better employed on almost any other kind of labour. In this day there is no doubt about it—editors know it to their sorrow; myriads of people without the slightest pretension to genius, or to respectable talent even, would, if they could, which happily in most cases they cannot, inundate the world with weak, watery productions, which no one in their senses would care to read, or which being read, could do the world the least imaginable good. Actually people, who are by no means masters or mistresses of their own language, think themselves qualified to write a book, or a first-class magazine article; they have not studied either men or manners, they know but little of the literature of the past or of the present; they are careless of composition, and oh, tell it not in Gath! careless even of *spelling*. They have not the least conception of the wondrous strength and power of their own familiar English tongue, and they never dream of such a thing as literary art; they are seized with a mania for scribbling, and they wish to tell you something very far from original, so away they rush into MS. as a preliminary to rushing into print, and the said MSS. travel from publisher to publisher and are courteously declined; they are sent to unfortunate editors, and the waste-basket swallows them up irremediably. Above all things, these amateur writers, whose name is legion, forget the great responsibility of authorship; they scribble for mere selfish ends, in many cases they take up the pen for amusement, for gain, for vanity, but they do not make literature their *work*, in which they may humbly ask God's blessing, at which they must patiently toil, speaking always the very truth as it

fills their own souls, and which they may be sure will some day yield a rich reward. For true and worthy authors, who alone have place in the divine temple of literature, are dedicated to the grandest labour in the world; and that authorship which is not to the glory of God, not conducing to the good of humanity, is disallowed in that other world, where everything is rated at its real value; for, as I once said before, and I cannot refrain from saying it again, that which is written for mere entertainment, for sensation only, for mean and selfish ends, ranks in the sight of God and angels little higher than that monstrous and deadly spawn of perverted genius which tries vainly to dignify scepticism and infidelity, which dresses vice in fair and delicate robes, and teaches immorality under the guise of an assumed virtue. But if the responsibility of authorship be terrible, its dignity is great, and its reward unspeakable.

Very gradually Cyril was coming to a full understanding of these undoubted truths; he was not among those who are really disqualified for the high vocation they assume, but he had never till now recognized how solemn, how arduous is the task which those undertake who would cater for the mental pabulum of a mighty nation; he felt within him a certain power, and he knew that he could achieve better things than the many paltry articles which every week fell from the press; but he was humble now, and it seemed to him that it was God's will that in the paths of literature he *should not succeed*.

Only the question yet remained, in what field of labour, by dint of patience and perseverance, *could* he succeed? A clerk's desk was not to be secured any more than a place on the staff of the "Times," or of one of the leading magazines; must he perforce go behind the counter? he, Cyril Denham, the last scion of an ancient house, once the heir of Monkswood? And as he asked the question of himself, his heart answered, "If this be the only work you can do, you must do it, and do it

well." The Christian cannot always choose his work, but work he must, honestly, lawfully; he must owe no man anything, he must provide things needful, so that the world shall not rebuke him for idleness or meanness. And after all, labour is labour, and God blesses all honest, pains-taking toil, whatever be its nature, —whether it be the delving in the mine, or the guiding of a nation's helm; whether it be the crossing-sweeper's weary work, or the archangel's mission. And what then is a "MISSION?" What does that ill-used, much perverted word really mean? Simply this: one's mission is that which God has given one to do, whether it be to tend the vines, or the flock, or to till the soil, or to wear the regal diadem. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, and to the glory of God, and thy mission is accomplished; only remembering that one seldom chooses one's own mission; God makes choice of the instrument, and sends the work.

But Cyril longed for some one with whom he could take counsel, for "as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Months had passed since he had talked freely to any living creature; and it struck him that in conversation among his fellows, some idea might arise which could be turned to profit. But where to look for friendly advice, even for disinterested information, he could not tell; he had lived so much to himself in his fallen estate, that he was on speaking terms with barely half-a-dozen people, and the little circle in which he had maintained something of a footing during the existence of the "Belgravian Flâneur," had been dispersed when the publication of the paper ceased. One or two whose experience might have been of service, who knew the world, and were honest, plain sense men, had left London; one had undertaken a special correspondence abroad, another had gone "down into the country," as Cyril was informed, when he made inquiries at his lodgings in Bloomsbury; but whether in the direction of Land's End or of

the Tweed, no one could tell him. Next to being in the desert, is being in London when you want a friend and have no idea where or how to find him.

But Cyril now had faith that all his ways would be ordered aright, that out of the darkness light would arise and shine, when God willed it so to be. He had only to accept the present, and to wait in patience ready for action, as soon as opportunity arrived. And when he least expected it a friend appeared, though not at all the sort of friend he would have chosen for himself.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A FRIEND.

MARY JANE became seriously angry with Mr. Denham. Her mission she believed was to keep young men in their places, and give them sharp rejoinders if they presumed to treat her like an ordinary mortal. Also, she liked to preach to them occasionally, and exhort them to turn from the error of their ways, and she would, on such occasions, quote whole paragraphs from the sermons of the Rev. Samuel Pumphrey, to the admiration of her aunt, and to the horror of the unfortunate young man to whom her exordium was addressed. As for any young man who did not attend Crocus-street Chapel being "*converted*," it was manifestly out of the question.

But Cyril baffled Mary Jane whichever way she turned;—he knew his place as a lodger, and never spoke freely to her; he said, "If you please," and "Thank you," when any service was required or rendered; he gave no trouble, he brought no company home to disturb the house, and keep her in on chapel-nights; he never smoked, he never stayed out late, or came in half or wholly intoxicated; above all things, he went regularly to church on the Sunday; he evidently used his Bible; and a little volume of "Hymns from the Land of Luther," lay about, as if in frequent requisition. It was very aggravating; but there was nothing for which

she could upbraid him; nothing on which she could fasten as a text, in order to induce him to repent. Of course, he never had repented; he never said anything about religion, therefore he could not be a Christian man, she argued; undoubtedly he was a Pharisee—a miserable, self-seeking, self-righteous Pharisee, trusting to good works, and to his unimpeachable morality!—that comforted Mary Jane a little, for having arrived at this conclusion, it became her duty to “awaken his mind,” and the more difficult the task, the more glorious would be the success.

For many days Mary Jane hesitated as to the best way of opening the campaign, and at last she decided to place in his way a rousing little tract, or leaflet; and accordingly, next morning, when Cyril sat down to breakfast, he found flanking his coffee-cup, a page of clearly-printed matter, entitled, “A Voice from the Bottomless Pit.” And when Mary Jane came in shortly afterwards, she had the satisfaction of beholding the Pharisee deeply intent on its perusal. But no remark was made, and Mary Jane had not the courage to begin the fray; she went downstairs disgusted alike with Cyril’s reticence and with her own cowardice;—prime herself as she would before she entered the lodger’s parlour, she never could, in her own phraseology, “tackle him,” as she had tackled many a hardened sinner in that very room.

“Then I wouldn’t tackle him at all, if I was you, Mary Jane,” said Mrs. Morris, when her niece discussed the matter with her.

“I must, aunt. I feel that I must save that young man’s soul.”

“Perhaps it is saved, Mary Jane. I am sure he seems to be a very good young man;—I’ve never had such a lodger since poor young Slater, who died triumphantly of a consumption.”

Mary Jane shook her head.

“Mere cleansing of the cup and the platter, aunt! Whited sepulchres covering corruption and iniquity. It’s of no use saying aught

about it, for I have vowed to myself to drag that young man out of the pit. I’ll pray and strive till I hear him shouting ‘Hallelujah!’”

“I am afraid you’ll never hear that, Mary Jane; he isn’t one of that sort.”

“It don’t matter about the sort, aunt. Grace can turn a lamb into a lion,—I mean, a lion into a lamb.”

“I know that, Mary Jane; don’t think I would undervalue *grace*.—God’s grace!—but I am older than you, and I’ve known a heap of people converted, first and last, and I’ve always noticed that God works *on* people’s natures, not *against* them. *He* never seems to go against the grain, like we poor foolish creatures do; and I am afraid there’s one fault in the Crocus-street people. Mary Jane; they want to save every body in one way—that is, their own way; and if anybody gets converted without going through a particular experience, they stand in doubt of him! Some want the thunders of the law, and some want the still small voice:—some will only listen to John the Baptist: and there are some that never heeded the fire and smoke of Sinai, that are melted in a minute at ‘Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ It’s just according to the sort you are, whether the preacher hunts you down with ‘Flee from the wrath to come,’ or whether you are drawn along, almost in spite of yourself, with ‘God so loved the world.’ There’s many a sinner brought to God in Crocus-street Chapel, I know, and I rejoice to know it; but bless me, Mary Jane, there are other places where God speaks besides Crocus-street, and speaks in ways that we don’t know anything about. So don’t go and limit the Lord’s loving-kindness, and don’t shut people out of heaven because they don’t see things through your spectacles, or speak your tongue. Well! it’s a great mercy the Lord *knows* them that are His; and His seal is upon them, or it would be all up with most of us, I am thinking; for there’s a lot of

chapel-people would keep the church-people out, and lots of church-people would keep out the chapel-people; and some would say, 'Don't let the Quakers come in;' and some would push the Methodists out, and some the Baptists, and they'd push some out in their turn, and the Roman Catholics would make a clean sweep, and keep us all out that didn't worship the Virgin Mary; and there are some of us will say a Romanist *can't* be saved."

"Neither can he," returned Mary Jane, solemnly; "and I don't know about the Quakers, they have no ordinances; and as to the Church of England, it's all sham, and form, and rottenness, and no true Christian *can* stay in it! I'm told they worship images now, just the same as the deluded Romanists; and there's a deal of darkness among the Independents, and—"

"Hush! Mary Jane! I won't hear you say any more. I know you are very clever, and you know your Bible better than I do, and you've a gift of prayer I haven't, and you can give in your experience at class as very few can; but I don't like to hear anybody *hard*; it's clean against the Gospel, it seems to me."

Silenced, but not convinced, Mary Jane went her way, and next morning Cyril found "Come to Judgment," staring at him, in letters an inch long, and the next day he was provided with a small pamphlet, entitled "The Wrath to Come." Other literature of the same kind followed, and Mary Jane was getting desperate, when one evening, as she was about to carry down the kettle, Cyril suddenly said, "Miss Owen, am I indebted to you for these addresses?" pointing to a little heap that lay beside him.

Miss Owen returned the kettle to the hob as hastily as if her fingers had been burned; she felt sadly nervous and confused, now that the long anticipated moment had actually arrived; and instead of commencing the wordy harangue she had carefully composed for the occasion, she meekly answered in the affirmative.

"I am very much obliged to you," returned Cyril; but before he could proceed, Mary Jane burst out, "Oh, sir! the pit of hell is before you!"

"I think not—I believe not," was Cyril's quiet answer. "I know in whom I trust, and *He* will never let me perish."

"Oh, sir! don't deceive yourself; have you been convinced of sin—have you repented?"

"You are very good to take so much interest in me," replied Cyril; "but do you think it is possible for any one who has come to Christ, not to be convinced of sin, not to repent?" He spoke so gently, that again she felt circumvented; she had expected indignation, hauteur; being desired, perhaps, to leave the room, and she had covenanted with herself to stand firm, and deliver "her message" to the full, before she left him. He would not resort to force, she knew; she had divined the chivalric instincts of Cyril's nature, and she was aware that her womanhood would ensure for her a certain amount of deference, even though she exasperated him "ever so much." But Cyril's polite rejoinder, and his tone, so suave yet so perfectly sincere, took her quite aback. Then, when he proceeded to reach a chair for her accommodation, she fairly broke down, and began to suspect that, after all, he might have "the root of the matter in him." A thoroughly unregenerate sinner would have flamed out at her abrupt address, and a Pharisee would have shown his disgust. She sat down, however, feeling herself for once rather out of place, and quite uncertain how it would be best to improve the occasion. She could have hurled warnings and denunciations at him, and quoted texts innumerable; she could have said a thousand stringent things, if she had only been standing with the kettle in her hand, and if he had only resented her remarks; but it was another thing to sit there, opposite to a very-elegant, finely-spoken young man, who seemed not altogether steeped in sin, or given over to the pleasures of the world. But then he went to *church*! she

had ascertained so much,—and Mary Jane had little faith in what is called church-going, as opposed to chapel-going, and all *chapel-going*, even, was not of the right sort she often said.

"But if you really are converted, sir, why don't you seek the means of grace?"

Cyril looked a little puzzled. "I do not understand you. Since I have been here, I have regularly attended a church, where there is a faithful ministry. Did you think I spent my Sundays in rambling about?"

"No. I knew you went to church; but you do not hear the truth there."

"You have then attended the same church yourself?"

"Not I indeed! I would as soon go to the playhouse. I never set foot in a church in my life but once, and then I came out shocked enough. There was the minister saying, 'We have erred and strayed from Thy ways,' which was true enough, and there were hundreds of people and school-children *mocking** him, and nothing was said to them."

"What can you mean?"

"Everything the minister said, they said after him."

"We call that 'responding,' and we think it right to join audibly in the service."

"Well! it may suit some, but it would never do for *me*—such shocking irreverence!"

"Miss Owen, it only seemed so to you. I have been equally pained by what seemed to me to be lack of reverence in some of your chapels. I once entered one, where three or four persons were all praying aloud together, and at the very top of their voices, and some of their expressions shocked *me* very much, but I gave them credit for sincerity, and believed that God looked to the intent rather than to the manner. One man prays and praises best, that is, most fervently, in a cathedral, and according to a set form; another lifts up his heart most earnestly, most ardently, in an obscure con-

venticle, where the preacher, so far from being master of the English tongue, can scarcely join two sentences intelligibly. My soul may rise to God in the glorious anthem and the chanted psalm, while yours finds freest utterance in the extempore prayer, interspersed with the groans and ejaculations of your fellow-worshippers; and with the great Father Himself it is all one.

'All shrines are His, where Jesu's love is spoken,
All altars His, where Bread of Life is broken.'

Mary Jane was silenced, though not convinced; but certainly Mr. Denham *was* converted, and it only remained for her to guide him, if possible, into the Crocus-street path. It struck her that the Rev. Samuel Pumphrey might manage the matter more successfully: he would be able to refute Cyril's arguments, and she resolved there and then to bring her pastor and her aunt's lodger together; no mortal man could withstand the combined logic and eloquence of the reverend gentleman: no sinner could fail to be "impressed;" no saint to be wonderfully edified in listening to his discourse, either public or private. Such at least was Mary Jane's opinion.

The next evening, while Cyril was waiting for his supper—it was class-night, and Mary Jane was absent—there came a tap at his door, a very decided, emphatic tap, which frequently repeated must have been injurious to the knuckles. Before any response could have reached the applicant on the other side the door opened, and a young man in seedy black and a dingy necktie made his appearance, and in a voice worthy of Stentor, announced himself as the Reverend Samuel Pumphrey, arrived at the instance of Miss Owen, who had informed him that Mr. Denham would be glad to hold with him a little private conversation of a spiritual nature.

Mary Jane had evidently resorted to a tiny bit of fiction, since Cyril had never intimated any desire of receiving counsel from the Crocus-street

* A fact.

pastor, but he rose and courteously welcomed the new-comer, and invited him to the fire, for it was a very chilly evening, at the same time wondering why this pulpit orator should think it necessary to address him as if he were hard of hearing, and thinking too how much better he would look if his hands were washed, and his hair neatly brushed back from his forehead. The two men sat facing each other almost knee to knee, Mr. Pumphrey's huge flat feet, cased in clumsy muddy boots, steaming on Cyril's fender; but as Cyril looked at his new acquaintance, who was blowing his nose trumpetically—if I may be allowed to coin a word—with what seemed to be another neckerchief still dirtier than the one he wore, he saw that he was confronted with a man of power, a man of no ordinary type. He had a mighty brow under the shadow of that mass of wild, unkempt dark hair: his eyes were keen, and instinct with soul; his hands, despite their grimy hue, showed nerve and mental strength, and wonderful tenacity of purpose. Cyril saw all this at a glance, and wondered whether he would be turned into a Primitive or Reformed Methodist, or a Plymouth brother, or whatever else the Crocus-street folk might be, before the termination of the *seance*. He had not Mary Jane to deal with now, but her pastor, who was a man of mettle—a man also, who certainly preached what he heartily and uncompromisingly believed; a man, Cyril felt sure, to be admired and to be respected, if only he liked soap and water better, and would not speak in that execrably strong, loud tone.

They "went at it," however, as Mary Jane said, directly they were settled. Miss Owen, not thinking it unworthy of her in such a critical case to turn eavesdropper, had ensconced herself in Cyril's bedroom, with the door, which opened into the parlour, slightly ajar; though she might have heard her Boanerges in the kitchen, or in the garret, or even in the street. They went at it indeed, and though at eleven o'clock

they agreed still to differ, both were gainers. Cyril had learnt much from that vigorous, independent mind, and the reverend gentleman had not failed to admire his antagonist's well-rounded periods, his suavity, and his high breeding, the like of which the Reverend Samuel had never before encountered, but which, meeting for the first time, he quite appreciated. They parted then, promising to renew the controversy, in which neither had lost temper, on the following evening. Mary Jane retired in a state of subdued exultation; victory was certain now that her beloved pastor had thus energetically taken up the cudgels. The cause was really won, and the Crocus-street congregation would receive an accession indeed!—such an accession as would make it hold up its head for many and for many a day.

Never were two men more dissimilar than the two thus curiously brought together, each lacking that which was the strongest point in the other. But strangely enough, they "took to each other," as people significantly say. Cyril strongly admired and even envied the rugged force and unwavering purpose of his opponent, and Mr. Pumphrey on his side appreciated almost beyond their deserts, Cyril's depth of feeling, his elegance of style and tone, his tastes so classic and so refined, the evident poetry of his nature, and the culture that betrayed itself continually. Cyril's life had been very much like one of Mendelssohn's "*Lieder ohne Wörten*"; Samuel Pumphrey's had rather resembled a crashing, full-band *Overture*, yet not wanting in real music of a certain sort. It was well that the two should mingle their strains for a little while.

At last it came to be a regular thing for Mr. Pumphrey to run over to Mrs. Morris's after evening service, class, or prayer-meeting, to the infinite annoyance of the provision dealer's daughter, who attributed these visits to the fascinations of Mary Jane. And then Cyril found his way to his new friend's lodgings, and they discussed all sorts of subjects, sometimes placidly, sometimes

fiercely, but always parting on most amicable terms.

Thus commenced a friendship which was to be of infinite service to both young men, and materially to change the aspect of affairs for both. Still Cyril came not to Crocus-street chapel, and Mary Jane was sadly disappointed.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

AND all this while, as Cyril grew wiser on points of theology and philosophy, his resources were dwindling and his prospects not improving; and one evening early in the new year, when the friends were seated over the fire, shivering as they heard the howling of the wintry blast, and the sharp sleet driving against the window, it occurred to Samuel Pumphrey that Cyril was more than ordinarily depressed.

Professedly they were enjoying themselves, for Mrs. Morris had sent them up a seed-cake made from her grandmother's aunt's receipt, and a savoury pie worthy of Lucullus, and they were also indulging in potations of strong, hot coffee, for Cyril now only took wine and ale medicinally, and Mr. Pumphrey was a vehement teetotaler. "What is the matter with you?" asked the minister at length, seeing that the fragrant beverage failed in its usual stimulating effects. "Really, Denham, you are as gloomy as an owl to-night. Has any thing happened to put you out?"

Two months before Cyril would have answered coldly enough; he would have been annoyed at the familiarity which the question implied, and he would have given the curtest answer consistent with truth and courtesy. But Cyril had learned much of late, and he had learned by this time to value the friendship of Samuel Pumphrey, even though he was so absurd as to consider a due attention to personal appearances a device of the Evil One, to be classed among the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Still he was improved in this respect, and

seemed less inclined to imitate the habits of an Indian fakir than formerly, for he always washed his hands before he knocked at Mrs. Morris's door, and he had learned to wipe his boots upon the mat; moreover, his laundress was astonished one day to receive a remonstrance on the subject of his neckties, which he justly thought *might* be made a little whiter and a little stiffer if they only had a little more attention, and were violently scorched less frequently.

"Well! I must confess to feeling rather dismal to-night," was Cyril's answer. "I will tell you what it is. Pumphrey:—I heard yesterday of a place in the City that I thought I might fill, and this morning I went about it, and though I offered three months' services for nothing, I was—not very courteously—declined."

"On what grounds?"

"The old grounds—want of proper references, inexperience, and to-day I was told—'an air unsuited to the situation.'"

"I do not wonder at that: when you step into an office, or a counting-house, the clerks and principals must naturally think you are come to give large orders, not to offer yourself for the vacant place."

"In this old coat? I am sure I look shabby enough, if that is what you mean."

"Not exactly: it would perhaps be better for you if you were less shabbily dressed, but you have the air of a decayed gentleman; the moment I spoke to you, I knew that I addressed one who had seen what the world calls 'better days.' Now there is no class of men more decried, more shunned in the mercantile world than such an one. Employers, as a rule—mind, I don't say there are not exceptions—but as a rule they steer clear of reduced aristocrats."

"I wish you would find out one of the exceptions to your rule."

"I would if I could. But, really, Denham, is it quite essential that you turn your hand to something?"

"Quite essential if I am to live, and live respectably. You see I make so little by authorship; I have not earned £5 since I came

here; and though I have half a score of MSS. out and about on approbation, I daresay every one will come back to me—*'declined with thanks!'*"

"Very likely! I know something of that sort of thing; I took to writing several years ago. I wanted to publish a volume of sermons, and some tractates on 'Free Will,' and they travelled about from Pater-noster Row to Fleet Street, and from Fleet Street to the West End, and there they stayed till I fetched them back, half worn out and finely dirty with tossing about in publishers' warehouses. But, excuse me, I thought you had some little property—could not you invest your capital in a small business, take an honest partner, and work vigorously and *succeed*?"

"I have not the smallest amount of capital, my income is absolutely *nil*. I am living now upon the proceeds of the last of my mother's jewels; when that is gone I shall be penniless."

"I see! It is absolutely necessary that you find some employment; it is not right for a Christian in such a case idly to sit down and to wait for the ravens to come and feed him. He must have faith, though, that if *every other means* failed, God would send the ravens: he must work with his hands, whatever be his birth, rather than give occasion to the world to revile."

"Oh!" said Cyril, rather bitterly, "the world is ready enough to revile the sinking, unsuccessful man. Men will praise thee when thou doest well unto thyself."

"Of course they will! it's the nature of fallen humanity to depreciate the fallen, and to glorify the climbers, especially to glorify those who have the luck to shout 'huzzah!' on the highest pinnacle of Mammon's temple; but seeing this is so, why don't you 'do well to yourself'?"

"How can I? Have I not tried and tried, and always with the same result?"

"Then 'try, try again'—as the children sing."

"I shall, of course; but I must

confess that I have very little hopes of success."

"I suppose you would not like to teach a school of boys?"

"I never thought of teaching! What sort of boys?"

"Not boys of your own degree, certainly. You may perhaps find one God-made gentleman among a hundred of them; but as a rule, they are vulgar, impudent, coarse, shockingly trained young scape-graces! It's all very nice to talk about 'moral suasion,' but I am really afraid these youths can no more get on without an occasional thrashing, than the cook can without her kitchen-fire; it is said they never respect a teacher who cannot '*wallop*' them. Now, have you nerve, and have you physical strength enough to wallop desperate, muscular urchins, who will surely strike again if you betray the smallest hesitation or trepidation?"

"It is an experiment I never tried. I used to be pretty well, though, at thrashing, when I was at Southchester College; but then I was thrashing my equals in a fair stand-up fight, after the usual fashion of public school-boys—and we of Founder's Kin, were rather proud of our victories. But surely, Pumphrey, you do not mean to tell me that the chief qualification for such a post is strength of arm and savageness of temper?"

"It is 'where you are concerned' because there can be no doubt of your competency in the article of scholarship: you are well up in the three great R's, and that is about as much as is required."

"Where is the school?"

"Near the Westminster Road: I might have had the situation myself had not my religious principles disqualified me, and had I not elected to make the preaching of the gospel the grand and sole work of my life: I believe the committee wanted me in spite of my obnoxious Methodism, because it was evident that I *could* thrash the refractory young rascals, when requisite."

"I should not like to come under the power of that right arm of yours; though not largely pro-

portioned, its nervous, sinewy aspect would frighten anyone who was not a prize-fighter; it might be the arm of the identical Village Blacksmith, whose 'brawny arms are strong as iron bands.' And under those lithe, supple hands of yours a boy would have little chance of escape, I fancy."

"No wonder I remind you of the blacksmith, for I was bred to the anvil. At fourteen years of age it pleased the Lord to awaken my mind, and at seventeen I began to preach the gospel. At first I only preached in obscure courts and alleys, and in out-of-the-way village places; but I studied the Scriptures on my knees daily, and I got some learning, and at length I came to be a local preacher—and now I am regularly on the circuit—the Lord be praised!"

And Cyril did not smile as once he would have done, for he knew that this man's strange, rugged eloquence and his passionate earnestness had been blessed by God to the salvation of many. He envied him, who would stand up at the last day among those whom he had led into the paths of truth and righteousness, those who would be his joy and crown of rejoicing for evermore.

"But, seriously, about this school?" pursued Cyril.

"Seriously, would you take the appointment, if I could procure it for you?"

"I would. I have prayed for work; I have sought for work; I have ardently desired work: and if it come in other guise than I expected, shall I refuse it? I can teach, and if needs be I can thrash, but I will try if I cannot dispense with that part of the programme."

"Well, you will see: I believe that an unthrashed boy never makes a sound man."

"As you say, we shall see."

"But you don't ask about stipend!"

"That is not much, I suppose; but tell me all about it."

"The salary is £50 per annum, and a sort of royalty on every scholar—only a small one, mind;

but on an average it swells the amount to £70. You have two subs., besides two pupil-teachers, and your hours are from nine in the morning to twelve, and two hours more in the afternoon, commencing at two or at half-past two, according to the season of the year. Saturday is altogether your own, and of course Sunday is also; but if you are what I take you to be, you will have a Bible-class for the elder lads on Sabbath-days. You are under a committee, two of whom really take the executive: they are not disagreeable men, and I think they would appreciate your services. Is it a bargain, then,—am I to enter your name on the list of candidates?"

"Yes! and I thank you very much."

"Thank me when you are elected by the committee; also thank the Lord, and may He lead you aright, and bless you in this enterprise, if it be for your good."

"Amen!" said Cyril, reverently, and they parted.

Two days afterwards Cyril was summoned before the Committee, and he was examined by a pompous old gentleman in a white waistcoat, who required a specimen of his handwriting, and gave him a sum to work in decimal fractions. Another, and more pleasing gentleman, asked him some questions in English History, and gave him the leading article in that day's *Times* to read aloud. A few miscellaneous inquiries, and the examination was over. Next day Cyril received his formal appointment to the post: he was chosen "head-master"—how grand it sounded!—of a "Proprietary School," established for the purpose of cheaply educating the sons of artizans and the smallest and most pettifogging tradesmen. The son of the old woman who kept a famous apple-stall and candy-store at one of the corners of Westminster Road was one of Cyril's pupils. The school was not select, and the boys were of various grades, from the sons of respectable bakers and grocers, to the offspring of policemen, cabmen, and even costermongers.

Cyril commenced his duties on the following Monday: there were present one hundred and twenty boys, between the ages of seventeen and nine,—the majority were from ten to fourteen; and it seemed to their new master that, with very few exceptions, their education had only just been commenced. The boys whispered to each other that the new master was "a swell," and some of them, before the morning-school broke up, evinced symptoms of revolt, and once a chestnut was flung across the room, as if shied at Cyril's head,—it fell behind his desk. The new master gently picked it up, and said nothing; but there was something in his face that made the culprit whisper to his neighbour, "I say, he *arnt* a milksop! aint he got eyes looking right through you, and don't he shut his lips up firm, when we begin to make a row!"

At twelve o'clock studies were over, and the boys were ready to rush away in rabble-rout, to the great annoyance of the neighbourhood, whom they were in the habit of persecuting, and, in their own parlance, of "serving out." But as they waited for the signal, Cyril spoke: "Boys, stand up, each one of you in his place."

They obeyed, tumbling up anyhow, in disorderly fashion. "That will not do! rise altogether; try again, and listen for the word of command, then rise"—*en masse*, Cyril was going to say, but he thought no one would understand him, so he added, "then rise with one accord!"

The trial was made, and there was a manifest improvement, and the master remarked, "That is much better, and it will be better still to-morrow." Then he continued, "Boys, I have a few words to say to you. I am told that part of the discipline of this school has hitherto consisted in flogging. Now, I am no friend to this kind of punishment; though, mark you, I should not hesitate to inflict it, and very thoroughly too, if it became my duty. But I hope it will never become my duty; I hope you will never impose upon me so disagree-

able a necessity. I want to rule you with kindness, also I want you to rule yourselves. You are none of you babies,—some of you are almost men,—you are all, I suppose, true born English lads, therefore *I trust you!* I shall believe that every lad speaks the truth till I find that he tells a lie; then I shall believe him no more, I shall never take his word again, till he redeem his character. I wish to be your friend, as well as your master. I wish to help you in all your needs, and I want you to trust me, and to tell me your troubles and difficulties. I shall expect from you all prompt obedience; at the same time I will try never to harass your tempers, or to give unnecessary commands that you would rather not obey. At the end of a week I shall know you better, and I shall know in whom—from superior age, steadiness, and principle combined—I may confide as real 'helpers' in the great work I have undertaken. Those of you who approve of my speech, those who are anxious that thrashing should no longer be part of the system of this school, will hold up their hands."

A forest of hands went up instantly, only a few of the most ill-conditioned boys murmured in the background.

Cyril went home to dinner, feeling as if he had been teaching school for a month; at night he felt as if he had been a schoolmaster all his life. The first week was the worst; but at the end of a fortnight the new master and the boys began clearly to understand each other, and to work together pretty harmoniously. Cyril kept up a strict rule, a steady discipline, which he seldom, if ever, relaxed; he exacted quick, unhesitating obedience and profound respect, and at the same time he took care never to issue useless or aggravating orders, and he treated the boys with the respect that was due to *them!* He talked with them on many subjects, and he endeavoured to make every lesson interesting: he insisted upon thorough study, and by-and-by created an emulation in the school that very much astonished but delighted the Committee. At the end

of the quarter all things prospered ; never had the school been fuller, never had it been in such perfect order, never had the scholarship been so excellent of its kind ; yet the "Rules" were reduced to the lowest possible *minimum*. Of course there were bad boys, and idle boys, and incorrigibly low boys, who would not be won over ; but on the whole the master was popular as none of his predecessors had ever been ; and the Committee congratulated themselves on the selection they had made.

In April, two of the MSS. which Cyril had "out and about" were accepted, and they brought him in five-and-twenty pounds—"nearly his whole year's rent!" He had also commenced a class for the elder boys, who, on the payment of an extra fee, came to him two evenings in the week for Latin, mathematics, and a higher kind of literature than the school routine permitted, and this brought him in another £20 a year ; and still he had some time to give to literary effort.

He worked hard now, but never had he been in better health ; and in May another article of his was

accepted, with complimentary remarks, and an offer of a place on the "staff" for the remainder of the year, and probably for the next year also.

Yes ! his prospects were brightening wonderfully, and he thanked God and took courage ; and hope once more revived and blossomed vigorously. And among the hopes which he fondly and secretly nourished, paramount was the hope of seeing Agnes Craven again, and proving to her that he was at last worthy of her friendship !—it could scarcely be more than friendship now, after all that had happened, and after all his blindness. Oh ! if he had but loved Agnes from the first, how many miseries he would have escaped ! and *now* !—was it not too late ? Sad words, and full of a grief too deep for tears—"too late ! too late !" They sounded in Cyril's ears continually, and they smote upon his heart like a death-knell : for surely Agnes—whom once he might have wooed and won—was lost to him. Ah, yes ! too late ! too late ! But, thank God, not too late for the joy of the world to come.

(*To be continued.*)

"DARK DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

AN expression one often hears. It occurs, usually, about this time of the year. The experience of November and December leads to its utterance. For instance : when the sun is hidden by leaden clouds or thick mists, when a cold haze hangs over damp fields in the country and a yellow fog finds its way all over the busy city, when morning comes late and night arrives early, people say, "This is one of the dark days before Christmas." The phrase brings many familiar scenes before us, does it not ? Old women tottering to the window, trying, with trembling hands and failing sight, to thread obstinate needles ; shoemakers at their lasts, tailors cross-legged on their boards, tradesmen rattling

scales and using yard-wands in their shops, and clerks perched high on hard-cushioned stools, all carrying on their avocations by the aid of gas ; children looking wistfully into wet streets along which umbrella-armed pedestrians make their way, wishing Spring here again ; cabmen clad in overcoats with extraordinary capes, driving their weary horses through dirty thoroughfares, and splashing indignant foot-passengers.

"Dark days before Christmas" are not at all pleasant. None of us like them. We often get impatient with them. Sometimes we let them make us bad-tempered. Under the influence of dull skies we get dull spirits. Damp and rain-dripping do not tend to promote either con-

tent or geniality. On this ground there are few who do not record their vote against the "dark days," and put them in the category of disagreeables.

Nevertheless, these are not the worst of "dark days." There are others both "before Christmas" and after Christmas, which are far harder to endure. Worries, failures, disappointments, troubles of various kinds constitute "dark days." You have had them, have you not, my reader? Maybe you are passing through one at this very time. If so, give us your company awhile, and we think we can say two or three practical things which will cheer and do you good.

Pray remember, at the outset, that "*dark days*" are necessary. Unpleasant as they may be, the world cannot do without them. Benevolence characterises them. What causes dark days? The

visits of the sun to other regions. He is no monopolist. Obedient to the mandate of his Creator, he travels all over the earth that, in due season, each portion thereof may be rendered fruitful and beautiful. "Dark days" are aided, too, as we have already indicated, by clouds and rain, and everybody knows how indispensable these are. If clouds did not convey rain mankind would soon be reduced to beggary, starvation, and death. So we see that nothing is more certain than that "dark days before Christmas" are essential to man's welfare.

This reminds us of the old fact, so often taught in and out of the Bible, that trouble is needful. We could never have bright days of peace, piety, and usefulness but for the "dark days" of trial. Truer words were never written than those of an English poet:—

"Where sorrow's held intrusive, and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity."

Many a man would never have been converted but for trouble. The most eminent saints have borne witness to this from their own experience. To take one case out of many, look at Martin Luther. The beginning of that great work which resulted in the Protestant Reformation is to be found in his decision for Christ, and that was the effect of trial. His deepest religious convictions, when a youth, were produced by calamities. He was brought near death, his foot being seriously hurt; a dear friend was assassinated; the plague broke out at Erfurth; he was overtaken in a terrible thunder-storm, the lightning tearing up the ground under his very feet. Thus was his conscience aroused. And so with others. Loss of health, loss of money, loss of friends is continually the means of leading sinners to the Saviour. It is said that the wives of the Trojans, after the destruction of their country, being weary with the restless, vagrant life which they led, necessitated their husbands to a settlement by burning their

ships. The same kind of strategy God has with us. He sees that our worldly good causes us to wander from Him, therefore He deprives us of them, "by a happy necessity forcing us to fix ourselves on Him."

Even when men are under the power of religion, how necessary is trouble for their well-being. The best are but weak. The holiest saint that breathes has his foibles. Therefore there is danger, while prosperity continues, of our growing satisfied with ourselves, and too well content with the present world. Tribulation rectifies this. It rouses us up, brings us to our senses, opens our eyes to prevailing perils. When other expedients fail, the mother-eagle puts a thorn into the side of her nest to urge her young brood to fly. God puts the thorn of affliction in the comfortable, pleasant nests which we construct, and of which He sees that we are too fond, in order that our hearts may not be so greatly set upon them. Oh, how our hold upon life is loosened by the stroke of bereavement. By the blessing of the Holy Ghost, nothing

does more to wean us from the seen and temporal. When we follow to the grave the remains of a beloved one, our souls overwhelmed with grief, what attraction is added to heaven by the fact that our departed beloved one is there! We long for it with new and ardent desire. It becomes a reality to us; we experience somewhat of "the powers of the world to come." A few years ago a party of friends were enjoying a boating excursion upon one of our inland lakes. Having gone a certain distance, one young lady declined to go farther, saying that she would remain on one of the islands. She was left. When, however, the party remained longer than they had intended, a thick fog came on. They were much afraid of losing her. At last her clear voice was heard, "Come this way, father; come this way." The young lady is now in heaven, but still very often her parent hears the words from thence, "Come this way, father; come this way." And who, we may well ask, has not had such messages? Yes; we have to thank "dark days" for many, many bright lessons and cheerful experiences.

"Dark days" are divinely-appointed days." Nothing is commoner than for people to murmur at the weather. "What a nasty day." "This is a horrid east wind." "How miserable it is this morning." "A wretched night, to be sure." These are expressions for the hearing of which one has not long to wait. But they are wrong. We ought not to use them. They reflect upon the wisdom and the goodness of God. Who makes the weather? Who so orders the phenomena of nature as to cause the wind to blow from a certain quarter, the rain to fall at given periods, and the seasons to be late or early? Who? Why, as every child knows, Divine Providence. The world is not like an ingenious clock or watch, which the skilful maker has wound up once and for all, and now abandoned. The Supreme One is actively present in all nature. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work."

Such being the case, it is both weak and wicked to grumble at what we call bad weather. One day when Lords Rutherford and Cockburn were walking over Pentland Hills they complained to a shepherd of the keen east wind. "What ails it?" said he. "It is disagreeable." "I wonder at you finding fault with it." "Did you ever find good in it?" "Yes. Three good things in it. It dries the soil, it refreshes the ewes, and it is God's will." The same holds good of trouble's "dark days." They do not come by accident. They are "God's will." "Is there an evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it?" We should endeavour to bear it patiently, saying, "The will of the Lord be done."

"Dark days" are the exception and not the rule. Even in our foggy isle, we have more sunshine than cloud. Hours of sombre shade are outnumbered by hours of cheerful light. Taking a broader view of the subject:—England is but one small land out of many much larger ones, and on an average they have abundance of fine weather. The Continent of Europe, as a whole, knows little of the damp and mist with which the inhabitants of Great Britain are so well familiar. A denizen of Southern France shrugs his shoulders with horror and surprise when he witnesses what he regards as our inclement and ungenial clime.

Nor is it otherwise with the "dark days" of which we have been speaking. Our mercies are more than our miseries. We have greater reason to worship than to weep. The cup of bane may seem large, but the cup of blessing is far larger. Contrasting our trials with our privileges, we may well ask, "What are they among so many?" No wonder that the Apostle so often calls upon his brethren to rejoice. Christians always have reason to do so. There are failures in business, failures in health, failures in friendship, it is true. These, however, are exceptions. Obviously, the rule is that commercial, physical, and social prosperity are enjoyed by the

majority of our fellow-creatures. The very fact that we notice trouble, talk of it, brood over it, is a proof that such is the case. It arrests our attention and awakens our complaints just because it comes as it does. When the sun shines, few stay to gaze at it, admire it, speak of it. But when it is eclipsed, how different! Everyone notices it *then*.

It is so with the sun of happiness. We have more of it than, in our ingratitude, we are ready to acknowledge. We make loud and long lamentation when, for a time, it departs, because we are so habitually familiar with its light and heat. Our conduct is like that of Jehovah's ancient people:—

"When through the desert's arid wastes of old
Journey'd the tribes of Israel, with what strains
Of gratitude the fainting thousands hail'd
Elim's twelve fountains! Underneath the shade
Of the umbrageous palm (Nature's own tent)
They bathed their parched brows. From every tongue
Arose the hymn of praise. The cloudy pillar
Conducted once the parched hosts beside
One brook less favoured. Yet though only one,
Elim's twelve fountains often seemed forgotten,
While Marah linger'd in ungrateful hearts."

"Dark days" are made the best of. When they come and we cannot see to do what we want, we seek the aid of gas. Candles are made to do service. Oil and lamps are called into requisition. Thus natural is substituted with artificial light, and although it is not equal to it, it is vastly preferable to a gloom approaching that of night itself. Occasionally, too, we run the risk of matronly reproof by seizing the poker, stirring up the coals; and making the fire flare out cheerfully: a pleasant contrast to the dreary scene out of doors. In this way, like Mark Tapley, we do as well as we can, "under existing circumstances."

It is striking to notice how much better some persons can make of things than others. The writer of this, now and then, as he writes, looks up from pen and paper out of his window. What does he see? Two gardens. They are the same size, which is small. But what a contrast! One is turned to as good account as possible; the other is in the most slovenly condition. The former, with the exception of an oval bed in the centre, and two little ones in the end corner, is turfed all over. Busy hands have often been at work with the grass, for it is soft, thick, and almost emerald green. Nothing can look pleasanter than this patch of ver-

dure; quite a miniature oasis in the midst of houses and streets. The few flowers are deftly trimmed, and arranged with good taste. Ivy is being trained up the wall in order to conceal the blank monotony of red bricks. There is also a comfortable-looking seat, giving you the idea of a delightful lounge after dinner or during the quiet of a summer evening. Now for the other garden. A grimy clothes-line hangs across it, whereon is frequently exhibited a motley assortment of feminine and masculine linen. The greater part of the ground is covered with loose gravel, ornamented here and there by bits of paper, scraps of string, and shreds of old matting. A few withered flowers, dead and dying plants, rise in melancholy solitude on the beds, the said beds embellished with two or three flower-pots, fragments of packing-cases, stray stones, and superannuated slips of wood. The whole is surmounted by a healthful and beautiful tree, but, positively, it is doomed, for our neighbour has declared his resolve to have it cut down. Now, these two gardens are fair samples of the way in which men make the best and the worst of things. It is possible, to wit, for one to brood over sorrow until it renders the whole spring of life intolerably bitter: possible to set our misfortunes steadily and deliberately before our

gaze until we are driven half out of our senses : possible to remind ourselves of our annoyances to such a degree that the poor, harassed soul, like a high-mettled horse assailed by a venomous insect, winces and writhes in agony. Or, on the other hand, it is possible so to regard our miscarriages of hope and effort, so to mollify our wounded spirits with the antidotes which a kind Providence gives, as to go on our way rejoicing in spite of all.

Let us learn to do this. Be it ours to take the gracious alleviations which God offers, and thus mitigate trial. For example, there are the promises. It is of little use our knowing them ; it is small profit that we appropriate them merely in times of happiness ; what we should do is chiefly to seek and claim them in hours of adversity. Mariners say that he is a first-rate sailor who can lay his hand on any rope just when he wants it, whether in day

or night, during storm or calm : while he is only a second-rate seaman who blunders about and is long before he discovers it in the night. That may be regarded as a parable, showing a grand point of distinction between the wise and the foolish. The foolish fail to find the hope of promise save in seasons of peace and joy ; the wise can seize it, not then only, but when they most need it—in hours of tribulation.

"Dark days" will soon be over. If we are answering the end of our being by serving God, we shall have done with "dark days" by-and-by. Their hours are numbered. A few more years and they will have passed quite away—for ever away. Regarded as a place, heaven is a place whose golden gates are barred against the admission of sorrow ; regarded as a period, heaven is a day without a close, a day without a cloud, a day without one shadow.

"That clime is not like this dull clime of ours,
All, all is brightness there ;
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,
And a far milder air.
No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love ;
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

"That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
Tinged with earth's change and care :
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers ;
No broken sunshine there !
One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendour o'er these sinless shores,
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
There Jesus reigns dispensing endless day."

"Comfort one another with these words" during all "dark days before Christmas," and after, too. The end of care is not far off. Wait a little, and all will be well. When Richard Baxter lay dying, in great

pain, some one asked him how he felt. "I shall be better soon," was the reply. Meet words for a departing saint ! Remember, my friend, when trouble assails you, that you will "be better soon."

REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

THE STORY OF A HOLLY-BERRY CHAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MYRA'S CHRISTMAS SACRIFICE."

PART I.

LOOKING BACK.

CERTAINLY, as far as weather was concerned, no fault could have been found with the 16th of December, 1860. There was just enough frost to make the ground crisp, and just enough sunshine to make the frost sparkle without melting it. The air was fresh and clear; so clear that weak-chested mortals, assuming the defensive in the shape of respirators, were able to brave the cold, and so fresh, that it sent every drop of blood tingling through the muffin-boy's body, and made his shrill cry even shriller than usual. And so the merry sunshine, as if it knew that the happy Christmas-tide was drawing near, and finding that everyone and everything were alike prepared to brighten under its influence, grew merrier still; darting here and there, resting lovingly on many an out-of-the-way corner, as though to shew that it was not the least conservative in its tastes, and was quite as much at home in the haunts of poverty as the dwellings of wealth, doing its best—which is saying a great deal, for the best the sunshine can do is very good indeed—to make everything look cheerful. It peeped into school-rooms, though perhaps there it was rather tiresome than otherwise, for the children thought it more interesting than dates and examination, and lost their zeal for the latter in wondering whether a romp in the sunshine and their every-day clothes, would not, after all, be better than the breaking-up party and wearing their new dresses; and the governesses grew weary of the routine, mentally calculating how many days—nay, by that time they had begun to count by hours—must elapse before they might cast aside the trammels, and go home; and very often the weary young head—for governesses, like their sisters, are young at first, and sadly troubled with home sickness—would

be leant on the clenched right hand for a moment, and then raised as the idea of the holidays came back, and the happy meeting with parents and brothers and sisters, and perhaps some one dearer still. So down broad thoroughfares, the resort of fashion, and into alleys and courts, where they could find very little besides misery and squalor, now glistening on a rich silk, now brightening the oranges and chest-nuts in a fruiterer's window, kissing the holly and mistletoe in a costermonger's barrow, or tickling his donkey's ears, the sunbeams went their way, and the farther they went the more diversified their tricks became.

They found plenty of amusement, these sunbeams, in the various phases of life presented to their view, of which they availed themselves to the full. Some peeped into homes where there was happiness without luxury, and others into those where luxury excluded happiness; but at last one little fellow, more unfortunate than his brethren, or less able to read character, danced through the window of a house in one of the most fashionable of the West-end streets, and was at a loss to read the "signs of the times," in the picture before him.

The inanimate surroundings were pleasant enough, they left nothing to be desired; the tiny visitor nodded approvingly at the pictures on the walls, gave a glance of satisfaction at the handsome, well-kept furniture, rested in perfect content on the rich, many-coloured carpet, and then, on the strength of their distant relationship, began a conversation with the flames leaping in the grate.

But mortal ears could not catch the faint sound of their voices; and Mrs. Tredegar's ears being no sharper than those belonging to other people, she still sat doubtfully gazing into the fire, unconscious that she and her reverie formed the sub-

ject matter of an animated discussion.

She was very pretty, this heroine of mine, this Sybil Tredegar, who sat wasting so many of the precious minutes that bright sunshiny morning, with her small head leant back on the cushion of her easy chair, and her hands lying idly in her lap. If she indulged in many such fits of idleness, the little gold thimble on the table would last a long time; the embroidered braces, in whose manufacture it was to assist, would never be finished by Christmas-eve, and Henry Tredegar would have no specimen of his wife's work the following morning, which, as he was rather proud of her talents in that line, might be something of a disappointment to him.

As a general rule, Sybil was not much given to meditation; but that morning she was in the "brownest" of "brown studies;" her year of married life had been very happy; her husband was one of the most devoted and lover-like that could be found; her home was luxurious, her wardrobe extravagant; in short, as the sunbeam and the flame agreed, it seemed that she must have everything that heart could wish for; but the fact was, she had been living on honey so long, that the tiniest drop of gall in her cup of life was too much for her equanimity; so the listless attitude and troubled expression on the beautiful face were assumed in consequence.

The cloud had only rested on Sybil's face for a couple of hours; she had come down to breakfast in her usual spirits, had laughed and chatted to her husband whilst she poured out the coffee, asking him if he remembered that the 17th would be the anniversary of their wedding-day, and telling him that she did not "love him a bit—not even a little tiny bit." With his dark eyes all the time contradicting this assertion, he disclaimed any remembrance of the circumstance recalled to his memory, after which counter pretence of indifference on her part, she had encouraged him in his disregard for truth by pressing her rosy lips to his forehead. But as all this is

very trifling, and has nothing to do with the progress of my story, I will omit the preface, and come at once to the conversation that contained the secret of Sybil's discontent.

Like the majority of her sex, she had a weakness for going round and hovering about a subject, seldom approaching it by a direct path: so when she said, "Henry, dear, do you know that it only wants nine days to the 25th?" her husband understood perfectly that he was not expected to assume an air of surprise at the information, but was to wait patiently to hear the final, whatever that might be; so he answered quietly—

"Yes, lady fair, I have taken just sufficient interest in ascertaining the day of the month to know that."

"And has it also occurred to you, that as we are inhabitants of a civilized portion of the globe, it will be necessary to make some little difference in household arrangements on that day?"

"For pity's sake don't attack me with such a torrent of long words. Sybil! What is the difference you want made? Shall we give up the drawing-room to the servants, and take up our abode in the kitchen? or shall I turn my coat inside out for your ladyship's gratification? That would be something novel, I think; what say you, *carina*!"

"That you are a dreadful tease; but now be serious, Henry dear; you said you would rather spend Christmas-day at home, so I think I shall ask the Bryanstons to dinner."

If Sybil had been looking in her husband's face as she usually did when speaking to him, she would have seen that it wore a pained expression; but she was intently occupied in tracing the pattern of the damask table-cloth with her fork, and finding he made no reply, she continued—

"You know, dear, I always do my best to please you, and I have not forgotten what you said the other day about asking your sister and her family here, but there is no reason why they might not come another time. The Bryanstons

have been so kind that I should like to make them some slight return, and Mrs. Bryanston being in such delicate health."

Here Henry muttered something that sounded suspiciously like "delicate fiddlesticks!" but his unbounded love for his girlish wife made him very lenient to her faults; so checking any annoyance he may have felt, he said gravely, almost tenderly—

"I do not wish to dictate to you, Sybil, love, in your choice of friends and acquaintances, but you know I do not like Mrs. Bryanston. As far as money goes she may be entitled to claim the rank of a lady; but in other and far more important requisites she is sadly deficient. I do not like to see my wife associating with such women."

"I do really think you are jealous, Henry; I don't believe you like me even to speak to any one but you;" and Sybil pouted a little.

"Don't be cross, dear; I am not so selfish as to wish to stand between you and the most trifling thing that gives you pleasure; but I love you so well that I want to keep you pure and unspotted from the world, my darling wife. I promised Him in His house to protect and cherish you, and I should not be keeping the promise if I did not strive to guard you from moral danger as well as from tangible ills."

"Now confess the truth, Henry; you are vexed because I do not wish to have Jeanie here on Christmas-day?"

"Not vexed, Sybil, though disappointed I may be. Jeanie has so little change, and Arden's business makes such unceasing demands upon his time and attention, that I thought a day's rest and recreation would do them both good. However, if you do not wish it, dear, I will not press it; I should not like to spoil your enjoyment of Christmas-day."

"That's a good boy!" said Sybil, her face brightening into a smile, "I thought you would not be obstinate; and, after all, it will not matter much. Jeanie and Mr. Arden shall come some day, so it will only be postponing their visit;"

and, she added, in a burst of good-nature, "we'll have the children, too, Henry; and they shall romp about just as they please."

"Very well, dear; do as you like," said Henry, rising, but Sybil detected the half sigh with which he spoke, noticing, too, that his good-bye kiss was more hurried than usual, and some way, after he was gone, she found it more difficult than she could have believed to avail herself of his permission, and do as she liked; the difficulty lying in her way being her utter inability to decide what she did like; one moment she had resolved to send the invitation to Mrs. Bryanston, and then just as she was mentally inditing the note, Henry's self-denial came to her mind, and she was half inclined to doubt whether anything obtained in opposition to his wishes would be worth the having. It was in vain she assured herself that Henry did not mind giving way to her, that she would have been ready to comply with his wish had he been at all urgent, and so on, &c., &c.; but she could not shake off the idea that she had been—if not altogether wrong—not altogether right; and presently, as if to make her more uncomfortable, there came to her mind the remembrance of an incident that had occurred on their wedding-day.

They had gone down to a friend's country-house to spend the honeymoon, and the servants, with that homely interest they always seem to take in newly-married couples, had forestalled the usual period for the Christmas decorations, by putting up a plentiful supply of evergreens in honour of the young bride; and when, after tea, the pair had settled themselves in the old-fashioned drawing-room, Sybil, in all the fresh dignity of her wifely authority, had ordered Henry to find her "a hundred and four hollyberries," with which wholesale demand, after expending some amount of perseverance, and receiving numerous scratches from the prickly leaves, he was at length able to comply; and then when she had succeeded in obtaining a needle and cotton from

the housekeeper (such merely useful articles for some unknown reason seldom forming any part of the belongings of a bride), he had been allowed to look on whilst she threaded the berries, making them into two chains of equal length; and when at last the task was completed, she looked up in his face with a slight blush, saying, as she did so—

“Henry, dear, can you guess what these are for?” which he most certainly could not, though being very much in love he had no doubt that an immense amount of wisdom had been displayed in their manufacture; so he confessed his inability to answer the question, being rewarded by the information that he was “a dear, silly goose,” and his attention called to the fact that there were fifty-two berries on each chain, which berries were intended to represent the weeks of the year, and then Sybil continued in a more serious tone—

“I love you so dearly, Henry, and am so very happy in the knowledge that you love me in return, that I cannot bear to think there ever can be the least shadow between us. Perhaps you will laugh and think it a foolish whim of mine, but I want you to take one of these holly-berry chains, and keep it carefully for a whole year. Whilst the weeks pass by happily and peacefully we will leave the chain untouched, but when”—and here her voice faltered a little—“either of us do anything to pain or vex the other we will take a berry off; but I don’t think our chains will be much shorter next year, will they, dear?”

“Not if I can help it, my darling; it would be mere folly to expect to pass through life without our share of sorrow and trouble, but, please God, we will stand side by side to meet it, Sybil, and then trials will seem ten times lighter to us both.”

So Henry Tredegar did not laugh at his little wife’s whim, on the contrary, he took the chain, which even to this moment is carefully kept in a corner of his desk, and thought the gift a very pretty one. What he thought of and said to the giver

might seem (as it is scarcely probable that many of my readers are in the state of delirium usually attendant upon wedding-days) rather far fetched to people in a moderate degree of sanity, so it is not worth while to risk exciting any one’s pity or displeasure by writing it.

This was the occurrence that came to Sybil’s mind, with almost painful significance, and actuated by some unaccountable impulse, she opened the little box in which she had kept her holly-berry chain, and taking it out went back with it in her hand, gazing dreamily at it as she sat by the fire, the little sunbeam and the flame wondering why she chose to hold a string of withered berries when there were thousands to be had that were bright and red; but Sybil knew the meaning attached to the once scarlet beads, and could Henry have stood by his little wife then and known the feelings that brought the tears to her eyes, he would have guessed about his business that day with a lighter heart.

Presently Sybil took one of the berries from the string, and as she did so it slipped from her fingers and fell on the floor, and some way Sybil fancied that the timepiece on the mantelshelf altered its meaningless tick to an articulate sound, repeating distinctly “One gone! one gone! one gone!” The next moment the sunbeam creeping along the hearthrug, lighted up the spot where the solitary berry lay, and the girl looking at it felt a kind of remorseful pity for its lonely condition, grieving that her fault had estranged it from its companions, and suddenly, as this feeling entered her mind, the holly-berry vanished, and in its place stood the smallest possible fairy, dressed in a scarlet robe with a green girdle and slippers, who sprang with one bound from the hearth-rug to the arm of Sybil’s chair, saying in accents of decided impatience, “Sybil Tredegar, do you know what you have done this morning?”

Now Sybil was not troubled with a short memory, and was perfectly aware of what her morning’s work

had consisted, but she was not exactly prepared to enter the confessional at so short a notice, so instead of answering she simply sat staring at her inquisitive visitor, who evidently considered such behaviour highly discourteous, for she said sharply, "Then if you do not know, I will tell you. For the sake of people whom if you had a grain of sense you would only despise, you have wrung your husband's heart; and let me tell you too that hearts like his are not so plentiful that you can afford to throw them away thus lightly. Has a year been long enough to make his wishes of no importance to you? Has the scent from the orange-blossoms in your bridal wreath so entirely departed from your life that you have forgotten the vow you made to honour and obey? Have you lived so entirely in and for yourself as to be ignorant that there are thousands of women who do their duty nobly in spite of being neglected and unloved? and you, to gratify a feeling of paltry pride, have denied a whole family a day's pleasure, and disappointed your husband."

"I am not more faulty than others, why do you come to blame me?" asked Sybil, half angrily.

"Because from you I expected better things. The life you mortals live now is too cold and too rapid for our gentle race, and it is very seldom that any of us appear to them as we used in the olden time; and then it is only when we find a heart in some measure akin to our own. When we first looked upon you, Sybil Tredegar, we thought we had found such an one, but we were wrong; what we thought was glittering gold has proved a base imitation. We loved you when we saw you thread your berry chain, and heard you speak so gently and earnestly to your husband. Alas! we forgot how soon mortals break their good resolutions; but the loss will be yours; your home would have been better and happier for our presence. Although unseen and unsuspected, we have been too grateful to you during the past year to remain inactive; we have helped

you tend your flowers, have sent the bloom to your cheeks, and the light to your eyes, until your husband marvelled at their wondrous beauty, and when we go, the sunshine of your home will be gone also; but you will not dare complain, for it is your act that has driven us from you."

"And will not others of your sisterhood take your place?"

"Mortal, no! the wrong offered to one of us is offered to the entire race, the fairies will visit your home no more."

"But you are still here, why need you go?"

"Still here! you say, Sybil Tredegar. I only linger until your selfish wish is put into effect. If we are severe we are just, the intended wrong is not always acted. We wait till it is no longer doubtful."

"What share of my happiness will you take from me?" asked Sybil slowly.

"Faith," replied the fairy; and the word sparkled in tiny letters on her diadem, "hitherto your husband has trusted you, scarcely believing you could err; he will find himself mistaken, and the bitterest regret on your part can never bring me back to his heart. The next berry you take from your chain will be love, and what will your home be worth then, Sybil?"

What indeed? and owing either to the horror of the idea, or the timepiece striking one, Sybil started up to find her fairy visitor *non est*, whilst the holly-berry chain, still unshortened, was lying in her lap, and pressing it to her lips with a feeling of intense thankfulness that the opportunity for good had not quite escaped her, and with a heartfelt thanksgiving to Him from whom all that is good, no matter whether it be thought, word, or action, must come, she resolved that with His blessing the morrow should find her berry chain complete.

PART II.

JEANIE'S HOME.

JEANIE TREDGAR had married when very young—so young indeed

that a matter-of-fact maiden aunt, who highly disapproved of early marriages, doubted whether she had forgotten the colour of her last doll's eyes;—had married one of those men who although possessing the best of principles and intentions, are always involving themselves and those belonging to them in endless troubles and difficulties. Cuthbert Arden had had a good education, yet self-taught men passed him in the race of life; he was the first to commence business in the morning, the last to leave off at night, and still the end of the year found him far behind others who seemingly did not possess a tithe of his perseverance.

But Jeanie never thought that any of their trials arose from some faults of her husband; she was conveniently blind to the stern truth that men need knowledge of each other, and that ill-kept virtues may degenerate into something very much like vices; so people might pity her for having married imprudently, she felt rather annoyed than otherwise at their pity, and in her wifely devotion would have been quite ready to argue that bare assertions never prove anything. His many failures never shook *her* faith in his ultimate success; she was always willing to sit up half the night putting strings on little petticoats, or mending large holes in small socks, and listening with reverential attention whilst her husband explained some plan of Utopian excellence, both of them entirely forgetful that plans must be more practical than Utopian to stand a chance of being adopted in this nineteenth century.

They had only been married a very short time when Cuthbert arrived at the conclusion that America was the proper sphere of action for his peculiar talents, and to America he went, taking his young wife with him, both happy in the firm belief that a few years in the New World would enable them to return with a fortune. However, when after twelve years absence they did return, it was to bring over five little ones to provide for, though the fortune had still to be made.

Soon after the Ardens arrived in England, Sybil had paid them a visit, which visit Jeanie had returned, but Henry was disappointed to find that the sisters-in-law did not seem likely to become at all intimate. Jeanie in her washed-out muslin was as much the lady as Sybil in her delicate silk, but still there was a want of sympathy between them, the reason for which he could not fathom.

The fact was whilst the Ardens had been going down, the Tredegars had been going up. Henry was rising steadily in his profession, and bade fair to take his place among the first lawyers at the bar; then he had married a rich wife, and so the nameless barrier existed between the two families that always does and always will exist between successful and unsuccessful people.

After Sybil had once clearly decided as to which course she was to pursue, she never lost much time before putting it in execution, so in the afternoon of the day when she had been hesitating between right and wrong, she relinquished her intended shopping excursion, astonishing her coachman by giving him the direction M— Street, Hackney, and still more when she stopped him at the top of the street, bidding him drive about for fear the horse should be chilled, and come back in half-an-hour.

The house in which the Ardens lived was not by any means a large one, and as Sybil entered the little front garden, she found herself wondering where they could find room for a nursery, the idea that a family of five children could possibly be managed without the luxury of one never entering her imagination. The little maid servant, who was standing at the door, engaged in an animated discussion with the baker's young man, a discussion that had more to do with the small talk of the neighbourhood, than the merits of the "two plain and one fancy" she held in her arms, stared in wondering admiration at the elegantly-dressed young lady, who inquired for Mrs. Arden; and arguing from her own experience of life which re-

dered it a moral impossibility to connect petticoats with crimped frills with married ladies, she addressed Sybil as "Miss," greatly to the amusement of the latter, who being in a very good temper with herself and every one else, passed by the girl without ceremony, telling her she knew where to find her mistress.

To tell the truth there was not much difficulty in doing so; whoever had the slightest insight into Jeanie's habits and character, would know that where she was her children would be, and *vice versa*; so Sybil, hearing a chorus of small voices, pushed open a door that led from the narrow passage, and stood for a moment quietly looking at the picture before her, about which, though she could not tell from whence it came, there seemed to hang a certain kind of homely prettiness.

Everything was simple and well-worn; the pattern of the felt carpet was indistinct in several places, owing to the constant patter of tiny feet; the curtains were scanty, the table-cover faded, whilst chairs and table had certainly lost more than their pristine beauty; but Sybil felt that the home fairies had never left that fireside, where Jeanie sat. Her still graceful figure slightly bent over her work, her fair hair parted Madonna-wise on her white forehead, and her nimble fingers, not so delicate perhaps as they had been in the days gone by when the hardest work they knew had been mastering the difficulties of a sonata or nocturne, flying over her task, whilst in her soft, cooing voice, she repeated a nursery rhyme to the two little ones standing at her knee.

Both Jeanie and her listeners were too deeply interested in the fate of "the pig that would not go over the stile," to notice Sybil, but a young gentleman, who as the juvenile of the family, was allowed to build his brick houses on the floor instead of the table, caught sight of her, and set up a shout of welcome; so finding her presence discovered, Sybil advanced to meet Jeanie, who rose, apologising with a

slight blush for not having seen her visitor.

But when Sybil meant to do a thing, she never did it by halves: with a pretty childish belief in her morning's dream, she had tied the holly-berry chain round her neck, and with that better belief that springs from a kindly heart, and a firm reliance on a higher power than our own ability to do the right or shun the wrong, she was strong in her determination to break down every barrier of coldness or reserve, so she astonished the undemonstrative Jeanie by putting her arms round her, kissing her in right sisterly fashion, and then saying laughingly, "I didn't come all this way to be called Mrs. Tredegar; why even your servant did not consider me dignified enough to be styled ma'am."

"I do not wonder at that, you look so young," answered Jeanie, with a glance at the little black velvet hat Sybil wore.

"There, Jeanie, please don't look so doubtfully at my unfortunate hat; even Henry lectures me about it, and says I don't look fit to be a grave lawyer's wife."

"And likes it all the time, I daresay."

"Gracious only knows!" and Sybil gave her head a toss that made her white plume dance and quiver, but said as plainly as possible that Henry Tredegar's likes and dislikes were far from being secrets to his young wife; and then, acting on her resolve to make herself at home, she threw her hat on the table, drew off her gloves, and kneeling on the hearthrug, began rubbing her hands, saying they were "so cold," that Jeanie "really must excuse" her, as if Jeanie were not too glad to have her brother's wife there, to think excuses necessary for any vagary she might commit. Then Sybil admired the children, and the two women, drawn closer by the sure bond of feminine sympathy, grew more familiar with one another than otherwise they would have done in years of ceremonious intercourse.

"Oh, dear, I must not stay any

longer," said Sybil at length, "or Henry will be home before me, and he is such a silly boy; he always likes me to meet him at the door. Jeanie, dear, I have such a favour to ask of you."

"Well, I am sure if it is anything I can do, I shall be very happy."

"Of course you can do it, but the happiness will be on my side of the question. The fact is, Henry and I want you and Mr. Arden to come to dinner with us on Christmas-day. The little ones as well; I can't do without them, you know."

Jeanie looked doubtful for a moment, as visions of her own turned silk, and the "brown black" of Cuthbert's best coat, flashed across her mind, but then the invitation had been given with such genuine warmth; and, after all, Sybil was not so very dreadful, she thought. Besides, providing there was to be no one but themselves, dress would not matter much, and Cuthbert had so little intellectual society that he would enjoy a long chat with Henry, so she raised her eyes to Sybil's, and said honestly,—

"I should like to come very much, and so I know would Cuthbert; but our manner of living is so different from yours that I am afraid if you are going to have a large party, that——"

"But we are not going to have anything of the sort; Henry believes in a happy rather than a merry Christmas, but I think, please God, as he would say," and the little hand went up to where the holly-berry chain was resting, "that we can make it *both*; you must try and like me too, Jeanie, for I shall often want to come to you for help and advice. I have had so little experience that I am often in doubt; you would laugh at some of my housekeeping troubles, I know."

After such an appeal as this, what could Jeanie do but accept the invitation? of course, with the proper amount of matronly doubt respecting the children's behaviour; but that drawback being voted nothing at all, Sybil carried her point and departed, taking with her the happy

consciousness that she had done her duty that day very well indeed; and when Henry came home that evening with something of the shadow of the first difference that had occurred in their married life resting on his brow, he found such a warm welcome awaiting him, and Sybil looking so pretty in her pale blue silk and pearl ornaments, that he would have been something more or less than mortal, had he remained in his mental cloudland; so after a short time he came out of it with very good grace, and then Sybil found (quite by accident, of course: some of the duets they used to play together before they were married, and practising the old music took them back to the old times, the result being that both thought the long winter evening much too short.

And in their different manner the inmates of the little house in M—Street were just as happy; certainly there were no duets practised there; Jeanie's long-promised, long-hoped for pianoforte seemed more than ever a thing of the far distant future; was not to be bought, the children said, until "Papa's ship came home;" and Cuthbert Arden sometimes feeling a dim consciousness that he did not belong to the class of men whose ships ever *do* come home, would give a sad dreamy sort of smile, and wonder to himself whether Jeanie might not have done better for herself than marry him. but he never spoke the thought, for once when he had done so, Jeanie burst into tears, and clinging round his neck, had implored him not to think that she could ever have been so happy as she was in being his wife, and the mother of his children.

But Cuthbert was not in a dreamy mood that evening; he had just thought of an improved paper weight, which would be worth two hundred to any one possessing the capital necessary to bring it out; so he was quite content to listen to Jeanie's animated account of Sybil's visit, and agree with her that there was no reason why the invitation for Christmas-day should not be accepted, at which decision the younger members of the family circle expressed

great delight, and the two elder ones, who had been at school when the wondrous apparition yclept Aunt Sybil had appeared, demanded a repetition of all the particulars connected with the unlooked-for event, for their especial gratification, and were finally sent to bed to dream of all sorts of magnificent impossibilities that were to fall to their share on Christmas-day.

PART III.

SYBIL'S VISITORS.

WE are sadly afraid that Mrs. Tredegar had somewhat one-sided notions of the perfect confidence that ought to exist between husband and wife; for though she always seemed to expect that Henry should give her a full and particular account of every day's doings when he came home of an evening, and was not satisfied until she knew exactly where he had been, and where he had not been, whom he had seen, and whom he had not seen, she never told him of her visit to Jeanie, and what was worse, manifested the utmost indifference when the Ardens were mentioned. But she helped her husband to choose the presents that were to be sent in their Christmas hamper; and he having no clue by which to solve the riddle, nor even suspecting the existence of a riddle to be solved, did not wonder at the meaning smile that played round the little lady's lips so often during the week that preceded Christmas-day. If the truth must be confessed, he himself was looking forward to that day with something very closely resembling dread. At first he had half hoped that the Bryanstons would be unable to come, but he checked the feeling, and as an atonement for what his generous nature made him consider treachery to his wife, he enquired kindly if her invitation had been accepted; and she, thinking how fortunate for the success of her plan it was that his question had not been more definite, answered gaily in the affirmative.

However, Sybil seemed to find

such an intensity of pleasure in her preparations, that, even though they were for Mrs. Bryanston's benefit, Henry could not help being interested in them; and when, on Christmas-eve, Sybil insisted that she would have no help but his in putting up the evergreen decorations, he was perfectly willing to lay aside his books, throwing his entire mind into his appointed task, and working with such hearty good will, that Sybil found her most extravagant suggestions carried out before she had arrived at any mental calculation of the result; though Henry slightly demurred when she persisted in her determination to have an immense bunch of mistletoe suspended in the middle of the drawing-room, gravely assuring him that she was not at all sure that he would not find it useful.

And then, when that most pleasant of all the pleasant Christmas duties was performed entirely to the satisfaction of both, Henry thought that amongst all the happy hours he had spent in his home, there had never been one more happy than he spent when Sybil, telling him that he had been a very good boy, allowed him to take possession of easy chair and slippers, whilst she busied herself in the preparation of some mulled wine, which, as she said, was the only proper thing to drink on Christmas-eve; though after her skill in its manufacture had been duly applauded, something of a quieter spirit rested on them both: when drawing a footstool to the side of her husband's chair, Sybil seated herself on it, her hands clasped on his arm, and her head resting on the little hand where—best and most sacred of her possessions—her wedding-ring was glimmering, and she felt, as she sat there listening to the "Waits," and counting the minutes that must elapse before the birth of another Christmas-day, that she was far happier than she would have been, had there been one bead missing from her holly-berry chain.

The next morning Sybil was up betimes, sitting here, there, and everywhere about the house, listening to the cook's hopes and

fears respecting the pudding, wondering whether the new jelly-shape would prove a success, and settling various small perplexities with the housemaid; and back again into the breakfast-room, where soon after Henry made his appearance. Then the workmanship of the embroidered braces had to be admired, and Sybil found she had to be grateful in her turn, for lying on her plate was a case containing a set of exquisitely cut coral ornaments, Henry saying with a smile, as he clasped them on her neck and arms, "I bought these because they were something the colour of your holly-berry chains, Sybil, love. I think we have both stood your test, little wife;" and Sybil was glad she could think so too.

As Henry Tredegar passed along the street that morning, with his young wife leaning on his arm, many a glance of admiration was cast on the fair face and girlish figure, that the tasteful dress rendered still more attractive. Perhaps the sunshine of the home fairies' influence was lingering round her, for the passers-by instinctively felt that the true spirit of the holy, happy Christmas-tide was with her. There may not be much credit due to the light-hearted for passing along a city thoroughfare with a smile on their lips and a kindly light in their eyes, but even that trifle does its part towards making the world more pleasant; and drawn closer together by the invisible bond of faith returned and love deserved, the pair entered the holly-decked church, where wreaths, and garlands, and festoons of evergreens told the ever welcome, ever new story of a Saviour's tender love.

Perhaps amongst my readers there may be one or two who think Sybil attached undue importance to her intended disregard of her husband's wishes, which after all never went beyond the intention; but there is a great deal of wisdom in the old French proverb: "It's the first step that costs;" trifles light as air have power to wring a loving heart, and the greater the love the greater the sin of wounding it. Surely there is

enough of bitterness which must necessarily enter into every one's cup of life, to render it needless for those who should be most gentle to fling in the fennel-leaves; all honour therefore to those who draw back in time, and are generous enough to feel regret for the wrong, though it might never have gone beyond a thought.

The weather on that particular morning was cold enough even for an old-fashioned Christmas-day, but either Sybil did not feel it, or she took a special interest in what went on in the street, for on her return from church, after she had laid aside her cloak and bonnet, she went directly to the drawing-room window, without the usual preliminary of kneeling at the fire to warm her hands. However, her watch was not of long duration, for in a few minutes she started up with the exclamation, "Here they are!" and before Henry had time to consider where he was going, she had dragged him to the window, and was pointing delightedly into the street, where his glance mechanically following the direction of her finger, Henry saw—instead of the Bryanston brougham—a cab, from which descended his sister and her husband, the eldest hope of the Arden family jumping from his seat by the cabman, and proceeding energetically to assist in the extrication of his four brothers and sisters, who had been stowed away—how, Jeanie alone could tell,—somewhere in the remote depths of the vehicle.

We wish we could say that on this occasion our heroine acted with proper dignity, but we are sorry to confess that she did nothing of the kind, for instead of explaining the apparent mystery to her husband in a few correctly worded sentences, she fairly danced round him, exclaiming, "There, Henry, you see I've cheated you,—you thought all the good-nature was to be on your side! nothing of the kind, sir. I just changed my mind: Mrs. Bryanston isn't coming, and Jeanie is; and she is *my* visitor, and——"

But whatever else Sybil meant to say is lost in oblivion; for, owing

to her anxiety to welcome her guests, and her husband's summary method of rewarding her for the unexpected improvement in their Christmas-day, her speech came to an abrupt conclusion, which was perhaps the best conclusion to which it could come.

Of course Cuthbert and Jeanie never suspected that Henry had been unaware of Sybil's invitation, and he was too wise and too careful of his wife's feelings to let them into the secret. So he stood chatting to Mr. Arden in the drawing-room, whilst Mrs. Arden and the children were disrobing; and really, as Sybil said, it was wonderful how Jeanie had contrived to bring herself and them all the way from Hackney to the West-end in such a state of unruffled neatness. As for Jeanie, she was pardonably proud of the manner in which her black silk had "done up," for what with taking out the front width and goring the others, and cording it with violet, it was quite fresh again. To all of which Sybil listened with profound attention, her interest gradually increasing, until, as a finale, Jeanie gave herself a little shake, and announced her readiness to "go down."

Never was Christmas-day more pleasantly spent; the dinner was perfection: indeed, Jeanie wondered what Sybil could possibly have meant by saying she ever needed advice; and the latter in her turn asked Jeanie what *she* had meant by casting undeserved doubts on the children's behaviour. As for Cuthbert, he was a decided success, proving himself a delightful companion, though Henry laughingly shook his head at some of his opinions, that, tried by the judgment of the keen-sighted lawyer, seemed more sentimental than truthful; and in that

home at least the spirit of that Christmas-day did its work in the perfect union that existed henceforth between the two families.

But the brightest day must have its ending, the best of friends must part, so at last the Christmas guests departed, and once more the husband and wife stood alone by their fireside; and then, and not till then, Sybil told the story of her morning dream and its consequences.

"I ought to have known which way to choose, Henry, dear," she said, softly, by way of finish, "without such assistance, and perhaps you will think I might have found still better and surer help; but my dream, simple though it was, has taught me a lesson I shall not soon forget. It frightened me so, dear, to think of what I—of what our home would be if you ceased to love and trust me, that I felt anxious to depend on a higher power than my own to do right. If my prayers were tardy, my thanksgiving has been very earnest. There are fifty-two beads on last year's berry chain; Henry, help me to be able to say the same when another year has passed."

And Henry Tredegar, whilst he offered up a voiceless thanksgiving to the Author of good for the gift most precious that can be bestowed on man—the gift of a true woman's love,—gladly made the promise that had been exacted with such touching humility, qualifying his own belief in the superiority with which Sybil gifted him by saying, "Trusting in Him all are equally strong, dear wife: we will do our best to help each other, and so with His blessing the holly-berries of each succeeding year shall ripen, to find us both nearer that home where the spirit of Christmas is ever present."

THE PRIDE OF THE LATYMERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "FROM DARK TO DAWN IN ITALY," ETC.

XXIV.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A POINT.

HUGH LAKE's lesson came before many months had passed: and on this wise.

He had been in Dublin watching the sale of the Latymer lands on behalf of his uncle. That useful enactment, the Encumbered Estates Bill, cut the entanglements of a hundred charges, and mortgages, and annuities, and rendered it possible to transfer lands to a new owner with a new parliamentary title, which could never be disturbed by any foregoing chicanery of law. The period was unfavourable for the sale of landed property: that commodity had become a drug in the market, and there was scarcely a hope that the biddings could reach a sum sufficient to cover the schedule of claims, much less leave anything for the original owner. But Hugh was resolved that Mr. Etough should get no bargain, if he could help it, and he had the satisfaction of seeing that the attorney paid handsomely for what was called "the house division," the possession of which fulfilled his ambition of becoming Master of Kyle.

Sitting in a railway-carriage at the terminus, to go home on the next day, Hugh saw Mr. Etough on the platform just as the last bell was sounding. He walked hurriedly along the train, looking in for room, and certainly saw the vacant seat in the compartment with Mr. Lake, but turned aside, and after a few words with an official (he was well-known to the staff through his frequent journeys, and also as a shareholder who was always asking troublesome questions at the annual meetings), he procured the putting-on of another carriage, and Hugh saw him no more.

The hundred miles of journey was spread over nearly six hours, so slow was the rate of progress, and so frequent the stops at stations for no

ostensible purpose but that the guard should stretch his limbs by a walk. Often had Hugh Lake, in his keen sense of the value of time, chafed at these delays, but most people took them as "all in the day's work," and crept across country contentedly. Perhaps they had nothing particular to do at the end; but one great secret of young Lake's prosperity over his fellows was, that he considered the parings of time as so much gold dust.

Now the dilatory train had made its last long pause; the tickets had been collected, and people began to gather their parcels and button their coats in anticipation of actual arrival. In the western skies glowed a very bright sunset; fusing all the cloudlets into one rich amber haze, wherein sparkled the solitary silver Venus. Hugh Lake was looking at this, and noting how sharply the purple hills cut against it. Suddenly he felt the carriage give a great jerk—a bound which flung him forward for an instant. Exclamations, outcries, scared faces, as a noise of crashing mingled with shrieks came from behind.

An accident, surely: but what, and who was hurt? Nobody in this carriage, and the train had not stopped. Iron bars across the windows prevented looking out, and Hugh held the single unlocked door fast against an excited lady, who wanted to leave the train at all hazards, and would probably have paid for doing so with her life.

"They are putting on the breaks, madam—you can get out directly," he said. "They always 'slow' at this junction, and perhaps forgot to do so—went too quickly over the points—at all events, thank God, we are safe so far:" thus he tried to make her reasonable, but until she stood on the permanent way and looked along the unbroken line of carriages with the engine still puffing ahead, she believed herself in imminent danger, never reflecting that all the other passengers had lives to be

lost likewise, and would probably make every rational effort to save them, in the benefits of which she would share.

What then had happened? A broken coupling-iron behind the carriage in which Hugh Lake had travelled, told the tale to experienced eyes.

A little while before the train was due at this junction of lines near the town, two men in railway uniform were smoking at the door of a signal-hut; one was the pointsman in charge, the other a porter who expected promotion to that rank and pay, and desired to obtain an insight of the duties attached. Before them was the iron quadrant, in which a lever worked back or forward, opens or closes the converging rails, and thus shunts a train from one line to another. Pointsman was explaining the *rationale* of this operation, the best way of holding the lever for the different sets of rails, the proper degree of strength, etc., and Porter listened attentively, sometimes stepping out to the iron quadrant and handling the tool for himself in illustration. He seemed to be making progress in his lesson, too.

Had Porter propitiated the favour of Pointsman by any previous offer of refreshment?

Not far from the signal-hut was a level crossing, near also to a meeting of four roads, and the thatched house that stood there bore an inscription—"The Traveller's Joy: Michael Madigan, licensed to be drunk on the premises." One or two lemons and glasses, with a green bottle, adorned the chief window as stock-in-trade, and on the subsequent investigation it did not come out with any clearness what business Porter and Pointsman had at this hostelry, on the afternoon in question.

At all events, the train coming in sight, our pointsman was so patronizing to his pupil, that he would permit him to hold the lever just this once. "A grain of practice is worth a bushel of theory," as he justly remarked. "And I'll stand by you, so that you can't make a mistake, even if you was to try ex-

press." They stuck their pipes in their pockets, according to that wonderful practice of the commonality which does *not* burn alive its average of persons every year, and prepared for action.

On swept the engine and carriages, looming larger and yet more large upon the two men, who seemed to await it in mid career, but were just out of the reach of destruction. A step on the wrong side of that quadrant would make all the difference. Their hands were on the lever as the train slowed and began to shunt, faces looking from the windows; then Pointsman, in his confidential dealing with his friend Porter, withdrew his fingers. Still all was right, the succession of small shocks which denoted the wheels over the joined rails went on, the last carriage came, and Porter too soon quitted his grasp of the lever, thinking the shunt was done. Pointsman sprang forward, his face white as ashes, but already the ill-fated carriage had gone off the rails, been overturned, and was bumping and bounding helplessly on the ground in the rear of the train, with a violence which threatened to smash it in pieces.

A few minutes brought help enough, if help could be availing. From the wreck they extricated the senseless body of a man, crushed and bruised almost beyond recognition, and laid him on the ground near the signal-hut. There had been no one else, apparently, in the carriage which lay before them broken into convenient firewood. Hugh Lake knelt down by the side of the body, with a face as scared as the culprit's. "I think I know this gentleman," he said, in a low, awe-stricken tone. "Yes, it is Mr. Etough."

His face was all bloody, perhaps from the broken glass of the windows. They sent for a surgeon, and Hugh quickly decided that it was his duty to stay here until friends came; he could not leave this senseless creature merely to the few labourers and railway men who had gathered. With his handkerchief and some water from a neighbouring ditch, he bathed the face and hands tenderly.

as if he loved his quondam master. Whatever feelings he had formerly entertained were most truly dead within him now. What, bear dislike in presence of (it might be) death; and having himself just escaped the same, in all probability, by an hair's-breadth? Hugh Lake would have done a great deal for Mr. Etough at such a juncture. He watched the fluttering breath and faint pulsations with anxious sympathy. Would he die? Just in the hour of his success, just when he had gained what seemed to culminate the plans of years? Such ending to a successful career struck a cold chill upon Hugh Lake's ambitious heart. For the first time, the words he often heard in church came home to him as a mighty truth:—"Surely man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them."

Gradually the sore pain of the crushed limbs forced itself upon the yet unextinguished life, and the injured man began to groan heavily. He opened his eyes with a bewildered consciousness in them, and as he recollected himself, tried to exercise some self-control. "What has happened?" he murmured. "Oh yes—the railway;" and he attempted to rise, but fainted again upon Hugh's arm.

The surgeon looked very grave, and feared there was severe injury to the spine in addition to more palpable hurt. A litter was extemporised from a door and mattress, and Mr. Etough was carried carefully to that cross-roads' cottage, called "The Traveller's Joy," Hugh Lake and the doctor walking behind.

"The responsibility must be divided with somebody else," said the latter, designating professional brethren, who appeared in due course, and were very piercing of vision and learned of speech, and discovered precisely the nature of the injury; and it they could not. Friends should be communicated with; but an intimation at Mr. Etough's house reached only an old housekeeper and some clerks, the chief of whom came in, consternation, reported that, he

knew of no relatives, and went to solace his woes at the bar. Mr. Lake felt he ought still to remain by this forlorn bedside, notwithstanding the professional nurse sent from the town, and the surgeon who would sleep in the house. Was it making amends for past hard thoughts, which seem so much to require reparation in the great crises of life and death?

"The Traveller's Joy" had a great time of it. Like wildfire had spread the news of the railway accident, and all who wanted the latest and most reliable intelligence concerning the sufferer, crowded to the counter of the little shop. The landlord had laid down straw in front to deaden noise of wheels, and served out his beer with an air of concerned gravity as of one with a weight on his mind, who likewise knew far more than he thought proper to tell, or than the public ought to be made aware of. But a very fine gentleman, with a little note-book, by-and-by pushed his way to the inner parlour, and after ordering the best meat and drink in the house, invited the landlord and Mr. Etough's clerk to sup with him, and wrote with great rapidity on several sheets of the thinnest paper subsequently, what seemed a résumé of their narrations. The police hung about also, though neither landlord nor customers favoured them. "Maybe they're thinking of a coroner's 'quest,'" opined the former; and he could calmly contemplate, from a business point of view, the additional *éclat* which a jury and funeral must confer on his establishment.

It was late at night before the poor object of all this curiosity moved or spoke, though occasionally he moaned piteously, proving that consciousness was but half dead. "Alleviation is all that science can do in this case," had been said by the chief spectacled surgeon to Mr. Lake, and a junior of the profession was left to use its resources in giving relief. This gentleman going to the bedside after some minutes' absence at the fire, where he had been talking in low tones with the other watcher, was startled (if anything can startle a man, who has passed through a surgical curriculum) to find his patient's

eyes most intelligently open, and to hear him say, "It was Hugh Lake's voice; where is he?"

"Here, Mr. Etough." He paused a moment and added, "Here, believe me, to do you any faithful service that I can."

Very much to Hugh's surprise, the sick man, in turning away his head, uttered a feeble "Thank you." Certainly it thrilled through the young man pleasantly, for he had expected to be repulsed. A paroxysm of pain seemed to ensue, and stop all speech with moans.

"I suppose I am dying?" were his words after an interval.

"I fear—" began the surgeon.

"You fear!" repeated Mr. Etough, with some of the old snappishness to persons whom he need not propitiate. "Tell me, Lake."

"The surgeons think very badly of your case, sir; they think the spine has been injured."

"I shouldn't mind if it wasn't for this confounded pain." The hollow glittering eyes turned sharply to the surgeon. "Can't you do anything to stop it?"

How old and drawn the face had become! Lines of suffering were stamped on it. The clever, cunning look of the once handsome features was drowned in pain, which left the muscles tense and the bones sharpened.

"I saw you in the train, Lake. How did it happen?" he asked in the next lull. They told him it was an accident at the points, by which his carriage was thrown off the line. "Well, it has done my business," he observed composedly. "Send for a priest," naming one of those in the town where he lived. "I've not been a very good Catholic, but perhaps I'll make amends to them now."

"A Catholic!" Hugh Lake had no reason to conclude Mr. Etough was of any religion: but this avowal surprised him. He had been about to suggest the sending for a clergyman.

"I must settle my affairs," gasped the dying man. "I must leave money to the Church, or they'll do nothing for me—nothing. And I can't leave them. Kyle—no landed

property or hereditaments can be devised to any religious corporation, according to the Bequest Act.—Ah! I thought to live a long life at Kyle."

He turned away the worn face, made more ghastly by a bandaged wound on the brow: and lay quite still for a while. What thoughts and convictions visited him in that hour, none might know.

"Latymer will be glad of this," he said. "He gave me no reason to love him—and I—I was revengeful. Well, what of that? it is human nature."

"Nay," said Mr. Lake, "my uncle will have no such feeling, I am sure. He checked me—"

"Aye, I guessed it, in the Chancery suit. That was for poor Emily's sake, though—not mine. You don't know about poor Emily: he was to have married her, long ago, only for his cursed family pride. No matter, I shall see her soon I suppose."

Again a pause. Hugh felt very near to the spirit-world: as for the surgeon, it had been part of his duty in hospital to watch by patients' deathbeds. All the phenomena were commonplace to him. Not liking to whisper, however, the garrulous little man scratched with a pencil on the back of an envelope,— "Never heard he was a Catholic: convert, eh?" To which the other watcher responded by an ignorant shake of his head.

The priest came, one well known and much respected by all parties in the town, for his ascetic life and unwearied benevolence. He bowed to the gentlemen, and had some conference in a low tone with Mr. Etough, which was broken up by the exclamation of the latter— "Private confession! no, father, my confession is what the whole world ought to hear. You say, confession and restitution—there shall be both. I sent for you that there should be both. Raise me up, Lake."

But the effort caused such bad pain that it was abandoned. "I've had my senses much more than they all think; I knew from the first there could be no hope of life. That man in charge of the points

ought to be severely punished!" he added, in a sort of cry.

"Sir," said the calm voice of the priest, "you must now endeavour to imitate the example of our most holy Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who prayed for a blessing even on His murderers!" A small ivory crucifix was taken from his breast, and upheld before the dying man.

"Well—he didn't want to kill anybody—but—it is hard—" his voice broke down.

"Sir," said the priest once more, "leave the concerns of this mortal life, and hasten to prepare your soul for the presence of its God!"

"Prepare—yes—but I don't believe in the oil, or in Latin prayers. I must do right while right can be done. Get pen and paper, Lake—you ought to remember the forms of a will since your clerkship—or rather a codicil—revoking every other disposition."

"You must then allow me to retire," said the priest: "I came to give spiritual aid."

"And you shall—but my confession, father—you have not heard it."

"My son," responded the priest, "the Church yearns over a returning penitent: but you must obey her injunctions, you must be docile to her commands: and private confession is one of the essentials without which the most blessed Sacraments cannot be administered. I cannot admit that anything you say before these gentlemen is confession in the Church's sense."

Now Hugh Lake had been inclined to be a liberal in religious opinions; that is, to consider doctrine as of little or no consequence, and view the errors of the Church of Rome in a very venial light: but he had reason to change his ideas after the occurrences of that midnight. Clear it became to him that mortal money had much more to do with the ultimate salvation of a soul, according to the Papal system, than "the precious blood of Christ." And this worthy, self-denying priest, an ascetic for himself, was covetous for his Church. He scarcely concealed his pleasure at a handsome legacy from Mr. Etough

to an ecclesiastical college and chapel. Such offerings were well pleasing to God and "His blessed Mother," he averred, with a familiar blasphemy quite common in Romanist mouths. And masses would be said for Mr. Etough's soul up to the full value: "because in the mass," said the father, quoting from the creed of Pope Pius III.—"in the mass there is offered unto God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead."

But the confession? He insisted that a part of it should be embodied in this last will, as a reason for the testamentary disposition he was about to make concerning Kyle. He had dealt unrighteously in many ways towards Mr. Latymer, and in reparation—

The clerk was writing to his dictation: even he suspended his pen when the words came to be recorded—"I give Kyle to his daughter,—not to himself—no, I cannot do that—but she would have saved him if a woman could. She is sensible, I think,—and just—she will not fall into her father's sins. Restitution to whom I have wronged, will that do, Mr.?"—addressing the priest. "I must have as little sin as possible on my soul—my poor soul!"

Hugh could not forbear saying, when the haggard eyes turned on him—"But it is written in the Word of God, that the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin!"

"Well and rightly quoted," said the priest, in dulcet tones. "That treasury, whereof the Church has the key, will doubtless abundantly avail for this case also. Think upon your Saviour, and do not despair!" he added, pointing Mr. Etough to the white crucifix again.

The preparation of that short will, between the pains of mind and body which afflicted the unfortunate testator, was an affair of hours. And when it was signed (with the landlord and surgeon for witnesses) and he lay back exhausted from his last transaction of earthly affairs: the next broken words distinguished from his lips were—"I never could have believed I would do it: enrich

the child of the man I hated and despised ! But death is a terrible thing, Lake. If I was altogether to die, body and soul—I shouldn't mind so much. But I must live—live—live, and take nothing with me except my sins."

"You need not take even those, dear sir," said Hugh, gently, his heart touched. "If I am to believe all I have ever heard out of the Bible, Jesus Christ is ready to take them all."

"I fear the gentleman is intruding on my office," insinuated the wary priest, who had strained his ears to catch the low colloquy. "Might I suggest that all persons should now withdraw, while I administer spiritual consolation to this dying son of the Church?"

He threw over his shoulders the blue scarf which is worn during the last rites by the Romish clergy. Mr. Lake paced in the small lobby outside, and sometimes stopped to look out at a moon hurried along by clouds. Shortly would this poor soul pass forth into the wild dim night—whither? Bearing nothing but its sins, he had said. Did not Hugh wish there was some person (as he thought) worthy to ask for the remission of those sins? His saintly mother, for instance. As for himself, all his foundations of belief were torn up: or rather, it was demonstrated to his heart that he had no faith which would be strong enough to stand upon in such an hour. He had believed utterly in worldly success, in wealth and distinction among men: he had said "time enough" to religion, putting it aside as an affair for old age or sickness: and now this railway accident had come so close as to startle him, and force on his attention weighty questions. Face to face with a new world he stood, and for the first time perceived that the spiritual was the real.

XXV.

THREADS OF THE TALE WOUND OFF.

SHOULD Beresford accept the bequest thus made? It took some time to reconcile her thoughts to

her new position. Had there been anything else possible without deep unhappiness to others, she would (I think) have declined to be Mr. Etough's legatee. Her mother saw nothing but judgment and justice in the whole affair. "If we all got our deserts, who would 'scape whipping?"

But her father utterly refused to live again at Kyle. He was in many respects a most altered man by his nine or ten months of imprisonment; perhaps by that last conversation with his agent. Beresford had found him several days poring over the Bible, and we know that book has life in it for the earnest searcher. He shortly afterwards declared that he would now pass through the Insolvent Court, for he saw that the root of his former resolution was a culpable haughtiness of spirit. The arrangements for his discharge had not been perfected when the railway accident occurred.

"Papa, we will send for Lancelot, and let him live at Kyle."

Everybody understood what other arrangement was necessarily included in that. Mr. Latymer only kissed Beresford's brow (it was the first evening after he had come out to their lodgings in the town), and bade her do as she pleased. "Then I may write to poor little Dora, papa?"

Lancelot had been working hard in Australia, at any honest thing that occurred for him to do; for the gold-fields had been pictured in colours far too rosy to be an exact transcript of the reality. Digging and washing like a navvy and mud-lark, was not his notion of happy labour, especially when the gain was uncertain, and had to be defended against any extent of lawlessness. He should never put together a ladder of gold by which to reach Dora, at this rate! Shepherding he tried for another space, and liked the riding about well enough, and tiring two or three horses daily. But most of all he wished for a share in one of the exploring expeditions sent out sometimes into the great wastes of the colonies; at last he had his wish, and found its ac-

complishment ashes to his lips, like most of our fulfilled desires. He and his comrades were lost in the wide, waterless plains of the interior; and when they struck the sea-coast, it was only to find hundreds of miles of cliff, without as much as a brook's mouth to break the terrible line of salt tide and barren continent. Lancelot always believed he had gone mad from thirst during the days before they came upon a squatter's at a muddy spring, as he certainly went mad from fever afterwards.

"By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of the spirit." So wrote the Jewish king after severe and deathly illness, recognising it as God's discipline for his soul. Blessed are those men who take the lesson when sent, and lay it to heart, and are taught by it concerning "things unseen and eternal."

Beresford brought to her father the letter she had written to little Dora. A kind note, rather opening communication than stating anything definite; except that at the close there was a hint that Lancelot might soon come home. Mr. Latymer read, and folded up the letter in its envelope again, balancing the same in his fingers.

"And yourself, Beresford?" he asked.

"How, papa?" but she blushed under his meaning look.

"If you give up Kyle to this young pair, there cannot be a joint mastership. Will you also live at Kyle? And some day when you marry——"

"Papa, I shall always stay with you."

"That will be as the other person pleases—the Prince of the Future. What is this I have heard about your cousin Hugh?"

"Nothing, papa—simple talk."

"Without foundation?"

"Without foundation. There are people who can never see cousins together but they make out stories directly."

"It is said he will be member for his borough some day. A young man of exceeding promise, indeed,

and unblemished reputation," affirmed Mr. Latymer in his stately way.

Times had changed, truly, since he refused even alms (in his first anger) to the sister who had displeased him by a low marriage.

Beresford was no wealthy heiress, notwithstanding her legacy. The "house division" (including the demesne and "home farm") at Kyle was all Mr. Etough had purchased: the once wide estates were sliced up into a score of "lots," and bought by a score different capitalists. By Mr. Charley, of Woodlawn, one slice.

The letter from Miss Latymer was such a marked overture that it sent many a tide of feeling fluctuating through the little Dora's heart. And it was the first word that had been breathed about Lancelot's return: but would he care for her still? The only letters of his that came to Woodlawn were to her father: for Mr. Charley, sore bestead at the time of his departure, would permit no correspondence with his daughter. He thought this the most straightforward course where the young man's parents disapproved so bitterly; "and then, if they really love one another, they have only to hold fast, and some way will be found over the obstacles. I think Mr. Dora worth taking some pains for," said the fond father. And so she was.

But not long afterwards he brought her with him to the town, when he went to visit Mr. Latymer, as he sometimes did, in his kindness. It was "by request," as Dora suspected; and being exceedingly afraid of Lancelot's parents, she would certainly have preferred staying at home. But for the sweet hope suggested by their desire to renew their acquaintance with her. And proud Mr. Latymer even said in a low tone at the farewell, "I think we owe you some reparation, my dear!" Mrs. Latymer had been gracious, and touched a pair of icy lips to her forehead; as for Beresford, she was the dearest girl in the world! Round her already had closed Dora's warm, impulsive heart.

But did Lancelot care for her still?

That doubt, never expressed to anybody but her sister Margaret, rankled in the poor little soul, which depreciated itself (according to the instinct of true love) as much as it exalted him; and was not quieted until a letter arrived one morning—addressed to herself, and so distinctively her own property that no other being thenceforth saw even the cover.

Would she be a farmer's wife? Could she live at Kyle, not in state, but as a working-woman (in her own domestic department), married to a working-man? These questions were effectively answered one bright Saturday morning, in the old familiar church, which Mr. Chetwynd had failed to render ritualistic. Mrs. Splints, assembled with other observers in the gallery, declared that she pronounced the words of assent much too distinctly, averring

that when she herself had been asked the decisive question, you might have knocked her down with a feather. The absence of tears was another point which scandalised the good lady. And Madame Nessuno looked so old! It was whispered that the Count had been bought off by the sacrifice of half her income. Women that were such fools deserved no better!

Mrs. Splints had something else upon her mind. Could it be true that Mr. Latymer would give his consent to that most objectionable proceeding, a cousin-marriage? She was determined to see with her own eyes whether that clever young Mr. Lake ("he has made a mint of money already, my dear!") paid Miss Latymer any particular attention. Why, she actually entered the aisle leaning on his arm!

* * * *

And thus did sweet marriage-bells ring out the Pride of the Latymers.

LAPLAND FLOWERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWELVE MONTHS WITH FREDRIKA BREMER."

A SHUDDER passes through the frame at the mention of Lapland, conjuring up as it does, thoughts of barren, icy, snow-covered wastes; of pigmy people, scarcely raised above the bears and wolves, their brute compatriots, still less above the reindeer, their associates. Yet fair scenes exist in Lapland, and hearts which beat with the same warm affections as those of earth's more favoured denizens, hearts which have their passions and penances—their life romances.

In order to penetrate below the conventional idea of this *ultima thule*, a little wreath of Lapland flowers has been gathered, from various Swedish sources, and is now lovingly presented to the English reader.

Let us first picture to ourselves a summer scene on one of the great rivers.

The river Lulea, like that of Ongermandland, can compete, as far

as the beauty of nature is concerned, with the most important rivers of central Europe. Its shores are certainly not adorned with stately castles and picturesque ruins, nor do steamboats cross each other on its silver clear surface, yet this very absence of human art and industry, this lack of all life and movement, fills the traveller, who follows the course of the magnificent river in his skiff, with feelings of a calm solemnity, to be sought for in vain on board the comfortable steamboats of the Rhine and Danube. Immeasurable forests extend as far as the eye can reach, whilst simple, unpainted cabins, inhabited by squatters, peep forth here and there, from amongst ploughed land and meadows, rescued by the axe from the forest. Some of these squatters are Laps, who abandoning their nomadic habits, have settled down as quiet Swedish subjects,

with a great tendency at the same time to adopt the grand aristocratic surnames of the ruling nation.

It was in the Luleå division of Swedish Lapmark that Anta lived, whose true, pathetic story is still treasured up in his neighbourhood; and as it will enable me to give a detail of Lap courtship and marriage I will relate it, gathering it as one of those flowers, which here, as in all other lands, may take the name of "Love lies bleeding."

Anta (Andrew) falling in love with a girl, named Ristin (Christine), made known his tender regard to her, and found that she returned it. As it is not, however, reciprocal affection and esteem, but equal wealth, which decides courtship in Lapland, Anta, on appealing in due form to Ristin's father for her hand, was refused, as being too poor. In spite of this, however, the two young people still continued to love each other.

Shortly after came the wealthy Polso (Paul), who making his suit to the father, at once was accepted by him. This first act of the drama concluded, the wooer, as usual, absented himself for a time, but before leaving fixed the date of his return. On the appointed day Polso appeared, attended by his nearest relations, all laden with provisions, which they carried to Ristin's tent. A large supply of brandy, an indispensable item, was also brought on this "*Giljar*" journey. The visitors, two of whom bore the name of "Supplicants," entered the tent, but the bridegroom remained, at first, outside. When all the company was assembled, Polso's father, Nalta Lanni, produced the brandy-bottle, offered some to Ristin's father, and in so doing, mentioned the object of their visit. The proposal being accepted, a second drinking of brandy ensued, followed by its circulation amongst the guests, until all felt themselves stimulated and exalted. Permission was given in regular order for the marriage, and the bridegroom produced his wedding present to the bride, consisting of the customary spoons, roses, belt and collar, with coins,

all properly of silver: after which Ristin's father fixed the price to be paid for his daughter, as if she were some piece of merchandize. Some haggling on this took place, and the day had ended before the two parties were mutually agreed. The bargaining had been done in the absence of the bride, but all being now settled, she was fetched and asked if she approved of the compact, to which she answered, against her inclination, yet forced by custom and circumstances, that she entirely subjected herself to the will of her father. When all was so far completed the bride and bridegroom drank brandy together, and received the congratulations of their relatives and friends. Prayers were now offered up for a blessing on the young couple, after which shaking of hands and warm embraces terminated the ceremony.

When Anta not only learnt that Ristin had been wooed by another, but married to him, his reason forsook him, and in bewildered despair he abandoned his home, and wandered to Qvickjock.

Qvickjock, which means the rushing river, is a very beautiful district of Luleå, and contains about six hundred inhabitants.

The scenery which now surrounded the poor frenzied wanderer was of the most imposing character. In the midst of a beautiful valley, surrounded by Alpine mountains, around which fantastic white mists gather, lies Lake Saggat. Not a sound is heard here but the murmur of the lake and the Kama river, which leaping down from the rocks, in close vicinity to the comfortable parsonage, joins the Tarra, when the united rivers flow into and are lost in Saggat-jaur, or lake. Perhaps Anta's soul, now insensible to most things, remained still alive to the charms of nature, for he took his stand on a hill, celebrated for its beauty and abundance of its flowers. Here he invoked Ristin's name incessantly by day and night, sang snatches of strange, wild songs, talked perpetually in a confused disconnected manner of his Ristin, ate but little, and never slept.

At length labourers coming to plough the mound, he pelted them and their horses with stones, and so drove them off. He was consequently seized, bound, and conveyed to a barn, where kind people prepared him a bed. In the dead of the night however he escaped, and again made his appearance in the morning on the flowery hill. He called, as before, on Ristin with wild cries of lament, and being left to himself, incessantly wandered to and fro on the hill top, until he had formed a beaten pathway in the soil.

Anta's relatives hearing of his condition, conveyed him from Quickjock. Again, after a few weeks, the unhappy youth was back in his former spot, following his old mode of life. He now merely wore a blouse, which fluttered in the wind as he paced backwards and forwards, calling in vain on heaven and earth to restore him his bride. His relations reappeared, and again removed him. He ate only once a week, and never rested.

Shortly afterwards he again escaped, but instead of returning to Quickjock, started to the mountains. All search for him proved fruitless, until in the autumn his dead body was discovered in a little cave of stones—a grave which he had made for himself on the mountains. But if poor Anta had only been patient, had only been content to wait a little longer, all might have been well.

Polso had been compelled by his father to share in a reindeer theft. They made a rich booty in the autumn, and hid the stolen and slaughtered deer in a snow crevice, between Kaskaivo and Njunnas. The two thieves repaired thither just before Christmas-eve, to fetch their Christmas fare, and were busily employed in bringing forth their provisions, when an avalanche suddenly crashed down from the mountains, and buried them both in its mighty volumes of snow. None knew nor could imagine what had befallen them. The following Spring, however, Ristin's father was most curiously led to the discovery. Having noticed that a bear had made great excavations in a tremendous snow-

drift, and surmising that it had scented flesh, and only been deterred from proceeding by the depth and hardness of the snow, he carried on the bear's undertaking, and came, in consequence, on the dead forms of rich Polso and old Nalta Lanni, amongst their purloined provender.

Bears, of necessity, play a great part in Lap-life. Here is an authentic story of a bear, which, in spite of these animals being said to possess the sense of twelve men and the strength of ten, sounds almost incredible.

The majority of the nomadic tribes travel in the autumn, with their droves of reindeer, from their summer quarters on the mountains to the lower coast-land, where less snow falls, and the herds have better pasturage. Some Lap families encamped thus, some years since, in the wooded tracts of Burträsk. A bear also had taken up its quarters in a cave in one of these solitary woods, and settled down comfortably to enjoy its long winter rest. Very soon, however, its peace became disturbed by the Laps, who with their dogs and reindeer wandered over its residence. Unable to account for the unexpected annoyance, the bear at last turned out to reconnoitre. All was silent when it made its observations, but waiting some little time it perceived a Lap woman at a short distance skating round her herd of reindeer. The woman, too, became aware of an object on the edge of the wood. Although the gloom of the foliage prevented her distinguishing the form clearly, she yet kept her eye firmly fixed on the moving object in the brushwood, until she became perfectly convinced of its being a bear, and of its watching her. As bears belonged properly to the far-distant mountains, the poor woman was totally unprepared for such an encounter, and being in a weak and delicate state, swooned away, and remained a long time lying insensible on the ground, whilst the reindeer, taking advantage of the circumstance, became scattered, and wandered away into the hills.

When the woman returned to consciousness, she found herself carried along in the soft, warm embrace of the bear, and shielded from the cold by its comfortable fur. In utmost alarm and terror she cautiously determined to remain perfectly passive. She felt it was carrying her with great care, occasioned no doubt by its desire to preserve its dainty supper uninjured. To her surprise, however, it was evidently conveying her much further than its den, and she knew they were going through woods. At last she felt herself cautiously deposited on an open space. Her last moment had surely come; she endeavoured to calm her trembling agitation, whilst the bear having entirely released its grasp, smelt at her, and let its breath play on her face. Then all was silent; she heard and felt nothing near her, and venturing to open her eyes, discovered to her joy not only that her *bearer* had disappeared, but that she had been brought within a short distance of her own tent. She perceived that her snow-skates were removed from her feet, which also must have been the animal's doing, and almost its first act. She arose, went home, and told her family and friends what had happened. It was an extraordinary event, and the Laps, men and women, putting their heads together, discussed the matter. The bear, they concluded, had considered the woman an encroacher, and fearing the discovery of its winter retreat had carried her back as near her own tent as it safely could. It was a sly, dangerous neighbour; and the men, without any feeling of admiration or gratitude, immediately started off to wage war on the enemy. They quietly entered the cave, where sure enough they found the bear snoozing, and instantly thrusting a spear into its side, the poor creature died, without making an effort to save itself.

The body was then carried back over the very road which it had traversed in life but a few hours previously with its precious burden, and was conveyed into the tent, not by the usual entrance, but by an opening on the opposite side, fac-

ing the north, the *Possjō-räike*, or "the dead bear's way." Job Marlund, the owner of a saw-yard in the neighbourhood, bought the skin from the Laps, and preserves it to this day in remembrance of the event.

Some of the flesh was, doubtless, offered to *Possjō-akka*, the Goddess of the wood. A lingering ceremony, from the period when this important goddess had to be propitiated with great oblations.

Although Christianity, more or less genuine, has been endeavouring for centuries to penetrate into Lap hearts, it is but in modern times that it has made any considerable progress. The old gods and goddesses were dear to this polar people. Amongst other deities they clung with pertinacity to Jubmel, the Jomala of the Finns, an invisible, supreme existence, without being Almighty, not having entire rule over heaven and earth. They loved and worshipped the Sun, on account of its beneficent influence on their remainder. They dreaded thunder, under the name of *Atja-räide*, regarding it as a living god, from its mighty noise and the rapid lightning which preceded it. Each neighbourhood possessed its own *Atja-räide*, for this god, although enjoying power over life and death, fortune and misfortune, and capable of shooting the mountain goblin with his bow, when he displeased him, was unable to cross the highest mountains. The word *Rotta-aimo* made a Lap tremble, for it signified hell, the formidable underground residence of the dreaded god *Rotta*, or *Rottacka*, who, to prevent calamities and troubles of all kinds, must be propitiated with the whole or a portion of the carcase of a horse.

Many places of sacrifice and remains of idols are still to be found in the mountain regions, whilst in Ongermand traces are said still to exist of a royal residence. This agrees with the tradition of the Laps having once their own petty kings: the name of one, a certain *Motik*, being handed down from the sixth century. Ask the Laps, and they will tell you that their ancestors possessed a far more extensive land

than they themselves do at present. Whether they occupied the whole of Scandinavia in remote ages, or were confined to the northern portions, remains, however, a question still to be answered.

Whilst other races become mixed, the Laps tenaciously hold together. The gifted authoress, Mrs. Carlén, gives an account of a little Lap settlement which still exists in Sweden, on Malm Isle, in the district of Bohus, and which within the memory of man lived entirely severed from the inhabitants of the neighbouring islands. Nor did this exclusiveness pass away until great numbers of the male population losing their lives in fishing, the Laps were compelled to allow other men to marry the rich daughters of Malm Isle. Before this time, if a wealthy man wooed a Lap girl, her father invariably dismissed him with the laconic reply,—"No, thank you, we gnaw our own bones."

Christianity is the sole means of uniting this distinct race with their fellow-beings, and although the clever American writer and traveller, Bayard Taylor, censures the religious Laps as fanatical, yet there doubtless exist many sincere Christians in that dark land, one of whom, Maria Magdalena Mattsdotter, having made the long journey to Stockholm for that purpose, obtained from the King enlarged means of education for her people. The heroism and devotion of this young woman has made her much loved and respected both in Lapland and Sweden.

The following is a letter penned by her to her friends in Stockholm, on her return to her far northern home; a simple letter, such as an early apostle of the Christian Church might have written to the brethren at Rome or Ephesus.

"Dorothea and Granberg, May 12th, 1864.

"Dearly beloved friends, God's grace and peace is wished you now, and unto the world's end.

"I must now send you some lines to thank you heartily for our being together, and also to inform you that I have safely returned to my parents and sister, and am and have

been well in health, since we parted. I wish the same to you, of God, from whom all good comes. But I must also mention that my sister has been ill since I came home, which took place on the fifth of the above-named month; she seems getting better now, which also rejoices me, yet nothing satisfies here. I impress this tenderly and seriously on everyone. Beloved friends, be watchful, holding the Sword of the Spirit; constantly watch and pray, and do not grow weary of journeying to that blessed home, where all saints will meet one day, if never here again. Yes, think! once everlastingly there, having eternal joy, which no words can express. Ah! hasten quickly, for the time is short.

"I must now employ other language, and relate that the money which I received to help the poor in their hunger, I have given to the greatest sufferers; they took it with love and gratitude. But bread is still called for here.

"I can never forget the days I was with you, I am ever daily with you in my thoughts * * * I must relate that the school is started, and that there are thirty-two children; for the rest, as far as Christianity is concerned, I believe that those who were living in the faith of God's Son, when I journeyed hence, are yet doing so. For myself, I believe my life to be in God.

"Greet all friends, very dear lady: give me some words in return.

"Signed, with love and friendship,
Maria Magdalena Mattsdotter,
In Granberg Dorothea."

Surely blessings will rest on those who found schools in Lapland. At present very few exist, but those few are so greatly valued by the scholars, that when a children's meeting was held at one of them, at the beginning of the month of July, during a severe season, when a late winter and a miserable spring had made travelling difficult, some of the former pupils toiled thither a hundred and fifty miles to be present. The hardships and fatigue were to them nothing in comparison with the joy of hearing the Word of God, in

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their old, lighted-up school-room, which as well as the church, the children had decorated with leaves and flower-wreaths for the occasion.

Our remaining incidents of Lap life, drawn from the pages of an excellent Swedish Magazine, will refer to the devoted, simple-hearted Lapland missionary, Petrus Løestadius. Løestadius gives, in his journal, a tolerably detailed account of his own childhood and family circumstances, which though here related in a condensed form, will make the reader acquainted with the individuality of the author himself.

"I had now arrived at Arieplög," says he, "at the graves of my fathers by the well-known river. My ancestors had been pastors there from the time of King Carl Gustaf, to that of Adolf Fredrik, in one unbroken line, son succeeding father. The last was my grandfather, who left a whole flock of children, all under age at his death, of whom the last was born a week after his decease, whilst the two eldest had left for the gymnasium of Hernösand.

"I very unwillingly draw attention to my family circumstances, partly because of their small importance, and partly because being an adopted child of the present age, I am not entirely free from its prejudices, amongst which is the shame of poverty. But when I have no objection to speak of the weak, or tender points of others, I ought not to spare myself. Besides, this little narrative of mine may be the means of spreading light over the mode and relations of life in this northern district, which is in fact what I desire."

The author then describes how the poor family of his grandfather removed to Piteå, where they struggled with want and poverty; how his father, after learning the goldsmith's trade in Stockholm, was appointed to a post in the College of Mines, married, and in 1772, returned to his native district, and became inspector of the silver mine of Nasafjell, at a salary of about three pounds sterling a year. The working of the mine, however, failed

for want of funds, and the poor inspector being compelled to leave, devoted himself to agriculture, in which being unsuccessful, he fell into the direst poverty. Abandoning therefore, his half-finished station, he removed with his family to the old ancestral neighbourhood, to Arieplög church district, and managed to make a bare maintenance by the preparation of glue from reindeers' horns.

The father in the meantime, having become a widower, married again, of which union two sons were born, Lars Levi and Petrus, the author of this narrative.

"My father," says he, "at the commencement of this marriage made another attempt at the cultivation of the soil. He settled on a deserted station, called Gückvik, at the western end of Hornafvan, a vast lake, sixty miles long and ten miles wide, lying in the midst of the wildest Alpine scenery). It was a fearful place, situated at the foot of a lofty snow-covered mountain, called *Pelje-kajse*. The soil consisted of nothing but stones, slightly intermixed with mould, and all around chill bogs, the brooding-grounds of midges, which ascend into the air, and form a kind of compact cloud, during the summer, when they are a torment to the inhabitant and his animals.

Anything more solitary than such a life could hardly be imagined; it was between thirty and forty miles to the nearest church, with not a single habitation by the way. "During the summer," he says, "it is difficult to travel on account of storms, in the winter it is almost impossible to drive with horses on account of the deep snow and the water lying on the ice of lake Hornafvan. My parents settled themselves in this wilderness; but it quickly appeared that it was impossible for human beings to dwell there, an experience which had been made by several previous occupants. My father was absent during the greater part of the winter, in order to exchange reindeer for food, and probably did not hurry away from the hospitable houses

which he visited during these journeys; he had no Eden to hasten back to. Imagine now the fate of a woman such as my mother, who had to sit nearly always alone, with her little children in this kingdom of shades, during a long winter, without being able once to go to church, or to speak to any relative or friend; no human being to be found for many months together in this land of death, not even a traveller who had lost his way. The silence of the grave reigns over the whole neighbourhood, if peradventure it be not broken by the howl of wolves, or the hooting of the eagle-owl.

"Here she had to be all in all; to attend to the children, the cattle, and to be ready for every emergency. And suppose she fell ill! It was from these reasons principally that Gäckvik, where my brother was born, was abandoned, and the family then settled some miles from the church, with a kind squatter, at Buokt, where I came into the world one dark winter's night, after my mother had been working in the wood during the day, cutting and carrying home birch twigs for the cattle. The next day the squatter skated away on snow skates, carrying the new-born baby in a so-called *kont*, a scooped log, lined with fur, in which the Laps are accustomed to carry their infants to the church to be christened.

"We afterwards removed to Arieplot, where my parents dragged along in great poverty, often absent from home the whole day fishing, or at other employments, and leaving us children at home alone. We were then fastened, one to the leg of the table, the other to the pole of the fire-place—a very needful measure. Once when it had been neglected, our mother, when she returned, found her younger son with a sad burn on his neck, bathed in tears, and the elder, terrified by the fear of punishment, for he had been the innocent cause of the accident, nowhere to be found. He had hidden himself in the wood, nor was he discovered till nightfall, when he was found crying bitterly

behind a fence. Such occurrences were by no means rare.

"How dissimilar are the destinies of mankind! All that time intense poverty existed at Arieplot, and there were very few who could be said to have their daily bread. But there were no children in the whole parish so despised and tattered as we. We were the humblest of all; nobody liked to have anything to do with us, because money and fine clothes possess a wonderful charm in low, as well as high circles. Whatever changes I may yet have to go through in this life, a scooped-out log was still my first bed, as my last will be four boards. But let outward circumstances be what they may, the soul is unconscious of low birth, and the cultivated mind knows no poverty.

"Our parents, amidst all their severe and abject toil for the necessities of life, did not neglect the early culture of our minds. Our father taught us our prayers almost before we could speak. They were the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night. Our mother spared no pains to teach us early to read. The most eloquent sermons have never created the effect which her simple instruction and advice produced upon me, and if it be true that we never know life before we go to school, I have amongst all the teachers, whom I shall always remember with respect and gratitude, most to thank her. 'Peace be with her.'

"If I have thus given some details of my home, and mode of life till my sixth year, I have done so because they apply equally to innumerable others, who were in the same category as myself. Henceforth they are different, and become individual, because in my sixth year I was snatched away from our common track and placed in another."

Petrus Løstadius, with his brother Lars Levi, were taken to Qvickjock by their eldest half-brother, who was the curate there, and who maintained and educated his brothers for eight years, sending them afterwards to the gymnasium of Hernösand.

"After that," says our author,

'my path has very much resembled his, that is to say, the toilsome and far from brilliant career of a poor student and candidate for priest's orders.'

On the 23rd of December, 1826, he was appointed by the Consistory of Hernösand to take the lead in the missionary labours of Piteo, in Lappmark. "I might certainly," says he, "mention as a beginning the duties and object of this post. But if I once began, I should probably be like the preacher, whom the clerk had to pull by the coat-tail to make him stop."

After a troublesome and dangerous journey, in snow-storms, through deserted and untracked woods, in which the new missionary and his good steed, Slompen, were more than once on the eve of perishing, they both arrived safely at the hospitable inn at Groträsk (Greybog).

"Shortly afterwards," he continues, "two other men likewise arrived from a southern direction, travelling on snow-skates. The one came to Groträsk to borrow money; the other was on his way to Arvidsjaur to have his child christened, which he carried with him in a *kont*. The man was a Swedish Lap, and had some sort of a squatting-station. The child had been born that very morning. Such an event is worthy of remark. Just come into the world, the child is thrust into a hollow tree-trunk, and then slung on a man's back, who immediately sets off with it a journey of thirty miles in the bitterest cold. In such weather four days at least are requisite for the expedition, and this man was provided neither with food for himself nor the child!

"I trusted in God and good people," said he, when I asked him how he could set out in such a manner.

"Nor had he miscalculated. Providence had so arranged it that he needed not to travel farther than this place to find a clergyman, and the baby was much better cared for than it could have been even by its mother. The kind-hearted wife at Groträsk washed, nursed it, and swathed it in clean linen. I still

can see her gentle eye gazing compassionately and tenderly on the little unprotected being which was born into the world to experience poverty, hunger, and misery, long before the day came when it could provide for itself."

Another time the missionary was bringing home a heavy load of flour for his summer supply, and crossing a river where the ice was thin, the load was all but lost. By extraordinary exertions, however, both on the part of himself and his faithful Slompen, he succeeded in saving it, otherwise he would have been totally without provision during the coming season.

"When all was over," he says, "and I had time to think of the matter, it struck me as a miracle. I involuntarily clasped my hands, raised my eyes to heaven, and could not repress my tongue from uttering an audible thanksgiving. I feel a certain modesty in putting this on paper; and yet why so? Why should not the psychologist receive a few words from me? People are generally ashamed of turning to God in this manner in every-day life, or of being seen to do so by the profane. What is the cause of this? Perhaps people are afraid of appearing less enlightened, or as hypocrites to their neighbours. This may be the motive. Nevertheless, I know religious people who cannot easily pray or give thanks; people who see only in the government of the world an absolute necessity, and yet even with such as these, impressive, solemn moments occur, in which Thomas must burst forth, with 'My Lord and my God.'

"But when you wander in the trackless wilderness, in the darkness of night perhaps, and amidst the tumult of storm, you feel the necessity of the special providences of God. It is forced, as it were, upon you, and in the conviction of its reality you go forward undaunted, and rest under trees without alarm: and when you have escaped from a danger, which your own skill could not have averted, then you see clearly the Invisible Guide, and know Him to be ever near. The absolute laws of nature do not apply

in such cases, because they are not framed to meet the small accidental exigencies of human existence."

Of his familiar every-day life, the author relates that he was frequently occupied at home by domestic duties, for there, as in so many other countries, was great difficulty in obtaining servants. "I was consequently obliged," says he, "to be at this time my own housekeeper and servant; to cook, wash the dishes, clean and do everything that had to be done." There is something humiliating and repugnant to the feelings of a man, in descending to the drudgery of a servant-girl, but any trouble, self-denial and humiliation was a trifle to me, because of the great and beautiful object which lay before me. * * * Sin is the only real humiliation in the world, and to be found morally in servant-guise is a greater degradation than to wash dishes and sweep the floor. If a man succeed in accomplishing a really noble aim, the dust which settles upon him in so doing is easily shaken off. If he be able to preserve an active mind under the yoke of slavery and a pure soul, whilst passing through the Stygian pool, he may console himself with, *Pavet et Admeti tauros formosus Apollo*.

"Besides these occupations, I had another during the same time which may be considered more honourable, that of catching ptarmigans. I had been a proficient in the art, even during my childhood, at Qvickjock, and hence acquired the appellation of the Ptarmigan-king amongst my boyish associates.

"The ptarmigans are snow-white in winter, with black beaks, and very beautiful they look, tripping about amongst the thickets, pecking at the birch buds. * * The true home of this bird is in the mountains, especially where the brushwood gradually ceases, and the sterile mountain-land commences, with merely its juniper and ptarmigan, or dwarf-birch (*Betula Nana*). These thickets seem to form the pleasure-grounds of the ptarmigan; and here they are sometimes met with in vast numbers, like snow-clouds, thus furnishing a main-

tenance to the poor Laps. In spring, these flocks disperse, and the ptarmigan is only found in couples. * * Whilst the young are small, the mother bird collects them at night under her wings. She often also does this in the daytime, to protect them from the gnats, which in the summer are an intolerable plague. During one summer a ptarmigan was found in this position. She had nine young ones under her wings, but three lay dead outside this maternal shelter, having thus fallen victims to their tiny but insatiable enemies. In fact, after bad gnat summers all game in Lapland is greatly diminished.

"A schoolmaster has related to me an incident connected with his first shooting of ptarmigans, which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of relating. It is as follows: he was very young, and lived with an old blind Lap, who had several sons. It happened that these on one occasion, took the boy with them on a long excursion in search of their missing reindeer. One morning, as they were sitting by a log-fire, eating their breakfast, a ptarmigan perched itself on a fallen tree at no great distance from them, and set up a shrill laugh, which is the peculiar cry of this bird. The Laps had a gun with them, but did not care to shoot; the boy, on the contrary, begged to borrow it, in order to bring down the bird that had laughed at them. The men, fearing that the boy was too young to manage firearms, refused for some little time, but were at length persuaded, and the little sportsman, seizing the gun, crept ever nearer and nearer his prey, pulled the trigger, and the ptarmigan dropped to the ground. The boy on this, instantly let go his gun, took off his little cap, and folding his hands, began to say the Lord's Prayer. He had learned this prayer from his mother, and following her example had become penetrated by a religious spirit, which distinguished him in his more advanced life, and already formed an interesting feature in this otherwise insignificant event. The whole affair, however, had rather a

comical ending; before the prayer was finished, the bird began to flap its wings, and the boy was obliged to rush forward and capture it, before it had wholly recovered itself and flown away.

"Speaking of the Lord's Prayer," continues our author, "I will mention another instance of the religious spirit of a child. At the time when the Nasafjell mine was being worked, and my father dwelt there, my half-brother, Carl Erik, whilst playing with some other boys, fell into the race of one of the water-works, and was hastily carried along by the force of the stream. He, however, arrested his progress by catching hold of a cross-bar, to which he clung, and screamed for help; but his comrades had taken flight in their terror of

his danger, and no one seemed to hear him. His head was under water, and his hold giving way; he knew how great was his danger, and that he must abandon himself to the stream; nothing remained therefore but to repeat the Lord's Prayer. This he did mentally, holding his breath the while, for he was now under water. But when he came to '*Deliver us from evil*,' a man seized hold of him, one of the miners, who had heard his cry of distress, and drew him out. * * I had this narrative from my brother's own lips."

With this we close the extracts from the earlier life of this devoted man, and still carrying on our simile of the flowers, present these as belonging to the class of *everlastings*.

ON BOOKS.

I DREAMED one night that I had lost every one of my books. When I came into my library I looked about me with a sort of stupefied surprise, and it was some minutes before I could realise that, in very fact, every one of the shelves was empty. I almost believed that the defect must be somehow in my own eyes; and that when I had eaten my breakfast, or taken half a dozen turns round the garden, the shelves would be full again. But no! Too clearly the books had utterly gone. I passed that day as desolate as a man might be who had buried every one of his relations and friends. Moreover, as days went by—for in dreams, as everybody knows, days and weeks, and even long years, may be crowded into a single minute of sleep—I felt even more and more lonely; just as other mourners do who have lost their friends. Dreams are so foolish, that it never occurred to me to make any enquiries as to where my books had gone. I was just stunned by the loss of them. I could do nothing but sit staring at the empty shelves like an idiot. The dream lasted so long that I had time to miss every

single book I possessed. Not that I had very many to lose, being only a poor parson; but still, they were in a sense like the widow's two mites—all my living. Besides, when men are not rich—though there are many poor parsons who would be willing enough to buy a good book, even if they had to go without good dinners or a new coat—I had really *bought* only such books as I thought good; and for the rest, the innumerable fry of novels, and moderate poetry, and all sorts of ephemeral productions, I had hired them from Mudie, or borrowed them from my acquaintances. Every book, therefore, in my library, was a sort of personal friend. I knew exactly his figure and his stature; and, so to speak, if all my friends had got down from their places at once, and we had been playing at "Blind Man's Buff" together, and I had been blinded, there was scarcely a rascal among them whom I should not have been able to recognise by feeling his sides and stroking his back.

And yet I had often looked over my few shelves, and thought to myself, "How many of these books,

after all, I could spare! Why not," I thought, "send twenty or thirty of these, to begin with, to some second-hand book buyer, and get better books instead?" Just as in real life there are friends, thoroughly trusted and completely loved, who yet seem somehow, for years at a stretch, to be living quite out of our sphere, so that we never meet them. And as to writing letters to them, why, the penny post has made writing letters a perfect slavery. Besides, very often, perhaps for years at a time, some of our friends have nothing particular to say to us, and we have nothing particular to say to them. They therefore sink so deep below the mere surface of our thoughts, that if the question were fairly put to us, "Couldn't you really do without them altogether?" we might possibly hesitate about the answer. And yet, perhaps, the very day after we have been thinking how little we have to do with them, some great calamity falls upon us, or we are gladdened by some unlooked-for success, or there is some change in our circumstances that turns our little world upside down; and then we find how much we needed them. And there they are still, as true as steel. A man would get very ill through the world, if he had to walk about the streets with the whole crowd of his friends around him. It is surely enough, if they come when they are wanted, and do the work that needs to be done.

And so with my poor lost books. When they were all gone, perhaps the old favourites, that I had fancied I could so easily spare, I missed most of all. But in fact, I missed everything; and was constantly even putting out my hands to reach first one and then another of those volumes, which, alas! had been taken away from me. Not very often does a parson need to consult a trustworthy Commentary on the Laws of England; but almost every wretched little difficulty in which my small affairs could possibly be involved, seemed to occur in the days of that dark dream, when Stephens' place was empty.

And why should my tiresome little children have thought proper to fall ill, and half-a-dozen of my poor neighbours come barking into my room with autumn coughs, or tormented by warning twinges of "the prevailing epidemic," precisely when my good old physicians and chemists had left me to the resources of a treacherous memory and a very small experience? I wanted to verify a quotation even from so well-known a poem as "Locksley Hall." I knew the passage was quoted wrongly, though I found it in a review of very high quality; a review which had been delivered to me since my books had vanished, and which I was devouring with the hungry eagerness of a famished man. Of course I took hold of my steps, and planted them in front of the well-known shelf; but, alas! Tennyson had vanished. The publications of the Parker Society would have slept as quietly as mummies on my shelves, under ordinary circumstances; but exactly because they had been taken from me there was a great row about Ritualism. Everybody was asking whether all these fine dresses and new-fangled mummeries were even so much as lawful in the Protestant Church. What would Cranmer, or Latimer, or Hooper, or Ridley, or even Jewel and Whitgift have thought about them? I remembered what some of these worthies had said about massmongers, sacrificing priests, and all manner of Popish paganism; and I thought I would just put a few passages together, to show what England had really meant to do in her great Reformation; and exhibit some part, at least, of the essentials of Protestant Christianity. But I looked round for the grave and solemn faces of these old friends, and there was nothing but the staring, empty space where they had been, but were not. For myself or friends, there was scarcely a book that I did not want. I thought, to pass away the time, I would get somebody to play for me, and would sing some of the old songs that I had learned when I was a boy. But the very music was

gone. Sunday came, and I thought, at any rate, that would be a day of refreshment and rest. I should just prepare my sermons, and preach them, and join with my people in common prayer and thanksgiving, and be just as happy as if I had lost nothing! Alas! not even my Prayer Book and Bible had been left behind! And so I had to try whether it were not possible to be in the spirit on the Lord's-day, even in my Isle of Patmos.

Of course it was a dream; but it set me moralizing—moralizing not only about books, but about human life itself. If we want "In Memoriam" now, and anon, Todd's "Physiological Anatomy," it is because the body is the spirit's instrument; and even the Poet Laureate and his inspiration are not wholly independent of rump-steaks and vegetables. So Mr. Bain almost combines physiology and psychology in one volume, and shows us how a "Hamlet" or a "Maud" may be only another form of mutton chops. If the law of Moses tells us that we may not steal, it is the law of England which must teach us what stealing is; and the ethical philosophers again, who must analyse the "rights of property," and so determine what alone should be accounted stealing. The history both of Church and State is, for these modern days, our only prophet; just as in earlier ages also the prophets were historians. Paganism warns us of the corruptions to which, while human nature is unchanged, even Christianity itself will be exposed. Horace and Juvenal are most useful commentators

on St. Paul's indignant protest against heathen immorality. And, in another region, the struggles of the Roman oligarchy, in the last days of the Republic, and the ready submission of a debased people to an able despotism, may teach some useful lessons both to Lord Derby and to John Bright. There is a Christian element in Plato, a Protestantism in the fathers of the Holy Catholic Church. There is a zeal for souls even in the narrowest dogmatism and cruellest maxims of intolerance; and a reverent hope of finding a sure resting-place for the human intellect and conscience, even in the freest and wildest scepticism. The dirtiest books have sometimes been written for the sake of moral cleanliness; and the Hebrew melodies of the author of "Don Juan" have a place in our Evangelical hymn-books.

And that is one great good in books—we can distinguish the book from the author. When we are dealing with living men we ask, "Who says so?" When we are dealing with books we ask, "What does the book say?" Perhaps this is wise. The living teacher has a power over us which is compounded of almost innumerable elements. Even his personal appearance has no mean effect—whether he be tall or short, of insignificant or commanding presence; and again, whether his voice be squeaky and thin, or full and rich and thrilling. Much more is it impossible for us not to consider whether he be friend or foe, a good man or a hypocritical Pharisee. How true to life are the plaintive words of the beautiful and chaste Ophelia:—

"I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and rugged way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read."

From the man we like, and especially from the man who has done us a kindness, a sophism seems an argument. A *gentle* Tupper seems even *wiser* to us than a *savage* Solomon. We scarcely get over this kind of prejudice even when we are

reading books; for how much more precious is a book to us if it is a friend's favourite, with perhaps his own underlinings and pencil notes! And yet this liking or disliking is really a *prejudice*—a judgment before we have heard the evidence.

It is most desirable that we should be able to lay this prejudice aside; to see the beauty and recognize the truth even of the teaching of our enemies, and detect the errors and sophisms of our best loved friends.

And how quietly our friends and our enemies stand side by side on our bookshelves! Our friends never forsake us, and on the other hand we can never get rid of our enemies. The Romanist will say his say to the Protestant, the Puritan to the Anglican, the Calvinist to the Arminian or free-thinker. "Ah! you don't like what I am telling you," our enemy says to us, "but there it is, whether you like it or not." Of course we are not compelled to read his book; but then if we do read it, we must within certain moderate limits keep our temper. We can't stop him every minute, rudely interrupting the course of his argument; and even if we think we have answered his objections, he isn't the least convinced. The next time we fall in with him he just says the same thing over again, as if his arguments had never been refuted; and very likely they never have. Very likely our triumph was only one form of our silly vanity. Perhaps when we are putting back our old enemy's book on the shelf, he just laughs at us through the back of it, and says to us in his cool, inaudible way, "Ah! you think yourself very clever, I dare say, but you're only a fool after all. You don't the least understand what I mean, and you never will, till you've got a great deal more sense in your half-empty head. I can only give you something to understand, not brains to understand it with. Put me up again, put me up again, my dear fellow, put me up. I'll wait here till you've got sense enough to read me." And so he does wait, and very likely we get more sense. In the heat of controversy we are often shockingly unfair and cowardly, and even impolitic. We attack the very weakest part of our enemy's defences; we answer the very poorest of his arguments; we misrepresent his real meaning, and in that way we think that we have conquered him.

But when our enemy writes a book, notwithstanding the proverbial foolishness of such an undertaking, he appeals to a wide audience, in which our ignorant partiality is completely neutralised. We are perhaps in the middle of some eloquent speech, or soaring to the heights of some sublime peroration against what we choose to represent as our enemies' views; when suddenly somebody steps up behind us with the very words of our opponent in his hands, and turns all our oratory into foolishness. We may honestly forget what an adversary says, but it is simple dishonesty to misrepresent what a man has written.

In this bustling age, too, we never pay half sufficient heed to our friends, if they are friends worth having. If Bacon's "Essays" had been produced in conversation last week we should have said to some friend, "By the way, did you meet Bacon the other evening? He's really not at all a bad fellow in his way. He said some uncommonly good things about innovations. He said, 'It were good that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived.' He's a quaint old fellow in his way, sometimes prosy, but that's not bad, is it?" Now books can be read over and over again, and it is often very humiliating to discover how little we have really read of the books we have skimmed through. When we can't get hold of the last novel, or even a review, or a newspaper, we sometimes take down an old friend from the shelf, and groan in spirit as we think that we have nothing new to read. But our old friend gently rebukes us, like that well-known parson who promised to his murmuring congregation that he would preach them a new sermon when they had practised the old one. Or, perhaps, he tells us to our surprise that the book we have taken from the shelf is really a new book, one that we have never read before. And so, indeed, we find that there are whole paragraphs, almost whole chapters, nay, even the very drift of the whole argument,

that we must have seen with our eyes, but seeing perceived not.

Books, too, are among the best possible tests of our own mental or moral or spiritual growth—or, alas! degeneracy. I am afraid there may be many persons who may be half-ashamed of having once been moved by the truth and earnestness of "In Memoriam," and who may have come to think in their more rotten wisdom, that it is but a mass of sentimental twaddle. I have even heard a divine feebly parodying Tennyson, dozens of stanzas at a stretch. Such a fellow is nearly fit to burlesque the Lord's Supper. It must produce a pang of regret for a man to feel, as such a man must feel, from what a height he has fallen; and how poor a thing that freedom is, which is only the liberty to change the wholesome plenty of the Father's house for the husks that swine do eat. On the other hand, it is pleasant to reflect how much of what is poor and common-place we have been able to leave behind us; how the great masters and teachers of the human race have been raising us into fellowship with their own purity and wisdom, showing to us the hidden beauty and revealing to us the open secret of the world. It is comforting, too, to discover that there are friends on our bookshelves of whom we never grow tired, and teachers whose lessons never become obsolete; whose works and words, like the nobler pursuits of the human mind themselves, "Give employment to our youth, delight our old age, adorn our prosperity, give us a refuge and comfort in adversity; charm us at home, never get in our way when we are abroad, stay with us all night, travel with us on our journeys, increase for us the delights of country life." It would be sad indeed if all human knowledge and belief were but shifting sand; if what we are accustomed to regard as fundamental principles, even in morals and religion, were as liable to change as fashions in dress, or even fashions in literature. There are facts and truths which have been so involved in every thing that we have thought or said or done, so involved in every-

thing that we have observed in others, that we seem never to have learned them; on the contrary, our learning them seems rather to have been a re-collecting. These foundation truths may indeed have been suggested to us by experience, but rather do they seem to have been given to us, or brought with us from some earlier home.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

The writers who have brought these divine truths to our recollection, have bestowed upon us a perpetual treasure, a treasure which grows vaster and more precious and more secure with the advancing years of our experience. It is thus that the Bible itself is of such inestimable worth, seeming wiser to us in proportion to our own wisdom; seeming best to the men that are best; dealing not with the different kinds of cleverness by which the materials of human life may be arranged in ever new forms, but with the very stuff and substance of life itself. There needs no noisy declamation, no angry controversy, to prove the unspeakable worth of Holy Scripture. The Bible is its own witness, and contains those truths which can never grow obsolete, because they are the very food without which the spirit would die.

And why, after all, if we must have controversies, can we not carry them on as calmly as the books on our shelves? The Bible may be placed with the Apocrypha on one side, and the Koran on the other, and they do not try to push each other to the floor. It is quite enough that when men have quiet leisure for thinking, and an honest desire for the truth, they should judge for themselves. And surely since our first parents took of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, we shall not secure truth simply by trying to forget that there is such a thing as error, but rather by an honest and diligent comparison of the two.

WHY FADE THE DREAMS OF YOUTH?

"Why fade the dreams of youth—
 The golden dreams of youth?"
 My sad heart questioned in a mournful strain;
 "The dewy morning hours,
 The gorgeous summer flowers,
 "Fade and return, but these come not again."

And something whispered, "Nay,
 Impatience beareth sway,
 And mingles with the sorrow of thy soul;
 Youth's early morning-prime—
 The tender blossom-time,
 Is only *part* of Life's transcendent *WHOLE*!

"The yearnings, deep and strong,
 That swept the careless song
 From thy child-heart, and thrilled it into prayer,
 Were the first mighty throes
 Of all the joys and woes,
 To which thy deathless spirit is an heir.

"Call them not foolish dreams
 Of grand and lofty themes,
 That flit across the fancy but to charm:
 They were the symphony—
 The young years played to thee,
 Before thou heard'st maturity's full psalm.

"Thou speakest of the flowers,
 The dewy morning hours,
 That fade and come again, still bright and gay;
 Thou seemest to forget
 One truth remaining yet,
They come but once—each only hath its day!

"And Life!—is it not thine?
 The shimmer and the shine
 Of early morn hath faded from thine eyes;
 But look not fondly back
 Adown the glistening track,
 For the full light of noon is in the skies.

"Joys, deeper, truer far,
 Than those of childhood are,
 Now sweep across the harpstrings of thy heart;
 Friendship clasps kindred hands,
 And Love—her silken bands
 Weaves into ties, Death even cannot part.

"Thank God for childhood's days!
 We cannot turn, and gaze
 At the dear Past, without a gush of tears;
 But they shall make us strong,
 To lift a praiseful song
 For the full harmony of riper years.

"And murmurings, weak and vain,
 Shall never mar the strain;
 Life is too brief for empty tears and mirth;
 And when all discords cease,
 In heaven's deep psalm of peace,
 Shall melt the music of our life on earth."

LUCINDA BOWEN.

WORDS ABOUT WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

PART I.

At a time when the serial literature of the day, both at home and abroad, is devoting considerable space to the discussion of the rights of women with the express view of redressing the wrongs under which that sex is supposed to labour: at a time when American ladies are devoting themselves, and with considerable success, to the study and practise of medicine, and advancing a claim to political privileges as being by birth and education better fitted to the exercise of such functions than the black population of the States: at a time when Belgravian mothers lament that it is well-nigh impossible to get their daughters off, and club-men laugh at the notion of marrying on less than three hundred pounds a year: at a time when the excess of female population at home is enviously regarded by colonists who are condemned to a life of single blessedness from sheer want of eligible partners: at a time when the efflux of population from Ireland, and especially of the male sex, is causing no little concern to the Irish Government; and when, too, our Cornish miners are winging their way to foreign climes: at a time when machinery on the one hand, and female labour on the other are gradually trenching on the occupations which have hitherto been peculiar to man: at a time when domestic servants are betaking themselves to trade to better their position: at a time when infanticide is on the increase, and infant mortality is mainly attributed to the employment of mothers away from home: at a time when female house-

holders possess a voice in parochial matters, and have used their privilege of voting at least as well as the lords of creation: at a time when so able and philosophic a mind as that of the member for Westminster has arrived at the conclusion that the suffrage should be extended to women, and when with that object, Mr. J. S. Mill has declared his intention of advocating their claims in the next session of Parliament, it would seem to be neither inopportune nor uninteresting to direct the attention of the Christian world to a subject which has a religious as well as a social and political importance.

Lest, however, the way in which we propose to handle this theme should lead to any misapprehension of our views, we desire at the outset to disclaim all intention of making this paper "a tilt at the woman's question." Our sole object is to endeavour to present our readers with a calm and dispassionate discussion of the claims advanced, the reasons on which such claims are based, and the imperfections of the arguments employed. So at least we shall be able to eliminate very much that is unnecessary if not positively prejudicial, to narrow the controversy to its just limits, and to arrive at a clearer and more intelligible conception of the exact merits and bearings of a question which cannot fail to be productive of good or of harm to the whole race of man.

In the first place, then, it is to be remarked that the negative aspects of the question are, as far as regards Christian women, the most striking

Christian women do not speak of marriage as a "degrading alternative," of their subjection to their husbands as "marital slavery," or of their duty to their children as "household bondage." Christian women do not dispute that love and diligence in business are compatible—in fact, unless grieving for the consequences of an unequal yoke, are ready to acknowledge that the care bestowed in making due provision for those of his own household is one of the highest duties of a husband in the faith. Christian women are not prone to regard the toilet as their great scene of business, to adorn their persons with the latest fashions, and to dress their heads with the sweetest thing in bonnets rather than to cultivate those graces of the mind which impart more lasting charms than any personal fascination. Christian women do not complain that stitching cramps the intellect, nor on the other hand that sewing and embroidery constitute their most serious occupations. Christian women do not style the various avocations of household economy as degrading drudgery; but on the contrary, take a commendable pride in the prudent management of the ways and means. Christian women do not indulge to a dangerous excess in the frivolous gaieties of society, until pleasures perhaps wholly innocent in themselves conduce to a nauseating *ennui*. Christian women do not allow their leisure to hang heavy on their hands, but in the performance of works of charity fill up the time they can spare from their domestic duties. Christian women, in a word, do not say that "no greater curse can fall on a human soul than to be imprisoned in a female form."

Indeed it is a very grave objection to the question of Woman's Rights, or as it should be called Wrongs, that the religious element has been studiously overlooked. The claim for "*entire equality*" cannot by any pretence be made to rest on the Word of God. Man is therein given the pre-eminence, to what extent and for what purposes

we do not now stay to enquire; but wives are taught by it to be "obedient to their own husbands," and more explicitly is it declared, that "the head of the woman is the man;" wherefore, not only "ought the woman to have power (or as the marginal note gives it—a covering) on her head" in sign that she is under the power of her husband; but also the woman is exhorted "to learn in silence with all subjection," not suffered "to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence." It is the more important to weigh these authoritative sentences, because some writers beg this portion of the question, and insist that women should be "regarded by man *as they are by God*, as in all respects their equal," not reflecting that while social, intellectual, and even political equality may be desirable and attainable, objects worth contending for, the "*entire equality*" of the sexes is and must always remain an utter impossibility physically, and is expressly at variance with the dicta of Holy Writ.

The neglect of the religious element in the discussion of this subject has not only, however, led to the advancement of extravagantly expressed claims, but has operated in an indirect manner to embitter the controversy. In the furtherance of the intellectual progress of the female sex, no right-minded man would be slow to take part: nor does it follow that because some would perhaps wish to bar the road to a recognition of the political equality of the sexes that any would contend against a social equality in all other respects. Why then should we be asked to believe that every step forward made by woman "is disputed by some more envious brother?" Why should we be told that "the dominant sex display a decided disapproval of female genius?" Why should it be said that "man's injustice to woman is shown in fixing her social position: in ordering her education, and in making the rules that govern society?" What laws has man made "that effectually exclude her from

all hopes of equality"? How, when, or where has man "decreed," as is written in an old number of the "Knickerbocker Magazine," now before us, "that she shall only be of consequence in so far as she is pleasing to him; that she shall therefore be early taught that youth and beauty are the two most to be desired gifts; that she shall have no higher aim than the cares of the nursery: that having lived through a few years as a belle and a young mother, she shall be content to sink into the utter insignificance which makes the very words 'old woman' a term of contempt." Every statement in the foregoing passage might be met by assertions equally strong—the early education of girls is that conducted always by the father, or the schoolmistress, or the governess as that father's agent. Does it never happen, we would ask, that mothers undertake the early teaching of their children, and specially of their girls—and do babes never hear praise bestowed on a beauty visible only to a mother's eye. We are not bent, however, on making a retort on the advocates of the claims of the female sex. Indeed, the only method by which we can hope to arrive at the truth is to clear away a whole heap of rubbish, such as this which now encumbers the ground, and seems to make the rights of woman a war between the sexes; but it can surely never be that the whole secret of the disapproval of female genius, and the exclusion of women from equal positions by man's injustice and man's decrees, is that men fear superior education and greater consequence will render women "less amiable," and make them "attempt to outshine their male relatives." If it be true that the graver sex have studiously excluded women from the enjoyment of privileges to which they have a right, it is quite certain that their gallantry would never allow them to plead as an excuse for so doing the miserably narrow-minded reasons which appear to account for rules which have no existence as emanating from man.

It is not less mischievous, we are fully persuaded, to pit the sexes against each other—to contrast military trappings with woman's finery, or to compare the expensive indulgences of men with the pin-money of their wives. All men are not tall, and we hope all men are not cruel; nor though some clever men are shorter than the average, can we deduce a general law that gigantic growth of body is not possible with gigantic development of the mind. What then, if the female brain weighs a trifle less than the male? May that not be so, and yet a woman gifted with equal abilities with a man? How is it possible indeed to make any deductions from accidental circumstances such as these? If Eve could but reply to the "woman on women" who treats even her temptation as an evidence of marked superiority—who says that "woman erred through a desire of unhallowed knowledge—man through a love of unhallowed indulgence;" we might fancy "the mother of all living" who brought death into this world, with all its woe, bitterly lamenting that the tempter had not tried his powers on the stronger sex: but such disquisitions are really not relevant—whatever faults and failings men may have, their shortcomings by no means advance the interests of the female portion of mankind. The claims of women should be argued on their own merits, apart entirely from the comparative merits and abilities of the opposite sex.

Women, then, are claiming as a right to be freed from all legal disqualification, from all "social inequality," and from "intellectual tyranny;" they are demanding "entire equality, politically, legally, and socially;" they wish to have "all walks in life open" to them, to enjoy "equal rights in holding property, and making wills, and admission to all occupations." They complain, and very justly so too, that matters of business, rules of trade, regulations for investment, are never explained to them, and that in their society politics are

forbidden, or at least proscribed. They contend that they are never allowed to form an opinion of their own, and so are forced to lean upon some man for guidance: that in this and other respects, their education is defective, generally in fact finishing at a time when the mental faculties are most receptive, and when the further development of the intellect would be of almost incalculable advantage. But the most degrading point in their education is, we are told, "its subservience to man," or in other words, that music, painting, drawing, and other accomplishments are acquired solely with a view of pleasing a husband, or captivating a lover. And that, consequently, as more solid learning is religiously denied them, they are driven to pass their leisure time in fancy-work, gossip,

or flirtation. This is not an exaggerated description of the evils which women, even sensible women assert, require to be remedied by special legislation; and though, in some particulars, it is doubtless so indistinct and unsatisfactory that we might be led to conclude that they do not positively know from what legal, political, intellectual, and social rights they are excluded by their sex, it is abundantly clear that they do want to be able to earn their own living in any open profession or other occupation, and that to this end they seek a higher class of education than is afforded by girls' schools or ladies' colleges; and that, further, they are preferring these claims with the express view of escaping from matrimony, as will be evident from a recent paper in the *St. James' Magazine*.

MEMORANDA OF THE MONTHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

DECEMBER.

"Came next the chill December:

Yet he, through merrie feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.
Upon a shaggy-bearded goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by the Ican mayd:
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drank an health to all his peeres."—SPENSER.

WE come now to the twelfth and last month of the year, once called by our ancestors, *winter-monat*, or winter month, but renamed by them after their conversion to Christianity, "*heligh monat*," that is to say, *holy-month*, because therein our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was born into this world. Anciently the feast of *Thor* was celebrated at the time of the winter solstice, and it was called *giul*; hence the term *yule*, as applied to this season, a mere corruption of the former word, which in its primary significance, meant nothing more than ale, which was probably consumed

in large quantities at the great heathen festival.

Advent Sunday this year falls on the 2nd of December. The word simply denotes the *coming*, and in ecclesiastical parlance refers to the coming of our Saviour; and the four weeks preceding the feast of the Nativity are, as every body knows, commonly called *Advent*. At least, there must be four Sundays in Advent,—those which immediately precede Christmas-day; and the first Sunday in Advent, or Advent Sunday, must be that one which is *nearest* St. Andrew's Day, whether before or after it. Thus, if the fixed festival fall on Monday,

Tuesday, or Wednesday, the 27th, 28th, or 29th of November, as the case may be, will be Advent Sunday. But if St. Andrew's Day fall on Thursday, Friday, or Saturday, Advent Sunday will be in December, either on the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd, according to the day of the week on which the Saint's-day, the 30th of November, fell. In former times the season of Advent was kept as a rigorous fast;—the English Church now observes it spiritually only, as a time of preparation for the solemn yet happy Christmas-tide so near at hand, and the services of the Anglican Church at this period have reference to the second coming or advent of our Lord; and the beautiful Collect for Advent Sunday appropriately prays that, "when He shall come again in His Glorious Majesty to judge both the quick and dead, we may rise to the life immortal."

The sixth of the month is accorded to *St. Nicholas*, who was bishop of Myra in Lycia, in the fourth century, in the days of Constantine the Great. According to Popish story, he was a saint of remarkable sanctity, and so well disposed to ecclesiastical rule, even in his infancy, that from the first he fasted on Wednesday and Friday, "sucking but once on each of those days, and that towards night." Let us hope, for his mother's sake, that he did not scream, after the fashion of less saintly babies, who generally protest loudly enough against any undue abstinence. *St. Nicholas* is patron or titular saint of "virgins, boys, sailors, and the worshipful company of parish-clerks in the city of London."

There is a wondrous story recorded of him, how miraculously he restored to life two youths who had been kidnapped and *pick'd* by the wicked landlord of an inn, where they had lodged for a night on their way to Athens, whither they were going for their education. And it was this absurd fiction which caused him to be chosen as the patron of youth, and we find his festival-day selected by scholars and children of the Church for a very

singular exhibition, which we must briefly describe.

In ancient times, on the 6th of December, the choir-boys of cathedral churches elected one of their number to maintain the state and authority of bishop; and accordingly the boy was clothed episcopally, in rich garments, wearing a mitre on his head and carrying a crozier in his hand. His fellows, who assumed the character and the robes of priests, yielded him canonical obedience, took possession of the church, and performed all the ecclesiastical ceremonies and offices, except the mass. The boy-bishop's authority lasted from *St. Nicholas Day* to *Innocents' Day*, the 28th of December. By the statutes of the church of Sarum, the boy-bishop held a sort of visitation, and he is supposed to have had power to dispose of the prebendaries that fell vacant during his episcopacy. Hone says that the ceremony of the boy-bishop was not confined to collegiate churches, but that it existed in nearly every parish in England. A statute of the collegiate church of *St. Mary Overy*, in 1337, restrained one of these juvenile prelates to the limits of his own parish. On December 7th, 1229, a boy-bishop "said vespers" at Newcastle-on-Tyne, before Edward I., then on his way to Scotland. And the celebrated Dean Colet, in the statutes of *St. Paul's School*, which he founded in 1512, expressly ordains that his scholars shall come every *Childermas*, i.e., *Innocents' Day*, to "*Paul's Church* and hear the *Chylde-bishop's* sermon: and after be at the hygh masse, and each of them offer a penny to the *Chylde-bishop*: and with them, the maisters and surveyors of the scole." By a proclamation of Henry VIII., dated July 2, 1542, the show of boy-bishop was abrogated; but it was revived in Mary's reign, together with other Romish celebrations; and the boy-bishop sang before the Queen a very flattering song, wherein she was compared to Judith, Esther, the Queen of Sheba, and the Virgin Mary.
 Certain it is that *St. Nicholas*

was present at the famous Council of Nice, convened to condemn the heresy of Arius; and among the 318 bishops there assembled, it is said that he "shone among them all with so great clarity and opinion of sanctity, that he appeared like a sun amongst so many stars." It is also affirmed of him, that he gave Arius a sound box on the ear,—doubtless with a view of reclaiming him the more speedily from his heresy.

On the 13th, we find *St. Lucy* figuring in the Roman and Anglican Calendars, and also in the Almanacs. Very little seems to be known about this young lady, nor does it seem at all apparent why she should have been singled out for canonization from the crowds of female confessors of her time. It is said that she was a Syracusan, that she preferred a single life to marriage, and that she gave away all her fortune to the poor. She was accused before a heathen judge of professing Christianity, and shortly afterwards barbarously murdered by his officers.

At the 16th, we come to *O Sapientia!* and it has puzzled many a wise head to discover whether *O Sapientia* was a saintly personage or a saintly ceremony. The question is not yet quite set at rest, though what Mr. Audley advances seems rational enough; he observes, that "this day is so called from the beginning of an anthem, in the service of the Latin Church, which used to be sung for the honour of Christ's Advent, from this day till Christmas-eve." The anthem commenced with these words:—"O SAPIENTIA quæ ex ore altissimi prodidisti." But some, as it seems to me, with small reason, have imagined that *O Sapientia* was a saint and martyr, and one of the celebrated eleven thousand virgins of St. Ursula, whose relics are still exhibited in the cathedral of Cologne.

The 21st, well known as St. Thomas's Day, is also the shortest day in all the year. St. Thomas, whose Bible-history is too well known to need repetition, is affirmed to have travelled, after we lose

sight of him in Holy Writ, among the Parthians, Medes, Persians, and others, promulgating Christianity wherever he went. He is also said to have been the apostle of the Indies, where he effected numerous conversions, and so excited the indignation of the Brahmins that they raised a clamour against him, which terminated in the people, at their instigation, stoning him, till they ended his life by running him through the body with a lance. Tradition tells us that the body of the apostle was carried to Edessa. When Malabar was discovered by the Portuguese they found there the Nestorian Christians of St. Thomas, whom they treated as heretics. Some of the Malabarians still maintain the Nestorian doctrines and ceremonies, and refuse to acknowledge the authority of the Pope.

"Going a-gooding" formerly prevailed on St. Thomas's Day; which expression may be freely rendered going a-begging! And still, in many districts, poor children go round to the respectable inhabitants of their neighbourhood, requesting them "to remember St. Thomas's Day;" which said remembrance, like "remembering the coachman," in the days of our youth, means a donation of money, and nothing less. Many charities, in the form of coin, bread, coal, or butcher's meat, are given away, on the 21st, by the parish authorities; thus St. Thomas becomes a saint of most benevolent memories.

At this time of the year carol singing is popular. The custom is of great antiquity, and was once held to be of the first importance; but it has now, for the most part, degenerated into a wretched juvenile performance, shrieked out of time, and out of key, sometimes to most ridiculous words. Who does not know that most singular composition, where the singer declares and reiterates how he was sitting upon "a sandy bank," and how he saw "three ships come sailing by," in the which were "Joseph and his fair lady!" How two people could occupy three ships we cannot deter-

mine;—we can only suppose that the third ship carried attendants, or the shepherds, or somebody, or anybody, while,—as the carol says:—

"He did whistle and she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring!"

I have heard this absurd and irreverent canticle finished up thus:—

"Glory to our Saviour-King!
Sing, Glory Hallelujah!"

But the last lines I should imagine were interpolated by some devout Methodist, who wished to redeem from utter senselessness and heathenism the carol, which for custom's sake people would sing.

The word *carol* is said to be derived from *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of rejoicing, and it is well observed by the excellent Jeremy Taylor, that the earliest Christmas Carol on record is that which we know and love, as the "Angels' Song," "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will towards men." Anciently, bishops were wont to sing carols at Christmas among their clergy. A carol of the time of Henry VI. is preserved in the Sloane MSS., and modernized, runs thus:—

"Welcome be Thou, Heavenly King,
Welcome born in a morning,
Welcome for whom we shall sing.
Welcome Yule.

"Welcome be ye, Stephen and John,
Welcome Innocents every one,
Welcome Thomas martyr one,
Welcome Yule.

"Welcome be ye good New Year,
Welcome Twelfth-day both in fere,
Welcome saints loved and deare,
Welcome Yule.

"Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer,
Welcome all another year!
Welcome Yule!"

It would seem that carols have always been divided into two classes: viz., the religious or devotional song, used in the services of the church, or chanted from house to house, to announce the coming birthday of the Redeemer; and the festive carol, intended for the merry circle round the hearth or the convivial board.

In "Poor Robin's Almanac" for 1805, there is a Christmas song beginning thus:—

"Now Christ welcome Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer,
Minced pie and plum pudding,
Good ale and strong beer;
With pig, goose, and capon,
The best that may be,
So well doth the weather,
And our stomachs agree.

"With holly and ivy
So green and so gay,
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day;
With haws and rosemary,
And laurel complete,
And every one now
Is a king in conceit."

In the hall of Merton College, Oxford, before the Reformation, the Fellows sang by the fire; and in ancient times, persons used to keep watch with the shepherds while minstrels sang carols; an observance till very lately, if not still kept up in the Isle of Man, where the people attend a church-service, and remain in the sacred edifice singing carols until midnight. When Henry VII. kept his Christmas at Greenwich, the Dean and those of the Chapel Royal sat in the middle of the hall, and immediately after the first course, "sang a caroll." Carol singing having reached its lowest depths, seems now about to be revived in England. In Rome, during the latter nights of Advent, pipe-playing and the singing of minstrels is to be heard in all the streets, before the shrines of the Virgin. Carol singing prevails in Ireland, and also in Wales; but in Scotland it is scarcely known.

The antiquary, Brand, tells us, that "a superstitious notion prevails in the western parts of Devonshire, that at twelve o'clock at night on Christmas-eve the oxen in their stalls are always found on their knees as in an attitude of devotion, and that (which is still more singular), since the alteration of style, they continue to do this only on the eve of Old Christmas-day." Further, Brand narrates how an honest rustic living at Launceston, Cornwall, declared to him that he had

on one occasion witnessed this phenomenon. He had watched several oxen in their stalls at the set time, and at twelve o'clock, he and other witnesses saw the two oldest oxen only fall on their knees, and make "a cruel moan like Christian creatures." It was in 1700 that this story was told to Mr. Brand, and his incredulity seems to have excited the indignation of the Cornishman, "who walked off in a huff, marvelling at his auditor's unbelief."

How Christmas-day is celebrated in this land it boots not to tell, since every one has his or her own experiences to fall back upon. Every one can at will call up visions of departed Christmas-days, every one can remember how gay look all the shops in the large towns, and especially in the great metropolis, during the week that precedes our annual national, grandest holiday! What a show the poulterers' shops present! Alas! how many matronly turkeys are mourning in Norfolk over the mysterious disappearance of their most promising children! How many a mother-geese is bereft of her young thriving family; in fact, poultry-yards are in desolation, and Christmas is celebrated every year with hecatombs of fowls, and game, and other victims from the sty and stall! December now is the month of cattle-shows, and the wonderful quadrupeds we punch, and admire, and marvel at in the great hall at Islington, and in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, we behold again, decorated with blue rosettes and illuminated cards, stating by whom they were "bred and fed," &c.—in the butchers' shops! Oh! what sirloins, what ribs, what mighty rounds of beef, *vice* Mr. Ox deceased! And what juicy, tender legs of mutton, what incomparable "saddles" represent the enormous Southdowns of the show! There are prostrate porkers, as innocent-looking as sleeping babies, each one with an orange in his mouth, and perhaps a wreath of evergreens about his poor fat little neck: there

are "delicacies" of every kind and from every land, set forth to tempt the passer-by who has money in his pocket. Go into Covent Garden market and behold the heaps of golden oranges, the paler lemons, the rich and juicy Ribstones, the dull round russets, the clusters of black Hamburg grapes, the white Almerias, and the choice pears that will "melt like butter in your mouth!" And when you have seen all that is to be seen there, come back again and view the shops—see the dainty boxes of daintier candied fruits that look too pretty to be eaten, the drums of figs, the decorated jars of plums, the beauteous caskets filled with choicest sweetmeats, and in other windows the many-coloured candles and tapers, suggesting Christmas trees and evening gatherings!

This is all pleasant enough to those who can afford to purchase, but very tantalizing to others who must feast themselves with gazing only. Christmas is a season of joy—of happy, innocent festivity to those whom God has blest with wealth or even with moderate competency; but it is a sad time for hundreds in our land, who shiver in their fireless homes, over an unspread table, thinking sadly of the lavish plenty that comes not to their doors. It would be well that no one should sit down to the Christmas dinner—no one either old or young, rich or comparatively poor—without the luxury of reflecting that some one poorer still has been helped and substantially comforted, in some measure against that day. Next to the great joy which the holy-tide brings with it—the joy that came into the world long centuries ago when the tidings of a babe born at Bethlehem floated over the vales and hills of far-off Palestine—is the joy of feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and warming the shivering, and making glad the orphan, the widow, and the desolate. If every man, woman, and child in England would resolve to signalize the Christmas of 1866 by an act of kindness, according to his means, how much less sorrow there would

be in crowded courts, and dim and misery, on that fast approaching
 garrets; and other haunts of want Christmas-day!

"When you, the costly banquet deal
 To guests, who never famine feel,
 O spare one morsel from your meal,
 To feed the poor at Christmas."

"When generous wine your care controls,
 And gives new joy to happiest souls,
 O spare one goblet from your bowls,
 To cheer the poor at Christmas."

"So shall each note of mirth appear
 As sweet in heaven as praise or prayer,
 And angels in their carols there,
 Shall bless the poor at Christmas."

Thank God, there are many, very many, who keep their Christmas-tide in the true spirit—not in mere jollity and sensual revellings—not in innocent mirth and feasting alone, but in grateful remembrance of the blessing which the holy season commemorates, and in deeds of love, and acts of Christian charity, that performed in the name of Him whose festival it is, shall go far to spread peace on earth and good-will among men! But there are many who do not thus keep their Christmas-tide; let such fear, lest

There is not a flower on all the hills,
 The frost is on the pane."

"Minced-pies" have also been the subject of religious scruples; but now we may venture to make them, and to eat them, regardless of ecclesiastical fulminations, or the prickings of conscience. The Puritans regarded them as symbolical of so much superstition, and even Bunyan, who might have known better, refused to eat them. It is stated, "I cannot say on what authority, that minced-pies" were derived from the "paste-pies" and sweetmeats, presented to the Fathers of the Vatican on Christmas-eve. All the world now eats plum-pudding on Christmas-day; but formerly people ate plum-porridge, a suppen of which was served at the chaplain's table at St. James' Palace as late as 1800. The Puritans objected to "plum-broth" equally with mince-pies!

But I have not space to chronicle half the observances, either modern or antique, of the happy

the blessings they now exultingly and so thanklessly receive, be withdrawn, or turned into a curse.

The practice of adorning churches and houses with green boughs at Christmas, or Yule-tide, is certainly a remnant of paganism; but since no one really puts up holly, and laurel, and mistletoe in a pagan spirit; there can be no harm in the retention of the practice, which is pretty enough, and compensates for the flowers with which we deck our summer tables, but which are perforce absent, because just now

There is not a flower on all the hills,
 The frost is on the pane."

Christmas season; I must go on to remark that the 26th is the feast of St. Stephen, the first Christian martyr; the 27th that of St. John the Divine; while the 28th commemorates the slaughter of the Innocents by Herod. For many children were whipped on this day, in order that they might have a lively recollection of the cruelties of olden time.

And now the year is almost at an end. Poor old year! He is breathing hard through the damps and phills of the evening of the 31st of December. Presently from a thousand towers and steeples his funeral knell will be rung out; ten thousand watchers will stand beside his dingy couch, and reverently note the moment of his decease; then will swell on the midnight air the music of the New Year's bells; and in 1867 will be born a God grant that it may be a better, nobler, purer, more Christ-like year than 1866—

than any of the years that are with the dead! Humbly and sadly must we part with the dear old year, who has brought us so many blessings; and it may be so many sorrows; but all beautifully wrought into the web, which the great loom of life annually weaves, under the wise, kind hands that guide it—and hopefully and trustfully we go forth to meet the unborn future, if it so please God, that an earthly future be for us; knowing that the same God who

has brought us so far on our way, will surely bring us to the end—not in shameful defeat and bitter disappointment, but in joy, and peace, and happiness.

In conclusion, what can I, your grateful Editor, do better than to all the readers of the *Christian World Magazine*, wish in the best sense of the words a right joyous Christmas, and a happy New Year! God grant that it may be so. Amen.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

CHARLIE HUNTER'S ORDEAL.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY ANNA DEFE.

A fine bright day in the beginning of December, snow upon the ground, though the sun was shining overhead and lighting up the playground of High Stratton School most cheerily! But any one who looked closely into the matter would have seen that the aforesaid snow was fast vanishing under the combined influences of the glowing beams and of the many feet that were hard at work upon it; school was just over, and more boys than could be hastily counted were running, and jumping, and sliding in every direction, enjoying the first snow of the season with infinite delight.

Near a window overlooking the playground a very different scene was being enacted by a boy of fourteen or thereabouts. Before him stood a table covered with writing materials and books, a neatly lined sum-book amongst the rest, which, taken in connection with his inky fingers and disordered hair, showed that in true schoolboy fashion Charlie Hunter, for such was his name, had been toiling at the mysteries of arithmetic; but at this moment his work was suspended, a louder shout than ever had risen from his playmates, and the poor student, only too easily interrupted, was gazing wistfully out of the window, instead of down on his half-filled pages, from

"It will be all gone before I have a chance at it," he muttered desperately, as he looked down on the fast melting snow, already half converted into sludge beneath the trampling of busy feet. "Oh dear! oh dear! What shall I do?" he exclaimed, with bitter emphasis, while, manly as he was; tears of mortification rose to the poor fellow's eyes.

But if I do not explain matters a little I am afraid that some of my readers will imagine that my hero was in disgrace. No such thing, I can assure them. Christmas and its examination was approaching, and Dr. Turford, master of High Stratton School, had, as usual, offered an extra arithmetical prize. These premiums were much coveted by the pupils, and Charlie Hunter was as eager as any in the race. Two incentives, peculiar to himself, urged him on to special exertion. He was not a clever boy,—up to the average, perhaps, but decidedly in no respect beyond it; and it required real, downright, plodding perseverance for him to achieve any victory: arithmetic, if anything, was his stronghold, and by constant labour he had made something of a name for himself in this branch, now, if he could but bear away the prize, all his toil—

mind. Why not use these fortunate spoils? Why not carry off this same book for reference in times of difficulty? For, to tell the truth, such times had often occurred since the beginning of his task. He need not copy the worked sums, of course, but they would help him very considerably. Ah, Charlie! the first downward step. Beware of it! Such a little one too, so plausibly proposed by the tempter, "not copy & only refer to!" If you yield to his suggestion, the next will not be slow in coming. The struggle was a hard one. Of course I know, and you, dear boys, know it well, that such a use of any asset at all of this old primer book would have been dishonourable—a deception, in fact; and we know also that any one so using it would almost certainly very soon give up the idea of working the sums at all, and simply copy out the finished problems figure by figure. We know this right well, and I hope sincerely that we should shrink with abhorrence from such wrongdoing; but before we hastily judge Charlie and wonder at his even admitting such an idea into his mind, let us change places with him and thereby learn a lesson of charity: if our heads were weary with excessive thought; if with all a boy's intense love of exercise and play, we found ourselves debarr'd from either by a long series of distasteful mental duties; if with a mother and sister at home for whom we would not suffer anything, we saw our and their future depending on the always doubtful issue of an examination; we should at least, I am very sure, readily acknowledge the force of the temptation, even if we did not,—and who untried can affirm this of himself—even if we did not pause and count up its allurement. Well for us would it be if, in the hundred and one trials of our school that happen to us daily, the trembling balance righted itself as quickly as in the case before us!

The struggle, as I have said, was a severe one; it was not a long one, however; and the specious reasonings of the tempter were swept away by a rush of better thoughts. "Perhaps," for Charlie was a loving son, the image of his mother and the reflection of what she would do and say if she knew of his yielding to the snare was very vivid, but there were other, and

far higher impulses at work in the boy's heart, and (as he resolutely closed and tied up the contraband volume and put it as far back as possible in the press, the voiceless cry went up, "Deliver me from evil, O Christ's sake!") the tempter was vanquished; through God's grace the victory was won; and as Charlie, a little flushed and agitated perhaps, hurried down the ladder, with the old copy-cover for Barnes's book, no heart in all that room beat more lightly and cheerfully than his own that night.

Days went on and at last the weary hours of my task, and mine at long last, for recreation and many a fit of non-application had had to be counteracted, and overcome; but the task was at last over: the neatly lined pages were filled, and on the eighth of October, Tuesday evening, the 20th, he went to the doctor's study and handed in his book for the customary inspection; he could look unhesitatingly into his master's face and answer frankly to the question, "Honestly worked?" "Yes, sir, honestly, by myself!" The voice that uttered these words was cheerful enough, yet it needed but a glance into the speaker's eyes to touch his preceptor's heart.

"Hunter, you are fagged outright," said the doctor, laying his hand kindly on Charlie's shoulder; "I know how bravely you have worked for this prize, and one thing I can say, whether you gain it or not, you deserve it for your industry and application. To-morrow you shall hear the verdict: now take my advice and do not stay up late. Your head wants a good sleep to prepare it for the last strain," and with a friendly "good-night" the doctor dismissed his pupil.

The morning came, and the school-room was filled early. In every direction anxious faces were bent over books. Suddenly the door opened, and a momentary hail came over the room just before a universal heads were lifted up; in some cases bodies too, for a few who had a stake in the arithmetical prize question naturally thought that the decision was about to be announced. They were disappointed, however. The doctor had a slip of paper in his hand, certainly

all-important premium. He walked up the room to the head usher's desk.

"Mr. Grey," he said, consulting his memorandum, "I find on looking over the prize sum-books of former examinations that the number is not complete. Vaughan's is missing. How I could have overlooked its absence I cannot imagine. Do you know any thing of it?"

No, Mr. Grey had not seen it since that time twelvemonths; neither had his colleagues, when appealed to. All had taken for granted that this individual book was safely locked up with its companions in the doctor's escritoire. Someone suggested a search in the various receptacles round the room, and the junior usher had just set about a vigorous examination of the upper book-shelves, when Charlie Hunter came in. He had been out on a message, and had not seen the doctor before that morning. Like his schoolmates, his first impression was that the prize had been adjudged, and he made a step forward and uttered a half-exclamation in his eagerness to learn his fate. The gesture was unfortunately timed, for just as the doctor caught sight of it, and heard the scarcely articulate words that accompanied it, the searcher on the ladder dived his arm amongst a confused heap of papers, and produced the missing book. The sight of it, and the recollection of the struggle it had cost him so lately, sent the quick blood to Charlie's face, and the expression in the doctor's countenance was strange and troubled, as he asked him whether he had seen the book before.

"Yes, sir," answered he, frankly, "I found it there about a fortnight ago, when I was looking for the copy-cover you wanted, Mr Grey," added the boy, glad to turn to another face, "it was covered over with used-up books and papers."

Have any of my readers ever felt the indescribable chill and silence that spreads over a company when a half-formed dread of something wrong is suddenly awakened? If so, they can conceive the state of the school-room when Doctor Turford, without further remark, took the book from the usher's hand and left the place. Have they ever known what it is to have a most unwelcome suspicion, affecting one who hitherto they have treated as an end-loved, thrust upon them, as a sus-

picion which, if proved to be correct, will bring shame and pain, and bitter disgrace with it? If this hard experience has unfortunately ever been theirs, they can, in thought, follow the doctor to his study, and it will need no explanation of mine to tell them why he seated himself before the table with a heavy sigh, and hastily began to compare the book lying open on his desk and the one he carried in his hand; that given in over night by Charlie Hunter, and the old one left behind by his former pupil, Henry Vaughan, examining every sum, in some instances every separate figure; while his brow grew darker, the expression of his face wore sorrowfully severe, as page after page was finished and turned over.

What were his thoughts as he almost mechanically pursued his task? Sad ones enough, we may be sure. Was it, could it be possible that Charlie Hunter, the boy who had hitherto done himself such credit by his upright and honourable conduct, who had so won the respect, as well as the love of masters and schoolmates, and who had, it seemed, so deservedly gained such high testimonials from him, Dr. Turford, had, in an hour of weakness, forfeited all right to his well-earned character? The preceptor knew all about his pupil's home history; he was aware how strenuously and how naturally Charlie had desired the prize; and this knowledge did not tend to diminish his uneasiness.

A tap came to the door, and in walked the head-usher, Mr Grey. It was easy to see what he thought; a glance into his pale, dispirited face in no degree reassured his superior, and when he sat down and dejectedly asked permission to mention all he knew about the matter, the doctor absolutely started; he thought assuredly all hope of acquittal was gone for his former favourite. Mr. Grey, however, had not much to tell, merely to describe the incidents already known to the reader, relating to the search for the copy-cover. Hunter's prolonged examination had not escaped the vigilant eye of the usher, and he now, unwillingly, but conscientiously came to give his quota of information: there had been time between the day just mentioned and the completion of the task, for copying a good deal of Henry Vaughan's manuscript and for other

grailed himself of the opportunity or not? Who could resolve that question?

One thing certainly could be done; it did not promise much result, still it was worth the trial—to compare the two books together, and see if any disagreement could be found between them, and to this task Dr. Tunford had already set himself, and even while the usher was speaking, page after page had been hastily traversed, for his was a quick and accurate eye, able to take in all it saw at a glance.

"You may go, Mr. Grey," he said, "I shall not be long in doing this." The usher rose at the speech, he knew that time was pressing, and he knew too that, however dismal the outlook over the duties of the day might be with this night at his heels, they must be gone through without flinching; but he was a man, not a machine, whatever his pupils might think and say, and though it had been sometimes whispered in the schoolroom that "Old Grey would go on hearing lessons if the roof were tumbling about his head," or as one boy bolder than the rest phrased it, "if his father's house were on fire in the next street," he had a warm heart, and in spite of the doctor's hint, he lingered and lingered in a manner perfectly unaccountable in such a usually methodical personage. His lingering could only be carried to certain limits, and the door had been opened, when an exclamation, "shall I call it a shout?"—from the doctor, aroused and brought him back in an instant.

"Look here, Mr. Grey," cried the former, pointing to the two books before him, "they do not agree there." And Hunter is, correct," added the usher, after a hasty working of the sum.

Encouraged by this discovery, the doctor went on with his comparisons, Mr. Grey standing beside him, too anxious, too hopeful now, to think of anything but further proof of innocence; and he was not disappointed. There, several instances of disagreement were discovered, one on the last page of Hunter's book, and the doctor lifted up his head with a relieved expression.

"All right," he exclaimed, as he closed the books, "how those errors of Vaughan's escaped me, I cannot imagine, but the disgrace is mine; I am

glad to say Hunter is blameless; he did not use this book, or he would have been misled. The prize is his assuredly. I will go and put him out of suspense."

While the occupants of the study were thus employed, those of the schoolroom were, as may be supposed, not free from uneasiness. However conscious of innocence he might be, Charles Hunter at the moment of the finding of Vaughan's book, had felt that the times looked badly for him. He did not choose to volunteer a statement of innocence; such a course might be misunderstood, might perhaps even be taken as an argument of guilt in its eager disavowal of what had not been laid to his charge; but when Mr. Grey shortly afterwards left his seat, no doubt to join in the investigation, the tumult in his heart became almost unbearable. The other scholars, busy as they were with their own concerns, had seen enough to know that there was some difficulty on hand, and, when at length the door opened and the doctor, followed by Mr. Grey, reappeared, a general hush of expectation mingled with apprehension fell over the noisy room.

Doctor Tunford placed himself at his desk, and all eyes turned towards him. His sought-out Ghanis in his distant seat, and he beckoned him over.

"Hunter," he said, "you have won the arithmetical prize, and I trust and believe," he added, looking down on the young faces around him, "that every one of your companions will rejoice with you in your success; for it is well deserved. You have worked early and late, and I am truly glad that you have gained your reward."

A hum and buzz of excitement and congratulation rose on all sides; even the unsuccessful candidates bore the disappointment like philosophers, for the sake of their fortunate playmate; but a gesture of the doctor silenced the noise; he had something more to communicate.

"When the prizes are distributed, Hunter, you will receive yours," Charles bowed his thanks, and was just about retiring, when he was detained. "I have a question to ask, and it will be understood that I do not suspect you, or any of your companions, of dishonourable dealings; it is for my own satisfaction, I make the inquiry,

"How long have you been aware of Vaughan's prize-sum-book, being in the press?"

Charlie lifted his ingenuous eyes to the doctor's face. "I saw it, sir, for the first time last Thursday week, when Mr. Grey sent me to get a copy-cover for Barnes. You remember that day, Mr. Grey?"

Yes, Mr. Grey remembered it, and said so. The doctor continued:

"When you discovered the book, how was it that you did not bring it to me? Did you not know that I keep all the prize-books myself, and that it was merely through oversight that this one was left out?"

"Yes, sir, I knew you did; but I thought that the book I found was not the one given in to you by Vaughan. I remembered that he wrote the words 'prize-sums' on it himself, and we told him that he had made a mistake, that you always chose to write *that* yourself. Besides, there was a smudge of ink on the pages; I saw that, too, and it made me sure it was as I thought, for he showed me the blot; and I asked, whether, it would spoil his chance, and he said he would copy the whole out, rather than run any risk. I was not at the examination myself, and I never saw him after to ask whether he did as he intended."

The explanation was clear and straightforward, and the concluding allusion Doctor Turford understood. Charlie had been called away suddenly by news of his father's last illness; but one more question remained to be asked.

"Did you know, Hunter"—and there was some hesitation in the good doctor's voice as he spoke, for scrupulously honourable himself, he naturally shrink from anything that implied the least doubt of a like spirit in another—"did you not know that one of my reasons for keeping possession of all the sum-books is to put temptation completely out of my pupils' reach? Would it not have been wiser for you to have delivered this to me as soon as you found it, although you supposed it was not the prize-book itself?"

"I never thought of doing so, sir," was the frank and immediate answer.

A sudden idea seemed to cross his mind, "Oh, sir, you may be sure nobody used the book wrongly; no one knew of it but myself, for the top press

is scarcely ever opened, and I did not mention what I had found, for"—a flush rose to the speaker's brow, and his eyes involuntarily sought the floor, to be instantly and steadily raised again to his questioner's face—"for I wished I could forget it myself—the temptation was so great."

Careless and unthinking as school-boys are, they can and do appreciate manliness and candour, and the silence that followed this frank confession, showed how it had struck home to the hearts of all present. The doctor was the first to speak.

"Thank God for helping you to resist it," he said solemnly, shaking Hunter warmly by the hand. "That prize, if you had won it unfairly, would have been a burden and shame to your whole after-life,—a curse instead of a blessing would have rested on it." Then looking round on the eager faces surrounding him, he continued—"We, I am happy to say, can all trust Hunter's word implicitly; still, it may be well to mention a curious confirmation of his innocence. If he had been guilty of dishonourable conduct, he would have reaped nothing but defeat: for in looking over this prize-book of Vaughan's, I have discovered three errors. How they escaped my observation before I cannot tell; in Charles Hunter's book all the sums were worked correctly. I think we may well congratulate him and wish him a like success throughout his after-life, the success which attends on honesty and good principle!"

What a downright hearty cheer burst forth as these words were uttered! The room rang and rang again with the gay young voices, and not one word or gesture of reproof came from the good doctor. It was some time before order was fully restored; in fact, Mr. Grey thought it would never be got back at all, so excited did the boys get on behalf of their companion. When at length the tumult subsided and words could be distinguished, the doctor's voice was heard once more.

"Whoever wishes for breakfast must set about getting it," he said, holding up his watch, "Time is going by quickly, and you have plenty to do before ten o'clock. When the examination has passed with credit to yourselves and honour to your masters and to me, you may shout and cheer as long and as loudly as you like. Now

follow the maxim of your schoolmate, Charles Hunter, a maxim, that he has lately enforced very strongly, as you all know, by his own example: "Duty first and pleasure after."

Should the boys wish to know how Charles Hunter prospered in his subsequent career—how he stepped from school at once into a better berth than even his most sanguine visions had pictured—how he thereafter rose and rose by slow but sure degrees, until he, his mother, and sister were more than reinstated in their former posi-

tion, I should advise them to apply for such information to — City: but if they desire to know yet more than this, to learn how well and nobly he *earned* success, how tender, how true to those he loves, how upright his relations to those he serves, and how well he has fulfilled the promise of his school-days, I would counsel them to inquire of the many warm and ardent friends who have risen up around his steps and claimed a share in his affections, myself among the number.

THE FAMILY VISITOR.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S MISCELLANY.

51. **ROAST TURKEY.**—Choose a cock turkey: he ought, if young, to have a smooth black leg, short spurs, feet supple and moist, eyes full and bright. Eschew pale rough legs, long spurs, dry feet and sunken eyes; the two latter conditions show the bird is stale. A middle-sized, fleshy turkey is esteemed in preference to one of immense growth; it is generally more tender, and its flavour more delicate. In cold weather it should be dressed a week after killing; in mild weather five days, or even four may be sufficient. After plucking your bird, singe him with white paper: in drawing preserve the liver and gizzard, and take care not to break the gall-bag; if you do the flesh is bitter past remedy, wherever it may touch. Draw the sinews of the legs, scald the feet, and take off the outer skin, and cut away the claws. Wash well the inside of the bird, and nicely wipe the outside; cut off the neck, but leave sufficient crop-skin to turn over; flatten the breast-bone to make it look plump; fill the breast with forcemeat, (see No. 47, November) and sew the neck over to the back; skewer the pinions and thighs, and press the legs between the breast and side-bones, putting the liver under one pinion, the gizzard under the other. To make all secure, tie a string over the back of the bird, catching it at the points of the skewers, and fasten in the centre of the back. As the stuffing, whether

of sausage-meat or of forcemeat, makes a large addition to the size of the turkey, care must be taken that the heat of the fire is constantly to that part; or the breast will not be done enough. Fasten on the breast a sheet or strips of buttered paper, to prevent it scorching; put it down to a bright fire at first, at some little distance, afterwards nearer, keeping it well basted all the time. A small turkey will take an hour-and-a-half to roast; one that weighs 10 lbs., two hours: and so on in proportion. About a quarter of an hour before you serve, remove the paper, lightly dredge the turkey with flour, and baste well. Serve with a tureen of brown gravy, and another of bread sauce. Fried sausages are a favourite accompaniment to this bird; hung round the turkey, the dish is sometimes called "an alderman in chains." When sausages are added, the stuffing should be ordinary forcemeat.

52. **BOILED TURKEY.**—A hen-bird is to be preferred, because of its superior whiteness and tenderness, and one of moderate size is to be chosen rather than a very large one. The turkey should hang four or five days before cooking. Truss it as for roasting, and stuff it with a forcemeat made of bread, herbs, salt, pepper, nutmeg, lemon-peel, a bit of butter, some suet, and a few oysters. Put the fowl into sufficient hot water to cover it: it is certainly whiter boiled

in a floured cloth; remove all the scum as it rises, and keep up plenty of water: let the turkey simmer very gently for about an hour and a half, or for fifteen minutes more, according to its size. It may be served with either white, celery, mushroom, or oyster-sauce, or simple parsley and butter, in which case a little should be poured over the breast of the bird before sending up. Boiled ham, bacon, or chine usually accompanies this dish. The rules already given for selecting a cock-turkey apply as well to the hen; only her legs become red and rough when she is old. (For oyster-sauce see No. 4, February.)

53. CELERY SAUCE.—Make half a pint of melted butter with milk and cream. Have ready heads of celery, the white parts well washed and cut up into small bits, and boiled for a few minutes in water, which strain off: put the celery to the melted butter, and keep it stirred over the fire for ten or twelve minutes. It is better to put in the celery before the melted butter boils up—as soon as it is hot will do. This is nice sauce for boiled fowl or turkey.

54. MINCEMEAT.—Stone and chop two pounds of raisins, wash, dry and pick three pounds of currants, and mince very finely three pounds of best beef suet: slice two ounces of candied lemon-peel, the same quantity of candied citron and orange-peel; grate one small nutmeg; pare, core, and mince half-a-dozen sound apples; chop up very fine the rind of two lemons, and squeeze in the juice of one: mix all well together with two pounds of moist sugar, and pour in half-a-pint of brandy when all the ingredients are well blended; press the whole into a jar, carefully exclude the air, and the mincemeat will keep for any reasonable length of time. It should always be made some days before it is wanted, and what is used should always be taken from the bottom of the jar. When a large quantity is not required, half these proportions may be taken; or if strict economy be studied, even less. Mincemeat never used to be made without some cold lean roast beef, chopped up finely with the other ingredients. It is frequently dispensed with now, and the mincemeat, housewives say, keeps better, and tastes just the same.

55. CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Stone and cut in half, one pound and a half of raisins; wash, dry, and pick one pound of currants: mince very finely, shredding out all remnants of skin, &c., three-quarters of a pound of suet; grate three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, and cut into slices, not too small, half a pound of mixed candied peel. Mix all these ingredients well together, and moisten with eight eggs well beaten, and a wineglassful of brandy, stirring the mixture thoroughly, that all may be completely blended; press down the pudding into a buttered mould, tie it down tightly, and boil for five or six hours. As Christmas puddings are frequently made beforehand, or several on Christmas-eve, hang them up directly they are taken from the pot, and when they are to be eaten plunge them in boiling water, and keep it boiling for at least two hours: turn out of the mould, and serve with wine or brandy-sauce. On Christmas-day insert a sprig of holly in the middle of the pudding as it comes to table; and some people pour a wine-glassful of brandy over it at the same time, which being lighted, encircles the pudding with flames at the moment of serving. Half the quantities here put down will suffice for a family of three or four persons.

56. PLAINER CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Finely chop six ounces of good suet, prepare six ounces each of currants and raisins, mix these with half a pound of bread crumbs, and the same quantity of flour, one ounce of candied peel, half a tea-spoonful of allspice, and a pinch of salt: beat and strain two eggs, and add sufficient milk to mix all to a just consistency. Put into boiling water and boil for at least five hours. Serve with a sprig of holly in the centre, and a little powdered sugar sprinkled over. OR, use the same ingredients, only omit the eggs, and instead of bread-crumbs, use a quarter of a pound of mashed potatoes and the same quantity of mashed carrots; also add four ounces of brown sugar, and a table-spoonful of treacle, and a little more candied lemon-peel, or else some candied citron. This pudding should be mixed over-night, and boiled full four hours. It is a good family pudding where there are children.

